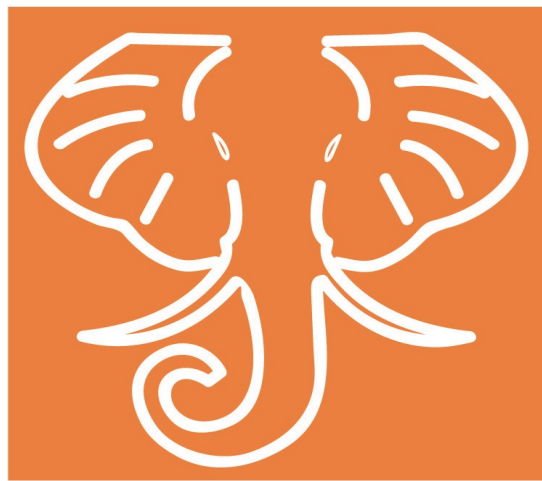


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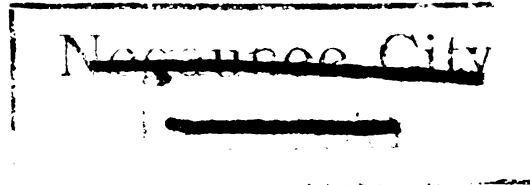
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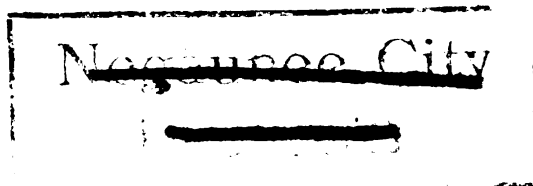


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Vol 115

HARPER'S 33

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXV.

JUNE, 1907, TO NOVEMBER, 1907



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SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, WITH HIS PAGE.—KING HENRY IV: ACT I: SCENE II

*Painted for Harper's Magazine by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.*

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXV

JUNE, 1907

No. DCLXXXV

## "King Henry IV"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY LEWIS CAMPBELL

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

THE reader or spectator of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, sometimes carries away from the drama a partial and incomplete impression. This may be accounted for by the very richness of a composition which, as Mr. Grant White observes, is "an exhibition of his powers as poet, dramatist, and humorist, unsurpassed in its combination of variety and perfection by any other production of his pen." According to the mood of the reader, or the special accomplishment of one or more of the actors, the mind is led to attach a disproportionate value to the humors of Falstaff, the heroics of Hotspur, or the splendor of the martial scenes at Shrewsbury. Most of us in youth have learned by heart some striking passages, such as the "Invocation to Sleep," or Hotspur's denial of his prisoners, or Vernon's description of Prince Henry and his comrades before the battle; and these portions return to the mind with undue prominence in afterwards thinking of the play. The purpose of the following remarks is to afford some help towards the consideration of the two parts of *Henry IV*, when either is regarded as a whole.

Shakespeare had passed from his apprenticeship. He had found a patron in Lord Southampton, and was his own

man thenceforward: no longer "the Johannes Factotum" of a company, as Greene had called him. In *Henry VI*, he had wrought on other men's foundations; also when, continuing the same series of Chronicle histories independently in his *Richard III*, he dealt with a subject which had been previously dramatized, and poetically rendered by Sackville in the *Mirror for Magistrates*. But in going back to the Plantagenet and Lancastrian epoch, he seems to have been little indebted either to Daniel's *Civil Wars* or to contemporary dramas on the reign of Richard II. The prose Chronicles, especially Holinshed, were almost his sole authorities for the historical facts.

He was in the heyday of his marvelous powers. The sadness of life, which he had anticipated in *Romeo and Juliet* (the true "first heir" of his tragic "invention"),\* had not yet possessed him as it did afterwards in the dark days towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. He looked forth on human things in all their complexity with a serene and comprehensive truth of vision—himself, meanwhile, "as eager-hearted as a boy."

Much idle ingenuity would have been

\* I discount *Titus Andronicus*, which, even if largely Shakespeare's, belongs to the period of the "apprenticeship."



spared had critics and interpreters always sufficiently borne in mind the data which the poet assumed in composing his dramas. His method cannot be otherwise clearly understood. Mr. S. Landor has observed:\* "Poetry is not history. . . . When she does not wholly invent, she at one time amplifies and elevates; at another, with equal power, she simplifies, she softens, she suppresses." Shakespeare seldom "wholly invents": it is through the other processes indicated by Landor that the alchemy of his genius is revealed.

In *Richard II.* he "simplifies" by selecting the incidents immediately conducing to the rise of Bolingbroke and fall of Richard. These he "amplifies and elevates" with a beauty of language and of verse which he has hardly surpassed elsewhere. But he has invented little; and the poet in him still has the better of the dramatist. The Queen's reception of the news from the Duke of York's gardener, "old Adam's likeness," and the visit of the groom who tells about roan Barbary, are the most distinctly Shakespearian touches.† But in treating of the "troublesome reign" of Henry IV., while he "suppresses" much he amplifies with greater freedom.

From the peaceful stability of the Tudor dynasty the poet looks back to the beginning of the fifteenth century, a time when English life was boisterous, stirring, "full of vent," when the several factors of the nation—lords, commons, church and state—were struggling together; when armed ecclesiastics moved political factions and honest men were burnt for Lollardry; when disbanded soldiers made the roads unsafe, and highway robbery was the amusement of adventurous youth; when the title to the crown was still debatable and unsure. The state of Europe was disturbed by the Great Schism. The Turk was at her

\* Introduction to *Cenis*.

† For in the resignation scene he had a model in Marlowe's *Edward II.*; the close connection, in the mind of Shakespeare and of his audience, between *Henry IV.* and *Richard II.* is shown by the allusions in which the earlier play is quoted, almost word for word, in 1 *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 253-4; 2 *Henry IV.*, iii., 1, 70-77; (*Richard II.*, ii., 3, 45, 48; v., 1, 55-59). This may be cited as an additional reason for the order in which the English histories are quoted here.

doors, and the Crusades fired the popular imagination.

In the first part of *Henry IV.*, which was probably all that the poet originally contemplated, he selects for dramatic treatment the rebellion of the Percys, which "found rebuke" in the battle of Shrewsbury. This gave him at once three striking personalities to occupy the foreground of the scene.

1. There is the pathetic figure of the subtle King, whose reign commenced amidst a triumph of popular acclaim, but, when once stained through the death of Richard, was fated to contend not only with the blood feud of the friends of the late King's favorites, including Archbishop Scroop, whose brother had been one of the condemned, but also, partly through their influence, with the opposition of those who had planted him on the throne.

2. There is Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., the notorious wildness of whose youth is amply redeemed by his royal bearing afterwards. And

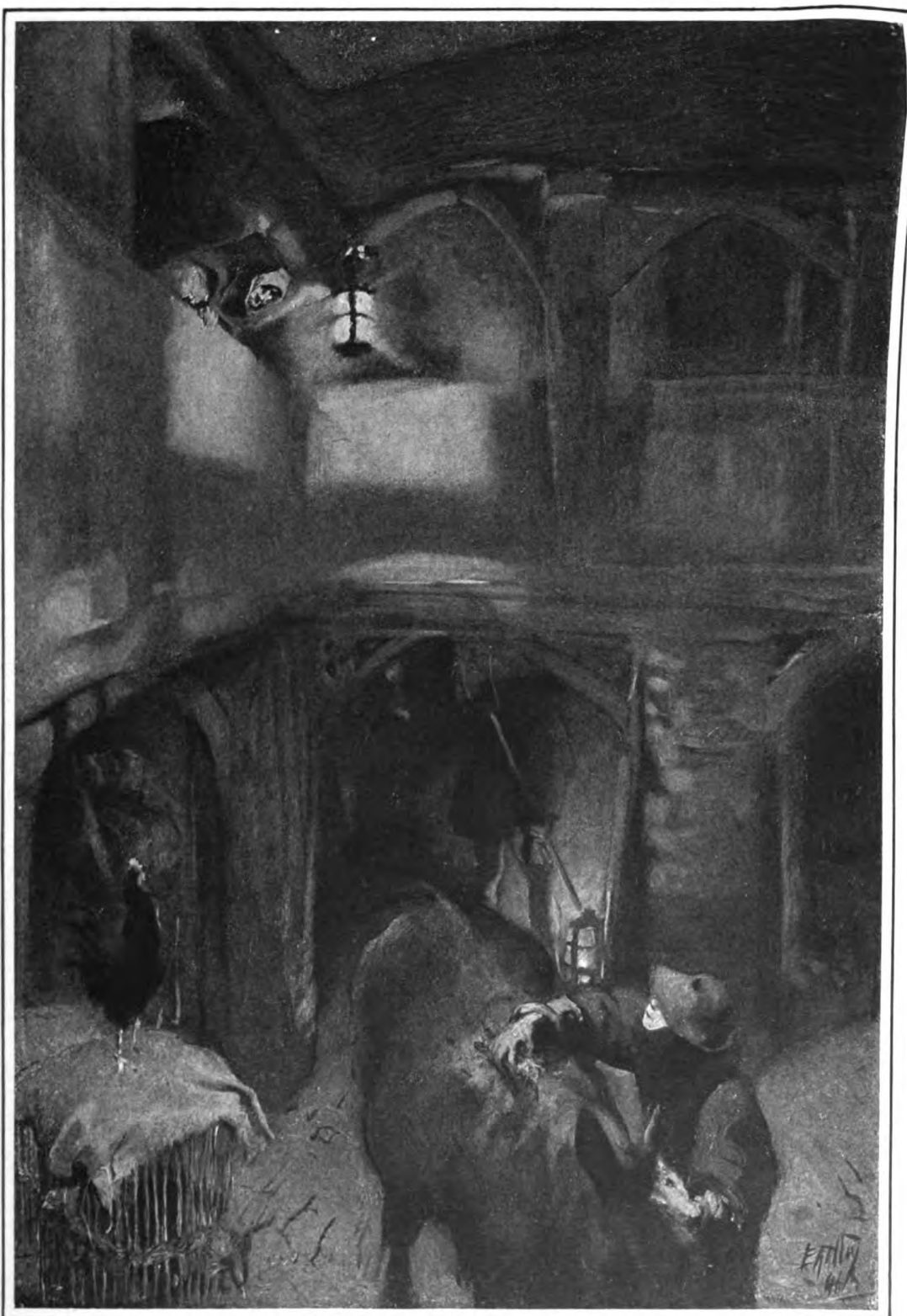
3, there is Harry Percy, the Hotspur of the North, whose fiery ambition, precipitating an early death, forms an effective contrast to the apparent *insouciance* of the namesake and rival.

The alliance of the Percys with the Douglas and with the Welch rebel Owen Glendower, in support of Edmund Mortimer as a pretender to the throne, supplies other picturesque elements, of which full advantage is taken. In order to preserve unity of motive, the persistent rumor that Richard is still alive is suppressed.\* Many other circumstances of the reign are likewise ignored. The fear of French invasion, for example, is left out of sight.†

Professor Churton Collins says (*Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 259): "In the two parts of *Henry IV.* the poet's obligations to Holinshed are confined simply to the meagre outline of the purely historical portions; for the pathetic character of Henry and for his position as under the nemesis of the crime committed in the previous drama; for the character of Prince Hal, beyond the mere tradition of his youthful irregularities; for the characters of Hotspur, of Glendower, of

\* See, however, 2 *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 100.

† Except in Part II, *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 84.



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PART I: ACT II: SCENE I

ROCHESTER: AN INN YARD

Lady Percy; for the comic characters and the comic scenes he had not even a hint in the Chronicles." Notwithstanding what I have said above, this appears to me to be somewhat overstated. It is true that for the comic scenes there is no hint in Holinshed; though apart from Gloucestershire, where Shakespeare draws upon his own youthful observation, they also are not without a basis of tradition. But it detracts nothing from the originality of Shakespeare, while it certainly throws light upon his work, to detect in the prose Chronicle some of the germs which he has "amplified and elevated." For example, as to the Nemesis which haunts King Henry compare the following:

"It was evident enough to the world that he had with wrong usurped the crown, and not only violently deposed King Richard, but also cruelly contrived his death; for the which undoubtedly both he and his posterity tasted such troubles as put them still in danger of their states."—1 *Henry IV.*, iii., 2, 4, etc.

"Well, fair son" (said the King, with a great sigh), "what right I had to it, God knoweth."—2 *Henry IV.*, iv., 5, 184.

And for the pathetic invocation to sleep:

"Oh, what a suspected state, therefore, is that of a king holding his regiment with the hatred of his people, the hard grudgings of his courtiers, and the peremptory practices of both together! Could he confidently compose or settle himself to sleep?"—2 *Henry IV.*, iii., 1.

Then as to Glendower:

"Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativity of this man."—1 *Henry IV.*, iii., 1.

"A vain prophecy, as though Henry were the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth and they three were the dragon, the lion and the wolf, which should divide the realm."—*Ib.*, l., 184.\*

The chief point to note about Prince Hal is the care and skill with which the dramatist maintains our regard and liking for him. Through all his wildness there appear those "sparks

\* For other evidence of the poet's intimate acquaintance with Holinshed see 1 *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 83, 145, 157; iii., 1, 14, 38; iv., 3, 56; v., 1, 42; 2 *Henry IV.*, i., 1, 130; iv., 1, 30, 77, 199; 2, 4ff.; 3, 1-18; 4, 125; v., 2, 84.

of better hope" of which his father spoke in *Richard II.*, v., 3, 21. There is the ring of native princeliness in his most careless escapades. His only part in the exploit on Gad's Hill is to expose the hollowness of Falstaff and his crew, whom he, after all, exonerates by paying back the money. For this aspect of him also there is authority in the Chronicle: "His behavior was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody; sith he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened up to himself a ready passage of good liking among the prudent sort and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition, which was in no degree so excessive as that he deserved in such vehement manner to be suspected." This passage may even have suggested the beautiful lines in which the King on his death-bed describes Prince Henry to his brother of Clarence:

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity," etc.  
—2 *Henry IV.*, iv., 4, 30.

But in his use of Holinshed, Shakespeare has eschewed what to an inferior dramatist would have been a temptation. In narrating the manner in which the prince removed the suspicions which "Pickthanks"\* (the word is Holinshed's) had awakened in the King, the Chronicle presents us with a theatrical scene. Prince Henry, with a troop of followers all in gay apparel, which is minutely described, appears suddenly in Westminster Hall. The followers, at his command, stop half-way at the fireplace, though beckoned farther by the lords. The Prince alone proceeds to the sick-chamber, and, falling on his knees, presents a dagger to the King, with which he begs to be despatched if he is suspected of any treasonable views. The King is satisfied, and reconciliation follows. This would have appealed to the modern stage-managers; but it did not fall in with Shakespeare's scheme. His business was to introduce us to the most intimate relations between the father and the son; and the Prince's chosen confidant, when he avoids the court, is not one amongst the *jeunesse dorée*, but a poor

\* 1 *Henry IV.*, iii., 2, 25.



*Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.*

**PART I: ACT V: SCENE IV**  
**THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR**

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gentleman, the inventory of whose wardrobe includes two shirts, "one for superfluity and another for use," and two pair of silk stockings, one of which had been the "peach-colored ones" (2 *Henry IV.*, ii., 2, 14). It is in another way that the poet's imagination rises into the "heaven of invention." At the battle of Shrewsbury, it is recorded that Hotspur was slain, and that "the Prince help his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noblemen would have conveyed him out of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do." Out of this narrative Shakespeare creates the Prince's rescue of his father from the sword of Douglas, his challenge to Henry Percy, and the single combat between the rival aspirants, in which Hotspur falls.

On the person of Hotspur and the dramatic contrast between him and Prince Hal there is little to say that is not obvious at first sight. That "speaking thick" (*i. e.*, rapidly), "which Nature made his blemish," is magnificently used, *e. g.*, in the dialogue with Northumberland and Worcester, where twenty lines (1 *Henry IV.*, i., 2, 168-179) have to be recited without taking breath. And there is one thing which, strangely enough, seems to have escaped some actors of high repute; and that is the necessity of a change of tone in v., 2, 81, from that of high heroic daring to a certain pathos of presentiment. Without that the delineation loses in depth.

In judging of the comic scenes, the greatest in any literature, it must be remembered that the robbery on Gad's Hill, in which the "madcap" Prince took part, was a necessary incident of the tradition. Shakespeare's handling of it is best appreciated by comparing *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* The facts concerning this wretched production are succinctly stated by Grant White in his introduction to 1 *Henry IV.* But there can be no harm in resuming them here.

1. Sir John Oldcastle, familiarly addressed as "Jockey," is clearly known (oh, wondrous transformation!) to have been the original of Falstaff, and Ned, in the same poor play, is no other than Poins. Shakespeare has set these "mates" against each other, and thus has contrived to render this "trick of

youth" compatible with his own conception of Prince Hal.

2. In Mr. Grant White's words: "The exploit of the robbery is upon Gad's Hill, and the name Gad's Hill is also that of one of the agents in the adventure. The rendezvous of the Prince and his companions is a tavern in Eastcheap; the scene in which Falstaff plays King in *Henry IV.* has a strange counterpart in the *Famous Victories*, where Henry V. (*i. e.*, Prince Hal), having struck the Chief Justice and been sent to the Fleet, two other characters travesty the occurrence, one playing the Judge, the other the Prince."

3. I may add some other small coincidences. There is a "poor carrier," "who was wont to spie out our booties," and in his pack there is "a raze of ginger." There is "Thiefe," the Prince's man, who in some ways answers to Bardolph. There is a boy named Robin; the persons robbed are Receivers for the King; there is a Sheriff; there is a "capon's leg"; and the Prince speaks as follows in a scene with Sir John Oldcastle and Ned:

"So soon as I am King, thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice."

Ned: "Shall I? I'll be the bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England."

Henry V. "Thou shalt hang none but pickpurses and horse-stealers, and such base-minded vilaines, but that fellow that will stand by the highway side courageously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow give him commendation, and I will give him an annual pension out of my Exchequer."

It is needless to point out how this dross is turned to gold in 1 *Henry IV.*, i., 2.

4. After the coronation the King discards his companions, and the Chief Justice is made Protector of the Realm: compare 2 *Henry IV.*, v., 2, 118.

You shall be as a father to my youth;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt  
my ear.

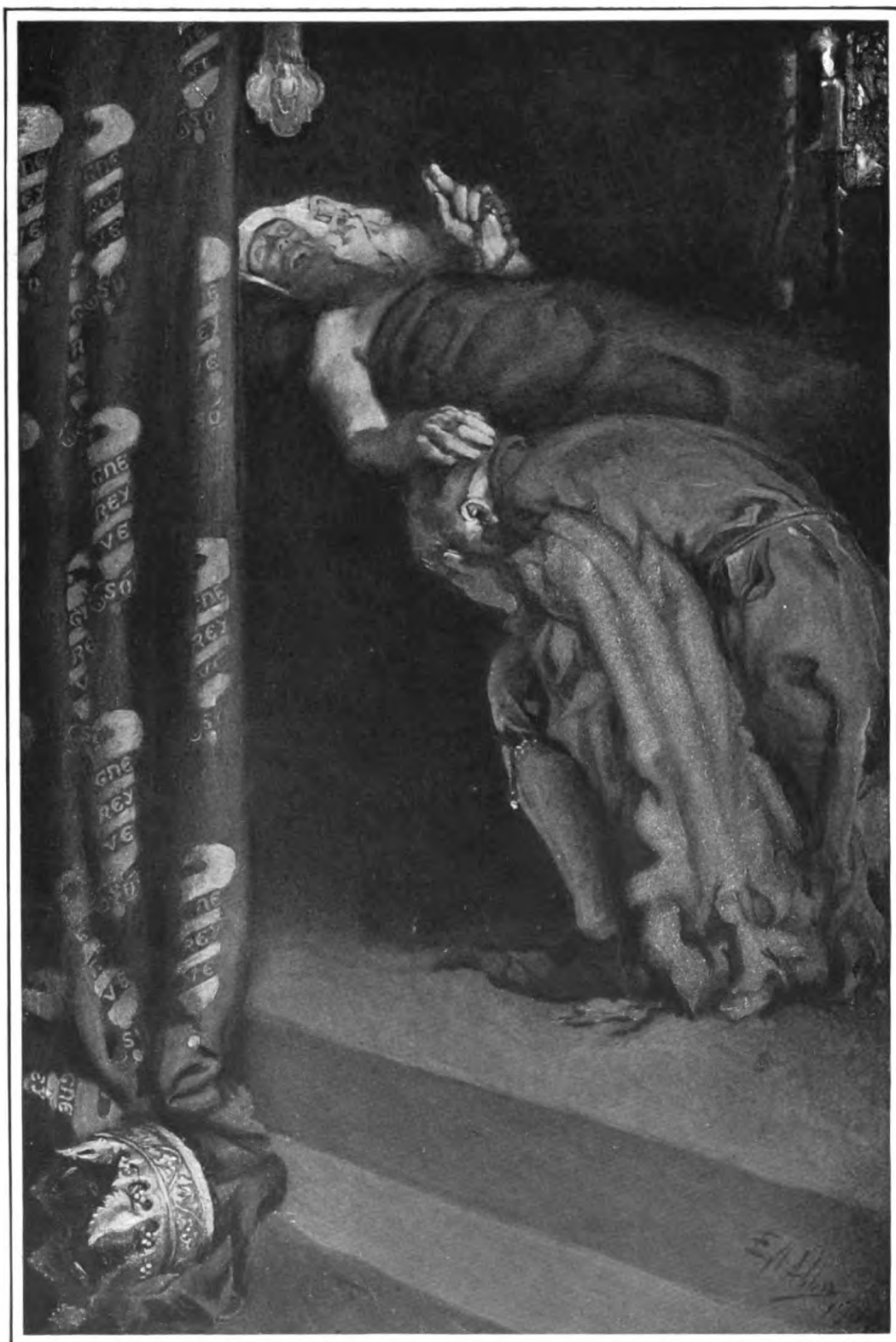
One word more is to be said on the fascinating subject of Prince Hal. Modern realism may take exception to the fine soliloquy where the youth declares his purpose in upholding the unyoked humor of his companions' idleness. This

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PART II: ACT III: SCENE II  
BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOWS' HOUSE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

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PART II: ACT IV: SCENE IV

PRINCE HENRY. *"My gracious lord! my father!  
This sleep is sound indeed"*

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may seem to involve a degree of self-consciousness inconsistent with spontaneity. But in reading Shakespeare such things are not to be construed too literally. Like the soliloquies of Richard III. and Iago, this was felt to be necessary in order to prepare the dull spectator for the sequel. Mystification has no place in Shakespeare's art.\*

I will not add another to the innumerable attempts to "analyze" the part of Falstaff.† The fat rogue is not to be anatomized or "sawn into quantities," but to be enjoyed. The shade of Gerwinus has appeared to hang like a funeral pall over some presentations of him which we have seen, almost justifying the strange paradox of Coleridge: "This character . . . neither contains, nor was meant to contain, any humor at all." I will content myself with a single remark. The avoidance of supposed profanities on the stage since Jacobean times has banished some things quite harmless in themselves, without which an essential point is lost, and what should have made a fine effect is rendered tame, flat, and unprofitable. In Portia's casket speech the beautiful line

Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I,

is omitted on the stage, and similarly the culminating point in the "men of buckram" scene is blunted by some stupid alteration of the words:

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye.

The second part of *Henry IV.* is composed not with less of mastery, but in a lower key. The wine is drawn: the lees remain. Shrewsbury is in the past; so is Gad's Hill. Instead of high jinks at Eastcheap we have the scene with Doll Tearsheet and ancient Pistol; for the combat with Hotspur, the inglorious achievement of Gaultree Forest. One is

\* "Expectation in preference to surprise. . . . As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting-star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the preestablished moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation. . . . The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow."—*Coleridge*.

† Mr. Hudson's statement leaves little to be desired.

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glad that our favorite Prince was not present there.

The snake of rebellion has been scotched, not killed, and writhes through the remainder of the reign. It shows signs of life at once in West and North. Prince Henry, whose part in life is now determined on, attends his father into Wales, while Falstaff's commission is for the North. Thus the companions are separated. Their paths cross once again in the last tavern scene, where Falstaff is "uncaped," and—his impudence having outrun his wit—the Prince gravely says "Good night" to him. The fat knight's deterioration, which is necessary to the sequel, is portrayed with Hogarth-like fidelity. The Prince cannot break at once with Poins, whom he vainly tries to convince of his sincerity, and their last frolic together is the exposure of Falstaff. But his father's illness presently absorbs his thoughts. By a master-stroke of dramatic economy, this illness prevents the northward march which King Henry makes in the Chronicle. Thus, while Falstaff follows Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Henry remains in London to the end. To fill the canvas, now that Hotspur and Glendower are gone and Prince Hal is removed, we have the sorrow of Northumberland, the remonstrance of Lady Percy, the King's remorseful retrospect and gloomy forecast, and Falstaff's wit encounter with the Chief Justice, in which, as Lord Campbell remarked, his brother of the bench has not the best of it. Then there is the inveighing of Mr. Justice Shallow, that inimitable creation, in which Shakespeare wreaked the only malice of which he was capable on his former neighbor and oppressor.

The final scene between the Prince and his suspicious father is rendered memorable by the splendid use of the traditional incident of the removal of the crown from the pillow.

The poet's point of view in some respects is still that of his age, and two of the main incidents in 2 *Henry IV.* are apt to grate on modern susceptibilities.

1. The Earl of Westmoreland's "use of policy" in his treatment of the Archbishop and Mowbray, endorsed by Prince John of Lancaster, leaves a disagreeable

impression. Shakespeare is following the Chronicles, but the modern reader feels that this was a place where Poetry might well have exercised her privilege of "suppression." No doubt the "sober-blooded" Prince John inherits his father's politic temper, but the stratagem is one unworthy even of a Bolingbroke. To drink together, and then break the word of promise to the hope by sending to their deaths men who have trusted you: it is strange that even a Tudor audience could tolerate this.

2. The rejection of Falstaff stands on a different footing. The Prince's part in the robbery, and the final banishment of his "misruly mates," were equally fixed points in the tradition. To have omitted either would have been to falsify the record and to transform the fable out of recognition. The problem was to make both incidents consistent with royalty of nature in the future Henry V. We have seen how this was managed in relation to Gad's Hill. In the other instances the poet has availed himself of every softening circumstance permitted by the Chronicle. He still holds fast by Holinshed:

"To show that in his person princely honors should change public manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not only to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their place he chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy by whose wise counsel he might always rule to his honor and dignity; calling to mind how once to high offence of the King, his father, he had with his fist stricken the Chief Justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the Justice stoutly commanded himself also straight to ward, and he (the Prince) obeyed. The King after expelled him out of his Privy Council, banished him the Court, and made the Duke of Clarence (his younger brother) President of Council in his stead."

It may be thought an aggravation that Sir John should be committed to the

Fleet. But how else could one so irrepressible have been convinced?

It is hard for Shakespeare's countrymen in the twentieth century to realize all that was involved in the Tudor conception of the dignity and responsibilities of kingship. And in one respect the poet's art has overreached itself. For in creating Falstaff he has made no more "in love with vanity" than ever was Prince Hal. That the old rascal had a heart to break was a secret which Shakespeare shared with Mrs. Quickly. It troubled not the thoughts of Henry V. And in the "death of Falstaff" (*Henry V.*, ii., 3) the poet has made his *amende* to human feeling, as he does in demanding sympathy for Shylock at the end of the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*.

In *Henry IV.* Shakespeare attains a mastery in the employment both of verse and prose for dramatic purposes that marks an epoch in the development of his art. Except in the couplet finishing off a speech or scene, rhyme is finally disused. And in the blank rhythms, how different, yet how equally delightful, are the harmonies which the ear discovers in the melancholy musings of King Henry, the impetuous tirades of Hotspur, and those speeches of Sir Richard Vernon before Shrewsbury, which breathe the very spirit of chivalry, and sound, as it were, in liquid bugle-notes, "a point of war"!

On the subject of Shakespeare's prose, both in lower and higher comedy, Professor Churton Collins, in the volume already quoted, is very instructive. He says:

"We must go forward more than half a century to Bunyan before we shall find any author who displays such perfect command over the speech of the vulgar, and who can reproduce it with such exactness. We do not believe that, with the exception of Cranmer and the translators of the Bible, any other sixteenth-century prose-writer had so fine a perception of the native harmony of our tongue, as distinguished from a harmony borrowed from Rome."

Mrs. Quickly's narrative (2 *Henry IV.*, ii., 1, 82-90) is a good instance of the lower vein: of the higher style Falstaff's praise of sherris-sack and his discourse concerning honor are fair examples.



# Old 'Lijah Bale's Escape

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

OLD 'Lijah Bale went to and fro in his April field on Monday morning, following his slow, hammer-headed horse. Every spring he came dejectedly out into his furrows, like a prisoner answering an unchanging summons. Like a prisoner, he was every year the same, only each spring grown a little older. He was a tall man with a look of great tiredness. His feet, which shuffled through the clods of earth, were tired. His eyes, resting on the line of land between Molly's ears, were tired. His hands, gripping the plough-handles tremulously, were tired. His back, crooking forward, was tired. Even the white fringe of hair underneath his chin was tired like his old back and his faded eyes and his hands and his feet. Neighbors, speaking of him with the cheerfulness with which men who have amounted to something speak of an old man who has not amounted to anything, said that it was such a pity that he had not been as much of a man as his wife Jenny—Jenny could have made the farm go.

But this year there was something different about him—him, who was always the same. There was a new expression to his back. His frame was not lankly and vaguely set. It was tense. For fifty years, shuffling to and fro at his ploughing, he had seen, reaching the alternating ends of the field, the hill topped with pine-trees, black like spikes, and the farmhouse with the gloomy roof. But now he did not see the pines at the one end of the furrows nor the farmhouse at the other. His eyes were lifted from the land only to see the blue sky beyond the hill. Old 'Lijah Bale, imprisoned so long, was about to escape.

He could not bear it any longer. That winter he had been older than he had ever been before and he had been tired. So he had brooded over things while the snow sifted bleakly out of the gray clouds, or the cold sun stood over the still, white

land of which he so tired, or the dark rains came. The fifty years of unsuccessful toil on the farm, the winters coming monotonously after the autumns, the springs after the winters, the summers after the springs—the fifty years of Jenny's scolding tongue, the fifty years of everything cried out at him. His hands fell to shaking.

Yet shivering tiredly about his winter chores, or warming himself wearily over his hearth which Jenny kept with a wicked cleanliness, he could grope to no solution. His brain was dulled, working for fifty years narrowly in a futile round. He merely kept on thinking, through the cold, how tired he was. He realized drearily that he was tired even of small things. He was tired of Molly's turning her hammer-head toward him and whinnying every time she saw him. He was tired of the clock in the corner of the sitting-room, ticking out nothing but years, years, years. He was tired of his old bed up-stairs, where the straw tick rustled as though there were mice in it whenever he moved. When Jenny nagged him with her sharp tongue, he turned on her a face vacant and desperate.

He did not know why he had not been able to make the farm go. It was not because he had not always worked very hard. His not amounting to anything was apparently a feature with which he was naturally gifted, like his ears. He was always making mistakes, although trying not to. At twenty he had made his initial blunder of buying out his brother William's right to the home farm, having no knack for farming, and marrying Jenny, who should have married a very capable man. In the fifty years since, he had gone on making mistakes. He was always, quite unintentionally, putting the wrong crops into his land, planting potatoes when he should have sown wheat, and sowing wheat when he should have planted potatoes. His fields ran

down under his clutching hands. He was always buying slow, hammer-headed horses to work them, with no desire whatever for such steeds. Having once bought them, he could not get rid of them. Up in his woods was a strange burying-ground. Its graves were filled with the ineffectual horses which had faded from his furrows. These mistakes he had patiently buried with his spade. But there had been others which he could not inter. For fifty years the neighbors had been saying, "Why, 'Lijah Bale, whatever made ye do *that*!" until their voices had grown almost as shrill with protest as Jenny's.

And at last he was committing the mistake of becoming an old man, who had not improved any, and who was very tired of everything.

If by spring he could have thought of a single exception to his tiredness, he might never have arrived at his decision. But he could not think of any—not even as the birds started to sing in the pink boughs of the apple-trees and the bees returned to the flower-beds. He was tired of birds and of bees and of apple blossoms. If his little boy, his only child, had lived he could have thought of something. With little, tow-headed Billy he had never made mistakes. Roaring for him like a lion on his knees, or making rabbits with the shadow of his blundering fingers on the wall in the evening when the lamp was lit, or guessing what came next in the pages of his picture-books, he was an eminent success.

"Do it agin, pa!" Billy had cried, clapping his hands. Seldom had old 'Lijah Bale been requested to do it again amid the noise of clapping hands.

Answering his changeless call into the spring field on Monday morning, his brain jumped to the solution of it all. He and Molly had turned two furrows. The thought of the third brought a dry sob up in his throat. He was especially tired of that field. Then suddenly he knew what he would do. He would run away on the following Saturday afternoon, when the field was done.

He planned it out carefully. He would go to his brother William and ask him to give him something to do in his store, and he would start again in life. William Bale kept a store in a town and was a

successful man. He would leave Jenny the farm, which she could make go. He would take for himself only enough of the earnings under the straw tick to pay for the journey to William's and to keep him for a while. No one had ever said of old 'Lijah Bale, blaming him for his mistakes, that he was not an honest man—"a turrible good, well-meanin' critter!"

With his decision there was upon him a dull courage for the undertaking. He had never been away from home overnight for fifty years. Jenny had visited occasionally, but he had gone plodding along. Once one of the neighbors, about to start on his first trip, had become so frightened of the journey that he had not been able to get into his new boots. But old 'Lijah Bale was not frightened. He was too tired for that.

When his notion of noon came he overturned his plough and guided Molly back to the barn, squinting nervously at her tail. Although not afraid of his journey, he feared lest Jenny should find out his plan and stop him. He felt that his decision must be written all over him in huge, burning letters for her to read. His fingers shook more than ever over the fastenings of the harness. Jenny stood waiting for him in the kitchen doorway, in her purple calico dress. He was exceedingly tired of the sight. She was a small, ugly old woman, as white as he, but with bright eyes darting capably about in her head. Her thin, cross chest said that it was all his fault. She held in her hand a potato, thrust through with a fork, from the pot she was dishing. She frowned at him fiercely. Her notion of noon and his differed widely, hers undeniably going more by the movements of the sun.

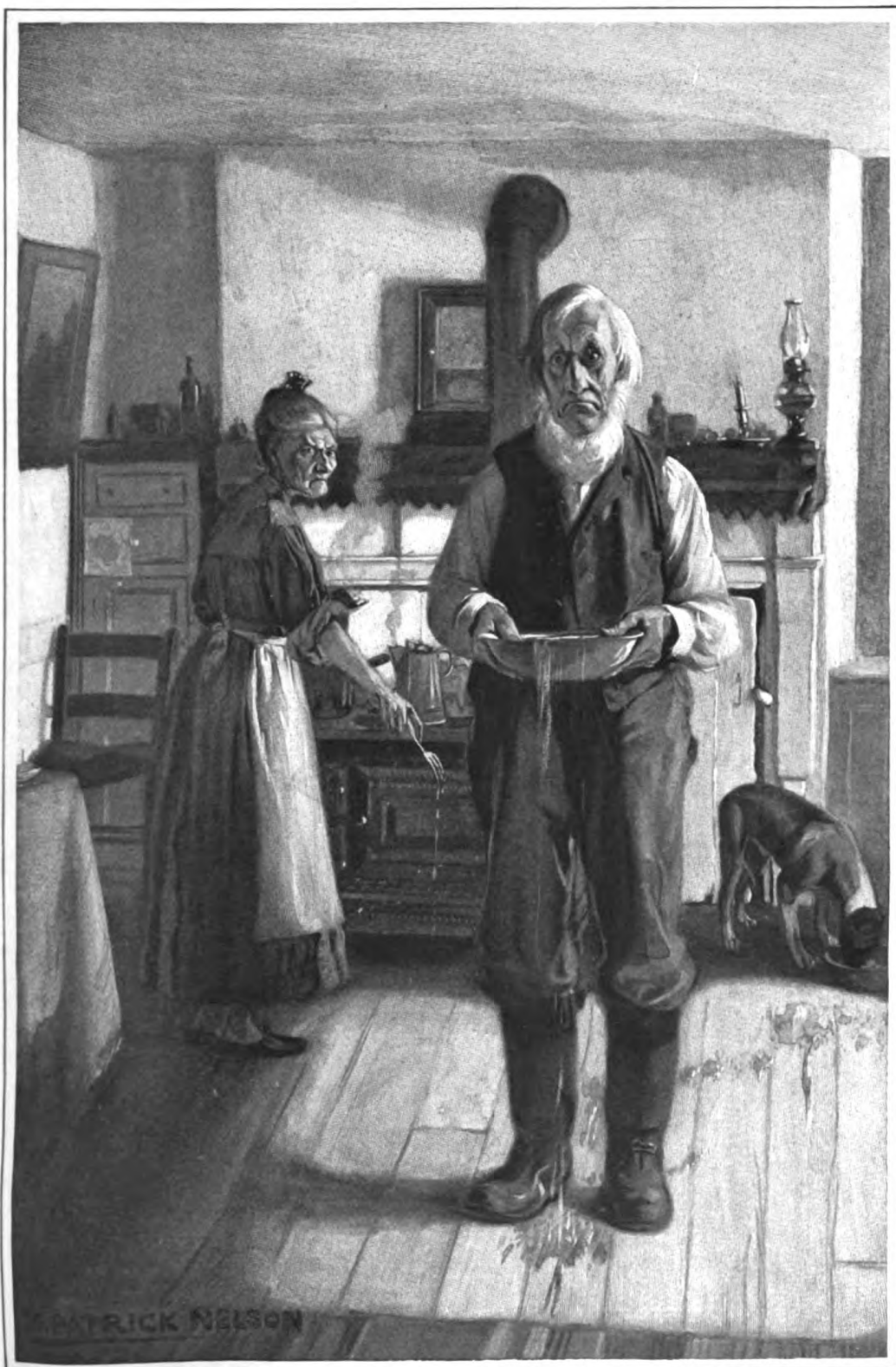
"Why, 'Lijah," she scolded, "you're turrible late. The potatoes 're all cooked to pieces and the ham's spoilt."

Old 'Lijah Bale was so tired of the fact that always, as he came in to dinner, the potatoes were all cooked to pieces and the ham was spoiled, that he stumbled on the kitchen steps.

"Now, 'Lijah," she cried, "ye ain't wiped your feet!"

He always forgot to wipe his feet. He went down the steps again and scraped the fragments of the field soil from his boots.





*Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson*

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"WHAT EVER MADE YE DO THAT!" SHE SAID, ANGRILY



"There's nothin' worse 'n mud on the floor," she grumbled.

She finished the dish of potatoes and began to take up the ham on a platter.

"It's turrible," she finished sharply. He took up the copper wash-basin nervously. His letters of fire, written on him, scorched his back. She did not appear to see them. "I've jest put up a clean towel," she warned.

By the time he was through wiping his tired face and his trembling hands, she was crying out at the looks of the crash.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," she screamed, "what a mess ye made of it!"

For fifty years he had made a mess of the white streak of the towel against the wall.

"Now don't spill the water on the floor," she urged desperately.

He thought that her eyes, darting at him over the ham-platter, began to look at him with an awful suspicion. Trying to combine immediately an air of light innocence with the fearful inner knowledge of what he was going to do, the soapy contents of the wash-basin trickled across Jenny's clean floor.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," she said angrily, "what ever made ye do *that*!"

He ate the first part of his dinner uneasily alone, with behind him the sound of Jenny mopping up the floor virtuously, on her purple knees. He was so tired of the sound of virtue.

"Now, for goodness' sakes, don't spill the *gravy* on ye," she ejaculated, sitting finally across from him and pulling down indignantly her sleeves over her thin old outraged arms. She had not, after all, guessed his secret.

His consciousness of it drove him hastily from the table. There was Life's unavoidable gravy on his vest, much increased in quantity because of his trying to act all during the meal as though he were not going to run away.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale!"—for a moment she could not speak. She gained her breath hysterically. "There's *nothin'* worse 'n *gravy*!" Her voice rasped after him out on the porch, darkening the spring sunshine. "It's *turrible*!" she said.

He bent together dully in his nooning chair. He was dreadfully tired of *gravy*. The chair was painted a bright green, so that within it he looked not unlike a

dusty grasshopper resting on a new leaf. Personally he would have preferred it some other color, but every so often Jenny repainted it commandingly a bright green. Somewhere in the fifty years he had risen up and had asserted himself and had gained his own way. But in so doing he had been convicted of such wanton selfishness and unparalleled brutality—even if the question were only one of getting a peg in the closet free from Jenny's basque—that he had not enjoyed it any. Nothing eventually came to seem so completely dismal to old 'Lijah Bale as having his own way. It was not precisely the fact of Jenny's sniffing over his victory which made him give it up, having won it. It was the fact that she was going to sniffle again in a moment or two which drove him weakly to the hen-house.

Hens, the like of which had often been his refuge and his solace, clucked around the porch step. But he could not so much as look at them. He was frightfully tired of hens.

Feverish with his secret, he could not take his nooning hour. He shuffled stealthily out over the yard to harness Molly to go up the road to get some seed for the field before he went back to his ploughing. He would not be on the farm to put the seed in, but he would have it ready for Jenny's hired help. As though by magic Jenny appeared on the porch.

"'Lijah," she called imperiously, "ye'd better go up the road an' git your seed."

The dry sob came again into his throat. It was one of the penalties of always doing the wrong thing, that if he did start to do anything right, he was not permitted to originate the impulse.

"I'm goin'," he answered in his voice which had become so dull. She seemed to be now looking at him in a strange way.

"It's a real nice day," he said hurriedly.

She stared at him astonished. They never indulged in tendernesses about the weather—he had only drawn attention to the letters on him. She was, however, as usual as Molly's feet struck the gravel of the lane by the house.

"Be sure an' put the shawl over your knees," she said; "there's nothin' worse 'n horsehair. It's turrible!" she shouted down the lane.

Not until supper-time did she see that anything was wrong with him. "Ye've got one o' your stomach attacks, ain't ye?" She looked at him over the table with an odd, scolding fondness in her eyes, which he did not notice. He shook his head with an ancient lacking of diplomacy. He was subject to stomach attacks. He was tired of them.

"Mebbe ye'd better hev a jug of hot water to your feet," she suggested, "an' take your drops." She did not heed his denial, for she never paid any attention to anything he said.

"They ain't nothin' the matter with me," he said. His teeth fairly chattered together.

"Well," she pursued—her glance was fastened on him severely,—“ye act awful queer. Ef ye ain't got a stomach attack—why, ye ought to hev one!”

All through the evening he pretended to read the newspaper, the news of which had grown to him inexpressibly old. But the words were only a dancing blackness before him. Beside him Jenny knitted in a frightful silence. She broke it once.

"When ye goin' to git that ploughin' done?" she asked him sharply.

He jumped. "Saturday," he said, trembling.

"Seems to me," she mused, "ye're awful slow."

"Yes," he agreed wearily.

His bedtime candle, in its yellow, earthen stick, bobbed in his hand. Jenny laid down her knitting. For fifty years she had capably put him to bed.

"Don't spill the candle on ye," she shrilled. Half-way up the stairs she brought him to a pause. "There's nothin' worse 'n candle-grease."

The dry sob of tiredness stirred in his throat. "'Ceptin' gravy an' horse-hair, an' mud on the floor," he muttered wearily.

"It's turrible," she said, not hearing him.

Down below she kept count of his footsteps. When they were by the painted table at the head of the bed where he nightly set the candlestick for her to use when she came up, she stood at the foot of the stairs.

"'Lijah, don't set the bed afire."

In the beginning of his married life he had burned a tiny hole in the pillow-case.

Ever since then Jenny had been smelling volumes of smoke as he went to bed.

She waited.

"'Lijah, air your candle out?" She had had him put it out for fifty years to insure safety.

He drew his mouth with difficulty into a round shape. "It's out," he said brokenly. His sense of hatred of her words, repeated interminably, was mingled with a feeling of relief that his plan was still undiscovered. In time she crawled sternly over him into her side of the bed. He hardly breathed, that she might not, seeing through the darkness like a cat, detect him running away between the sheets.

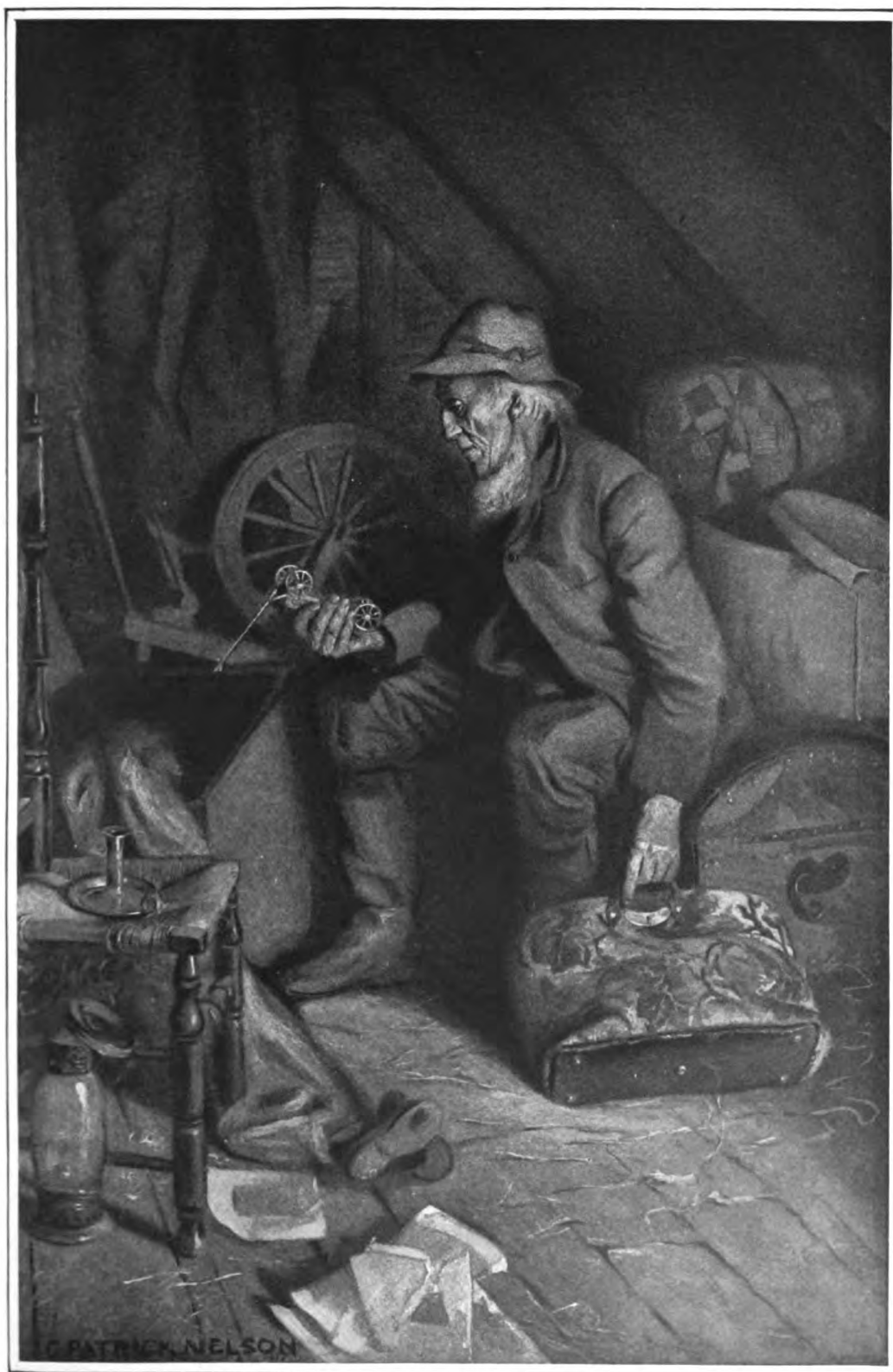
During the rest of the week he awoke each morning anxiously to his secret. He shuffled back and forth with Molly at the ploughing, quaking in the soft wind. The sight of two of the neighbors talking together turned him pale. He was sure that they were saying in excited whispers, "*Old 'Lijah Bale's goin' to run away.*" He momentarily expected Jenny to rush out upon him from the house with a torrent of speech, telling him that he should not go. The pines on the hilltop rose up before him, grim and threatening.

He devoted his last nooning hours to the odd pieces of work which Jenny was always scolding at him to get him to do. His feverishness gave him an unwonted force of character. On Tuesday noon he mended the fence to keep the pigs out of the dooryard. Old 'Lijah Bale's pigs and his fences were possessed of a shocking perversity. He was very tired of holes always coming in the fence and of pigs always coming through the holes. He could hardly hit the nails squarely on the head. Jenny stood over him, directing him—"Put this nail here an' that one there; an' oh, 'Lijah Bale, why didn't ye put 'em in long ago!"

His eyes dimmed with a gray mist.

"There's nothin'," she continued, "worse 'n pigs in the yard." There was a long trail of injury in her voice. In the sunshine her eyes darted triumphantly in her head over the memory of the number of times she had had to come scuttling out of the house, leaving her proper work undone, to shoo out the pigs because old 'Lijah Bale never could get around to driving a nail in time.

On Wednesday he cleared out the



*Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson*

IN THE BOX WERE SOME OF BILLY'S LITTLE THINGS



fence corners along the road. In their tangled dilapidation they had always caused the heads of other farmers, passing by, to waggle in superiority. It was a task which was customarily performed in slack times of work. His nearest neighbor lumbered past on his wagon while he was stooping over his mattock. The heads of his horses were of normal shape. He drew upon his reins and gave vent to a long whistle.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," he exclaimed, "what you tendin' to your corners now for, right in the middle of your ploughin'!"

Old 'Lijah Bale's heart was in his mouth.

"Oh," he answered vaguely, "I'm jest tryin' to fix things up some."

The neighbor cracked his whip. "Well, I never!" he ejaculated.

The old man went on working, but his heart was still beating quickly. Jenny had given him much excellent advice about the fence corners. "Don't leave no poison-ivy," she commanded, "nor no pigweed." He had nodded dejectedly, shuffling off with his mattock. "Nor dock!" she thought of before he was out of sight. Gentle old 'Lijah Bale was so tired of gratuitous advice he could almost have thrown his mattock at her.

On Thursday he worked with the flower-beds. Being his beds, they were open to criticism. They lay below the house on either side of the walk and were meant to be round, having been primevally patterned by the rim of a wash-tub. Little, crooked borders of earth ran around them. He reshaped these. Jenny kept flying out of the house with her dishcloth to keep her eye on him and prevent his making any blunders. Each time she flew out, he started guiltily, but she was bent on the beds.

"Don't get them borders too narrer," she fretted, her towel going in and out a tea-cup swiftly.

She reappeared unseasonably with a great plate. "Oh, 'Lijah," she cried hopelessly, "ye made 'em a mile too wide!"

He caved in despairingly above them.

"I ain't never had my borders to suit me," she scolded. "I do b'lieve ye spoil 'em jest to spite me."

A smell of burning issued out of the house. "There!" she exclaimed reproach-

fully, "them dried prunes for supper is a-scorchin'!"

Friday he swept out the barn with the barn broom, woven over grayly with cobwebs. Before the barn door stretched the old farm where he had always lived. Its bare outlines were veiled with green, and here and there with a spare bloom. Yet he had no staying of regret. His fever to escape consumed him like a thirst.

By Saturday noon the field was done. For the last time he put Molly in the stable. He waited for Jenny to go away on her weekly Saturday afternoon visiting with the neighbor women. The strain of his secret pressed him closely. It took ages for dinner and for Jenny's dishes. He was older and more tired before her black calling-skirt dimmed down the green lane. He hastened with a pounding pulse about his leave-taking. There was the note for Jenny. Demonstration was rare between them. He could not write "Dear Jenny."

"To Mrs. Elijah Bale," he wrote: "Respected Friend, I am goin' away to William's—you kin run the farm." There were blots on the words from his tired old shaking hands.

He shuffled up to the garret for his father's carpet valise, which he had taken with the farm. It was faded and moth-eaten, put away in a box with a piece of blue bedspread, which his mother had woven, decorating it along the edges with white birds-of-paradise. Old Mrs. Bale had not yet had, when she made them, a chance to behold heavenly fowl. Her birds had an earthly barnyard taint. For years old 'Lijah Bale had thought they were roosters. In the box, too, were some of Billy's little things—his picture-books, with the corners of the pages warmly smeared to see what was coming next; his shoes, trodden gayly at the heel. He shut the lid of the box down carefully. He had not often looked into it since that day that he had first realized that Billy had grown so tall.

He hurried out along the road toward the railroad station. Once or twice he stubbed his toe. Climbing the hill, he dipped down eagerly into the blue sky. He was free at last.

When old 'Lijah Bale reached his brother William's house at sundown, hur-

rying and shuffling in a scared fashion down the street, William Bale, on his porch, stared at him blankly. The Bales had never been great hands to visit. Old Mrs. Bale had spent the last twenty years of her life with the gate of her dooryard tied to. William and 'Lijah had dwelt, affectionately enough, apart. They had not seen each other for fifteen years. William kept on staring. Then his eyes fell on the carpet valise and he jumped to his feet.

"Susan," he called into the house, "come out here quick—here's pa's valise!"

Old 'Lijah Bale sat down on the porch steps and began to cry tiredly into his handkerchief.

In the travel-stained, weary figure William Bale, still staring, saw appearing dim earmarks. He fell to patting the old man on the shoulder excitedly.

Susan Bale came out of the house in surprise to his call.

"It's 'Lijah!" he said, amazed.

She had an old young fair face. She did not exclaim, "Why, 'Lijah Bale, what makes ye do *that*?"

"There!" she said gently, "travellin' always did upset *me*, too!"

Old 'Lijah Bale wiped his eyes.

William Bale beat his fat knees joyfully. He did not look like 'Lijah. He had a round face, with kind eyes twinkling out of it, which were not tired. "I'm tickled plumb to death to see you!" he said. "How's the old farm?"

"The ploughin's done," 'Lijah said. He started in to cry again.

Susan Bale's children were grown and gone from the nest. But she yet had a way of motherliness. She shook her head at William. "You poor lamb!" she said, as though old 'Lijah Bale had only lost his Barlow knife.

So the old man went on gulping into his handkerchief.

But it was not very long before he rolled it up into the tight, damp ball of manhood. He started to tell them immediately what he had done and to ask William for work in his store.

"I haven't jist come to make a visit," he began.

But William and Susan Bale were so eager in their words of welcome they did not listen to him. All during the bright

evening meal and the evening he sat opening his mouth to tell them and shutting it again. He went to bed with his secret still his. There was no ugly old Jenny nagging him at the foot of the stairs. He was not bothered about candle-grease. He did not have a candle at all. There were so many lamps around the walls of his room that it seemed to him that he was in the midst of a gay feast of lights. Red roses climbed gorgeously above him on the border of the wall-paper. He smelled an unaccustomed fragrance which stole out from the bureau and which was like that which proceeded from Susan's dress as she moved. William came in and turned the lamps out for him affectionately.

Left alone in the sweet room, old 'Lijah Bale did not at once fall to sleep in the might of his freedom. His bed was wider and softer than he had dreamed of a bed being. It did not rustle under him as he moved as though there were mice in the straw. He bent upon the darkness a timid face. He fell finally asleep only to rouse in the night. He put out his hand lonesomely to touch Jenny, of whom he was so tired, and to grope for the little painted table with the candlestick on it which for fifty years had stood at the head of his bed.

He awoke in the morning dazedly to the red roses. He determined to tell William and Susan at once that he had left the old farm forever. They were waiting for him in the sitting-room, which, like his room and all of the house, was bright and light. Susan was writing something in a letter which she was reading aloud to William. "I never saw such a broken-down old man," she read as he entered. "Elihu Griscom's so feeble this year," she explained. He stood before them to tell his secret.

"I ain't jist come to make a visit," he quavered again.

"O' course you ain't!" shouted William Bale, beating his knees; "you've come to live with us all summer."

"And have a nice long rest and change," said Susan. "I'm writin'—I mean I'm goin' to write to Jenny and tell her we're goin' to keep you."

He did not say anything more. There would be time enough to explain the truth later. Forever was no brief period.



Jenny's answer to Susan's letter came to him. She was not much more of a letter-writer than he, if somewhat less formal. "Why, 'Lijah Bale," she wrote, "what ever made ye do sech a fool thing? My! ef I don't need a rest and change! Of course I kin run the farm till ye git back—I always hev run it."

She, too, accepted his running away as merely a visit. She concluded with directions about his stomach attacks.

He had not yet had one since coming to William's.

"I ust to hev 'em *turrible* reg'lar back home," he said to Susan.

William Bale beat his knees with laughter, finding out that 'Lijah had come away from home on a visit without telling Jenny. "That's the way you have to manage 'em," he laughed, looking at Susan, who smiled back at him; "women air such naggin' critters!"

"They air real cap'ble," said old 'Lijah Bale thoughtfully.

He crept about obediently with William and Susan for the rest and change from farm work which they wanted him to have. On the town streets he shuffled along as he had done in the furrows. He did not fall into the swinging step of freedom. He shrank in timidity from the strange people passing him by with the sound of talk and laughter. Everybody, like William and Susan, seemed to laugh and talk easily. He alone did not talk much nor laugh at all, as he had not done for fifty years. William Bale surveyed his still, country face anxiously. He tried to recollect something.

"Wasn't you never any more of a talker, 'Lijah?" he asked.

His remark was made at noon. Old 'Lijah Bale straightened himself and made an effort to speak lightly and freely after the fashion of the new world into which he had escaped. "Jest 'bout this time at home," he said, "the hens air cluckin' 'round the porch."

He was very polite in his admiration of everything which he saw and did. Between the pavements, with the strange, gay people on them, horses drawing shining carriages pranced by with a light click of feet very different from the slur of Molly's dragging hoofs. New roofs and spires were before his eyes in place of an old roof pitching gloomily down-

wards, with leaking eaves. He wandered through William's big store, where he would soon get work and stay forever. He met William's friends. They shook him cordially by the hand as though he had amounted to something.

"Ain't this fine!" asked William Bale.

"My!" 'Lijah said dully, "I should say so!"

But after three weeks of rest and change, the shadow of his tiredness still lay on his face. William fussed over him. "Ain't you gettin' rested, 'Lijah?"

Old 'Lijah Bale could only shake his head.

Then Susan Bale feared that they were trying his strength too much. "Wouldn't you like to just sit round on the porch with me in the afternoons and play checkers? I'm so fond of checkers," she suggested gently.

"So'm I," he said obediently.

He bent above the black and red board, dully, making, opposite kind Susan Bale, unsuccessful moves with his shaking hands.

"*Now* you're feelin' rested, ain't you, 'Lijah?" William Bale asked, coming in from the store.

"I guess so," said old 'Lijah Bale in his tired voice.

But before many afternoons were gone Susan closed the checker-board. The old man's trembling fingers had fallen idle on the black and red squares. He sat looking back down the street which opened into level country and then into hills. Sitting thus, there was such a longing on his tired face that Susan Bale tried to interpret it, as Jenny Bale had done another longing dawning there.

"You aren't havin' a stomach attack, are you, 'Lijah?"

"No," he said wistfully.

Presently in the afternoons he began to wander about the sunny lawn and to stand timidly by the gate, looking back down the street.

Susan Bale did not know what it was that one day brought him shuffling quickly into the house, a light shining in his tired eyes. He was glad now that he had never told his secret. "I'm goin' home," he said simply. Among the bright carriages on the street he had seen an old

farm-wagon travelling slowly with dejected wheels toward the hills.

William Bale exclaimed in disappointment and distress at the news. "Why, 'Lijah Bale, you're still lookin' as *tired* as can be—what makes you go home? I've just been waitin' for you to get rested to tell you 'bout my plan of you and Jenny leavin' the farm an' of you bein' with me in the store an' livin' here. You're gettin' all worn out back there. You've been workin' there for fifty years—that's an awful long time."

"Yes," said old 'Lijah Bale, "it's a long time."

He did not accept William's offer. "I'm goin' back," he said.

Repacking the old valise with Susan's sorrowful help, he grew talkative for the first time during his stay.

"I reckon Molly 'll be awful glad to see me," he said, handing her his socks.

"I wouldn't be surprised ef I was took right off with a stomach attack," he quavered, folding his vest.

"The clock 'll be a-tickin' in the corner!" he cried with his black tie.

"It 'll be time to git to hoein' in the

field," he observed when the lock of the valise was shut.

He turned to them on the car steps. They were calling after him affectionately, "Come again!"

"Good by," he said.

In the car he sat grasping his valise tightly. Other baggage was carelessly thrown into the corners of the seats by its owners, but old 'Lijah Bale sat clutching his firmly, as he had done when running away forever to his brother William's. As then, he shrank from the curious glances turned upon him. At the little home station he clambered out eagerly. He shuffled back along the road. Soon the hill shut him in. His timidity faded from him with a sigh of relief. He was again a prisoner. Behind him were the pine-trees, black like spikes. Before him, in half an hour, was the old farm, Jenny with her nagging tongue, he himself who had amounted to nothing, and all the things of which he was so tired. But these were all the things he knew. He hurried on.

"My!" he said aloud in his tired voice, "I'm awful glad to git back!"

## Ultima Thule

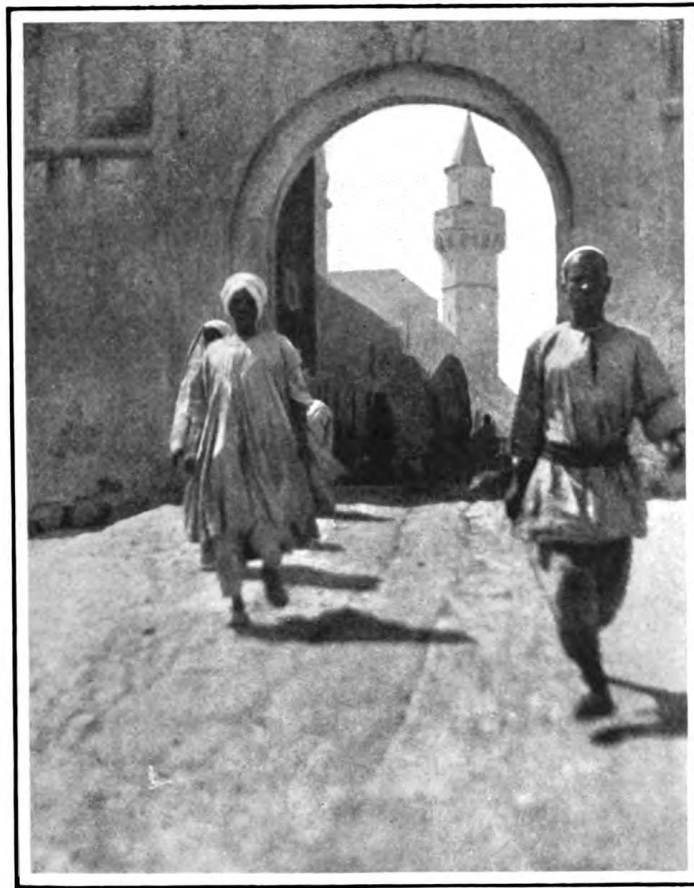
BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE yellow light beyond the trees  
It shines so clear at evening,  
Full of strange dreams and promises  
The while the last late minstrels sing.

Beyond the tree-boles dark and high,  
Beyond the rampart of the hill,  
The golden roses of the sky,  
Though ours grow dun, keep shining still.

Through that calm space where sunset flowers,  
So fair they shine, we seem to see  
Some age of gold that once was ours,  
An age of gold that's yet to be.

Ah, when the word comes down the wind  
And we must seek the darkening quays,  
Through what dim doorway shall we find  
The yellow light beyond the trees?



A TRIPOLI GATEWAY

## Tripoli in Barbary

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

BRITAIN holds Egypt, France has seized Algeria and Tunisia with one hand and is about to grasp Morocco with the other, but Tripolitania has escaped the international grab-bag of Europe, and still dwells native and sequestered among the great solitudes which surround her. Tucked away in a pocket of the Mediterranean, five hundred miles from the main highways of sea-travel, Tripoli, the white-burnoused city, lies in an oasis on the edge of the desert, dipping her feet in the swash and ripple of the sea.

I first saw her through my cabin port-hole when, gray-silvered, the half-light of dawn slowly filtered through the tardy

night mists and mingled with the rose flush of approaching day. Two silver moons dimly floated, one in a gray silver sky, the other in a gray silver sea. A strip of shore streaked between: in gray stencilled silhouette a Moorish castle broke the centre of its sky-line; slender minarets, flat housetops, and heavy battlements flanked in a crescent westward, and the delicate palm fringe of the oasis dimmed away east. The *adzan*—call to morning prayer—drifted away over the sleeping city and harbor. The gilded crescents of the green-topped minarets in glints of orange-gold heliographed the coming of the rising sun; the shadows of night seemed to sink below the ground-

line, and white-walled Tripoli lay shimmering through a transparent screen of wriggling heat-waves.

The coast from Tunis eastward does not meet the converging water routes short of the eastern extremity of North Africa at Suez. Along the seaboard of this territory the Mediterranean laps the desert sand, the country is scantily populated, and over the unbounded sun-scorched reaches of Tripoli and Barca, to the border-land of Egypt, wild tribes control the vast wastes.

The great territory of Tripolitania embraces what is known as the vilayet of Tripoli, the Fezzan to the south, and the province of Barca on the east, governed as an integral part of Turkey. The Pashalic of Tripoli includes that portion of the vilayet extending from Tunis to the southernmost point of the Gulf of Sidra, and, of all Barbary, Tripoli alone is most truly African.

The modern city is on the site of ancient Cea, which with Leptis and Sabrata formed the three coast cities called by the ancients Tripolis. Situated equally distant from the three entrances from the Mediterranean, the focus of the three great caravan routes from the south, Tripoli's freedom from the European occupation may be attributed to three causes: her isolation from the main highways of commerce, the apparent sterility of her desert plateaux as compared with the more fertile Atlas regions of the other Barbary states, and the fact that she is a vilayet of the sovereign Empire of Turkey.

Tripoli bestirs herself early. A few steps down the Arbar-Arsât, my friend Hamet, a seller of fruits and vegetables, and his neighbor, the one-eyed dealer in goods from the Sudan, take down the shutters from two holes in the walls, spread their stock, and, after the manner of all good Mohammedans, proclaim in the name of the Prophet that their wares are excellent. The majority of those who drift along the Arbar-Arsât are of the four great native races of Tripoli—Berbers, the descendants of the original inhabitants; their Arab conquerors who overran the country centuries ago; the native Jew; and lastly itinerant Blacks who migrated from the south.

First and most important of the in-

trusive foreign element are the Turkish merchants and the Turkish military, whose commander-in-chief rules as Governor and Pasha of the vilayet of Tripoli. He is in command of the twenty thousand troops who exercise general surveillance over the towns and districts where they are stationed. It is the duty of these poorly clad and poorly paid Ottomans to assist in collecting taxes from the poverty-stricken Arabs, protect caravans along the coast routes, and enforce Turkish administration in a few leading towns and vicinities.

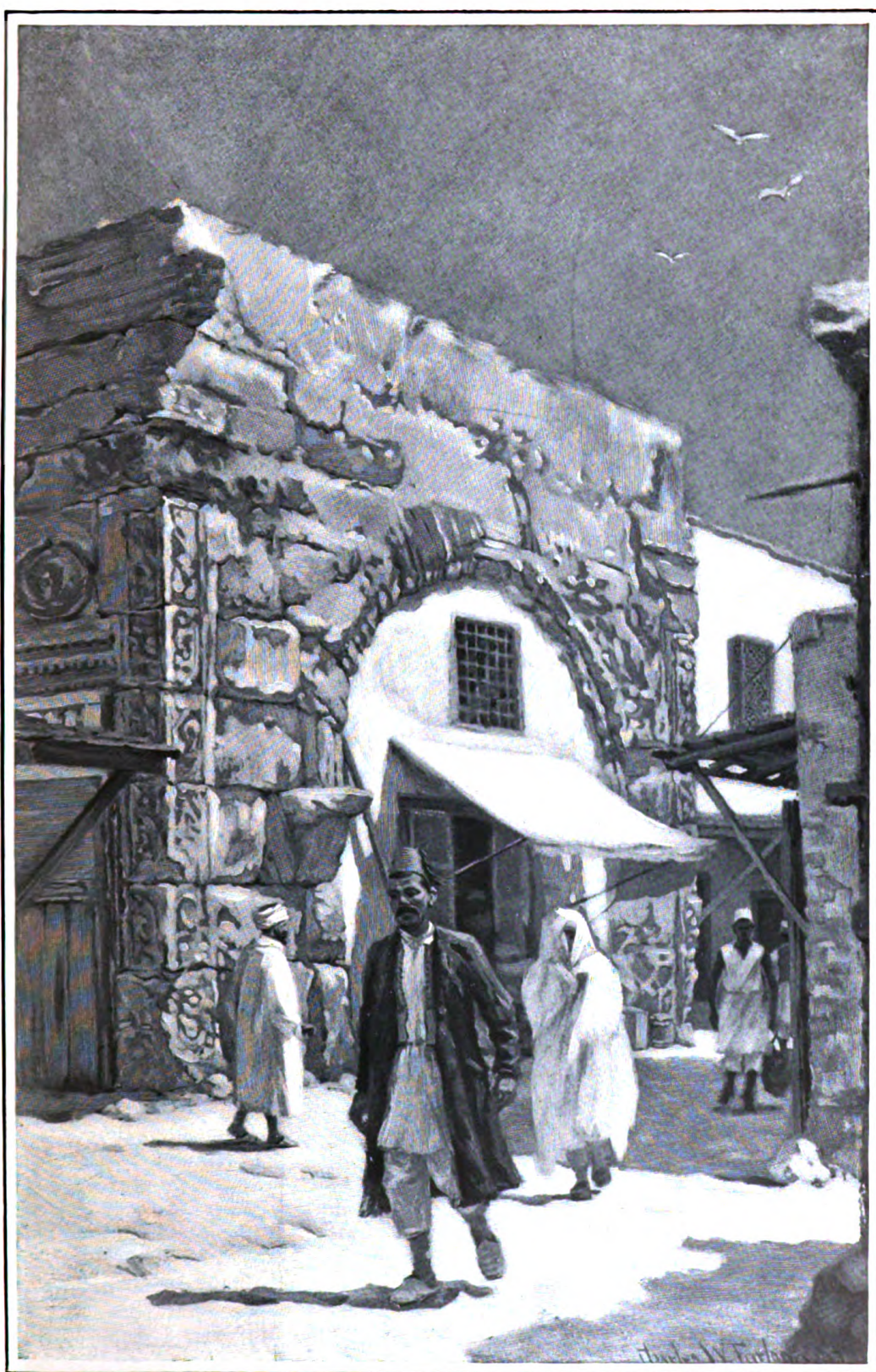
Next in numbers are the several hundred Italians and a Maltese colony of fisherfolk, who live near the Lazaretto (Quarantine) by the sea. Members of the foreign consulates and a few other Europeans make up the rest.

As one wanders through the maze of narrow streets, the unexpected constantly delights. Every turn presents a new picture or creates a fresh interest, and the commonplace is full of artistic possibilities. Evidences of the Roman occupation confront one on every hand. At one end of the Arbar-Arsât, in the very heart of Tripoli, stands what once must have been one of the most splendid triumphal arches of antiquity. It is known to the Moors as the Old Arch; to the Europeans, as the Arch of Marcus Aurelius, in whose honor it was erected, A.D. 164.

The arch appears low and heavy, which is not surprising, considering that it is half buried beneath centuries of accumulated rubbish and wind-blown desert sand. Partly mortared up, it now serves as a shop for a purveyor of dried fish, spices, and other wares. Once I entered its interior to outfit for a caravan journey; many other times I visited it to admire in the dim light its beautiful sculptured ceiling and the weather-worn decorations of its exterior.

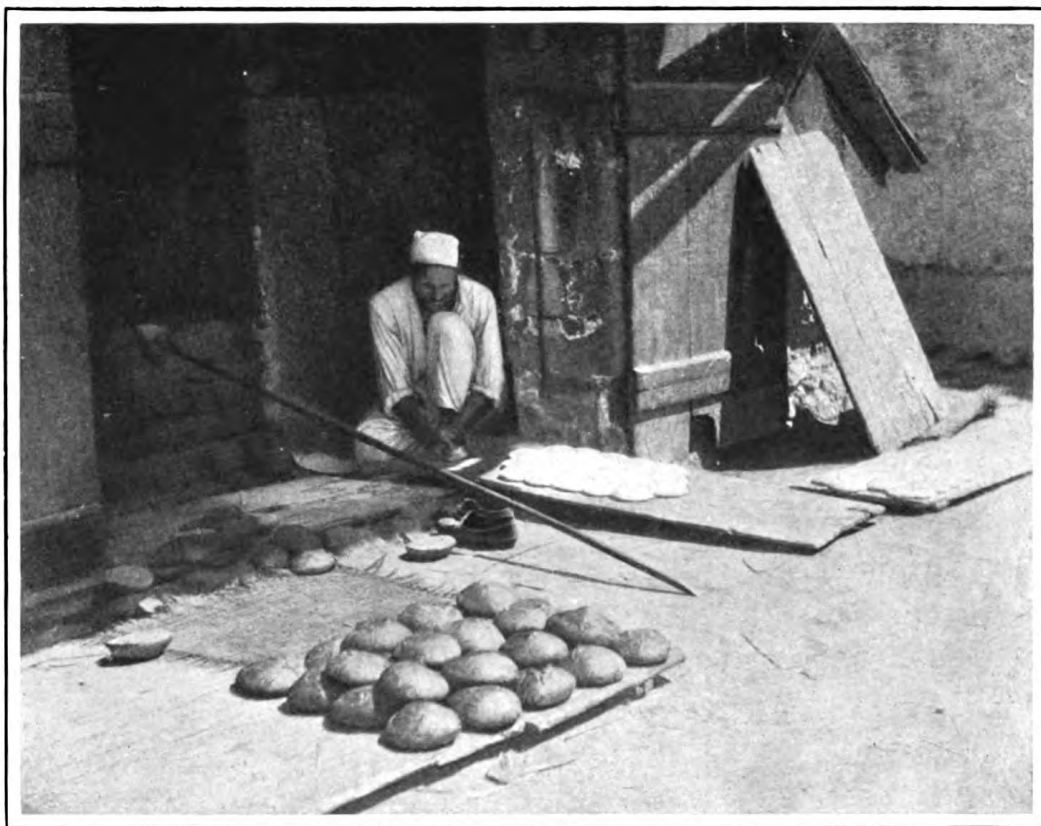
Through these narrow, fascinating streets of Araby, Tripoli's thirty thousand inhabitants go about their tasks and pleasures, while under awnings stretched here and there between series of arches, which serve the double purpose of reinforcing the walls of the houses and giving shade, all the industries necessary to the subsistence of the town are carried on.





*Drawn by C. W. Furlong*

THE ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS NOW SERVES AS A SHOP



A BAREFOOTED BAKER MOULDS FLAT, ROUNDED LOAVES

Spanning the street of the Suk-el-Ture is a trelliswork covered with grapevines. Through their green leaves and clusters of purple fruit great splashes of sunlight fall on drowsy Moors. Here most of the official business is transacted and notaries as well as other public officials have their offices. Near by is the principal mosque, and in the light transparent shadow of its arcade sit the sellers of caps. The bright glare of the sunlight makes it difficult to see into many of the shops, but at the sound of a shuttle one may pause a moment and see an Arab weaving on his loom fabrics of the finest quality and intricate design. Near by in an opening blackened with smoke a barefooted baker moulds coarse dough into flat, rounded loaves.

Down the street the faint intermittent tinkling of a bell was heard. "*Bur-ro!*" (Get out!) in warning rasped the high-pitched voice of a camel-driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silver-smith and watched four lumbering cam-

els squidge softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stolen, the halter-rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and on the tail of the last camel as he flips and flaps it from side to side tinkles a bell.

A wily one of the Faithful, not being rich in this world's goods, turned covetous eyes on a nomadic brother who passed through the town leading a string of six camels. "Allah! Allah ursel el Allah! could not the brother spare one of his jimal?" (camels). So, dusting the flies from his eyes and hooding himself with his barracan, he stealthily followed. He was aware that near the New Gate the street narrowed and made a double turn. No sooner had the driver and head camel rounded the first corner than the wily one seized the bell attached to the hindmost camel. With a stroke of his knife he severed it from the tail of the animal, and keeping it tinkling, he quickly fastened it to the tail of the next, cut loose the last



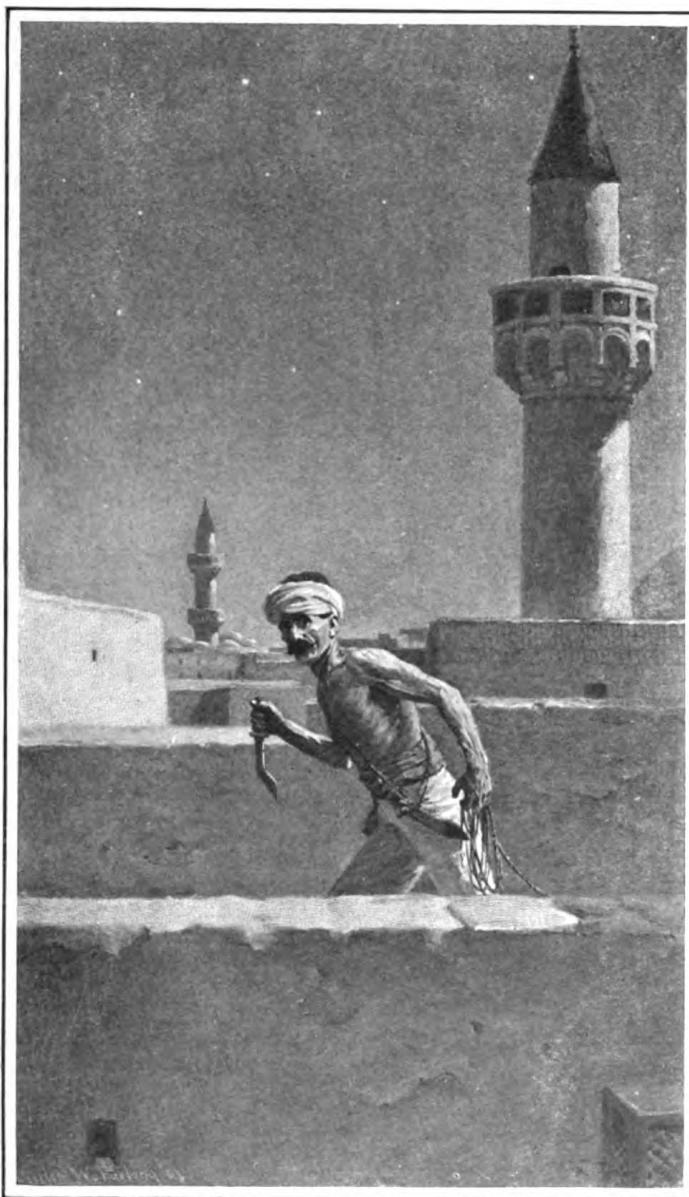
beast, and—"Allah wills"—made off with his loot.

Probably no superstition has a stronger, more universal, hold on the Moham-medan than his belief that one may cast upon him the influence of the "evil eye"! Let a stranger, particularly one not a Moslem, look intently on anything worn or carried on the person of an Arab, and he will straightway, to nullify the spell, wet his fingers and pass them over the object upon which the stranger's gaze is cast. Inquire after the health of his wife or seek to flatter him, and he raises a protecting hand to his face. Fetishes in the images of hands are seen among the ornaments worn about the persons of the women, symbolized in the decorations of utensils and occasionally on the exterior of their mosques. Over many an arched portal is the impression of a black hand-print to protect its inmates. A number of times a door accidentally left ajar has been slammed to as I passed, on account of the influence which my "evil eye" might have upon the occupants.

Flanking Tripoli on the east is the ancient castle of the Bashaws. Under its walls and bordering the sea lies the garden of the Turkish Army and Navy Club, which in the cool of the day is the social rendezvous of the foreign element of Tripoli. When the sapphire-blue shadow of the great castle walls had thrown itself across the garden and crept its way over the sandy stretch of the Tuesday Market, and the distant Arab houses sewed a golden thread across the dusk

shadows of the coming twilight, together with the little coterie of English residents and other friends, the end of the day was invariably spent about one of its tables. Here over our Turkish coffee, *mastica*, and *lakoom* the latest news would be discussed; a recently arrived caravan, the latest edict of the Pasha, anything from the arrival of Turkish exiles, to the Thames boat-race or London and Paris quotations on ivory and feathers.

I found out some time after my ar-



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

A THIEF WORKED HIS WAY ALONG THE ROOF TOPS

rival that as I was the first American to visit Tripoli for two years, the sudden alighting in their midst of a modest wielder of the brush had set going at full pressure their speculative machinery, and for a time, under the most agreeable conditions, I was assigned the rôle of spy.

One evening just at twilight we turned our attention from the praying figures of the Moslems in a superimposed cemetery to the incoming weekly mail - steamer. Then the conversation drifted, like the lazy wreaths of the cigarette smoke, to the ancient castle of the Bashaws, which flanks the city on the east. Within its ramparts is a little village of its own, and could its old walls

speak, they could tell tales of intrigue, romance, and bloodshed innumerable. I had been through the prisons and barracks for which it is now used, and had talked with some of the prisoners. One of these was a Turkish exile, a man of education, who for political reasons had sacrificed his freedom for his convictions, and considered himself lucky to have escaped being sent far south to Murzuk with its sense-robbing climate.

"Do you see that spot in the wall, close to the ground and under that corner bastion?" said my friend Riley, pointing to where a small hole had apparently been bricked up. "Well, one afternoon I was passing here from the *suk*, when a ragged, unkempt fellow appeared in the caravan road there, acting most strangely. He seemed afraid to walk erect, and though in broad daylight, groped his way about in a most uncanny manner. A crowd collected. Turkish guards soon appeared and conducted him back to the castle from which he had

come. Yes, through that stoned-up hole. You see, the poor beggar had been in there for years, down in one of the dungeons below the ground. He had been there so long that no one remembered who he was or for what he had been im-

prisoned; but somehow he had managed to secure a hard instrument and dug his way out. Had he reached the outside at this time of day or at night, he might have escaped. Why didn't he? Oh, I forgot! Coming from the darkness, he found himself blinded by the strong sunlight, and the heavy iron shackles on his feet gave him away. Unless he is dead, perhaps the poor wretch is there now, only a few yards from us,—but on the other



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

A DESERT ARAB

side of the wall." Riley knocked the ashes from his cigarette and looked thoughtfully at the *Adria* steaming in with the weekly mail.

Often under the blue-green of African nights I would sit in my window, whose stone ledge still held the heat of the departed day. Though early evening, the *Arbar-Arsât* is almost deserted. A low, sustained whistle, then down in the dark shadow a dusky figure moves noiselessly by. Soon another whistle from the direction in which he has gone, and I know a second night-watchman has passed him along.

Drifting over the housetops come wavering pulsations of sound. Then from some distant quarter they take form, and the wild beat of the tomtoms, strangely suggestive of the great elemental nature, heat, and passion of the drowsy and fanatical East, throbs its way nearer and nearer through the maze of dark and deserted streets. Now the long-sustained or rippling resonant





*Painting by Charles W. Furlong*

TRIPOLI IS A MAZE OF NARROW, FASCINATING STREETS



notes of the oboe and thrumming gim-brehs are discernible. "Lu-lu-lu-lu!" ring out the shrill voices of women—clash! go the steel cymbals, and a wedding procession turns into Arbar-Arsât.

A yelling runner on ahead passes under my window, then in irregular march the procession itself. First, bearers of lanterns of colored glass, which throw beautiful prismatic lights on the white-walled houses and illumine the swarthy faces of the musicians who follow them; then more lanterns, diffusing the darkness, glinting in scintillating reflections from the men's eyes and throwing great slashes of mellow light down upon the heads and shoulders of the muffled forms of the women. In their midst, seated on a donkey, rides the bride, hidden from view under a *palanquin* or *howdah*. Again follow lanterns illuminating the dark canopy, etching out the red gold threads of the heavy embroidery from its dark velvety background.

Just beyond my window the procession halts, wails a song, and moves on. Then the wild rhapsody of a desert people grows fainter; again only the tom-toms sound out in their barbaric prosody, and float away over the town and the desert sand. A scavenger dog sneaks by, and the city sleeps.

One midnight I watched the moon disk pass behind the minaret of the Djema-el-Daruj (Mosque of the Steps) at the corner and paint the city in silver. On the other side of the Arbar-Arsât, far down the street, I caught sight now and again of a thief, as, rope in hand to lower himself into the courts, he worked his way along the roof tops. Quick and catlike his wiry figure dropped lightly to a lower level here or scaled a height there, until he reached the house across the street. Sitting motionless, I watched him with interest. Barefooted, he wore only a pair of cotton trousers, while a turban was twisted about his fez. The moonlight played over the muscles of his supple body and glinted a silver crescent from his crooked Arab knife. It was not until directly opposite that he saw me. For a second he stood motionless, then like a flash dropped below the parapet of the house and disappeared.

Many an evening I would saunter down the Arbar-Arsât; pause long enough

at the door of the Djema-el-Daruj to sense the interior of this beautiful shrine, lit only with its suspended cluster of myriad little lamps. These twinkled in the gray darkness like the falling stars of a bursting rocket and shed their delicate glow over the prostrate figures of the devout Moslems beneath them, who, on straw mattings which covered the marble floor, turned their faces toward the *kibleh* (sacred niche) and Mecca. I rarely stopped, however, to deliberately peer into this sanctuary, lest I give offence. The next corner brought me to the street of the Milk-sellers' Market. Knocking at a big green door, I would shortly meet with a cordial reception from my friend Riley.

His house, originally built for and occupied by the favorite wife of Yusef Bashaw, was one of the best examples of the seraglio of a high-class Arab. A broad balcony surrounding the court took the place of a living-room, after the manner of the Arabs. Here amidst a bower of tropical plants, carpeted with rare rugs, and furnished with all the necessities for a complete home life in the East, most of the family life is spent. Off the balcony were the private living-rooms. After the Arab custom, originally no two were connected, and all save one received their light through barred windows opening upon the balcony. Several of these rooms had been converted into one spacious drawing-room and another into a library.

One evening, after Salam, the black Sudanese, had brought us our Turkish coffee, we settled down comfortably on the long wicker seats. The lamp shed its rays through the balustrade into the court, and the gnarled old tree which rose from its centre threw fantastic genii shadows on the opposite walls; the soft night wind rustled in its canopy of leaves, through which an occasional star scintillated in a bit of blue.

"Riley," said I, "who lives in the big house with the heavy bolted door, near my *lokanda*?"

"The one with the Roman column for a corner post? Why do you ask?"

"Well, in passing I often look up at the lattice which projects from the window above its portal, and this afternoon, when the sun fell full upon it, through its

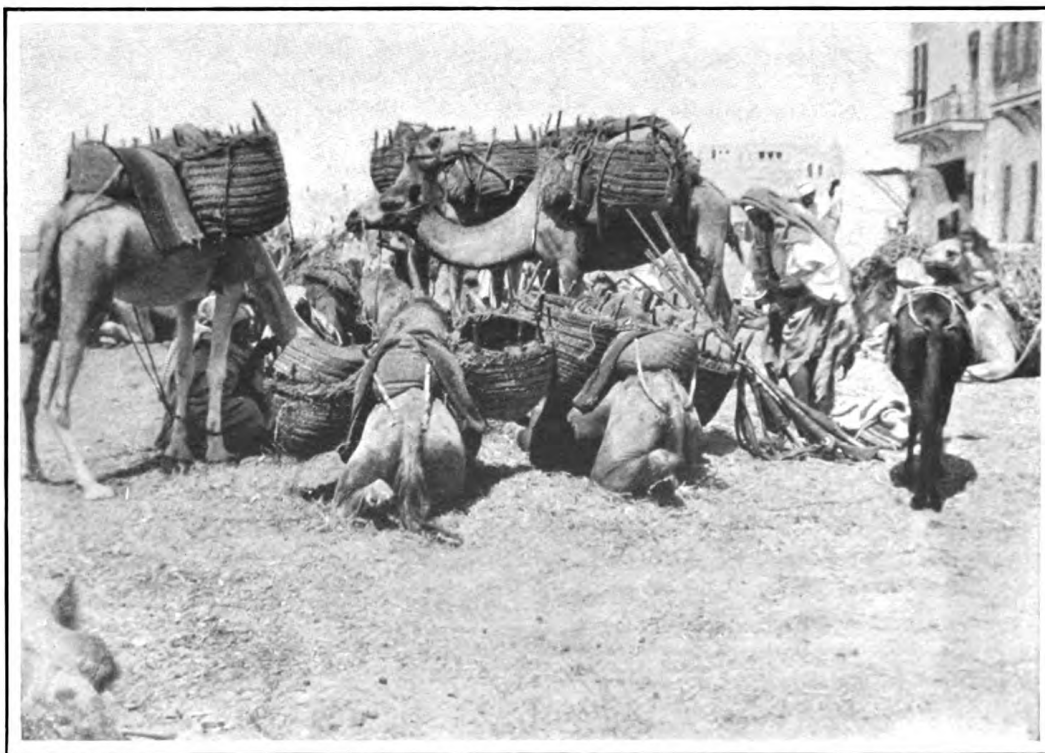


jaalousied woodwork I saw indistinctly the face of a girl, then heard a gruff voice, and she disappeared."

"Strange! Those jealousies, you know, screen the only window of the house that looks out on the street. That window is in the *gulphor*—a room strictly private to the master of the house, none of his immediate family ever being allowed to enter without his particular permission. "Come," he said; "I will show you," and he led the way to his private study, which had formerly been the *gulphor* of Arab masters. "Step out here," and I found myself in a little latticed box outside the window. "This hole in the floor allows one to see who may be knocking at the door directly beneath, but it has been known to be used by Moorish maidens as a means of communication with outsiders. By the way, you found no piece of cloth or paper in the street, did you? Odd stories have been associated with that house. It is rumored that a young Circassian girl, mysteriously brought from across the Mediterranean, is confined there in the seraglio of her master."

We talked late, for the night was hot. During the day the silver thread of the mercury had hovered about blood-heat, and now at midnight it had dropped only to eighty degrees; but this was nothing unusual in Tripoli. Suddenly the brindled bulldog started from his dozing at his master's feet, and with a low growl sprang upon the top of the balustrade which he patrolled, sniffing high in the air.

"A thief on the roof," remarked Riley. "One night, not long before you came, that pup woke me out of a sound sleep. There was the devil of a rumpus in the street outside my door. Backed up against it, doing the best he could with his heavy, knobbed stick, which all Tripolitans carry at night, was Hadji Ali, a neighbor, putting up a game fight with three big Blacks with knives. Opening the door, I pulled him in; the Blacks started to follow. From behind my revolver I told them that any man who sought my protection against murderers would have it. Ordering them away, I closed the door, and made Hadji comfortable for the night."



A SMALL CARAVAN IN THE SUK WHERE THE MARKET IS HELD

"What had he done to them?"

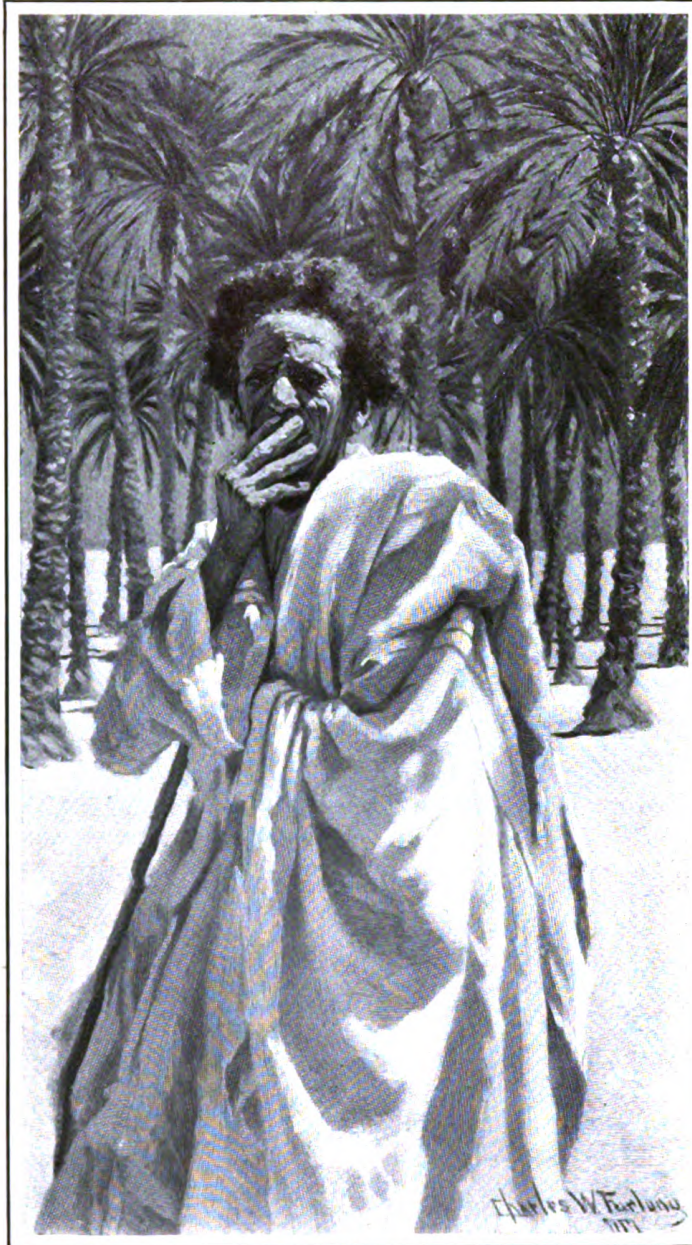
"Oh, nothing; they were hired by his enemy, another neighbor. They hid in that archway up the street and sprang out at him as he passed."

As I went by the archway on my return that night I hugged the farther wall and drew my revolver from its holster.

The plain walled house of the Tripolitan Arab, with its heavily bolted door and jalousied window, is built with due consideration to guarding well the secrets and private life of the occupants, and whether large or small, in town or country, are all of the same plan.

The inner court is the quarters of the mistress or of the harem. In many of these are ancient marble columns, while rare old china tiles adorn the walls. Here the mistress entertains companies of women; here they celebrate in their peculiar fashion the birth of a child or wail the burial-song over the body of the dead.

Occasionally a Moorish woman is permitted to visit the mosques at night, accompanied by a servant. Sometimes she calls on a woman friend or with an attendant visits the bazars. At these times she wears a barracan of fine texture, and a dark-blue veil bound around her forehead covers her face. According to the thickness of this veil, her features may be more or less distinguishable. I have noticed that oftentimes the more beautiful a woman, the thinner the veil. Tripolitan women of the middle class



*Drawn by C. W. Furlong*

A MARABOUT, OR MOHAMMEDAN WANDERING MONK

have a custom of going without veils, but draw the barracan over the face instead, leaving a small aperture through which they peek with one eye. Women of the lower class—the countrywomen and Bedouins—frequently go with faces uncovered.

The country Arab converts all of his scant earnings into silver ornaments, and these are deposited on the persons of his wives—a veritable burden of riches,





THEY SQUATTED DOWN IN FRONT OF THE GOODS

for they are constantly worn. I have run across women hauling water under the cattle-yoke of the desert wells, literally loaded down with pounds of this silver, while the husband sat on the edge of the well-curb and directed the irrigation of his fields.

This silver forms an important function as a barometer of the country's prosperity, to read which one has but to go to the little booths of the silversmiths in the trellis-covered Suk-el-Ture and note whether the country people are sellers or buyers. In 1900, a year of poor crops, \$72,500 worth of this old silver, so dear to the womankind of the peasantry, was broken up and exported, chiefly to France.

Outside the town walls or at established spots within the oasis, markets, or suks, are held on certain days of the week. To these, over the sandy highways through the palm groves, passes the native traffic—small caravans of donkeys and camels loaded with the products of

the agriculturists, and shepherds with their flocks of sheep, which patter along in a cloud of sand dust. The Suk-el-Thalat (Tuesday Market) is held just without the walls of Tripoli, on a broad stretch bordering the sea, and the Friday Market farther out in the oasis.

One morning, before dawn, I passed through the Castle Gate to the Suk-el-Thalat. Many others, mostly merchants from the town, were moving in the same direction. There was Hamet's one-eyed neighbor. Like many others, he carried a little portable shack, under which to spread his wares. I climbed to the top of the high wall of a square enclosure. In the early light the gray and white barracans of the people merged into the tone of the sand, and I could sense the great noiseless mass of humanity moving below me only by the dark spots of faces, arms, and legs. Then the sunlight flooded a scene as truly barbaric and pastoral as any in the days of Abraham.

A palette of living, moving color, this

red-fezzed, barracanned humanity wormed its way between piles of multicolored products of the oasis, scintillating brass, copper, and silver utensils; ornaments, brilliant cloths, and leather trappings from the antipodes of Tripoli trade—Kano and Manchester. Most of the populace were merchants from the town, others tillers of the soil from the oases and plateau lands, half-naked Blacks from the neighboring suburb of Sciara-el-Scint, caravan men and camel-raisers from the tribes of Zintan, Orfella, and the Weled Bu Sef. Darkly clothed Jews were much in evidence, also wild desert men from the far south, and nomadic traders from anywhere. Here the high round fez, modern rifle, patched brown suit, and heavy shoes bespoke the Ottoman soldier, and the occasional glare of a pipe-clayed sun-helmet a European.

In the wall's shadow just below my perch squatted a vender of knives. For culinary use? Not, by Mohammed's beard! A knife is a thing to slay with; none but infidels, Jews, and Christians at repast would portion food with such an instrument.

The wall upon which I was seated enclosed a rectangular yard of several acres, in which bulky loads of the wild esparto-grass—or *halfa*, as the Arabs call it—were being removed from camels, eventually to find their way to England for the manufacture of paper.

Passing through the produce quarter, I picked my way through heaps of grain, piles of melons, tomatoes, and other stuffs, which made gorgeous spottings of color as they lay in the brilliant sunshine or under the violet shadows of the shacks, which were shifted from time to time as the sun wore around. Under a tattered piece of old burlap two Sudanese roasted fodder-corn; men scuffed noiselessly by over the hot sand, pausing here and there to ask, "Gedash?" ("How much?") Often they squatted down in front of the goods, and sometimes spent an hour or more in bargaining.

The arrival of a large caravan from the Sudan is a great event, and as it reaches Tripoli, groups of women shrill their cry of welcome. Many small caravans of camels may be seen in the Suk any market-day.

Within an open spot, a wild, unkempt fellow holds forth to a circle of sober-visaged hearers. His long hair and fantastic garb at once stamp him as a *Marabout*, or Mohammedan wandering monk. His kind are conspicuous characters among the people upon whom they live, as, generally bareheaded, staff in hand, they drift along the desert trails through the oases and towns. Most of these half-demented caricatures of humanity dress in filthy rags and claim lineal descent from Mohammed. Attributed as they are with supernatural powers, it is little wonder that they are venerated by the superstitious Moslems. At Ramadan they are very much in evidence, and have been indirectly responsible for holy wars and the direct cause of many uprisings and revolutions.

But of the morrow of these people—what? The great decrease in her leading exports reflects unfavorably on the general commercial prosperity of Tripoli, but more saliently emphasizes the need of developing her agricultural resources. Turkey seems not only indifferent but averse to improvements of any kind, apparently not wishing to encourage either native or foreign interests, thereby attracting attention to the country. Yet with a jealous eye Turkey guards this province—perhaps that she may continue to squeeze from the flat, leathern money-pouches of the Arab more miserable *verghi* and tithes,—perhaps that she may maintain a door between Constantinople and the hinterland of Tripoli, through which to secretly replenish her supply of slaves.

There is every reason to believe that it will be a Christian European power which will open for the Arab that sesame which will arouse him from his inertia and usher him into fields where he will take new heart and courage; and Tripoli will be reclaimed from the desert, not so much through the reconstruction of the coffer-dam of the Roman as by that modern agency, the artesian well.

Virtuous Europe no longer steals Africans from Africa. Her civilization, honesty, and humanitarianism have frowned upon that; so now she reverses the order of things and steals Africa from the Africans.

# The Cresco Pardners

BY ROY NORTON

NO one ever knew, or if they did it is forgotten, when, and where, and how old Tom Darrow and his pardner, Jack, first met. But that doesn't matter. It's enough that Tom was one of the finest men and Jack probably the wisest burro that ever took to mining in the Sierra Madres. At least everybody thought so, and what everybody thinks is usually right.

When they first came it wasn't so hard to find pay dirt, as most every gulch had some little cañon feeding it where a good pair of pardners like these could tear a grub-stake from the ground. That is—if the water ran well and supplies could be had.

Tom was always old, so far as any one ever knew. He was old when he came into the country. Not the kind of oldness that makes men think of it, but the kind which makes them hope to sometime be old that way themselves. The kind of oldness where the heart and eyes keep young, and the body can still sturdily bear all it has to do. The kind that makes a man forget the mean things people have done to him and remember the good, and be always ready to help the other fellow with his load as if it were a joy.

Old Tom and Jack had helped lots of other folk, and being of a like type, neither ever mentioned it. It's possible Jack couldn't talk. If so, he didn't need to, because Tom knew what he was thinking about most of the time. People out there, in the place where the desert laps along and draws a compact with the mountains whereby neither is to break over into the other's claim, got so used to the old fellows that they expected one whenever the other was seen. And they were never disappointed.

Most every one knew how they happened to work Cresco Cañon, because Tom told about it. The two pardners were striking out for new diggings, hav-

ing been a little down on their luck. It was one of those mornings after a heavy rain when the fog makes a white sea of the valleys, with islands of the peaks which stick through the top, so the traveller on the roof places of the world looks over it all and pities the people down below where there is no sunshine and nothing but gloom. Tom and Jack had made an early start, because they didn't know how far they would have to go or where the end of the trail might be, and, neither being able to stand as much as in twenty years before, had taken the easiest way.

They were plodding along on a shelf where on one side washed the sea of fog and on the other was a mountain wall. Just a toe-hold of a place that didn't offer any inducements to fall off. Jack's pack must have been so big that it scraped against the wall, or else the rain had weakened the trail in places. The result was the same. Jack got too close to the edge, it gave way beneath him, and over he went. Tom caught two glimpses of white, the first being the pack and the second Jack's belly as he turned over; then there was nothing but a smashing noise down below in the fog.

It's pretty tough on any one to lose a pardner, but Tom felt it a good deal more than most men, because he had more affection than is usual. He dumped his own pack, ran to a place where he could get off the ledge of the mountain, and made his way down into the fog. After tearing nearly all his shirt off on the chaparral, being in something of a hurry, he found the bottom, and later his pardner. Jack was groaning some and occasionally calling for help.

When Tom got within reach Jack raised his head as if to say: "I knew you would come; but it isn't much use. I seem to be about all in." Tom admits talking a heap to Jack, and says that after he got the diamond-hitch flapping, the



pack off, and a hat full of water for him, Jack sort of braced up. But he had sprained himself somewhere in the loins so he couldn't stand on his feet. Tom wasn't the kind to desert anything that suffered, let alone a pardner of many years' standing. He rolled all the blankets and put them under Jack's head, then swore a good deal in his way because they couldn't go any farther, and before night had pitched his tent near Jack. It seemed hard luck, so after he had supper and got his pipe going he looked up at the stars and had a long talk with the Lord Almighty, with whom he was on intimate terms.

Tom wasn't exactly a religious sort, but had lived so long with the big hills, and rugged trees, and broad deserts that God seemed pretty likely to be right around in his neighborhood. When you knew Tom real well you believed it, too; he was such a fine, simple, honest old chap, who looked you straight in the eye and seemed above all littleness.

It is singular the way accidents and little things decide for us. Nobody had ever thought enough of that cañon before to give it any attention, but old Tom Darrow found sufficient pay to buy grub for him and Jack, and then, being of the kind that always wants a home, discovered it was the finest place in all the world. Nobody else could see it, of course, but he had a way with him that made everything seem good.

Tom built a cabin, but didn't think of it until he found the pay in the creek was just good enough to keep him there and not to attract any one else to the place. The brook invited him to stay, he said, and told him how good a place it was, and how it would sing little songs to keep him and Jack company.

Jack's back recovered slowly, so Tom had to do the work alone. It was pretty hard work, too, for a bowed back and gnarled hands, but he knocked together a very nice little shack. Had it down in a flat where there were grass and room for flowers around it, the real old kind he liked the best—Daffo Down Dillies and Johnnie Jumpers, which merely tolerated the poppies that in the spring blanketed odd spots with velvety yellow.

Before he got moved into the cabin Jack got well. Maybe he was bluffing

some about having a sore back, but that was hardly believable, because Jack most always held up his end of the work. Tom lost his temper once, but there were reasons for it. He didn't like to kill things, even to eat; but not being able to get where he could buy supplies and not having Jack to help carry them, he swore at necessity and shot a deer. Hunter's stews with dough-boys made of flour were all he had to eat. Jack liked dough-boys, and used to tip the camp-kettle over to get them. Idleness made him sneaking, or else it developed his sense of humor. He used to laugh when Tom caught him at it, and that got on Tom's temper.

Once they had a quarrel. Tom had thrown a rope over a limb, tied the kettle to this, hoisted it out of Jack's reach, and anchored the loose end to the tree trunk. Jack watched how it was done, stood on his hind legs and untied the knot so the kettle fell. Tom caught him eating the dough-boys and boxed his ears. They didn't speak for a week.

Jack couldn't stay away long, though. He remembered too many things. Among others, the time when he had been jumped by a mountain-lion, and Tom, having no other weapon handy, had come to his rescue with a mere hunting-knife. Both had the scars to prove it. Also the lion's skin, for which that animal had no further use.

But about the quarrel. After they had been unfriendly for a week, Tom was panning down by the creek, when he felt something whispering in his ear. It was Jack telling him how sorry he was and explaining that he wanted to see how the pay was running and what there was in the pan. So Tom forgave him.

Boss Parazette happened to be going up that way with an outfit, let Tom have some "grub," and on his next trip brought more. That ended the famine.

As time went on, the flowers grew and waved around the cabin, the Cresco pay streak developed enough to satisfy all the small needs of the pardners and they were content—very content. Tom's big, bent shape could be seen working over the sluice-boxes every day, except Sunday, if one happened to be on the trail away up above the spot where, nearly two years before, Jack had fallen off.

In those days the country had some pretty mean half-breeds. Two of them were so desperate that not many men wanted to take the trail after them. Nearly everything they wanted they took, but no great rewards were out for them. They wanted what old Tom had and went for it.

It was along in the fall, when up in the gulches the nights were clear and cold, that they came. The moon was shining down into the cañon and over the flat where the little cabin with its fringe of flowers stood. The half-breeds found the door open, because Tom, who loved and trusted, not a mere few men, but all the world, disdained locks. Tom was sleeping peacefully in his bunk and didn't know they were there, so noiseless had been their entrance, until they threw a blanket over his head.

There had been a day when no two half-breeds could have mastered him, but that was in a time when his six feet one of brawn had the staying power of glorious youth. The bent man of sixty, when it comes to a desperate struggle, feels that his muscles have paid toll to mountain waters, to hardship, and to toil. Tom knew how to fight and was unafraid; but when they unswaddled his head he was fairly down and out—bound hand and foot with the riatas of the frontier, and helpless.

The visitors knew the isolation of the cabin and took their time. They were hungry, so stirred the coals in the old-fashioned fireplace which Tom, being an old-fashioned man, had built with such loving care. They ate of his food, and smoked, and rested, before going further in their mission.

In the mean time old Tom, his limbs immovable and helpless, and grimly speechless, watched them. He wasn't the kind to ask for mercy. He knew the type of men too well and quietly waited and calmly wondered what their next step would be. When they came to the side of his bunk there wasn't a quaver in his voice as he said with customary directness:

"You fellers has the cinch hand. The next move's up to you. Now what in hell do you want?"

"Your poke of dust," was the response, and Tom knew he was up against it.

"Well, you can't have it," was his sturdy reply.

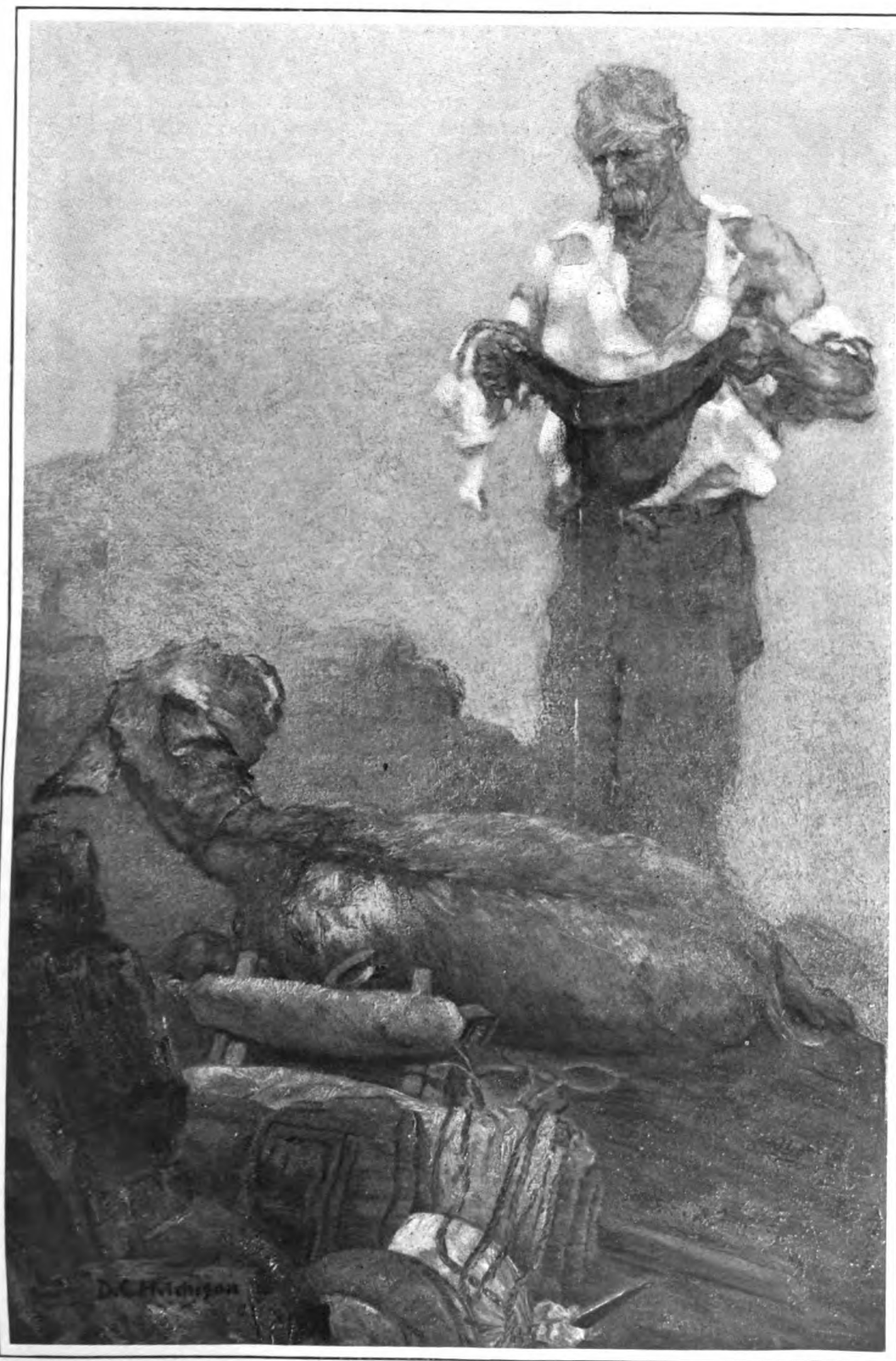
Then they did things to him which it was good the moon couldn't see. There are certain little tricks of the border half-breed that aren't good to look upon. Pizarro may have been great, but if he is responsible for the Mexican strain of cruelty, where he went there was a specially prepared place for him. Nothing else would be hot enough.

It took the visitors a long time. Mere pricking of knives, or drilling through finger-nails into the quick, wouldn't influence old Tom. He shut his jaws hard and did all his swearing through his teeth. Not that he cared for the gold, but it was against his principles to give up. His tormentors worked with much satisfaction, but no luck, for about an hour or two, and made just one mistake. They forgot that he was too old to go through the entire programme for the obstinate. That's the reason why, when they slowly cooked the soles of his bare feet in the fireplace, he became unconscious.

Inasmuch as he couldn't talk any more, they made a last search for his hidden wealth, and found it in just such a place as a simple, trusting old man would have secreted it—in a baking-powder box on a shelf.

Having gone thus far, they knew they would have to go the limit. So one of the men hit poor old Tom a rap over the head with the butt of a Winchester, and the other, to make sure, put a shot through him. When they opened the door to go they were knocked off their feet and run down by something gray that smashed its way past them, realizing in its dumb way that there was devil's work abroad that night.

On the floor, in front of the glowing coals of the fireplace, with the blood trickling over and matting his silvery hair, his poor burned feet turned listlessly outward and his weary old hands relaxed after all their suffering, lay Tom. Six-foot-one of worn-out, wearied-out, out, and tortured-out old-manhood. Jack tried to bring Tom to, and ran over his face a warm muzzle almost as gray and white as the lips into which he tried to caress life and answer. But for once his pardner didn't respond.



*Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson*

TOM GOT A HAT FULL OF WATER FOR HIM

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The half-breeds were surprised by Jack's entrance. One, in a blaze of wrath, started to pull a gun from its holster, but the other restrained him, having more sense and knowing that Jack could carry and work for them. It was about all they could do to conquer the four-footed pard, who fought with teeth and hoofs, striking madly and a devil incarnate with rage. But they bested him and took him away. Away out across the desert to bear his share of slow torture and malignancy.

Sometimes the Lord Almighty seems too busy to look after everything, and then, all of a sudden, He does something that brings you back with a jerk and keeps you from losing the finest thing in all the world—Faith! That's the way it happened with Tom.

When the half-breeds rode away in the night, with Jack a captive, they left behind a tiny spark that grew into a blaze. It was the little spot where they had fired the cabin. Not because they liked bonfires, but just to cover their work in the easiest way. Now there's where the Lord showed how friendly he was to Tom. The fire, after smoldering a while, went out. It wasn't poor old Tom's night to die.

There isn't anybody knows Boss Parazette who doesn't like him, and he naturally likes everybody who does. That's why he got into the habit of dropping off the trail whenever he passed Tom's place in Cresco Cañon. He would leave his pack-train standing idly, get a handhold on the ledge, and come down its face like a panther; and Tom, working over his sluices, with Jack loafing around somewhere near, would suddenly hear: "Hello, there! You dam no-account old cuss! How they comin'?"

Always the answer was the same: "Comin well. Thank God!" Then they would sit quietly, not saying much, that being their way, for several minutes, and Boss would say, "Well, I got to be joggin' erlong." Then in a few minutes the bell-mule's tinkle would wind off into the higher hills, while old Tom would take his hat off, look up somewhere into the sky where he thought the Lord might be about that time, and say: "Dear Lord! Keep your eye on him. He's a bully good feller."

Somewhat earlier than usual on this particular morning there came the "tink-tank, tink-tank" of a bell which stopped and Boss dropped over the cliff to say "Hello!" When he opened the door and saw what was within he didn't say exactly that, but something that sounded similar. He picked the poor, tortured old hulk up, cut the ropes off, felt the heart, bound up the wounds and got busy mighty fast. That was his way. Packs nor other matters didn't count when life was at stake. He did take time to unburden the train, dumping about all he had in the world carelessly alongside the trail, then turned the burros into the valley to shift for themselves. From then on it was a race for life to where he could get surgical care for Tom. And Boss could ride like a fiend when he had any occasion. This was one of them!

There isn't any question but that his hurrying saved Tom's life; but the worst of it was that when Tom got out of a hospital down in San Bernardino, three months later, he was like a boy beginning life all over again. Didn't remember friends, nor pardners, nor anything, let alone his own name. The doctor had hope for his recovery, but that was about all.

Boss took him back up to the cabin on Cresco, and automatically the old man went to work; but not in the same way. He was just a pathetic shell of the old Tom, who neither smiled nor talked, asked nor answered questions, and didn't even swear or pray. He couldn't forget how to mine, the very habit of his hands holding to him after memory was gone; but for him there wasn't any joy in life. He seemed to be missing something. Time and again Boss found him looking at Jack's old bridle in a puzzled, wistful way, or standing around the shed where Jack used to sleep at night.

In the stores where old Tom traded, Jack had been in the habit of demanding free entry; likewise into the cabin. So Tom would always act as if waiting to hear a clatter of hoofs walking leisurely in. But they never came. In those other days Jack used to take his *siesta* in the cabin door, and now Tom missed something around the door-step. In all the old years, before this change came, Tom

had a kind of mournful little whistle with which he used to call Jack when dinner-time came or he wanted company. Boss, with the bells of his lead mule tinkling along the bench above, often heard this plaintive little call which was never answered, habit holding full sway over poor, desolated old Tom.

There was a photograph sharp, who called himself an artist, opened up a shop in Victor, a new place on the desert's border where Tom used to go for supplies. Well, the half-breeds, being prosperous, happened in there one time and had the biggest possible photo taken, arm in arm, and each with a gun in his hand. Tom went over to Victor one day after he got strong, to lay in a sack of flour and a little bacon which Boss was going to take out for him the next day.

Having done his trading, he wandered down the street and came to this photo man's display. He didn't show much interest at first; then suddenly his hand went to his head and clutched through the silver thatch that had barely grown out to cover the place where he had been wounded. His eyes grew wild for a minute, then cold, and had a new look in them. His white brows came together in a frown and his lips tightened to a straight line. His fingers, maimed and scarred, began gripping and ungripping his palms, and folks passing saw something that made them stop and gather in a little cluster around him.

"I know who I am," he said, just as if that had been bothering him for a mighty long time or some one had disputed him. "I know who I am. I'm Tom Darrow! Damn you—I'm Tom Darrow!" Then he straightened up until he looked like the Tom Darrow some of the boys had known when first he came—the way he must have looked twenty years before.

"What's happened to me? Why am I here in Victor and where in hell is Jack and them greasers? Tell me quick!" He reached out his great steadily clutching hands to the shoulders of a man whom, for the first time in months, he knew.

The man told him. Tom didn't say anything in reply. All those around wanted to ask questions, but were afraid to. Tom looked into one face after an-

other, then walked into the gallery. When he came out there was something bulging in his shirt-front where he had thrust it through. It was one of the big photos.

About an hour later he did something that wasn't usual with the old-time Darrow. He got friendly, very friendly, with a crowd of Mexicans that were camped in the creek bottom below the town. He bought drinks. He sang songs. He essayed a jig on the sanded floor of a saloon. He was, in fact, a comrade of a class with which he never associated in former days. His old border Spanish worked overtime and with amazing fluency.

This kept up for two days, while his old friends were scandalized and apparently forgotten; but in the mean time he showed, at intervals, a photograph of two "other fellers" he wanted to hear about very much.

Into the camp, at the beginning of the second night, came two Mexicans who had worked across the desert from far above and were headed around for Rabbit Springs. They had seen the "other fellers" whom Tom sought, in a half-way station up near Dos Palmas.

Tom waited not for the morning, and the white trail across the sands saw him riding—steadily riding—to Dos Palmas.

It was night, too, when, in a shack wherein they felt security, two men were awakened by a battering on the door and its breaking down immediately after. They sprang from their bunks and blankets to behold, outlined against the stars behind and their dim candle in front, a cold, deadly, white-haired figure of vengeance. They recognized him.

There are times when the first thing a man does is to reach for his gun, provided of course he has any sense. This was the time for the half-breeds to grab, and they had sense enough for that, be sure. The first one whose hand fell on a pistol butt didn't get time to raise it; he died too quick. The other fired, but wasn't a good shot. Before he could shoot again the pistol had been wrenched from his hand, he was seized like a thing of no weight, lifted high into the air and thrown half-way across the room, to fall on the still quivering body of his comrade.

Above him in the candle-light towered a giant. Not the old Tom Barrow of kindness, whom he had tortured, maimed, and left for dead. Not the forgiving old Tom Darrow of Cresno Cañon, but Tom Darrow who had dropped off forty years and with them the mantle of age's tenderness. A man who was ready to kill the moaning thing before him as remorselessly as he would a mad wolf.

There came a silence so intense that one could almost hear the burning of the candle, which, in the soft night draught through the open door, sent the flame aquiver like a living thing seeking to escape the clutch of the wick. In its weaving it sent a monstrous shadow writhing on the wall—that of a man with a poised gun.

The dying desperado finished his dissolution, and with a long-drawn sigh became tragically quiet. The other arose to a half-sitting, half-leaning posture on the bunk, resting on one elbow, his other arm, broken in that terrific throw, dangling awkwardly and his eyes staring with wide terror at this white-haired apparition.

Tom Darrow was thinking. The time stretched into minutes which seemed ages. The wounded outlaw slipped to the floor on his knees, gently, furtively, as if afraid that any sudden movement would hasten the end. He put his one good hand out as a shield before him, its fingers trembling and appealingly open. He looked into the eyes of the man above him, but therein read no mercy. This was to be an execution, not a murder, nor was there appeal. And, coward that he was, the half-breed knew that the end was there and this his time to pray.

In mumbling Spanish he began an appeal to the long-forgotten Virgin for mercy, while the young Tom listened and suddenly grew old and became the old Tom again. He wanted to kill this thing before him, but it was already hurt, and—well—there floated through his head one of his favorite passages. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay." A spider, aroused by the light, came swinging down on his airy web, and a cricket from his refuge in the wall began a complaining song. From away off in the distance came the harsh, strident bray

of a mule. It recalled Jack. Poor Jack, his pardner!

"Damn you!" said Tom to the kneeling man before him. "God knows I ought to kill you; but I can't." And with this the full scores of years were back on him again and the forgiving old Tom Darrow had returned.

"There's one thing you've got to answer first," he said as the outlaw started to arise. "What did you do with my burro?"

"By the living Lord I've a mind to kill you for that," he said when the answer came that for nearly a hundred miles poor Jack had been goaded beneath his pack, and then, when strength failed, left lying on the face of the desert to die.

The younger Tom Darrow threatened to come back with all his hot youth, the pistol weaved uncertainly in the air, the outlaw fell back upon his knees and once more took to prayer. Again there was an instant's hesitancy.

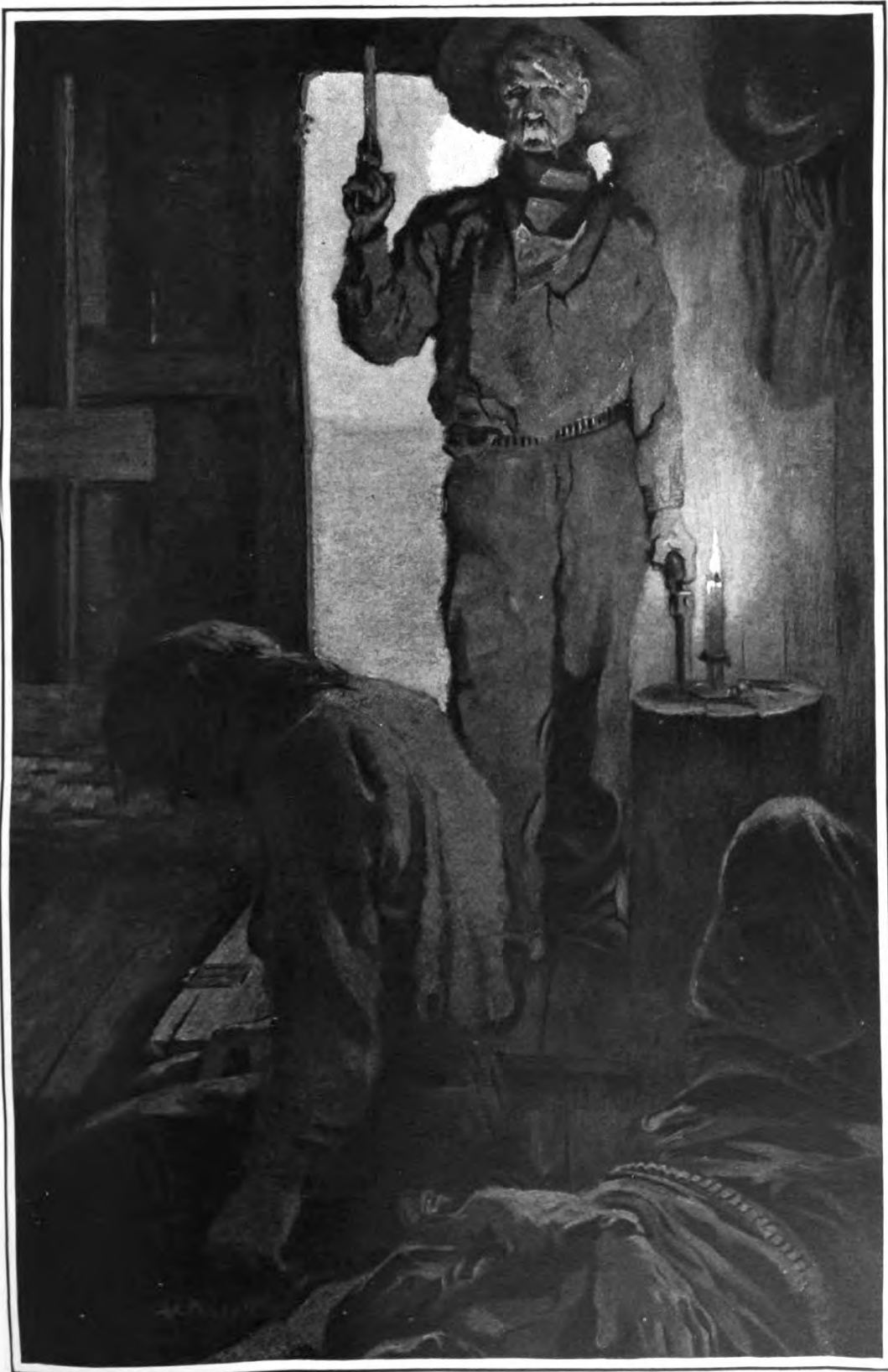
Without a word Tom picked up and smashed the weapons in the cabin, while the half-breed waited. Then Tom took one more look at the man on the floor and the form on the bunk, turned slowly on his heel, walked out of the cabin and into the moonlight where his tired horse awaited.

The young Tom Darrow had gone forever and old Tom Darrow rode away.

Three days later, when Boss came down the trail he was hailed by old Tom. He wanted to buy a burro, "not bein' anxious to give other friends a heap of trouble totin grub up thar" for him; but Boss found Tom was going to be mighty hard to suit. There didn't seem to be any burros in the world good enough. So Boss declined the latest mission.

"I think you better go down to the cabin with me," Tom said, in his slow way. "I got somethin' to show you, because you been pretty good to me."

What Tom had to show was a new can filled with nuggets. He had struck it strong on Cresco and wanted Boss to stake for himself the next claim. Boss did and it made him—but that's nothing, except about gold, and, after all, gold doesn't amount to much in this world. Maybe it will in heaven for paving-blocks. If so it will save a heap of digging and will throw a lot of mining angels out of jobs.



*Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson*

IN MUMBLING SPANISH HE BEGAN AN APPEAL



However, Tom went down to San Bernardino to buy a burro. Joe Lord had a corral filled with them, and ran them around a little, but none of them would do. The fact was Tom looked for a burro like his pardner had been, and that kind weren't common. They made him heart-sick—this band did—and the more he looked the more he knew there was no burro living like the one that had fought for him and then died on the cruel sands. He felt at last that he was alone in the world and bereaved. Nothing but a burro, after all, but something he loved.

"Joe," he said, as it all came to him, "I guess I don't want to buy nothin' after all. I'm an old man livin' in a dream. I thought I wanted a plain, onery burro to pack things; but it wasn't that, after all. I wanted to buy a friend, and it don't matter how much gold a man has, that's one thing he can't buy. Leastwise in a mule-corral." He laughed to hide a sob.

Joe understood, and old Tom read it in his eyes. That unloosed him again. "You see, Joe, I ain't never had no wife, nor no children, nor nothin' to love real close, except Jack, and we'd got

used to each other. Why, I could call him to me like this—"

His lips puckered and there issued a long-drawn melancholy note. From the centre of the corral arose a wild commotion. Heels, teeth and fore hoofs were swirling. From out the ruck, at the sound of the whistle, came a little gray burro who frantically rushed to the corral and thrust his head through an opening. Tom dropped to his knees, took the big shaggy face in his arms, babbled into the ungainly ears and was not ashamed of tears.

Joe refused to take money. The Lord will repay him, too, for that! Hotels don't take burros as guests. That's why, as the dusk dropped down over San Bernardino Valley and the night was warm with beauty, as if God had mantled it with love and kindness, a white-haired old man, bent and gnarled but very happy, tramped into the foot-hills to camp. And close at his heels, as if fearing to lose sight of him, trotted a tired little old burro, whose heart ached for the cabin, and the homely flowers, and the singing brook of Cresco Cañon. Tom and Jack were going home.

## In the Children's Hospital

BY RICHARD BURTON

MAY be it was her littleness, may be  
Because she looked so dumb and so forlorn,  
But when, in that sad place, they showed to me  
The shy, small stranger, and I knew the morn

Must pass to noon, and noon give place to night,  
Bringing no promise of a better day;  
And she so meek, so grateful for the sight  
Of aught to drive her misery away:

Then with a sacred pity my heart bled,  
And seemed rebuked for all its easy years;  
Down on that pillow wee I bowed my head  
And cherished her; her tears became my tears.

# Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AFTER I had had time enough to become somewhat used to seeing the White House family every day, the crowd of men and women who filled the anteroom to the President's office began to interest me. There were all sorts of people—mothers who wanted to have their husbands returned to them from the army, wounded soldiers who wanted help, ambitious young men who wanted positions, self-appointed advisers who wanted to be listened to, and sisters of deserters who wanted reprieves. The office-seekers were the most persistent and unreasonable. An experience that a friend of mine—Mr. F. J. Whipple, of New York—had with the President will show how Mr. Lincoln felt about them.

Mr. Whipple called at the White House one day. As he was a little early he had to wait in the hall opposite the President's office. He had not been there long when Mr. Lincoln came in from the private part of the house. Whipple rose, saying,

"This is Mr. Lincoln, I believe."

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir. You have not an office I would accept."

Mr. Lincoln slapped him on the shoulder.

"Is it possible! Come into my office. I want to look at you. It is a curiosity to see a man who does not want an office. You might as well try to dip the Potomac dry as to satisfy them all."

They had a few minutes' more conversation, while the President idly made some lines on a paper. A few days later I was in the room with the President, when a prominent Senator called upon him. Seeing a pencil sketch on the desk, the visitor asked what it was.

"It is the portrait of the one man who does not want an office," Mr. Lincoln replied.

On one occasion the President was going over, with Secretary Stanton, some applications for commissions in the army, when they came to the last one on the list.

"This fellow hasn't any endorser," said the President. Then he glanced at the letter—became interested. "It's a good, straightforward letter," he said. "I'll be his endorser." And the young man had his lieutenancy.

One thing which gives me happiness to remember happened on the 2d of March. I was drafted and the other guards with me. Frankly I didn't want to go. I had served in the army already; I had a young wife and a young son at home to hold me. I couldn't afford to pay for a substitute. So I joined the ranks of the people with grievances whom I had been watching for some time and went to the President. I found him in his own room, in dressing-gown and slippers. I told him that I had been drafted, and asked him if he could do anything in my case and in that of Alexander Smith, who was my special friend on the force. He listened to my story as patiently as if he had not heard hundreds like it. I like to remember how kindly he looked at me. When I had finished he said:

"Well, I can't spare you. Come into my office."

I followed him as a child would follow his father. He seated himself at the desk and wrote on a small card a note to Provost-Marshal Frye and told me to take it to him and get the answer. Years after this the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln gave me the card when he was Secretary

NOTE.—Mr. Crook was Lincoln's body-guard from January 4, 1864, to the day of the assassination. His first article, published in the December *Harper's*, attracted world-wide attention. His next article will reveal events of Lincoln's last days not now known.—EDITOR.

of War, and I have it still. It reads: "These two of my men, Crook and Alexander, are drafted and I cannot spare them. P. M. G., please fix.—A. Lincoln. March 2, 1865."

"Alexander" was Alexander Smith, whose last name the President forgot. The other men had their cases "fixed" through Mrs. Lincoln.\*

It is something to have in President Lincoln's own hand—even though the motive was largely kindness on his own part—the assurance that he couldn't spare me.

Naturally enough the events of the time which are most vivid to me are ones, like this, in which I took some part. Of other things I often have only the recollection that any one else in Washington would have had. Of the ceremonies when the President was a second time installed in office, for instance, I remember very little, or of the inaugural ball—for I wasn't on duty at either of those events. There were the usual exercises, of course, at the inauguration and the ball in the Patent Office. We were all interested in that because it was rumored that Robert Lincoln, who was popular with us, escorted the daughter of Senator Harlan, to whom he was afterwards married. Of the great public reception at the White House the evening of the 5th I remember chiefly the havoc it wrought. The White House looked as if a regiment of rebel troops had been quartered there—with permission to forage. The crowds were enormous, and there were some rough people present. A fever of vandalism seemed to seize them. We had always found that some odds and ends had been carried away as souvenirs after every public reception, but the damage created by this one was something monstrous. I suppose if it had not been that the President was assassinated so soon afterward I wouldn't remember it so vividly. But looking back, it seems some premonition that there would not be much more of Mr. Lincoln's administration must have come to them and made them lawless. They wanted to get mementos while they could. A great piece of red brocade, a yard square almost, was cut from the window-hangings of the East Room, and another piece, not quite so large, from a curtain in

the Green Room. Besides this, flowers from the floral design in the lace curtains were cut out, evidently for an ornament for the top of pincushions or something of the sort. Some arrests were made, after the reception, of persons concerned in the disgraceful business.

These things distressed the President greatly. I can hardly understand why, when he was so calm about things usually, these acts of rowdyism should have impressed him so painfully. It was the senseless violence of it that puzzled him.

"Why should they do it?" he said to me. "How can they?"

But Secretary McCulloch's appointment to succeed Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury seems to me about the biggest event of the period—for I really notified him. It happened this way: Before the President had given Mr. McCulloch any indication that he intended to appoint him, he sent me over to the Treasury, where McCulloch was Comptroller of the Currency. I was to ask "Secretary McCulloch" if he would please come to the President. Whether it was just absent-mindedness in Mr. Lincoln or whether it was just his own way of doing things I don't know. But I went over and repeated the message just as he gave it. Mr. McCulloch blushed like a girl.

"I am not the Secretary," he said. "There is some mistake."

"You will be as soon as you see the President, then," I replied. He went over with me then without further protest. Years after I had a letter from Mr. McCulloch alluding to the incident and to the way the President looked when he told him he wished to appoint him to the position Secretary Chase had left vacant.

Late in March Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, called upon Mr. Lincoln to urge "a more vigorous prosecution of the war," which was the watchword of those men of his own party who criticised the President. Mr. Stevens was one of the ablest, as well as one of the most radical, men then in Congress, but he was a very impatient man. The President listened patiently to Mr. Stevens's argument, and when he had concluded he looked at his visitor a moment in silence. Then he said, looking at Mr. Stevens very shrewdly:

"Stevens, this is a pretty big hog we are trying to catch, and to hold when we do catch him. We must take care that he doesn't slip away from us." Mr. Stevens had to be satisfied with the answer.

A general kindness marked the President's manner toward all who came to see him. The greater part of the callers were there for one occasion only. With others we grew familiar. General Sheridan was a conspicuous figure. He was a short man with enormous and disproportionate width of shoulder and chest. He had a broad red face and wore a little mustache and imperial. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, which the President attended, was often there, as was Surgeon Barnes, the White House physician. Mr. Lincoln admired General Halleck and had great belief in him; his manner, in its cordiality, showed it. General Farnsworth, too, was a special friend of the President's. Speed, the Attorney-General, was Mr. Lincoln's oldest friend in Washington; there were friendship and confidence between the two men. Marshal Ward Lamon, who had been Mr. Lincoln's law partner, was a warm and anxious friend, always most solicitous for the President's safety. Secretary Welles, who was an impressive and handsome old man, with his great stature and bushy white hair, the President especially liked.

In General Grant he had the most unbounded confidence. The two men understood each other. There never was a less assuming man than the General. I remember seeing him at one of the evening receptions in the corridor just before entering. He had on a shabby army overcoat and a slouch-hat. I couldn't help contrasting his appearance and ability with the magnificent gold-laced officers within. I have often seen the President and General Grant poring over maps together. I know that no move was made by his general that the President did not understand and approve. And when, later on, they met at Petersburg, when it was evident that Mr. Lincoln's faith in Grant was to be realized, he was positively affectionate. He looked as if, instead of merely shaking hands, he would have liked to hug the General.

The thing that most impressed me was that, with one exception, Mr. Lincoln was

not influenced in his judgment of men in the slightest degree either by personal liking or by enmity. It was the more remarkable in a man so well fitted for warm friendship, so lovable. At this time of grave personal danger his only standard of measurement was fitness to serve the government. Men came in a never-ending stream to the White House. While, as I have said, his constant attitude was one of kindly consideration, it was also one of control. He was eager to recognize the ability and character of men who were his bitter political enemies; he allowed his personal friend to retire to private life if he knew that the general interest would be promoted by so doing.

To the men who criticised him, as did Thaddeus Stevens, he showed no impatience; to the men who insulted him, as did Duff Green, he answered nothing; to Salmon P. Chase, whose vanity made him disloyal, in spite of high character and great attainments, he was patience itself. In connection with the appointment of Chase to the Chief-Justiceship there is a good story which, I believe, has never been told. It was given to me by Mr. John B. Ally, who was a Congressman from Massachusetts.

It was generally known that Mr. Chase wanted to be nominated for the Presidency by the convention which chose Lincoln for his second term. Mr. Chase consulted Sumner, Ally, and other friends on the subject, and they dissuaded him, urging him instead to seek the Chief-Justiceship, for which he had peculiar qualifications. Chase at first turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, but before leaving for his home in Ohio he said he would think the matter over. For several weeks Mr. Ally heard nothing of him. At the end of that time the Massachusetts Congressman received a letter from Mr. Chase saying that if the appointment were tendered him he would accept.

Mr. Ally immediately saw Mr. Lincoln and put the case before him in the strongest possible light. The President listened very patiently until he had finished. Then he began to talk. He gave reasons for not appointing Mr. Chase. He spoke of Mr. Chase's dislike of the President. He talked feelingly of the many hard things Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Chase's daughter, had said of the President. All of this

left on Mr. Ally the impression that it was useless to press the matter further.

He went to his home greatly disappointed. Very early the next morning a messenger came from the White House asking him to call at his earliest convenience. He went immediately to the White House. Mr. Lincoln met him very cordially, but with his own twinkle in his eye.

"Ally," he said, "I just want to tell you that I am going to send Chase's nomination to the Senate to-day. He is to be Chief Justice of the United States." Ally was so astonished that he could not speak for a moment. Then he said:

"Mr. President, I am very glad to know it, but—from what you said—I thought the case was hopeless."

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I only wanted to show you what could be said on the other side. I ought not to blame Chase for the things his daughter said about me."

The peculiar humor of the situation was not apparent to Mr. Ally at the time. The idea of making Chase Chief Justice is known now to have originated with Mr. Lincoln himself and had been fully determined before Mr. Ally made his plea. One can imagine the President's inward appreciation of his own little joke while he urged with all seriousness that the position he was fitted for should be withheld from Salmon P. Chase because the daughter had said feminine things—possibly about the President's social demeanor.

Earlier than this the resignation of Montgomery Blair from the position of Postmaster-General showed a like absence of personal feeling in Mr. Lincoln's public policy. Mr. Blair was a personal friend of the President, who had the warmest possible feeling for him and a conviction of his ability and integrity. But Mr. Blair grew out of sympathy with some members of his party, and his usefulness was impaired by frequent disputes with leading Republicans. Whatever Mr. Lincoln's opinion was as to the relative right or wrong of the disputants, he realized, as did Mr. Blair himself, that the party must be united in its policy. Therefore he allowed Mr. Blair to resign, much as personally he had wished him to remain.

The President's relationship to Secretary Stanton was another instance of Mr. Lincoln's marvellous self-control. Where the good of the nation was involved he didn't even see anything that related only to himself. Secretary Stanton was a strong man and devoted to his country. I believe, too, that he really loved the President. But while he recognized Mr. Lincoln's greatness and was loyal, those traits of Mr. Lincoln's which were antipathetic to his own character irritated him sometimes almost beyond endurance. Mr. Stanton was not a man of much self-control. The President's tenderness of heart seemed to him weakness. The fondness for reading and for jesting, which every day restored the balance in the President's overweighted mind, seemed to Mr. Stanton something approaching imbecility. He was furious once when Mr. Lincoln delayed a cabinet meeting to read the witticisms of Petroleum V. Nasby. When the President, during hours of anxious waiting for news from a great battle, was apparently absorbed in *Hamlet*, Mr. Stanton, whose invectives were varied, called him, I have heard, "a baboon."

To such expressions of a natural impatience Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignations passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed.

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the President. The President listened to it all.

"All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it, of course!"

"I wouldn't," said the President. "Throw it in the waste-paper basket."

"But it took me two days to write—"

"Yes, yes, and it did you ever so much good. You feel better now. That is all that is necessary. Just throw it in the basket."

After a little more expostulation, into the basket it went.

I have spoken of an exception to the rule of the President's freedom from personal feeling in his relation to the public men of the time. That exception was Charles Sumner. It is a curious fact that a man who was one of the leaders in the party which had twice chosen Mr. Lincoln to be President, who was an exponent of the belief which determined the most momentous action of Mr. Lincoln's career—the emancipation of the slaves,—should have been the only man, so far as my knowledge goes, to obtain the President's bitter dislike.

The reason of this dislike can never, I believe, be satisfactorily determined. With another man than Mr. Lincoln the explanation would have been a perfectly simple one. Most people know that Sumner was, almost constantly, the President's severe, often peevish, critic. He besieged Mr. Lincoln with advice in and out of season. None of the President's public utterances, according to Senator Sumner, were free from grave faults—his condemnation included both principles expressed and manner of expression. All of this Mr. Lincoln accepted patiently and humorously, as was his custom, passing over the tediousness of it all because of the high character and attainments of the man. Not so many persons know, possibly, that Sumner was actually disloyal to Mr. Lincoln. Just before the President's second nomination Senator Sumner was involved, with Greeley, Godwin, and others, in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln. That again, if the President ever knew of Sumner's defection, he might have passed over as magnanimously as he did the opposition of Chase. It is doubtful that he did know of it; when these men found that their movement was hopeless they fell into line and helped to elect Mr. Lincoln. The history of the President's relationship with the men of his party proves that it is not in any matter growing out of Mr. Lincoln's public life that we can find the reason for his dislike of Charles Sumner.

Senator Sumner was a fine-looking man. His presence was tall and commanding; he was well groomed, even exquisite in his appointments. He affected the English type in his clothes, wearing large checks and plaids, and was fond of displaying white spats—which were not, at that time, often seen upon our statesmen. He was a friend of the Chases, a particularly warm friend of Kate Chase Sprague, who sympathized with him in his matrimonial difficulties. He was also, curiously enough, in view of his relationship both to the Chases and to Mr. Lincoln, a friend of Mrs. Lincoln. Not only was he present at state receptions and dinners (which, of course, would argue nothing), but he was Mrs. Lincoln's escort at the second inaugural ball—especially invited, he told a friend, by Mr. Lincoln; and he was a member, with Senator and Mrs. Harlan, the future father and mother in law of Robert Lincoln, of the gay party which Mrs. Lincoln brought down to City Point after the fall of Richmond. Whatever were his grounds for dislike of Sumner, the President did not interfere in the friendship of Mrs. Lincoln for Sumner, nor the admiration which the Massachusetts Senator publicly testified to Mrs. Lincoln's really brilliant mind. It seems to have been entirely personal to himself.

The antipathy was none the less intense. It has never before been disclosed that Mr. Lincoln went to the length of refusing Mr. Sumner admission to his home. The President instructed Elphinstone Dunn, who was on duty in the corridor on that occasion, not to allow Charles Sumner to enter the White House. This is a matter of my personal knowledge. It must have been a serious offence which could have induced so charitable a man, and a man so filled with kindness as was President Lincoln, to take measures apparently so severe.

About noon of March 23, the President called me into his room and said:

"Crook, I want you to accompany me to City Point, Virginia. We leave this afternoon. If you have any preparations to make, you must attend to them at once." I hurried home to get the few necessary clothes and say good-by to my family. It was late in the afternoon when I re-

joined Mr. Lincoln on board the *River Queen*, which was lying at the Seventh Street wharf.

There were a good many people on the quay watching the boat. Rumors of the President's departure were about—I'm sure I don't know how; there had been no announcement—and everybody wanted to know where he was going. It took very little to get up an alarm during those last months of the war. But the questions were not answered, and the crowd had to content itself with a glimpse of the President on the deck. They watched while the *River Queen* left her moorings and slowly steamed down the Potomac.

The President was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, Captain Penrose of the army, and myself. Penrose had been detailed to have general charge of the party. He was a tall, fine-looking man, fair like an Englishman. Bradford, who was the captain of the *River Queen*, had done everything he could on such short notice to make his guests comfortable. He took me all over the boat and showed me, with some pride, how he had had the staterooms fitted up. Taddie's investigating mind led him everywhere. Before he went to bed he had studied every screw of the engine and knew and counted among his friends every man of the crew. They all liked him, too.

Mr. Lincoln watched the city until he could see it no more. At first he was interested in the sights along the shores. But as we drew near Alexandria he turned back to catch a last glimpse of the city. All the sadness of his face came out now when he was quiet. I realized, as I had never done before, what the war meant to him and how anxious he was. It was growing dark and the air was raw and chilly. But he stayed on deck until we had passed Alexandria. Then every one went inside.

Captain Bradford's long experience of the Potomac had made him acquainted with the histories of spies and blockade-runners who, in the early days of the war, had stolen across the river to the Maryland side. He told us many exciting incidents; he pointed out the landings they had made. The President was very much interested and kept the captain busy answering questions. It was nearly midnight when he went to bed.

Tad and I had a stateroom together. Toward morning I was startled out of a sound sleep by some one entering the room. Before I could speak I heard Mrs. Lincoln's voice: "It is I, Crook. It is growing colder, and I came in to see if my little boy has covers enough on him." In a little while I was awakened again. This time it was by a sensation of great discomfort. I will have to explain that I was a countryman and had been no great traveller. I had never slept on a boat before. It appeared to me that the steamer was slowly climbing up one side of a hill and then rushing down the other. I have since learned that I was seasick. I know I felt awfully blue. Taddie was still asleep. I dressed as best I could and hurried out to demand from the captain what was the matter with the boat. He laughed at me a little, and then informed me that we were in Chesapeake Bay, nearing Fortress Monroe, and that it was a little rough.

Evidently Mr. Lincoln was a better sailor than I was, for he came on deck in a few minutes looking very much rested.

"I'm feeling splendidly," he said. "Is breakfast ready?" He did full justice to the delicious fish when it was served. When we steamed into the mouth of the James and calmer water I recovered my spirits and found that I was hungry.

It was after dark on the 24th when we reached City Point. It was a beautiful sight at this time, with the many-colored lights of the boats in the harbor and the lights of the town straggling up the high bluffs of the shore, crowned by the lights from Grant's headquarters at the top.

It was known at Grant's headquarters that the President was coming, and a lookout had been kept. As soon as the *River Queen* was made fast to the wharf, General Grant with some members of his staff came aboard. They had a long consultation with the President, at the end of which Mr. Lincoln appeared particularly happy. General Grant had evidently made him feel that the end of the conflict was at hand, nearer than he had expected. After General Grant had gone, Taddie and I went ashore to take a look at the place by starlight. We did not get many steps from the steamer before we were halted by a sentinel. I ex-



plained who we were, but Taddie thought he would go back. He said he did not like the looks of things. He wasn't used to being halted by sentinels who didn't know who he was. We went back to the boat. Everybody was up until late. The President and Mrs. Lincoln talked of the trip; they were in very good spirits.

The next day, the 25th, was clear and warmer. We had an opportunity of seeing one of the great centres of the war. In Mr. Lincoln's estimation it was the critical point and he had placed his lieutenant-general, the man in whom he had most faith, in charge. The Appomattox and the James come together at City Point. The harbor thus made is overhung with high bluffs. On the top of one bluff was a group of houses, which Grant and his staff used as headquarters. The harbor was crowded with craft of all kinds—fishing-boats, row-boats, sail-boats, transports, and passenger-boats. From higher ground in the vicinity could be seen the tents of Lee's army. It was a busy camp, and everything was in motion. Just west of our troops was the long curved line of Lee's entrenchments, stretching from Petersburg, south of the James and fifteen miles from City Point, to Richmond, northwest of City Point and nearly double that distance.

We all went ashore and visited General Grant's headquarters. After the greetings, General Grant invited the President to take a ride to the front, where General Meade was in command. When we started, Mr. Lincoln was seen to be on a black pony belonging to General Grant. The name of the animal was Jeff Davis. Everybody laughed at the idea, and at the sight, too, for the President's feet nearly touched the ground. Mr. Lincoln was a good horseman, but always rather an ungainly sight on horseback. He laughed at himself this time, and said, "Well, he may be Jeff Davis and a little too small for me, but he is a good horse."

Mrs. Lincoln rode in an army ambulance with Mrs. Grant, who was a member of the party for that day.

It had been intended when we started for City Point that there should be a grand review of the troops. But the Confederates were active the first part of the ten days before we left to visit Rich-

mond, and the preparations for the final operations before Petersburg were being made the latter part of the time. There was a lull in between, but never a time when it was possible to draw all the soldiers away from their positions. So we never had the grand review.

We saw some lively skirmishing, however, between the picket-lines of the two forces, while we were at General Meade's headquarters. We were on a hill just east of where the troops were engaged; we were not more than a quarter of a mile away from the wood where the fighting was in progress. We could see the shells as they were fired; but while we were there they burst in the air and did no damage. The President asked whether the position was not too close for the comfort of his party. When he was assured that there was no danger he remained two hours watching the struggle, and turned away only when the firing ceased.

On the 26th Mr. Lincoln visited General Ord's command on the northern bank of the James and reviewed the troops. They were brought out in dress parade and went through the evolutions of actual war. Mrs. Ord was a member of the party. To get to General Ord's command we had to cross the James in a boat, and then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant got into the army ambulance as before, while Mrs. Ord and the gentlemen rode horseback. On the 27th General Sherman arrived, and there was a conference. The President was again much cheered by the confidence of both generals that they would be successful in speedily bringing the war to a close.

The next three days were filled with incidents. On one occasion the President, with General Grant, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, and myself, went up the Appomattox to Point of Rocks, where we were rewarded by a view of the country for miles around. General Grant pointed out the location of General Lee's army; some of their tents were in full view. Near us, as we stood straining our eyes to see all we could of our Confederate adversaries, was a great oak-tree, said to mark the spot where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. An inscription nailed to it—"Woodman, spare this tree"—gave us an idea of the

respect due the patriarch. The best view was to be had from the "Crow's-nest"—a lookout tower constructed by General Butler when he was "bottled up" there earlier in the war. I think that the President really threw off the load that was on his mind and enjoyed the day. He said that he had, and looked pleased.

One day, while the President and Mrs. Lincoln were going through the hospital at City Point, doing what they could to cheer up the sick and wounded soldiers and investigating the hospital arrangements, some one told them that Mr. Johnson, the Vice-President, had arrived. Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, I guess he can get along without me." They did not meet at all during the visit. I do not know whether this meant that the President did not like Mr. Johnson or not. It may have been merely that he felt that he was at City Point for a certain purpose and had no time for other things. The fact remains that he was not eager to see Mr. Johnson. The testimony of Major A. E. Johnson, who was Secretary Stanton's private secretary, is interesting in this connection. Major Johnson was present when the news came that Mr. Johnson had been chosen to be Mr. Lincoln's running mate in the second election. He says that the President said: "So they have chosen him—I thought perhaps he would be the man. He is a strong man. I hope he may be the best man. But—" And, since the President rose and went out of the room, the "but" was never explained.

The President made several trips up the James River to visit Admiral Porter and see his iron-clad fleet. One day he dined with him.

Not long before the final assault upon Petersburg a curious incident happened. A man came on board the *River Queen* and asked Captain Bradford if he could see the President. He was referred to me. Mr. Lincoln had instructed me not to admit any one but General Grant or Admiral Porter, so I told the man that the President was not to be seen. The visitor became very much excited. He said that he had rendered Mr. Lincoln valuable services in Illinois during his campaign for the Presidency, and had spent large sums of money. He was in

trouble; he must see the President. He protested that he was known to Mr. Lincoln personally. I asked his name. At first he refused to give it, but finally said that it was "Smith" and that he lived near Mr. Lincoln's home in Illinois.

I went to the President and carried "Smith's" message. Mr. Lincoln laughed at first. "'Smith' is, of course, an uncommon name." Then he became serious. "If what he says is true, I would know him. But I do not. The man is an impostor, and I won't see him."

I went back to "Smith" with the President's answer. The man was very much disturbed, and again begged to be allowed to see him. When that failed he tried to bribe me to take him to Mr. Lincoln. I ordered him to leave the boat at once, and when he delayed told him I would have him arrested if he did not. He turned to Captain Bradford and said defiantly, "If Mr. Lincoln does not know me now, he will know me damned soon after he does see me." He went on shore, and the moment after he had crossed the gangplank he disappeared. I watched him, but could not see where he had gone.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln, every one was anxious to discover the accomplices of the murderer. I called attention to this man "Smith" who had tried so hard to be admitted to Lincoln's presence at City Point. It was known that Surrat had been at City Point at that time, and I was requested to visit Surrat and see if I could identify him as "Smith." I went to court, and Taddie went with me. I had seen Surrat before the war; we had lived in the same county in Maryland. I think "Smith" and Surrat were the same man. It was impossible, however, for me to be absolutely sure. For "Smith" was ragged and dirty and very much sunburnt; he looked like a tramp. While Surrat, at the time I saw him, looked like a very sick man, pale and emaciated. In every other respect they looked alike. The difference in appearance might easily have been brought about by circumstances or by a slight disguise. I shall always believe that Surrat was seeking an opportunity to assassinate the President at this time.

# The Garden of the King

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetskoy)

QUEEN ALIZONDE leaned head on hand against her casement: so long she leaned that her ring-jewels grew warm with her cheek.

That morn the burgeoning May had taken her state, the turquoise sky her baudekin; her sceptre a flower-de-luce. All the sward was pranked with little flowers, white and gold, and the fair pool in the Queen's garden shivered, as with love. But Alizonde bent heavy eyes upon them. "Once on a time," thought she, "I was wont to love sweet flowers as they had been children, and so to keep them near me and fondle them, even till they withered in my girdle, and now what are they to me? All one as they were things broidered on my kirtle. And thou, too, thou fair heaven," mused she, "for me thou art but a painted screen—thou dost but shut me out from my desire, like to a loftier roof—I am a-weary, a-weary," said Queen Alizonde. "I am a-weary of doing the thing that is right."

And she thought of her father's kingdom and her dead maidenhood, till her heart wept within her like an ailing babe. "Oh, since thus I was to fare, loveless and lonely, a gemmed image, a Queen sans Queenhood, for what did they learn me of the seven arts? For whom shall I show forth my astronomy and sophistry, my rhetoric and music? They but make me the more forlorn, there being none to pleasure by my learning. Oh, would I were a little maid whose all was her virtue and one white smock, to run forth across the world *par amour*, and find my love!" Thus moaned Alizonde at her window, all amort, for she had sent forth her maidens a-maying, choosing rather solitude than their light chatter. And one by one the slow tears fell, bright and bitter, and mixed with the gems upon her breast. "I am a-weary," said she again. "Oh, I am sore weary of doing the thing that is right."

'Twas then there floated up to her, clear and gay and soft, as it had been an answer to her sighing, the notes of a bugle very near at hand. Magic sounds they seemed, for as she hearkened she fell a-trembling.

"What is this?" said she. "What is this music that I seem to remember and yet not to remember? Am I to be witless, too?" saith poor Alizonde. Again they sounded and again she trembled. Lovely, loving sounds were they, clear as water, pure as air, gentle as the May, and though gay, there was a sadness in them, as of one who smiles through tears, a sadness that seemed to pluck at the sadness in Alizonde's own heart, crying: "Love me. We are akin." "A spell hath me," whispered she. "Now I almost remember where and when I did first hear that music, long and long ago." But she folded her hands about her face and would not look forth of her window. Then a third time sounded that sweet sound, and like as if one stronger had moved them, her hands lifted apart, and she looked forth and saw one riding towards her through her garden close. All in white was he that made a fair shining in the sun, and white was his horse beneath him, and white its housings that swept the little flower-faces earthward. The knight's crest bore flames, his white shield a rose and a lily, with a flame between. His sword-hilt was of fair gold sewn with pearls, and pearled gold was his horse's bridle. But what fixed the eyes of Alizonde was that which hung about his neck—a lyre of gold and ivory.

"This is no troubadour only," thought she, "but a great knight also, and yet he bears a lyre about his neck. How can this be? Nay, I am fast abed," said Alizonde. "And the gold cage o'erhead, where burn the long peppers and the frankincense, hath given me this mad dream."

And thus gazing down, she met the

knight's eyes gazing up. "Now never was there one not beautiful so beautiful," thought Alizonde, and she left her eyes in his. Then suddenly he smiled upon her, and she, forgetting who she was and where she was, made a joyous opening of her arms, and cried out, "Now do I remember where and when!" But even as she spoke twilight gathered in her brain, and all was gone, only they two stayed smiling each upon the other.

Then on a sudden did Alizonde bethink her of her estate, and how she, the Queen, leaned at her window, smiling and being smiled upon by a strange man, so that her blood ran backward, leaving her white as samite, and she said, "Fair Sir and Knight, thou hast missed thy way and art in the Queen's garden."

Whereat he, still smiling, made answer: "Nay, most Gentle and Fairest, I am in the Queen's garden, but I have not missed my way."

Alizonde, as beseemed her, set a frown upon her brow at this, but her heart sang. "Since thou knowest so well the Queen's garden, thou shouldst know the Queen," said she.

"Queen Alizonde," saith he, "I am Mervais, fils du Dovon, and come from thy father, King Hazyl."

Then cried out Alizonde with a great cry, and she put forth her locked hands toward him at full stretch, and saith she: "Oh, what of my father? Is he ill? Is he dead? Hath his kingdom fallen? Come you to take me back to him?" saith she. "Oh, come you to take me back?" And she thrilled from crown to foot, like a smitten lute-cord, that it was pity to look upon her.

"Be comforted!" saith Mervais. "All is well with thy father till this day, yet have I come to thee for his succor."

"To take me back to him?" saith she.

But even as she was speaking, came a blithe clamor of maidens' voices, and the sound of running feet along the garden walks.

"Ride to the left into the Palace Court," saith Alizonde. "'Tis my maids back from their maying. Thou shalt be received as my father's messenger should be received."

"Nay, dear Queen," saith he, "but only as the knight errant and troubadour, Mervais of Noland. So must it be."

And looking down upon him, she knew that even so it must be. And she said:

"I will do as thou sayest, though 'tis both strange and hard to do."

"My Queen and dearest Alizonde," saith he, "thou hast trusted me. Now am I doubly thine, who was all thine before."

And he unhelmed him of his light helmet, and bowing low, rode from her presence barehead, while she doffed her hood of vair and in like fashion watched him go.

Now King Guillonet le Noir was a black man indeed, both within and without, for he was given to dark moods and glooms, even like King Saul, and, like that monarch also, he greatly loved sweet music. None wondered, therefore, that he gave fair welcome to Mervais, so-called the Trouvère, but all wondered with an exceeding wonder that he made no more ado or questioning as to the strangeness of one who seemed both great knight and simple troubadour in one, but as for his knighthood:—

"I am come to sing before King Guillonet the Dark, and his Queen Alizonde the Fair, and for nought else," quoth he.

"And," said the King, "sing thou shalt, and nought else, by my crown and the crown of my Queen."

So they had him to the Great Hall, and the King, being seated on his throne with the courtiers assembled, sent word unto the Queen.

Softly stepping came Alizonde, with her pearl face set clear between the dark gold of her hair and the pale gold of her gown, and, for all her seven years of wedded Queenhood, her eyes were as the eyes of a little maid who has but just glimpsed love. Behind her came her maidens two and two, clad all in green and white, brodered in apple flowers as became the month, while her dwarf damoiseau carried the Queen's train. A strange and elf-struck thing was he, brought as a meet gift to Alizonde by the Sieur Jauffroy de Gilsère, mighty knight and traveller, from the land where grow such wights, a witched folk subsisting only upon the perfume of divers fruits. Anon followed another damoiseau, bearing upon a gold platter apples gilt o' one side, wherewith the



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

*Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis*

WHILE HE WAS SINGING ALIZONDE KEPT STEADFAST EYES UPON HIM

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Queen was wont to regale the shy mannikin and lure him to her side when hungered.

Sounded the silver trumpets, the Queen took her state, and the Trouvère stood forth.

He had refreshed him with a pleasant bath, from the which his locks clung damply, and had donned a fair surcoat of silver cloth rimmed with miniver. Young was he, slender, strong and keen of allure, with that smile remembered of the Queen, that struck light across his dark visage.

Matheline, first maid - in - waiting, nudged another.

"My faith!" whispered she, "'tis the troubadour's own god o' love in person. Mark you his swarthy skin, and high nose, and the teeth like burnished silver—tho' that is but an ill comparison. Did any note his charger? Was one side black and t'other white? One ear yellow, t'other dappled?"

Here the Queen turned flickering eyes upon her, and the maid ceased.

Then 'gan Mervais to sing, and for them that listened the walls melted and they fared forth to other lands on that singing. Of warrior kings, and mighty knights of faery chanted he, and of love and the lovely wounds of love, and of valiant deeds of all countries and all times, till the King swayed upon his throne, and the courtiers bent their bodies to his singing like corn to wind, and dames and demoiselles went red and pale on incaught breaths, but Alizonde sat straight and clear of face upon her throne, and her eyes were still the eyes of a little maid who has but just glimpsed love.

And anon did Mervais cease singing for six heart-beats, but there came no other sound upon his silence. Then turned he toward the Queen, and made her lowly reverence, and he saith:

"Most gracious Queen and Lady, there is a lay that I may sing but once, and it is called 'The Queen's Lay,' therefore if it like your gracious Queenliness, I will now sing it unto you."

Alizonde kept sweet and steady eyes on his, and saith she:

"I pray you, sing it, fair Lord."

Then saith Mervais:

"This lay is called the 'Garden of the King,' but for a Queen was it set forth."

And having thus said, he sang this lay:

In the garden of the King  
Blow the lilies sown in tears,  
Flow the lilled streams of peace  
Thro' the meadows of release,  
None shall tell the tale of years,  
In the garden of the King.

In the garden of the King  
Burn the roses sown in pain,  
Flame on flame of sacred fire  
Glow the rose of pure desire;  
None shall see them fade again  
In the garden of the King

In the garden of the King  
Stately golden, row on row,  
Bends the fruit of love foregone  
That another might not mourn;  
None shall weep remembered woe  
In the garden of the King.

In the garden of the King  
Mystery walks with eyes unveiled,  
Twilight in her hood of stars  
Every palace gate unbars;  
Love shall enter unassailed  
In the garden of the King.

Now while he was singing, Alizonde kept steadfast eyes upon him, but her soul withdrew from them, leaving them empty. And she seemed to herself, at one and the same time, to be there where he was singing, and yet not to be there; to be with him there, and yet in some other place, to be more wholly with him. And she remembered, as it were, a myriad of lives, all separate and yet all together, as it were the glittering motes in one single sunbeam. And now she recalled events, and now she recalled them not. Now all was clear, and lovely bright, and now came eclipse, and some sad hue of the mind wiped out all recollection. But above and beyond and through all beat, as it were, the very heart of love, and its beatings thrilled in music, and a song was woven through her being, and she seemed to see love like a great white flame, through which shone stars, beat upward from her own heart as it were a banner of living light, and through its folds, shaken by her heart, she saw court and courtier, and the King her husband, like images in wrinkled water, but Mervais she saw like her own face in a glass, and yet not her own, but fairer and more familiar, and more

surely hers than was her own. And within herself she cried out:

"Now do I remember! For it was from the beginning, and will have no ending, and it must be cherished with tears and with the heart's blood, which is fire. Nor can it be slain by any, nor made alive by any, but from time immemorial it is, even as we are. Oh, fair and dear is the Lord God," cried Alizonde in her heart, "who hath shown me what is love!"

And a gladness shook her so that she thought the earth itself was shaking.

"Oh, now," cried she within her breast—"now am I no longer a-weary of doing the thing that is right. Be it fire and tears, be it long listless life or short sweet death, I am ready. I am no longer a-weary. Pain will be sweet as honey now," cried Alizonde. But on a sudden, swift and sharp, another chord, and these words, like falling stars, within her brain:

I sing the jewel in the rose,  
The star by day,  
Then only may it be possessed  
When given away!

"Oh, very soon hath it come upon me!" thought Alizonde, and she went stark from crown to shoe, that it seemed her she was in her strait gold gown like a sword in its sheath. And she knew not how she left the hall, nor when,—nor when or how Mervais got him from her presence, for the dread of those words was upon her, and the great rubis stone, carved like a rose, that lay hidden in her breast, bit deep through bone and flesh into the heart within her heart, like as it had been the rose of pure desire, in the King's garden in the lay.

Now this is the secret of the dread of Alizonde and the last singing of Mervais.

When, for reasons of state, and for the weal of two kingdoms, King Hazyl, her father, had given her in marriage to Guillonet, he had also given into her keeping his chiefest treasure, the great rubis stone hight "Rose of Light," than which in all Christendom and Heathen-esse is no mightier talisman. For her protection in her dark and dreary fate had King Hazyl given this unto his daughter, and now, in some great peril, he would have it back again.

"And sith so bitter hath my life been

with it, what without it will be my life?" thought Alizonde, for she knew that the last song was a summons to resign it from her keeping, and that to receive it from her hands had Mervais come unto her husband's court.

Moreover, there was danger to them both in this his quest, for none, not even King Guillonet, knew of the talisman, since to work potently none must know of its whereabouts save the giver, him to whom it was given, and the messenger, if needs were such, that went between these twain. And in secret must it be rendered up, at night-tide and beneath the open sky.

Now much it beset Alizonde to think how she might convey to Mervais her right understanding of his words, and her consent, together with the means by which they twain might meet befittingly. But having made an earnest prayer thereon, a good thought spoke to her and she said, "I will do even as this my thought bids me do."

And that night as they sat at meat, when the King sent Mervais his platter of spices to partake of, and his own goblet of vermeil from which to drink, did Queen Alizonde likewise send her damoiseau with a fair pomander from her own salver, having peeled it deftly with her own hands, so that its coat was still upon it as if whole. "For," said she in her heart, "he hath a great wit, and will see that in this manner of paring the pomander there is a reason." And so it was, for he read her meaning as though her breast had been crystal, and her thought writ there in gold for him to read. And saith he:

"If the Queen pleaseth, I will not eat this fair fruit, but keep it by me to remember that Alizonde the Fair once pared an apple for me with her own hands."

And Alizonde saith:

"It pleaseth me indeed, fair sir," for betwixt its coat and the pomander she had set a scrip bearing these words: "At midnight by the pool in my pleasaunce."

But also had she perforce to trust Matheline, her first maid-in-waiting, with part of her secret, for Matheline slept ever in her chamber, and moreover they loved each the other, and Alizonde trusted her saucy maid. Of the





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

ALIZONDE IN THE GARDEN

talisman she might say nought, but she told her of the secret message from her father, King Hazyl, which she must bear alone.

"Watch thou, dear Matheline," she made end, "as o'er thine own honor: I will not tarry long."

But no sooner had Matheline heard her all, than she fell a-weeping, and sorely she wept, and she said:

"Great fear have I for thee, Queen and Lady, for last night I dreamt of a great bird with one wing sable and the other white, and he bore thy little crown of emeraudes in his beak, and tears fell from his eyes. Who, pardie," quoth Matheline, "e'er dreamed of a weeping bird that ill did not befall?"

Then Alizonde kissed and cosseted her, saying:

"What are dreams? There is no dream like the heavy dream of a Queen's life. Be comforted, sweet child," and casting about her a black wimple, she went by her own stairway out into her pleasaunce.

The night was languid and the sky thick crusted with stars. Alizonde saw them as they were little clusters of magic flowers set among the leaves of the long Allée; and when she was come to the pool, looking down, she saw them again, so that she seemed standing in a wizard's globe of crystal set with gems.

"Oh, that I were fast asleep in my cool grave-bed," thought Alizonde. "And so safe at last, having done the thing that is right."

And as she was so thinking a voice said, "Alizonde!" and she looked up from the pool and saw Mervais before her. And her heart went straight to him like a homing bird to its nest, and she stayed silent, looking at him through tears.

"For he too must needs do the thing that is right, else is our love no love," thought Alizonde. But he spake answering her thought, and he said:

"Alizonde, and dearest of all, this is the Queen's garden, but there is the garden of the King."

"Oh, my fair lord and dearer than dearest!" said Alizonde. "Shall we twain fare together in the King's garden?"

"Even as of old we have fared, often and often, past the counting," said Mervais.

And now her tears fell bright and bit-

ter, as they had fallen that morning and wet the gems upon her breast.

"Oh!" saith she, "have I found thee but to lose thee? I am but mortal, and thou seemest to me more than mortal, and I would kiss thee once, and yet must I do the thing that is right."

"Oh, Alizonde!" cried he, "in the garden of the King thou shalt lie upon my heart and I will kiss thee with the kiss of love, and set the rose of pure desire in thy breast. Mortal with thy mortality am I, and immortal with thy immortality. And I would fain kiss thee, too, Alizonde!"

Presently the Queen said:

"This is a sweet pain. I am glad to bear it. Hast thou also pain, and is it sweet to thee?"

"Great is my pain," said Mervais, "and glad am I to bear it."

"Fair and dear is God, who hath shown me what love may be," said Alizonde, "and now thou must take the jewel."

Thereat he stepped toward her, and her cheek grew dusk in the starlight, for from her bosom where it was hidden he must take it, and hide it in his own. And suddenly sobs shook her, and she bent down her face into the cup of her two hands.

"Woe, woe is me!" sobbed Alizonde the Queen, "for thou, my love, art Virgin Knight, else couldst thou not touch this jewel while I am seven years wedded to my loathing."

"Oh, loveliest and purest," said Mervais, "thy spirit hath been ever virgin—what is the rest to me? Think on the King's garden wherein there is no weeping, nor pain of any kind, and where thou shalt be a little maid again."

"I will ever spend the years between thinking on how I may tell thee of my love," made answer Alizonde, and she let fall her hands, and drew aside the wimple from her breast, that he might take the Rose of Light and hide it in his own. And so featly did he take it that he touched not her body, but only the rubis stone that he withdrew.

Now, even as he placed it in his breast, hands came forth from the darkness and seized him and her, and a great laugh, thick as with blood and full of evil, shook the air.

"Have I you, my pretty minstrel? Have I you, my coy Queen?" cried the

King, and his teeth shone in the gloom like foam on a wave's lip in black storm. "Thy Matheline is but a sleepy watcher, Queen and harlot," quoth the King.

On the next day Guillonet the Black assembled his knights and barons, and the high clergy, and to them in public hall he related the matter, for he recked not of his shame in telling the shame that he deemed his, only of revenge recked he, and that he named justice. So was it decreed that the Knight and Troubadour Mervais should be had to the King's Chapel and there degraded from his knighthood. And great was the gathering there of lords and ladies, of vassals and of serfs. Came also the Lord Bishop, all booted and spurred, as was his wont, even to the holy place, with sword at side and hawk on fist, a grim black-avised seigneur, that matched the King as flame does fire.

"I would have you in person see to't, my Lord Bishop," quoth the King, "that your henchmen do well their work," and he bared his teeth at the high stage that had been raised in the chapel overnight, and his eye swam red upon it. And he thought how it stood in fair view of the stone lattice in the loft, for behind this lattice was Alizonde, bound fast in place, and spikes set about her head that she might turn it neither right nor left. And a scarf was thrust into her small and piteous mouth, and another bound above it, so that she could make no outcry.

"For thou shalt see how thy Knight is honored by thy King, Queen Harlot," the King had said.

Then anon did they bring Mervais into the chapel, escorted by twelve knights all in full panoply, and him they had armed again with his fair arms, that he shone forth resplendent, but his cheek had no white streak on it, and his eyes were staid and cold. A great scorn had Mervais in his bearing, and a great tranquillity. Him placed they upon the high dais, and forthwith, there being silence, the thirty priests began to chant the funeral psalms, as it had been the funeral of one of high degree. And at the ending of the first psalm they put off from Mervais his helmet, saying:

"We take from thee this defence of disloyal eyes."

And at the ending of the second psalm they put off his cuirass on the right side, saying:

"Thus do we take from thee the protection of a corrupt heart."

And with the third psalm, even so did they with the cuirass on his left side, as from a member consenting. And as each piece of armor was cast to earth, the King of Arms and the heralds called aloud, "Behold the harness of a disloyal and recreant knight!"

Then, when he was all disarmed, came one with a basin of gold, filled with water, and a herald holding it aloft demanded to be told his name. And the pursuivants answered, "He is hight Mervais de Noland."

Then answered the Chief King of Arms, saying:

"Not so, for a recreant is he and false traitor, and hath transgressed the laws of knighthood."

Then answered the chaplains together, in a solemn drone:

"Let us give him his rightful name."

Blared forth the trumpets then, as though demanding "What shall be done with him?" And rose up King Guillonet from off his throne, and so horrid was his voice that even the Lord Bishop's fierce cheek jumped beneath the skin with the locking of his teeth.

"Let him be baptized aright in Satan's name, and afterward let him be drawn and quartered living, and a quarter sent north, south, east and west to the four corners of my kingdom, in warning and in justice!" And as he ended he put up his hand over his mouth, for against his will he was about to laugh mightily, and he cast a bleak eye up at the stone lattice, where was the Queen. Thereupon the heralds advanced to cast the water in the face of Mervais, but something in his look held them and they did but sprinkle it instead with their fingers, saying the while, "Henceforth thou shalt be called by thy right name.—Traitor."

Next donned the King and the twelve knights sable garments, in sign of mourning, and thrust Mervais from the dais; but he was not buffeted to the altar by the assembled serfs, as was the custom, and therefore the King raged mightily within, for both gentles and varlets drew aside in silence and let Mervais pass be-



tween them, until he reached the coffin, wherein he was to lay him down as one who was dead to honor, while the burial service was chanted above him. And when he reached the coffin, he paused, and looked up to the stone lattice, and cried with a clear voice:

"In the garden of the King!" then lay him down as on his bed, and so stayed quietly smiling, with closed eyes, through all that gruesome and solemn office. But the King, unable longer to contain his fury, went cat-foot up a secret stairway to where Alizonde leaned forward starkly against the lattice, and crying,

"Thou, too, art dead!" smote her deep in the neck, from behind, with his dagger, that the hilt clicked on her slender neck-bone. Nor knew that she was dead already when he smote her.

And lo! on the morrow, when they came to hale Mervais to the headsman, the place was empty of him, and of his armor, and his horse also was gone from the King's stables, and that, too, despite a double guard. But none, not even the King, wotted of the Rose of Light.

Now when Alizonde awoke it seemed her that she awoke within a dream, for the pale light of dreams was about her, and she lay couched on warm grass that gave forth a lovely smell, and a little wind sweet with flowers played over her, and there was a great joy all through her, both soul and body, so that she said, "I shall surely fall a-weeping because of this joy of mine, for it is too dear for laughter, and then will I awaken and my sorrow will lay hold of me again." So she held the tears in her nether lids, looking upward, and lo! the heaven above her seemed fairer than any heaven that she had e'er beheld, in star-time or moon-time, or even in the time of dawn, even as the grass whereon she lay seemed sweeter than all other grass, and softer to her limbs, so that she said:

"Yea, there ye be, dear stars, but lovelier and more loving than I e'er beheld ye, so that I must needs think that ye are but just born of God, and that I, too, am newly born again into this glad body, and upon a world new-born."

Then after little space, still looking skyward, she reached out one hand tim-

orously, as though fearful of awakening, and brought it back sweet with violets.

"Oh, dear flowers," said Alizonde, "are ye, too, but part of this fair dream? Oh, very real ye seem, to be but dream-stuff," said Alizonde, and with that she sat her up and gazed about her, still timorous for fear of awakening. And now she saw through the blue twilight what seemed her maidens all in white, swaying softly in a dance, and rising she went toward them, but when she was come nearer, lo! they were lilies very tall and gracious, and between their stems, as they bent back and forth in their light dance, she glimpsed the shine of mildly flowing water, and her heart sounded a sharp note within her, and she remembered the lilled streams of peace in the lay of the King's Garden. And turning swiftly, her face came against the face of a sweet rose, so that it seemed to be giving her the kiss of welcome, and she saw many other roses all about her, and high above the rest one burning like a soft-petalled flame, and again her heart panged sharp and sweet within her, and she remembered where burned the Rose of pure desire. And anon, looking upward, she saw as it were apples of gold set in emerald leaves, and she cried aloud, "The Fruit of Love foregone!" And therewith, no longer affrayed for awakening, she turned her about once more, to look for the palace wherein Love should enter unassailed, and behold! there it was, fair as moon-stone, and a soft light shining from within it like the light in her own heart, and she began to move toward it.

And as she went, she saw one coming from the palace gates as though to meet her, and while he was yet coming but far off, she knew it was Mervais, and she would have run to meet him, but it seemed her that all her body grew soft like water, and she had no strength to move.

But when he was come near her, very beautiful in glittering apparel with armor laid aside, she reached forth her clasped hands to him, and said:

"Oh, my fair lord and love, is this the King's Garden?"

Then took he her clasped hands between his own, and stayed smiling down upon her.

"I am the King, dear Alizonde," said he, "and this is my garden."

# A Day at Doncaster and an Hour Out of Durham

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE Doncaster Races lured us from our hotel at York, on the first day, as I had dimly foreboded they would. In fact, if there had been no lure, I might have gone in search of temptation, for in a world where sins are apt to be ugly, a horse-race is so beautiful that if one loves beauty he can practise an æsthetic virtue by sinning in that sort. So I made myself a pretence of profit as well as pleasure, and in going to Doncaster I feigned the wish chiefly to compare its high event with that of Saratoga. I had no association with the place save horse-racing, and having missed Ascot and Derby Day, I took my final chance in pursuit of knowledge—I said to myself, “Not mere amusement”—and set out for Doncaster unburdened by the lightest fact concerning the place.

I learned nothing of it when there, but I have since learned, from divers trustworthy sources, that Doncaster is the Danum of Antoninus and the Dona Ceaster of the Saxons, and that it is not only on the line of the Northeastern Railway, but also on that famous Watling Street which from the earliest Saxon time has crossed the British continent from sea to sea, and seems to impress most of the cities north and south into a conformity with its line, like a map of the quickest American railway routes.

Unless my ignorance has been abused, nothing remarkable has happened at Doncaster in two thousand years, but this is itself a distinction in that eventful England where so many things have happened elsewhere. It is the market-town of a rich farming region, and has notable manufactures of iron and brass, of sacking and linen, of spun-flax and of agricultural machines and implements. Otherwise, it is impor-

tant only for its races, which began there three hundred years ago, and especially for its St. Leger Day, of which Lieutenant-General St. Leger became the patron saint in 1778, though he really established his Day two years earlier.

Doncaster is a mighty pleasant, friendly, rather modern, and commonplace American-looking town, with two-story trams gently ambling up and down its chief avenues, in the leisurely English fashion, and all of more or less arrival and departure at the race-grounds. In our company the reader will have our appetites for lunch, and if he will take his chance with us in the first simple place away from the station, he will help us satisfy them very wholesomely and agreeably at boards which seem festively set up for the occasion, and spread with hot roast-beef and the plain vegetables which accompany the national dish in its native land; or he can have the beef cold, or have cold lamb or chicken cold. His fellow lunchers will be, as he may like well enough to fancy, of somewhat lower degree than himself, but they will all seem very respectable, and when they come out together, they will all be equalized in the sudden excitement which has possessed itself of the street, and lined the curbstones up and down with spectators, their bodies bent forward, and their faces turned in the direction of the station.

The excitement is caused by the coming of the King; and I wish that I could present that event in just its sincere unimpressiveness. I have assisted at several such events on the Continent, where, especially in Germany, they are heralded as they are in the theatre, with a blare of trumpets, and a sensation in the populace and the attendant military little short of an ague fit. There, as soon as the



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, NORTHWEST VIEW

majesties mount into their carriages from the station, they drive off as swiftly as their horses can trot, and their subjects, who have been waiting for hours to see them, make what they can of a meagre half-minute's glimpse of them. But how different was the behavior of that easy-going Majesty of England! As soon as I heard that he was coming, I perceived how anxious I had been in the half-year of my English sojourn to see him, and how bitterly I should have been disappointed to leave his realms without it. All kings are bad, I knew that well enough; but I also knew that some kings are not so bad as others, and I had been willing to accept at their face the golden opinions of this King, which, almost without exception, his lieges seemed to hold. Of course it is not hard to think well of a king if you are under him, just as it is not hard to think ill of him if you are not under him; but there is no use being bigotedly republican when there is nothing to be got by it, and I own the fact that his subjects

like him willingly. Probably no man in his kingdom understands better than Edward VII. that he is largely a form, and that the more a form he is the more conformable he is to the English ideal of a monarch. But no Englishman apparently knows better than he when to leave off being a form and become a man, and he has endeared himself to his people from time to time by such inspirations. He is reputed on all hands to be a man of great good sense; if he is ever fooled it is not by himself, but by the system which he is no more a part of than the least of his subjects. If he will let a weary old man or a delicate woman stand indefinitely before him, he is no more to blame for that than for speaking English with a trace of German in his *th* sounds; he did not invent his origins or his traditions. Personally, having had it out with life, he is as amiable and as unceremonious as a king may be. He shares, as far as he can, the great and little interests of his people. He has not, so far as noted, the gifts of some of his

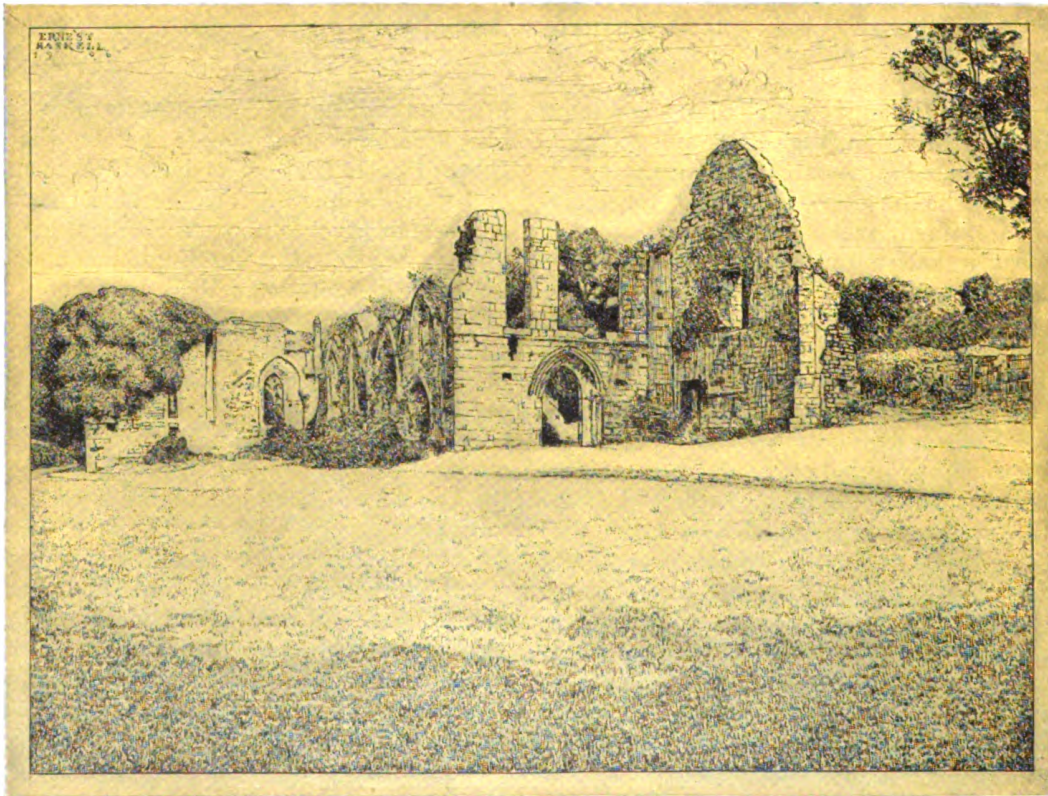


sisters, but he has much of his mother's steadfast wisdom, and his father's instinct for the right side in considerable questions; and he has his father's pre-eminence of the psychological moment for not bothering. Of course, he is a fetish; no Englishman can deny that the kingship is an idolatry; but he is a fetish with an uncommon share of the common man's divinity. The system which provides him for the people provides them the best administration in the world, always naturally in the hands of their superiors, social and political; but we could be several times rottener than we administratively are, and still be incalculably reasonabler, as republicans, than those well-governed monarchists.

Some of us are apt to forget the immense advantage which we have of the monarchical peoples in having cast away the very name of King, for with the name goes the nature of royalty and all that is under and around it. But because we are largely a fond and silly folk, with a false conceit of ourselves and others,

we like to make up romances about the favor in which thrones, municipalities, and powers hold us. Once it was the Czar of Russia who held us dear, and would do almost anything for Americans; now it is the King of England who is supposed rather to prefer us to his own people, and to delight to honor us. We attribute to him a feeling which a little thought would teach us was wholly our own, and which would be out of nature if not out of reason with him. He is a man of sense, and not of sentiment, and except as a wise politician he could have no affection for a nation whose existence denies him. He is very civil to Americans; it is part of a constitutional king's business to be civil to every one; but he is probably not sentimental about us; and we need not be sentimental about him.

He looked like a man of sense, and not like a man of sentiment, that day as he drove through the Doncaster street on his way to the sport he loves beyond any other sport. He sat with three other



FINCHALE PRIORY

gentlemen on the sidewise seats of the trap, preceded by outriders, which formed the simple turnout of the greatest prince in the world. He was at the end on the right, and he showed fully as stout as he was, in the gray suit he wore, while he lifted his gray top-hat now and then, bowing casually, almost absently, to the spectators fringing, not too deeply, the sidewalks. He was very, very stout, even after many seasons of Marienbad, and after the sufferings he had lately undergone, and he was quite like the pictures and effigies of him, down to those on the postage-stamps. He has a handsome face, still bearded in the midst of a mostly clean-shaving nation, and with the white hairs prevalent on the cheeks and temples; his head is bald atop, though hardly from the uneasiness of wearing a crown.

It was difficult to realize him for what he was, and, in the unmilitary keeping of a few policemen, he was not of the high histrionic presence that those German majesties were. The good-natured crowd did not strain itself in cheering, though it seemed to cheer cordially; and it did not long stay after the trap tooled comfortably away. I then addressed myself to a little knot of railway servants who lingered talking, and asked them what some carriages were still waiting for at the door of the station, and one of them answered with a lightness you do not expect in England, "Oh, Lord This, and Lady That, and the Hon. Mr. I-don't-know-what's-his-name." The others laughed at this ribald satire of the upper classes, and I thought it safer to follow the King to the races lest I should hear worse things of them.

The races were some miles away, and when we got to the tracks we did not find their keeping very different from that of the Saratoga tracks, though the crowd was both smarter and shabbier, and it had got to the place through a town of tents and sheds, and a population of hucksters and peddlers, giving an effect of permanency to the festivity such as a solemnity of ours seldom has. When we bought our tickets we found, in the familiarity with the event expected of us, that there was no one to show us to our places; but by dint of asking we got to the Grand Stand, and mounted to our

seats, which, when we stood up from them, commanded a wholly satisfactory prospect of the whole field.

I do not know the dimensions of the Doncaster track, or how far they exceed those of the Saratoga track. Possibly one does not do its extent justice because there is no track at Doncaster: there is nothing but a green turf, with a certain course railed off on it. I hope the reader will be as much surprised as I was to realize that the sport of horse-racing in England gets its name of Turf from the fact that the races are run on the grass, and not on the bare ground, as with us. We call the sport the Turf, too, but that is because in this, as in so many other things, we lack incentive and invention, and are fondly colonial and imitative; we ought to call it the Dirt, for that is what it is with us. As a spectacle, the racing lacks the definition in England which our course gives, and when it began, I missed the relief into which our track throws the birdlike sweep of the horses as they skim the naked earth in the distance.

I missed also the superfluity of jockeying which delays and enhances the thrill of the start with us, and I thought the English were not so scrupulous about an even start as we are. But, above all, I missed the shining faces and the gleaming eyes of the black jockeys, who lend so much gayety to our scene, where they seem born to it, if not of it. The crowd thickened in English bloom and bulk, which is always fine to see, and bubbled over with the babble of multitudinous voices, crossed with the shouts of the book-makers. Having failed to enter any bets with the book-makers of The Pavement in York, I did not care to make them here. With all my passion for racing, I never know or care which horse wins; but I tried to enter into the joy of a diffident young fellow near me at the Grand Stand rail, who was so proud of having guessed as winner the horse next to the winner at the first race; it was coming pretty close. By the end of the third race he had softened into something like confidence toward me; certainly into conversability; such was the effect of my being a dead-game sport, or looking it. But how account for the trustfulness of the young woman on my

other hand who wore her gold watch outside her dress, and who turned to the elderly stranger for sympathy in a certain supreme moment? This was when the crowd below crumpled suddenly together like the crushing of paper and the sense of something tragically mysterious in the distance clarified itself as the death of one of the horses. It had dropped from heart-break in its tracks, as if shot, and presently a string of young men and boys came dragging to some *spoliarium* the long, slender body of the pretty creature over the turf which its hoofs had beaten a moment before. Then it was that the girl, with the watch on her breast, turned and asked, "Isn't it sad?"

She was probably not the daughter of a hundred earls, but there must have been some such far-descended fair among the ladies who showed themselves from time to time in the royal paddock across a little space from our Grand Stand. The enclosure has no doubt a more technical name, which I would call it by if I knew it, for I do not wish to be irreverent; but paddock is very sporty, and it must serve my occasion. The King never showed himself there at all, though much craned round for and eagerly expected. But ladies and gentlemen moved about in the close, and stood and talked together; very tall people, very easily straight and well set up, very handsome, and very amiable-looking; they may have been really kind and good, or they may have looked so to please the King and keep his spirits up. I did not then, but I do now, realize that these were courtiers, such as one has always read of, and were of very historical quality in their attendance on the monarch. I trust it will not take from the dignity of the fact if I note that several of the courtiers wore derby hats, and one was in a sack coat and a topper. I am not sure what the fairer reader will think if I tell that one of the ladies had on a dress with a white body and crimson skirt and sleeves, and a vast black picture-hat, and wore it with a charming air of authority.

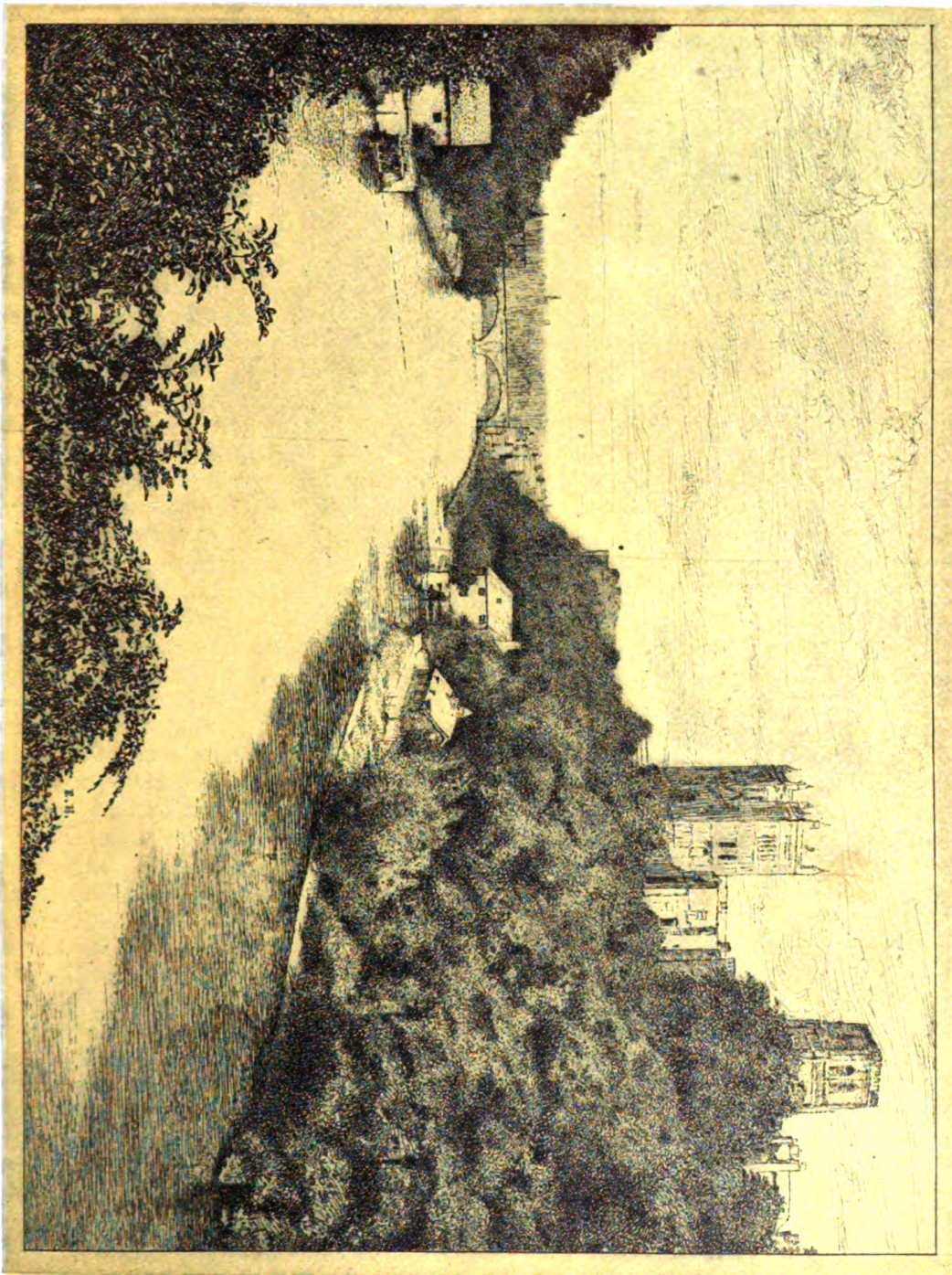
The weather, in the excitement of the races, had not known whether it was raining or not, but we feared its absent-mindedness, and at the end of the third race we went away. It is not well to trust an English day too far; this had

begun with brilliant sunshine, but it dimmed as it wore on, and we could not know that it was keeping for us the surprise of a very refined sunset. My memory does not serve as to just how we had got out to the race-ground; I think, from our being set down at the very gate, that it was by hansom or by fly; but now we promised ourselves to walk back to town. We did not actually do so; we went back most of the way by tram; but we were the firmer about walking at the outset, because we presently found ourselves in a lane of gipsy tents, where there was an alluring sight and smell of frying fish and potatoes. In the midst of the refection, you could have your fortune told, very favorably, for a very little money. All up and down this happy avenue there went girls of several dozen sizes and ages, crying a particular kind of taffy, proper to the day and place, and never to be had on any other day in any other place.

We had an hour before train-time, and we thought we would go and see the Parish Church of Doncaster, which we had read was worth seeing. Our belief was confirmed by a group of disappointed ladies in the churchyard, who said it was a most beautiful church inside, but that they had not seen it because it was shut. We proved the fact by trying the door, and then we came away consoling ourselves with the scoff that it was probably closed for the races. At the book-seller's, where we stopped to buy some photographs of the interior of the church we had not seen, we lamented our disappointment, and the salesman said, "Perhaps it was closed for the races." So our joke seemed to turn earnest, and on reflection it did not surprise us in that England of close-knit unities where people and prince are of one texture in their pleasures and devotions, and the Church is hardly more national than the Turf.

At Durham, which was my next excursion from York, I cannot claim, therefore, that my mission was more serious because it almost solely concerned the Church, or that it was more frivolous at Doncaster, where it almost solely concerned the Turf. My train started in a fine mist that turned to sun, but not before it had shown me with the local color, which a gray light lends every-





*Drawn by Ernest Haskell*

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, ITS MATCHLESS SEAT ON THE BLUFFS OF THE RIVER

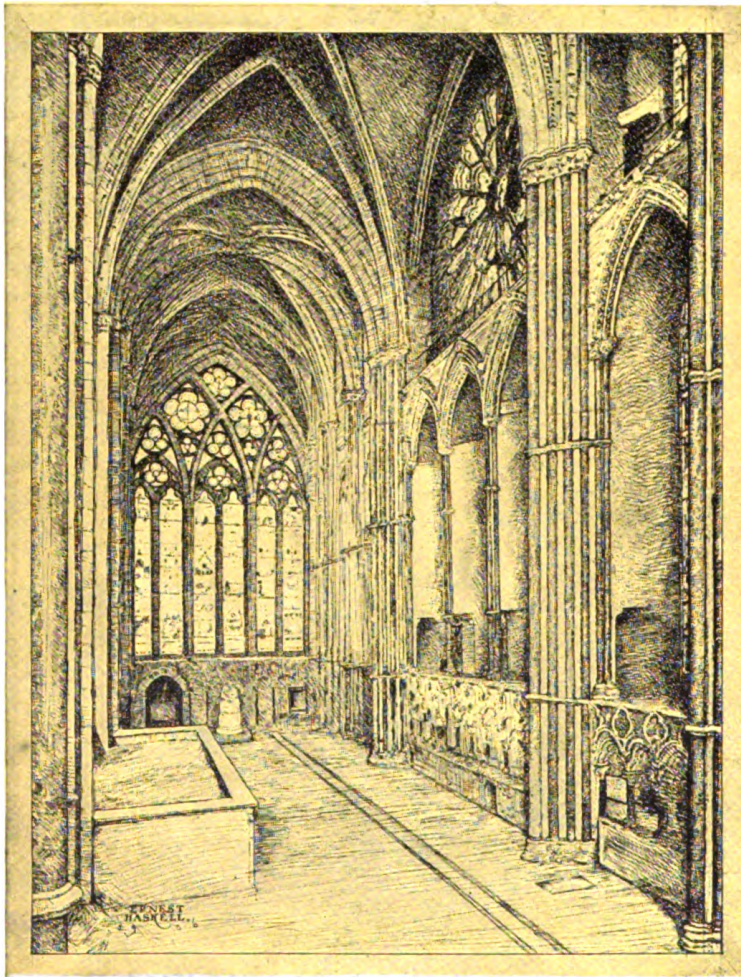


thing, a pack of hounds crossing a field near the track with two huntsmen at their heels. They were not chasing, but running leisurely, and with their flower-like, loose spread over the green, and the pink-coated hunters on their brown

I had fallen into with my fellow plebeians by always writing of common Americans, like themselves, and never *grandes dames* or ideal persons, or people in the best society.

But I did not want to go home at once,

or turn back from going to Durham through that pleasant landscape, where the mist hung between the trees which seemed themselves only heavier bulks of mist. The wheat in some of the fields was still uncut, and in others, where it had been gathered into sheaves, the rooks by hundreds were noisily gleaning in the track of the reapers. From this conventionally English keeping, I passed suddenly to the sight of the gaunt, dry, gravelly bed of a wide river, such as I had known in Central Italy, or the Middle West at home; and I realized once again that England is no island of one simple complexion, but is a condensed continent, with all continental varieties of scenery in it. You must cover thou-



CHAPEL OF ALTARS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF DURHAM

sands and thousands of miles in our tedious lengths and breadths for the beauties and sublimities of scenery which you shall gather from fewer hundreds in England; I have no doubt they have even volcanoes there, but I did not see any, probably because the English are so reticent, and hate to make a display of any sort.

It is because they are so, or possibly because of my ignorance, that I did not know or at all imagine how magnificent the Cathedral of Durham is, or what a matchless seat it has on the bluffs of the

mounts, they afforded a picture as vivid and of as perfect semblance to all my visions of fox-hunting as I could have asked. I had been hoping that I might see something of the famous sport, almost as English as the Church or the Turf, and there, suddenly and all unpreparedly, the sight richly and satisfyingly was. Now, indeed, I felt that my impression of English society was complete, and that I might go home and write novels of English high-life, and do something to redeem myself a little from the disgrace

sands and thousands of miles in our tedious lengths and breadths for the beauties and sublimities of scenery which you shall gather from fewer hundreds in England; I have no doubt they have even volcanoes there, but I did not see any, probably because the English are so reticent, and hate to make a display of any sort.



river, with depths of woods below its front, tossing in the rich chill of the September wind. As it takes flight for the heavens, to which its business is to invite the thought, it seems to carry the earth with it, for if you climb those noble heights, you find your feet still on the ground, in a most stately space of open level between the cathedral and its neighbor castle, which alone could be worthy of its high company.

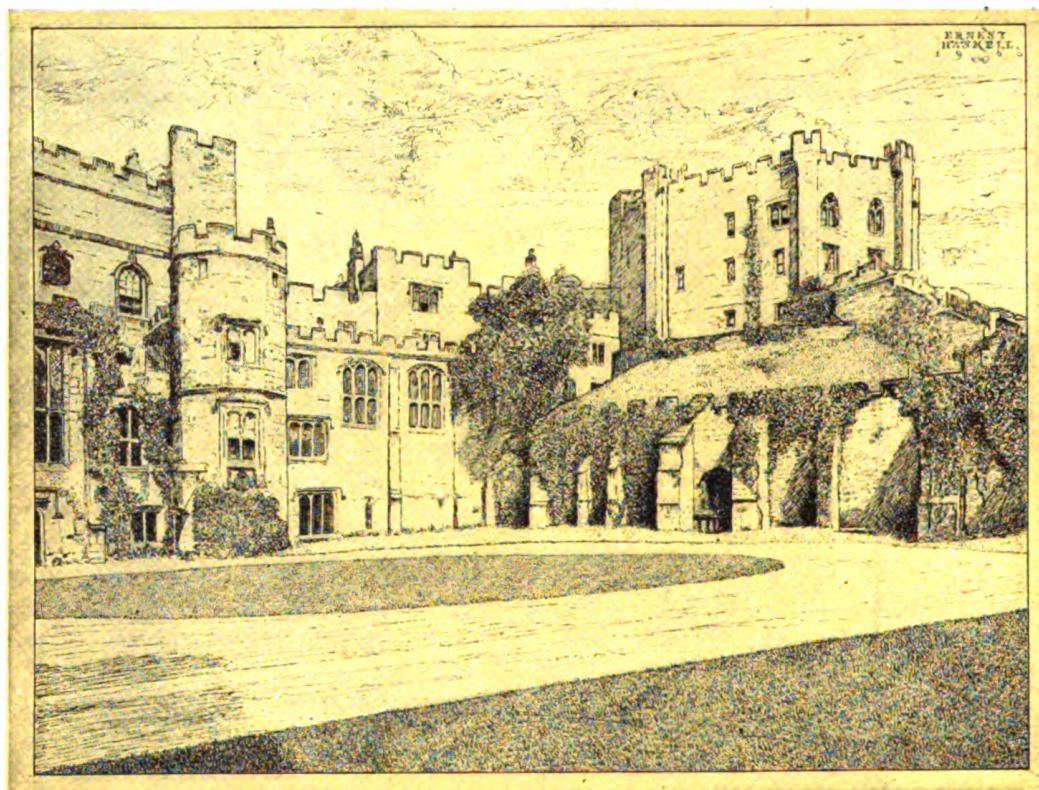
The castle is Tudor, but the cathedral is beyond all other English cathedrals, I believe, Norman, though to the naked eye it looks so Gothic, and probably is. Here I will leave the reader with any pictures or memories of it which he happens to have, for I have always held it a sin to try describing architecture, or if not a sin, a bore. What chiefly remains to me of my impression of Durham Cathedral is, strangely enough, an objection: I did not like those decorated pillars, alternating with the clustered columns of the interior, and I do not suppose I ever shall: the spiral furrows, the zigzag and lozenge figures chiselled in their surfaces weakened them to the eye and seemed to trifle with their proud bulk.

But to the castle of Durham I have no objection whatever. I should like to live in it, as I should in all other Tudor houses, great or small, that I saw, where, as I am constantly saying, a high ideal of comfort is realized. It is almost as nobly placed as the cathedral, and it is approached by a very stately courtyard, of like spacious effect with the cathedral piazza. Inside it there is a kitchen of the sixteenth century, and a company of neat serving-maids, too comely and young to be, perhaps, of the same period, that give the tourist a high sense of the luxury in which the Bishop of Durham and the Judges of the Assize Courts live when they are residents in the castle. One sees their apartments, dim and rich, and darkly furnished, but not gloomily, both where they sleep and where they eat, and flatteringly envies them in a willingness for the moment to be a judge or a bishop for the sake of such a fit setting. There is also a fine crypt, with a fine dining-hall and a black staircase of ancient oak, and a gallery with classic busts, and other pictures worthy of won-

der, let alone a history from the time of William the Conqueror, who first fancied a castle where it stands, down to the present day. The memory of such successive guests as the Empress Matilda and Henry II. her son, King John, Henry III., Edwards I., II., and III., Queen Philippa, Henry VI., and James I., and Charles I., and Edward VII., abides in the guide-book, and may be summoned from its page to the chambers of the beautiful old place by any traveller intending impressions for literary use from a medieval environment in perfect repair.

One must be hard to satisfy if one is not satisfied with Durham Castle, and its interior contented me as fully as the exterior of the Cathedral. I went a walk, after leaving the castle, for a further feast of the Cathedral from the paths along the shelving banks of the beautiful Weare. There, at a certain point, I met a studious-looking gentleman who I am sure must have been a professor of Durham University hard by; and I asked him, with due entreaty for pardon, What river was that. He quelled the surprise he must have felt at my ignorance and answered gently, "The Weare." "Ah, to be sure! The Weare," I said, and thanked him, and longed for more talk with him, but felt myself so unworthy that I had not the face to prompt him farther. He passed, and then I met a man much more of my own kind, if not probably so little informed. That rich, chill gale was still tossing and buffeting the tree-tops, and he made occasion of this to say, "This is a cold wynd a-blowin', Mister." "It is, rather," I assented. "I was thinkin'," he observed from an apparent generalization, "that I wished I was at home." Then he suddenly added, "Help a poor man!" I was not wholly surprised at the climax, and I offered him, provisionally, a penny. "Will that do?" He hesitated perceptibly; then he allowed, with a subtle reluctance, "Yes, that 'll do," and so passed on to satisfy, I hope, the wish he thought he had.

I pursued my own course, as far as the bridge which spans the Weare near a most picturesque mill, and then I stopped a kindly-looking workman and asked him whether he thought I could find a



DURHAM CASTLE COURTYARD

fly or cab anywhere near that would take me into the town. He answered, briefly but consistently with his looks, "Ah doot," and as he owned that it was a long way to town, I let his doubt decide me to go back to the station.

I felt that I ought to have driven from there into the town, and seen it, and taken to York a later train than the one I had in mind. In the depravity induced by my neglect of this plain duty, I went, with my third-class return-ticket conscious in my pocket, into the first-class refreshment-room, and had tea there, as if I had been gentry at the very least, and possibly nobility. Then, having a good deal of time still on my hands, I loitered over the book-stall of the station, and stole a passage of conversation with a kindly clergyman whom I found looking at the pretty shilling editions filling

the cases. I said, How nice it was to have Hazlitt in that green cloth; and he said, Yes, but he held for Gibbon in leather; and just then his train came in and he ran off to it, and left me to my guilt in not having gone to see Durham. It was now twilight, and too late; but there the charming old town still is, and will long remain, I hope, with its many memories of war and peace, for whoever will visit it. Certainly there had been no lack of adventures in my ample hour. It was as charming to weave my conjectures, about the two gentlemen with whom I had so barely spoken as to have carried my acquaintance with them further, and I cannot see how it would have profited me to know more even of that fellow man who, in the cold wynd a-blowing, had just been thinking he wished he was at home.

# Backgrounds

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

IT had always been understood that Cordelia was to write. The pen was a kind of legacy in her family, a Fletcher and a writer being almost synonymous. The understanding had been in a measure unconsciously expressed at the baptismal font, when she received the name of that ancestress who had shared with several other ladies the privilege of denomination as "The Tenth Muse," a few centuries before. The way of escape which a brother might have opened to Cordelia was denied her; she had no brother; but there was nothing in Cordelia's own temperament which implied a wish to escape. In a New England college town a girl takes as naturally to the higher mathematics or the higher thought as in Spain to flirtation, and Cordelia was eminently the product of her environment. Neither had her family any of the prejudices which would have made them prefer an illustrious son to an illustrious daughter, and from the first Cordelia's career was accepted with as much seriousness as Cordelia's brother's could have been.

Even Cordelia's beauty was of a Muse-like kind, which she accentuated very slightly and quite innocently by her manner of dress and fashion of coiling her fine hair. She had that gift of toilette which does not unfailingly accompany the literary temperament. In her fingers a mere hat became a crown, and the twist of a ribbon an accent arresting to a painter's eye.

"It is the artistic temperament in Cordelia," said her mother, almost excusingly.

Everything that is tacitly recognized under the head of an "advantage" was secured for her by the loving assiduity of her parents; she was sent to Bryn Mawr when the time came, as her brother would have been sent to Harvard; the New England professor stretching without demur his slender salary to cover the

expenses which he readily apprehended as essential to the culture of a writer's mind. Cordelia was the child of his later years; he was beginning to grow less strong, and he looked forward with a sunset hope to his daughter's career.

At college Cordelia was a success, liked by her instructors for her studious gravity of attention in class, and adored by the girls for her skill in millinery, combined with an admirable amiability. Very few hats in her particular set failed to receive a transfiguring touch from her fingers during the term. In truth, it was a gift Cordelia herself thought too slightly of to begrudge its exercise.

In her last year at college her father began to fail. A European vacation was suggested by his medical advisers, and even hesitatingly considered by Mrs. Fletcher.

"I do not see my way," answered Professor Fletcher, with mild dignity. "We cannot break Cordelia's course at this moment; our daughter's career, of course, takes precedence of everything with us."

Mrs. Fletcher assented. When Cordelia came home from college—then, it was understood, she would begin to write. Her mother already spoke with a pride only tempered by long association with careers, of Cordelia's. Until then sacrifices were necessary; after that all would be simplified.

It was thus they explained to themselves the presence of Dick Kent beneath their roof. Dick was a New Hampshire boy who had worked his way through college, eking out a small tutorship by a subordinate post on a minor newspaper. He was an avid student of history, which had naturally attracted him to the gentle occupant of that particular chair, and his board-money had been a distinct help. Neither was there anything unbecoming in this form of hospitality to one "in college circles."

"Our daughter also writes," Mrs.



Fletcher had said, in receiving him into the family, and Dick had inquired with characteristic directness,

"What has she written?"

"She has not published yet," Mrs. Fletcher had replied, with a gentle dignity which touched the young man. "She is completing her college course."

"Oh!" said Dick, gently, in his turn.

Subsequently he heard so much about Cordelia's home-coming as to arouse a certain interest in that event. And now Cordelia was come home. He raised his eyes across the supper-table (in college circles one still supped) with distinct curiosity.

"Somehow," he thought, "I didn't expect her to be like that," and he looked more than once.

After supper they strolled on the lawn.

"What makes you want to write?" asked Dick.

Cordelia considered him a quiet minute. "What makes you?" she replied.

Dick laughed. "Well—I have a living to earn—"

"So have I," said Cordelia, sedately.

"And I rather tumbled into it," Dick explained, "back home. I applied for a job at horseshoeing and at typesetting, and I got the typesetting; then I scoured up ads. for a little country sheet,—and in the city I did reporting. I suppose I must have a kind of bent that way,—and a fellow must do something."

"So must a girl," said Cordelia.

Dick considered the moon-maiden a moment from a new point of view. "What do you mean to write?" he asked.

Cordelia colored with a fine displeasure. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please," she said coldly.

She knew very well what she meant to write,—and it was neither advertisements nor reporting.

"Don't you think"—she spoke deliberately—"all that miscellaneous kind of work injures one's style?"

"Well, you see," Dick made cheerful answer, "I haven't any style to injure as yet;—never had time to cultivate one. Maybe when I'm fifty I shall be able to give my mind to it; the next ten or fifteen years, I expect, I'll have to thank my stars for a chance to write any old way."

Cordelia looked a little gravely at the young man.

"You must care something for literature itself," she said. "Haven't you any literary aim or intention?"

Dick hurled a thoughtful pebble or two.

"Yes, I suppose I must," he admitted, "and—well, I don't know whether you would call it literary or not, but I'd like to write a little *live* history. Maybe I shall get around to that, too, by and by; I keep on hammering at it right along." He looked at Cordelia gravely. "You know—I admire your father's work so much; I think I admire him more than any one I ever saw; if I can ever do half such good work—"

Cordelia nodded; she too admired her father's work—within limits.

The young man looked at Cordelia's reposeful figure in the moonlight; her hands were clasped lightly before her.

"You ought to write poems," he said.

Cordelia colored again. She could not tell him it was one of the things she intended to do.

Cordelia's home-coming grew wonderfully to be a natural thing, so that Dick marvelled how the house could ever have appeared natural before. She took, without assumption, but by easy right, the first place in the circle. What Cordelia thought was listened to respectfully by them all. Dick was often abashed by the fine acuteness of her criticisms, but Cordelia was not bashful of criticism. Her quiet equality with the great and illustrious dead filled him with mild amaze, while her quiet equality with the scarcely less illustrious living, who in the natural order of university life visited her distinguished father's home, filled him with boundless envy. He himself had all the halting diffidence of untried and unproved youth, but Cordelia bore herself as one of them. It was true she had not yet written her book, but she was going to, and with Cordelia intention was accomplishment. Thus far she had done always exactly what she set out to do. Dick listened dumbly while the celebrated man of letters, imported all the way from England to lecture at the university, sat respectfully receiving Cordelia's views upon his own particular specialty.

"I liked so much that little story of yours in the last *Millennium Magazine*," said Cordelia, graciously. "It was so subtle and so true."

The Eminent murmured a humble word of thanks. He had never thought of the tale as a slight thing before—rather as compressed magnitudes; but the praise of this young person put him right. Cordelia was always infinitely more critical than the critics,—but she was always Cordelia—and therefore charming.

Except for these stray stars of literature, life went on as quietly as might be. Cordelia had early elected to spend her mornings in her rooms,—sometimes she even had her coffee sent up; it was understood at such times that she was writing. But there remained the balance of the evenings and the long afternoons under the college elms or on the river; and of course in the end there was the inevitable—with its inevitable sequence.

"At least," pleaded Dick, "give me some reason."

"I don't want to marry at all," said Cordelia,—“certainly not for a long time.”

"But why?" persisted he.

"Because there are other things I mean to do," said Cordelia.

She did not add, "And, anyway, you are not the kind of man I mean to marry"; but Dick laid down his oars and gazed at her forlornly.

"I know," he said, "you ought to marry an awfully eminent and distinguished man, and there's no danger I shall ever be that; but—Cordelia—I'm doing a lot better with the *Comet* than you know, truly; and then there's this about it—an awfully eminent and distinguished person might not be half so proud of your career as I should be."

There was something immensely attractive about the stoop-shouldered, keen-eyed, clever young fellow, a kind of quick, manly intuition which Cordelia could not help feeling and liking. For a moment she swayed irresistibly towards it, then she remembered.

"No," she said firmly, "and please don't ask me again."

Dick took up his oars.

"All right," he answered, setting his lips a little. A few days later he left, on a working-vacation job for his paper.

The house was quieter than ever; but quiet as it was, the family united to make hedges and shelters of a deeper quietude about Cordelia's working-hours.

"Don't disturb Miss Cordelia for anything—she is working," was the charge to the one maid; and, "Don't trouble about the dusting, dear,—I can do that," to Cordelia herself.

"Your mother will help me," the Professor would gently repudiate Cordelia's perfunctory offers. "Keep the freshness of the morning—and your strength—for your work."

So Cordelia shut herself in her room, or sat in the shade of the large trees, or wandered down by the river bank, stylographic pen and manuscript-book in hand, for hours together. She got countless volumes from the library and read them diligently; she had always been a great reader, like all the family, but now her tables and chairs were formidable with their load of learning.

As the summer wore on she began to look and feel fagged.

"It will be easier to work in the cool weather," she told herself, combating a certain languor in her labors.

These formed, at any rate, an admirable pretext for the declining of unwelcome invitations (and most of the invitations were unwelcome), and reared a fine barrier of defence against social intrusions—and these intrusions were numberless. The society of Hillbrook did not interest Cordelia in the least; she found it restricted, provincial, monotonous.

"I am afraid you work too assiduously, my dear," said her father, laying a fond hand on her shoulder. "Remember—*Ars longa*; the best fruits ripen slowly; you will gain nothing by exhausting yourself," and the patient scholar sighed a little.

Cordelia's family delicately respected the reserve which surrounded her work. They knew that she was writing, and that when she was ready to impart the finished result she would do so; meanwhile they would have thought it as indelicate to inquire too curiously into the incomplete processes of mental creation as into other incomplete processes of creation. They were of the stock which respects books, and they also respected Cordelia.

But the narrow social circles of Hillbrook knew no such reserves. It was one reason Cordelia disliked going anywhere. She was always introduced as "Miss Fletcher—the writer, you know," and



some one was invariably ready to ask, "What are you writing now?" or, "When will your book be ready to publish?"—questions which, annoying to begin with, as personal intrusions, ended by becoming the exasperating pressures on a sore nerve.

For the work was not going well; Cordelia, only too good a critic, knew it perfectly. The winter did not bring with its bracing atmosphere that impetus to production which Cordelia had confidently expected; she began to feel that perhaps it lay instead with the spring—with the renewing of all things. A sense of obliged nobility made the delay heavier to her; she appreciated both her family's sacrifices and their delicate attitude of confidence, and—like generous creditors—they weighed the more on her New England conscience. She fell into the habit of sitting for hours before her perfectly appointed desk, biting her penholder, or setting down what she herself knew was aimless, lacking point and force. To one who had spoken always with calm confidence of her "work," it was astonishing to find that inspiration did not come of itself when she was ready for it,—that after spending her whole life in preparation, she was still somehow unprepared. Obviously there must be an explanation, and she sought and found it—in her environment.

She laid the discovery with sincere reluctance before her parents.

"I am afraid I shall have to go away for a time. It is a novel which I am writing, and I must have the right background—the suitable types. There is nothing here at Hillbrook."

Her parents had listened with sympathetic attention; now the Professor nodded silently, and Mrs. Fletcher spoke, repressing a slight sigh.

"Of course you must have what is necessary,—you must go where you can get it. I had thought," she added, with faint regret, "that this would be such a nice, quiet place for you to write in—when you had finished college."

"Oh, it's *too* quiet!"—the accumulated nervous intensity of months was in Cordelia's tone. "A writer—a writer of fiction at least—needs stimulus—variety. Of course, if I wrote history, like father—"

"Of course—of course," broke in the Professor, gently. "I have been able to get on very nicely here; but history is one thing, romance another."

"What I need," said Cordelia, gravely, "are types—and backgrounds; *life* is my material,—and there is nothing here."

"Ah yes,—life;—life!—"

'Tis life of which our veins are scant,  
Life—life for which our bosoms pant,  
More life and fuller, that we want!"

murmured the Professor. "I understand nothing of these matters, my dear," he added, pushing the thin, silvering hair from his fine brow, "but of course the one essential is that you should have what you require for the best results of your talent. We should not, certainly, ask a fossil-hunter to live where there were no fossils, nor"—he smiled with gentle glint of humor—"ought we to ask the romancer to dwell where there is nothing else. What have you thought of, my dear?"

What Cordelia had thought of was—Europe. A brief three months, she was satisfied, would give her the needed material and background, after which she could come quietly home and work up the book. She had a very tiny income from her grandmother's estate, and a perfect conviction that she could eke this out by newspaper correspondence—not with the obscure *Comet*, but with one of the large dailies.

"I don't question your ability, my child," replied the Professor, "but I have always understood those positions are oversupplied,—and there are the royalties from my new history of the Babylonians; they could not be better invested."

"But you need them yourself, father!" exclaimed Cordelia.

"You shall pay me back later from your book, my dear," answered Professor Fletcher, patting her hand.

On this basis alone Cordelia felt she could bring herself to accept this new proof of her parents' tenderness. But on this basis she felt honorably safe to do so. Her spirits soared again; the confidence which was her birthright returned to her; she spoke once more, and with a shade more hauteur, of her work.

"It is not a pleasure trip," she said to the girls who envied her with the gush-

*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"NO," SHE SAID, FIRMLY, "AND PLEASE DON'T ASK ME AGAIN."



ing spontaneity of enthusiastic youth. "I am going to work."

And she believed it. All the despondency of the winter had vanished. Over there she would be able to write; over there were types; over there were backgrounds, material, everything which was lacking over here; over there were an atmosphere and a life which had been tried by the test of the centuries and found perfect by all writing mankind.

"I wish you luck," said Dick, returned again to the *Comet* and the tutorship, a little older and thinner, and a trifle hungry-eyed.

"Thank you," answered Cordelia, superbly, "but you see I don't believe in it."

If Europe was anything of a disappointment to Cordelia, she kept it to herself. Her letters came regularly to Hillbrook. She had found some splendid types, she wrote, but not yet the right background. She had heard, however, of a little village of B—— in Switzerland, where she should shut herself up and write hard. It would be very close work to accomplish all she had outlined, in three months. She had bought a type-writing machine. A little later she wrote that B——, after all, not furnishing the desired background, she had decided merely to study the people this summer and then settle down in one of the old German cities for the winter, and work. It would be far wiser to finish the book in the same atmosphere, and then return in the spring,—always if the dear people at home could spare her? The work was coming on well, but she could not hurry it, and it took longer than she had expected because there was so much material to assimilate.

"Stay by all means," her mother wrote back by return mail. "We miss you, and your father is a little feebler, but we both wish you to stay wherever it is most important for your work. When this book is finished we shall have you again, and your letters are our delight." She added in postscript, "Mr. Kent is most kind in helping your father with his Merovingian history."

In the summer Cordelia came home with the book. It was not a very large book, and did not meet with the imme-

diate success she had anticipated for it. In refusing it the successive publishers somehow conveyed the impression that its only fault lay in its too great excellence—it was *too* good for the public—and they implied that pearl-casting was a form of diversion only adapted to the independent rich who published at their own expense.

"It is, I believe, the usual experience of the young writer," said the Professor, who had read Cordelia's book with the humility of one approaching a foreign art, yet finding its medium satisfactory. "I had the same trouble with my first history of the Assyrian tribes."

"To have a book refused because of its superiority seems to me more than a success," said Cordelia's mother, warmly. "It is beautifully written."

It was indeed perhaps a little too beautifully written; Cordelia, finely critical as ever, came to feel that the publishers might be right. The book was too esoteric for the ordinary mind. She thought so in the first months at least; as time went on she grew restless and less assured.

"I should have chosen a newer background," she decided, "and the story lacks development; I did it too hastily."

This was the modesty which accompanies great talent. Mrs. Fletcher felt, but some impulse led her to say,

"Why not show it to Mr. Kent?"

Cordelia looked displeased. Dick was no longer in Hillbrook; he had accepted the assistant-editorship of a larger paper in New York.

"Mr. Kent is the last person I should think of going to for a literary judgment," she answered.

"He is said to be very clever," said Mrs. Fletcher, "and he is so fond of your father."

"Clever journalism is one thing; literature is quite another," said Cordelia.

She walked away to her room, distinctly annoyed; but once there, obeying an old habit, she sat down and faced herself in the mirror above the dressing-table. In reality she was very unhappy. Not because a few publishers had destroyed her belief in herself, but because anything short of instant, brilliant, and decisive successes was not associated with her plan of life or her idea of herself. She was not in the least a fool,

and it was all the more disconcerting to find that she was still less a prodigy; that all her criticism of others' style had not yet produced one of her own more compellingly superior. For Cordelia acknowledged to herself that the book lacked something vital. She had the resolution to bury the whole thing in her trunk, and this was not the trunk which she carried to Europe on her second trip.

It was in the third year of this that she met Richard Kent once more. Richard, still in the mountain costume in which he had arrived, was walking up and down with the friend he had come to meet, on the hotel veranda bordering the lake. Beyond rose the pale sunset line of peaks they were planning to attempt, and against one of these, like a well-relieved cameo, Dick's observant eye caught the outline of a woman's profile. Something familiar in the unusual grace of it arrested his glance.

"I ought to know that head," he said.

"That is Miss Fletcher—the writer," responded his friend.

"Oh!" said Dick. After a moment he added "What does she write?"

"Blessed if I know,—but I was told she does write. Nice girl—but somehow not very responsive."

"H-m!" said Dick, musingly. A few minutes later he walked up to her and lifted his Tyrolian hat.

"May I reintroduce myself?" He stood looking curiously down at the cameolike face; it was a good deal older, and had the slightly burnt-up look of the self-consumer.

Cordelia colored with pleasure. Dick was not only a successful journalist, he was also a piece of home; and they exchanged home news with the zest of absentees.

"I saw a nice little letter of yours in the *Comet*," said Dick, presently. "So of course I knew you were abroad somewhere."

"I write for it occasionally," replied Cordelia, with a slight shrug, as if this were the least of her output.

"Oh!" said Dick. He had grown very square and carried his head thrust lightly forward, with an air of quiet alertness. The old strength and directness of manner had become more marked.

"What have you been doing all these years since we met?"

"What have you been doing, rather?" Cordelia evaded him.

"I? Oh, a little of everything—newspapers—politics—travelling—war correspondence,—taking life pretty much as it came." He did not say "writing," she noticed, but bent suddenly a keen glance upon her. "What in the world brought you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I came to study types," said Cordelia.

Dick flashed a new glance at her.

"That's droll;—I came to get away from them!—to see if I couldn't walk myself tired and stop thinking about people everlastingly. But it's no good." He shrugged his shoulders. "One gets restless for the grind; I shall be rushing off again in a day or two."

He did not rush off, however. To his own surprise, the old charm held—it was still there in Cordelia, overlain with something else which gave it a curious poignancy. At times her eyes had a look of dumb sadness which went to Dick's heart. He divined its presence under the shadow of the drooping hat she wore, when, one morning, between long strokes of his oars and after many glances at the eloquent outline, he spoke suddenly.

"Why didn't you trim hats for a business?"

Cordelia sat bolt upright; the fire in her eyes burned away the moisture.

"Why don't you make waistcoats?" she asked.

Dick turned a little white; he felt sick with the repercussion of the blow he had dealt.

"My dear!—Cordelia!—I didn't mean *that*! I only meant you are the only woman in the world who knows how to make a picture of herself; the rest are such nightmares! I was forever staring in the old days, and it's just the same now. Besides"—he rebounded with the masculine instinct for defence—"why isn't it an honorable and artistic industry?"

"It may be—but it doesn't happen to be mine," said Cordelia.

It was on the man's lips to say with some exasperation, "What does, then?" but he looked at her, and instead a vast wave of tenderness swept over him.

He laid down the oars, not without a grim smile of remembered coincidence, and spoke determinedly.





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"STILL STUDYING TYPES?" HE SAID

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Cordelia—give it up! Marry me!"

"I shall never 'give it up'—as you put it," said Cordelia, in a hard voice.

"Well, then—marry me without giving it up," said Dick.

"That would be the same thing."

"Nonsense!—if you've any gift at all, it wouldn't," said the man, and removed by ten thousand spaces his last chance.

"It is absolutely no use to ask me." Cordelia sat very erect and white. "I have chosen my life,—and I beg that you never *will* ask me again."

"All right," answered Dick, taking up the oars with a still grimmer smile for memory, which yet had something inextinguishably sweet in it,—like the glance he cast at the rigid figure in the bow.

That night he left.

"Poor little soul!—at least I will take myself out of her sight," had been his way of putting it.

Cordelia herself left the Swiss valley soon after. There were very few interesting people there; there were, for that matter, very few interesting people anywhere, she began to feel. Life itself was only moderately interesting, and the aloofness which had always been a characteristic began to become a dominant trait. It was as if she moved through a world of which she was in no vital sense a part. A vague restlessness drove her home to Hillbrook, and back again to Europe.

It was understood by them all, in the deep and mutual tenderness of the home circle, that Hillbrook could offer nothing to detain her. That Cordelia's genius should take long to ripen, and require many foreign suns and vivifying streams from alien sources, was received by Cordelia's parents with the same simple acceptance which had greeted Cordelia herself when she burst upon their world some thirty-odd years before—its crowning miracle. And to Professor Fletcher there was an always new charm in hearing from his daughter's lips of those lands—dear to his Merovingian or Muscovitish divinities—which he himself had seen but with the spiritual vision. He had grown older and frailer in his too assiduous scholar's application, and his wife—never far from his side—had aged gently with him. Time had brought various honors to the modest student, valued transient-

ly for the gratification they might give Cordelia (who indeed found herself more and more widely introduced as the daughter of the historian), and as quickly forgotten. Perhaps nothing among them all had pleased him more than the brilliant review of his life-work written by his erstwhile boarder and disciple, Richard Kent, now editor of a paper which represented the leading literary judgment of the day.

In these years of battledore and shuttlecock across two continents Cordelia conceived herself as working, and she did, in fact, produce a second thin volume, which lay *perdu*; she had not yet brought herself to submit it to the crude test of publication. Partly this was because her own critical faculty had waxed so exacting that in the matter of matching types and appropriate backgrounds she was herself never content. Life had become a more and more consuming chase after material, the greater part of which she disdainfully rejected after securing, amazed at the poverty of the universe.

It was on her third—or possibly her fourth—visit abroad that she again met Richard. This time it was in a fashionable Kurhaus, and he came to her in the promenade hour where she sat overlooking the crowd.

"Still studying types?" he said. "Well, it's a prize location."

"I think the people are extremely uninteresting and vulgar," said Cordelia, in reply, drawing herself up slightly. "I am merely using the background."

"Oh!" Dick responded. He continued to saunter at her side and was pleasantly attentive during the few days of his stay, but he did not again refer to professional topics,—and he did not again ask her to marry him. Cordelia was not blind to either omission.

Then suddenly he went away.

"Is it really true that Mr. Kent has gone?" asked a frank American girl, rushing up to Cordelia on the morning after the event. She was a nice—though pompadour—girl, who had hardly spoken ten words to Cordelia before, but the latter had been aware of her ingenuously envious glance following Richard and her about. ("Probably she knows that I write," Cordelia had thought, and accorded her a tempered grace of recognition

daily.) "Oh,—and I was just *dying* to speak to him about his book! I've hardly dared open my mouth before, but now—I feel as if I could say anything and he would understand it all. I sent for it just as soon as he came, and I've sat up all night reading it. What—hadn't you heard!—why, it's the book of the year,—it's in the—I don't know how many thousandth,—and, oh, it's wonderful,—so true—so deep—so pathetic—so brave—so just like life! I wanted to tell him what I felt about it. It—it makes you feel as if you wanted to go home somehow!" wound up the young thing, and to Cordelia's amazement there were tears in the blue eyes. "You take my copy and read it," said the girl, thrusting it into Cordelia's irresponsible hand.

It closed upon it, and Cordelia turned abruptly away. With that lifelong habit she had never been able to outgrow she went up to her room, and with that other instinct as old as herself sat down before the image in the glass.

*Dick had never mentioned his book.*

Fine lines were coming about the eyes and lips,—she saw them for the first time; the whole face was hardening, *setting*; it had still its old distinction, but the charm was fading fast.

*Dick had not again asked her to marry him.*

Cordelia looked middle-aged as she took up the book. The girl had sat up all night; Cordelia sat there all day. The lunch-hour went by unheeded as she sat there turning one page after another.

It was only the story of a poor professor's life in a small university town,—but it was the whole cosmos of the human soul. Its background was of humdrum streets and houses, but the per-

spective was that of a race. The types were plain men and women, but they dealt with love and death and work, and in their midst the figure of the toiling, selfless scholar waxed heroic. The hearts of women, the thoughts of men, were in it. When Cordelia laid down the book, she laid her head down on it and sobbed. Dick had written his "living history"! The proof of it was in Cordelia's arms, stretched towards a gentle, unseen figure, and her cry,

"O father—father!"

Why had she left him! The little town had been large enough for these two men—these two great men, as she called them to herself in a passion of bursting pride; and she thought of her own withered, self-seeking years, and covered her face.

*Dick had not mentioned his book to her!*

She remembered what the girl had said, "It makes you want to go home!" and she stood up and faced the quivering image in the glass. "I will go home," she said, "and trim hats!"

Then she covered her face again. *Dick had not again asked her to marry him.*

In that moment Cordelia believed herself to have reached the acme of suffering. She was to learn better.

A knock at the door drew her up to an instinctive pretence of the old lofty composure. The boy who brought in the yellow envelope was the last person who ever beheld quite that old Cordelia. Before his very eyes she shuddered and shrank into another, under the blow of the message:

"Your father died this morning at six o'clock."



# The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR

THAT night Soolsby tapped at the door of the lighted laboratory of the Cloistered House where Lord Eglington was at work; opened it, peered in, and stepped inside.

With a glass retort in his hand Eglington faced him. "What's this—what do you want?" he said.

"I want to try an experiment," answered Soolsby, grimly.

"Ah, a scientific turn," rejoined Eglington, coolly—looking at him narrowly, however. He was conscious of danger of some kind.

Then for a minute neither spoke. Now that Soolsby had come to the moment for which he had waited for so many years, the situation was not what he had so often prefigured. The words he had chosen long ago were obliterated from his memory; in his ignorance of what had been a commonplace to Soolsby's dark reflections so long, the man he had meant to bring low stood up before him on his own ground, powerful and unabashed.

Eglington wore a blue smock, and over his eyes was a green shade to protect them from the light, but they peered sharply out at the chairmaker, and were boldly alive to the unexpected. He was no physical coward—and in any case what reason had he for physical fear in the presence of this man weakened by vice and age? Yet ever since he was a boy there had existed between them an antagonism which had shown itself in many ways. There had ever been something sinister in Soolsby's attitude to his father and himself.

Eglington vaguely knew that now he was to face some trial of mind and nerve, but with great deliberation he con-

tinued dropping liquid from a bottle into the glass retort he carried, his eyes, however, watchful of his visitor, who involuntarily stared around the laboratory.

It was fifteen years since Soolsby had been in this room; and then he had faced this man's father with a challenge on his tongue such as he meant to speak now. The smell of the chemicals, the carboys filled with acids, the queer tapering glasses with engraved measurements showing against the colored liquids, the great blue bottles, the mortars and pestles, the microscopic instruments—all brought back the far-off, acrid scene between the late Earl and himself. Nothing had changed, except that now there were wires which gave out hissing sparks, electrical instruments invented since the earlier day; except that this man, gently dropping acids into the round white bottle upon a crystal which gave off musty fumes, was bolder, stronger, had more at stake than the other.

Slowly Eglington moved back to put the retort on a long table against the wall, and Soolsby stepped forward till he stood where the electric sparks were hissing about him. Now Eglington leaned against the table, poured some alcohol on his fingers to cleanse the acid from them, and wiped them with a piece of linen, while he looked inquiringly at Soolsby. Still, Soolsby did not speak. Eglington lit a cigarette, and took away the shade from his eyes.

"Well, now, what is your experiment?" he asked, "and why bring it here? Didn't you know the way to the stables—or the scullery?"

"I knew my way better here," answered Soolsby, steadying himself.

"Ah, you've been here often?" asked Eglington nonchalantly, yet feeling for the cause of this midnight visit.

"It is fifteen years since I was here,

my lord. Then I came to see the Earl of Eglington."

"And so history repeats itself every fifteen years! You came to see the Earl of Eglington then; you come to see the Earl of Eglington again—after fifteen years!"

"I come to speak with him that's called the Earl of Eglington!"

Eglington's eyes half closed, as though the light hurt them. "That sounds communistic, or is it pure Quakerism? I believe they used to call my father *Friend Robert* till he backslided. But you are not a Quaker, Soolsby—so why be too familiar! Or is it merely the way of the old family friend?"

"I knew your father before you were born, my lord—he troosted me then."

"So long? And fifteen years ago—here?" He felt a menace, vague and penetrating. His eyes were hard and cruel.

"It wasn't a question of troost then; 'twas one of right or wrong—naught else."

"Ah—and who was right, and what was wrong?"

At that moment there came a tap at the door leading into the living part of the house, and the butler entered.

"The doctor—he has used up all his oxygen, my lord. He begs to know if you can give him some for Mr. Claridge. Mr. Claridge is bad to-night."

A sinister smile passed over Eglington's face. "Who brings the message, Garry?"

"A servant—Miss Claridge's, my lord."

The smile changed on Eglington's face, an ironical look came into his eyes; then they softened a little. In a moment he placed a jar of oxygen in the butler's hands.

"My compliments to Miss Claridge, and I am happy to find my laboratory of use at last to my neighbors," he said, and the door closed upon the man.

Then he came back thoughtfully. Soolsby had not moved.

"Do you know what oxygen's for, Soolsby?" he asked quizzically.

"No, my lord—I've never heard tell of it."

"Well, if you brought the top of Ben Lomond to the bottom of a coal-mine—breath to the breathless—that's it!"

"You've been doing that to Mr. Claridge, my lord?"

"A little oxygen more or less makes all the difference to a man—it probably will to neighbor Claridge, Soolsby; and so I've done him a good turn."

A grim look passed over Soolsby's face. "It's the first, I'm thinking, my lord, and none too soon; and it 'll be the last, I'm thinking, too! It's many a year since this house was neighborly to that."

Eglington's eyes almost closed as he studied the other's face; then he said: "I asked you a little while ago who was right and what was wrong when you came to see my father here fifteen years ago. Well?"

Suddenly a thought flashed into his eyes, and it seemed to course through his veins like some anæsthetic, for he grew very still, and a minute passed before he added quietly: "Was it a thing between my father and Luke Claridge? . . . There was trouble—well, what was it?" All at once he seemed to rise above the vague anxiety that possessed him, and he fingered inquiringly a long tapering glass of acids on the bench beside him. "There's been so much mystery, and I suppose it was nothing, after all. What was it all about? Or do you know—eh? And if you do, where do you come in, Soolsby? Fifteen years ago you came to see my father, and now you have come to see me—all in the light o' the moon, as it were; like a villain in a play. Ah, yes, you said it was to make an experiment—yet you didn't know what oxygen was. It's foolish making experiments, unless you know what you are playing with, Soolsby. See, here are two glasses." He held them up. "If I poured one into the other, we'd have an experiment—and you and I would be picked up in fragments and carried away in a basket. And that wouldn't be a successful experiment, Soolsby."

"I'm not so sure of that, my lord. Some things would be put right then."

"H'm! there would be a new Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and . . ."

"And Claridge Pasha would come back from Egypt, my lord," was the sharp reply. Suddenly his anger flared up, his hands twitched. "You had your chance to be a friend to him, my lord. You promised her yonder at the Red Mansion that you would help him—him that never wronged you, him you always wronged,

and you haven't lifted hand to help him in his danger. A moment since you asked me who was right and what was wrong. You shall know. If you had treated him right, I'd have held my peace, and kept my word to her that's gone these thirty-odd years. I'll hold it no more, and so I told Luke Claridge. I've been silent, but not for your father's sake or yours, for he was as cruel as you, with no heart, and a conscience like a pin's head, not big enough for use. . . . Ay, you shall know. You are no more the Earl of Eglington than me. The Earl of Eglington is your elder brother, called David Claridge."

As Soolsby's words poured forth passionately, weighty, Eglington listened like one in a dream. Since this man entered the laboratory fifty reasons for his coming had flashed across his mind; he had prepared himself at many corners for defence, he had rallied every mental resource, he had imagined a dozen dangerous events which his father and Luke Claridge shared—with the balance against his father; but this thing was beyond all speculation. Yet on the instant the words were said he had a conviction of their inevitable truth. Even as they were uttered, kaleidoscopic memories rushed in, and David's face, figure, personal characteristics, flashed before him. He saw, he felt, the likeness to his father and himself; a thousand things were explained that could only be explained by this fatal fact launched at him without warning. It was as though, fully armed for his battle of life, he had suddenly been stripped of armor and every weapon and left naked on the field. But he had the mind of the gamester and the true gamester's self-control. He had taken chances so often that the tornado of ill luck left him standing.

"What proof have you?" he asked, quietly.

Soolsby's explicit answer left no ground for doubt. He had not asked the question with any idea of finding gaps in the evidence, but rather to find if there were a chance for resistance, of escape, anywhere. The marriage certificate existed; identification of James Fetherdon with his father could be established by Soolsby and Luke Claridge.

Soolsby and Luke Claridge! Luke Claridge—he could not help but smile

cynically, for he was composed and calculating now. But a few minutes ago he had sent a jar of oxygen to keep Luke Claridge alive! No doubt, even now, the oxygen was being administered to Luke Claridge. But for it one enemy to his career, to his future, would be gone. He did not shrink from the thought. Born a gentleman, there was in him some degenerate characteristics which heart could not drown or temperament refine. Selfishness was inwoven with every fibre of his nature.

Now, as he stood with eyes fixed on Soolsby, the world seemed to narrow down to this laboratory. It was a vacuum where sensation was suspended and the million facts of ordinary existence disappeared into inactivity. There was a fine sense of proportion in it all. Only the bare essential things that concerned him remained: David Claridge was the Earl of Eglington, this man before him knew, Luke Claridge knew: and there was one thing yet to know! When he spoke his voice showed no excitement; the tones were even, colorless.

"Does he know?" In these words he acknowledged that he believed the tale that had been told him.

Soolsby had expected a different attitude; he was not easier in mind because his story had not been challenged. He blindly felt working in the man before him a powerful mind, more powerful because it faced the truth unflinchingly; but he knew that this did not mean calm acceptance of the consequences. He, not Eglington, was dazed and embarrassed, was not equal to the situation. He moved uneasily, changed his position.

"Does he know?" Eglington questioned again, quietly. There was no need for Eglington to explain who *he* was.

"Of course he does not know—I said so. If he knew, do you think he'd be in Egypt and you here, my lord?"

Eglington was very quiet. His intellect more than his passions were now at work.

"I am not sure. You never can tell. This might not mean much to him. He has got his work cut out; he wasn't brought up to this. What he has done is in line with the life he has lived as a pious Quaker. What good would it do to bring him back? I have been brought



up to it, I am used to it, I have worked things out 'according to the state of life to which I was called.' Take what I've always had away from me, and I am crippled; give him what he never had, and it doesn't work into his scheme. It would do him no good and me harm— Where's the use? Besides, I am still my father's son. Don't you see, Soolsby, how unreasonable you are? Luke Claridge was right. He knew that he and his belonged to a different sphere. He didn't speak. Why do you speak now after all these years when we are all set in our grooves? It's silly to disturb us, Soolsby."

The voice was low, persuasive, and searching; the mind was working as it had never worked before, to achieve an end by peaceful means, when war seemed so perilous and the issue so certain against him. And all the time he was fascinated by the fact that Soolsby's hand was within a few inches of a live electric wire, which, if he touched, would probably complete "the experiment" he had come to make; and what had been the silence of a generation would continue indefinitely.

For minutes he had watched Soolsby's hand near the wire—had watched as he talked, and his talk was his argument for non-interference against warning the man who had come to destroy him and his career. Why had Fate placed that hand so near the wire there? Why should he intervene? It would never have crossed his mind to do Soolsby harm, yet here, as the man's arm was stretched out to strike him, Fate set up a hazard, offered an escape. Luke Claridge was stricken with paralysis, no doubt would die; Soolsby alone stood in his way.

"You see, Soolsby, it has gone on too long," he added, in a low, penetrating tone. "It would be a crime to alter things now. Give him an earldom, and his work in Egypt goes to pieces; he will be spoiled for all he wants to do. I've got my faults, but, on the whole, I'm useful, and I play my part here, as I was born to it, as well as most. Anyhow, it's no robbery for me to have what has been mine by every right except the accident of being born after him. I think you'll see that you will do a good thing to let it all be. Luke Claridge, if he was up and well, wouldn't thank you for

it—have you got any right to give him trouble too? . . . Besides, I've saved his life to-night, and . . . and perhaps I might save yours, Soolsby—if it was in danger."

Soolsby's hand had moved slightly. It was only an inch from the wire. Eglington's fingers touched a key gently, and the spluttering stopped—he could not bear the hissing fire. But the wire was still alive with power. For an instant the room was terribly still.

An instant, and it might be too late—an instant, and Soolsby would be gone. Eglington watched the hand which had been resting on the table turn slowly over to the wire. Why should he intervene? Was it his business? This thing was not his doing—Destiny had laid the train of circumstance and accident, and who was stronger than Destiny? In spite of himself his eyes fixed themselves on Soolsby's hand. It was but a hair's breadth from the wire. The end would come now.

Suddenly a voice was heard outside the door. "Eglington!" it called.

Soolsby started, his hand drew spasmodically away from the wire, and he stepped back quickly.

Destiny had decided.

The door opened and Hylda entered.

"Mr. Claridge is dead, Eglington," she said.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### "I OWE YOU NOTHING"

BESIDE the grave under the willow-tree another grave had been made. It was sprinkled with the fallen leaves of autumn. In the Red Mansion Faith's delicate figure moved forlornly among relics of an austere, beloved figure vanished from the apricot-garden and the primitive simplicity of wealth combined with narrow thought.

Since her father's death, the bereaved girl had been occupied by matters of law and business, by affairs of the estate; but the first pressure was over, long letters had been written to David which might never reach him; and now, when the strain was withdrawn, the gentle mind was lost in the gray mist of suffering, in which there was no demonstration, no abandonment of feeling. The old

Elders came and went now and then—Elder Fairley, Elder Meacham, and others—benign, soothing, and composed; but none had brought any real comfort to her. Indeed, she shrank from the old Meeting-house and the watchful, decorously inquisitive eyes and well-balanced emotions there. In Hamley there were two before all in whom she had comfort and help—in Lady Eglington and in the old chairmaker on the hill. To both she was drawn, and of an afternoon or evening one or the other was to be seen in the long high-wainscoted room where a great fire burned, or in the fruitless garden where the breeze stirred the leafless branches.

Almost as deep a quiet brooded in the Cloistered House as in the home where mourning enjoined movement in a minor key. Hylda had not recovered wholly from the illness which had stricken her down on that day in London when she had sought news of David from Eglington, at such cost to her peace and health and happiness! For weeks she had been ill with fever, then had come her slow convalescence in Hamley, and long days of loneliness in which Eglington seemed to retreat farther and farther from her inner life. Inquiries had poured in from friends in town, many had asked to come and see her; flowers came every day from one or two who loved her benignly, like Lord Windlehurst; and now and then she had some cheerful friend with her who cared for music or could sing; and then for a day or two the old home rang with music; but she was alone through most days, and Eglington was kept in town by official business for several days each week. She did not gain strength as quickly as she ought to have done, and this was what brought the Duchess of Snowdon down on a special mission one day of early November.

Ever since the night she had announced Luke Claridge's death to Eglington, had discovered Soolsby with him, had seen the look in her husband's face and caught the tension of the moment on which she had broken, she had been haunted and disturbed by a hovering sense of trouble. What had Soolsby been doing in the laboratory at that time of night? What was the cause of this secret meeting? All Hamley knew—she had long known—how

Luke Claridge had held the Cloistered House in abhorrence, and she knew also that Soolsby worshipped David and Faith, and, whatever the cause of the family antipathy, championed it. She was conscious of a shadow somewhere, and behind it all was the name of David's father, *James Fetherdon*. That last afternoon when she had talked with him, and he had told her of his life, she had recalled the name as one she had seen or heard, and it had floated into her mind at last that she had seen it among the papers and letters of the late Countess. As the look in Eglington's face the night she came upon him and Soolsby in the laboratory haunted her, so the look in her own face had haunted Soolsby.

Her voice announcing Luke Claridge's death had suddenly opened up a new situation to Soolsby. It stunned him, and afterwards, as he saw Hylda with Faith in the apricot-garden, or walking in the great garden of the Cloistered House hour after hour alone or with her maid, he became vexed by a problem greater than had yet perplexed him. It was one thing to turn Eglington out of his lands and home and title; it was another thing to strike this beautiful being, whose smile had won him from the first, whose voice, had he but known, had saved his life. Perhaps the truth in some dim way was conveyed to him, for he came to think of her a little as he thought of Faith.

Since the moment when he had left the laboratory and made his way to the Red Mansion, he and Eglington had never met face to face; and he avoided a meeting. He was not a blackmailer, he had no personal wrongs to avenge, he had not sprung the bolt of secrecy for evil ends; and when he saw the possible results of his disclosure, he was unnerved. His mind had seen one thing only—the rights of "Our Man, the Egyptian," the wrong that had been done him and his mother; but now he saw how the sword of justice which he had kept by his hand these many years would cut both ways. His mind was troubled, too, that he had spoken while yet Luke Claridge lived, and so broken his word to Mercy Claridge. If he had but waited till the old man died—but one brief half-hour—his pledge would have been kept. Nothing

had worked out wholly as he expected. The heavens had not fallen. The "second-best lordship" still came and went, the wheels went round as usual. There was no change; yet, as he sat in his hut and looked down into the grounds of the Cloistered House, he kept saying to himself:

"It had to be told. It's for my lord now. He knows the truth—I'll wait and see. It's for him—him to do right by Our Man that's beyond and away."

The logic and fairness of this position, reached after much thinking, comforted him. He had done his duty so far. If in the end the "second-best lordship" failed to do his part, hid the truth from the light, refused to do right by his half-brother the true Earl, then would be time to act again. Also he waited for word out of Egypt; and he had a superstitious belief that David would return—that any day might see him entering the door of the Red Mansion.

Eglington himself was haunted by a spectre which touched his elbow by day and said, "You are not the Earl of Eglington," and at night laid a clammy finger on his forehead, waking him, and whispering in his ear, "If Soolsby had touched the wire, all would now be well!" And as deep as thought and feeling in him lay, he felt that Fate had tricked him—Fate and Hylda. If Hylda had not come at that instant, the chairmaker's hut on the hill would be empty. Why had not Soolsby told the world the truth since? Was the man waiting to see what course he himself would take? Had the old chairmaker perhaps written the truth to the Egyptian—to his brother David!

The thought irritated every nerve in him. His brother! No note of kindness or kinship or blood stirred in him. If, before, he had had antagonism and innate envy and a dark, hovering jealousy, he had a black repugnance now—the antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature, of the man in the wrong to the man in the right.

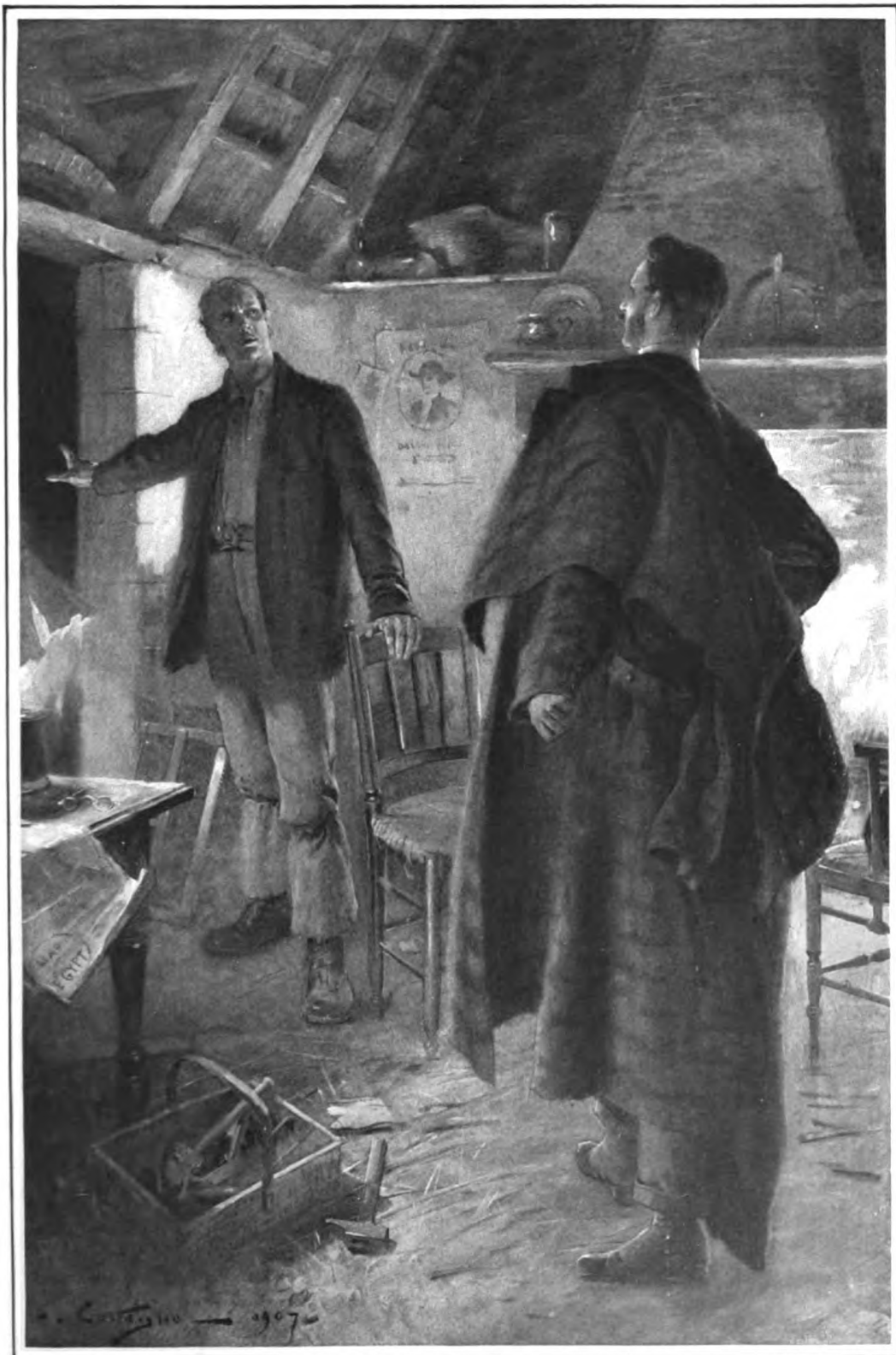
And behind it all was the belief that his wife had set David above him—by how much or in what fashion he did not stop to consider; but it made him desire that death and the desert would swallow up his father's son and leave

no trace behind. Policy? His work in the Foreign Office now had but one policy so far as Egypt was concerned. The active sophistry in him made him advocate non-intervention in Egyptian affairs as diplomatic wisdom, though it was but personal purpose; and he almost convinced himself that he was acting from a national standpoint. Kaïd and Claridge Pasha pursued their course of conquest and civilization in the Soudan, and who could tell what danger might not bring forth? Last time the English crusader had barely escaped; this time—if Soolsby only held his peace yet a while!

Did Faith know? Luke Claridge was gone without speaking, but had Soolsby told Faith? How he had watched the faces round him at Luke Claridge's funeral, to see if they betrayed any knowledge!

Anxious days had followed that night in the laboratory. How had his boundless egotism widened that chasm between Hylda and himself which had been made on the day when she fell ill in London, with Lacey's letter in her hand! It had not grown less in the weeks that followed. He nursed a grievance which had, so far as he knew, no foundation in fact; he was vaguely jealous of a man thousands of miles away; he was not certain how far Hylda had pierced the disguise of sincerity which he himself had always worn, or how far she understood him. He thought that she shrank from what she had seen of his real self, much or little, and he was conscious of so many gifts and abilities and attractive personal qualities that he felt a sense of injury. Yet what would his position be without her? Suppose David should return and take the estates and titles, and suppose that she should close her hand upon her fortune and leave him, where would he be?

He thought of all this as he sat in his room at the Foreign Office and looked over St. James's Park, his day's work done. He was suddenly seized by a new-born anxiety, for he had been so long used to the open purse and the unchecked stream of gold, had taken it so much as a matter of course, as not to realize the possibility of its being withdrawn. He was conscious of a kind of meanness and ugly sordidness in the suggestion, but the



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THIS IS MY CASTLE, MY LORD,—YOU LODGE YONDER"





stake—his future, his career, his position in the world—was too high to allow him to be too chivalrous. His sense of the real facts was perverted. He said to himself that he must be practical.

Moved by the new thought, he seized a time-table and looked up the trains. He had been ten days in town, receiving every morning a little note from Hylda telling of what she had done each day; a calm, dutiful, affectionate note, written without pretence, and out of a womanly affection with which she surrounded the man who, it seemed once—such a little while ago—must be all in all to her! She had no element of pretence in her. What she could give she gave freely, and it was just what it appeared to be. He had taken it all as his due, with an underlying belief that if he chose to make love to her again, he could blind her to all else in the world. Hurt vanity and egotism and jealousy had prevented him from luring her back to that fine atmosphere in which he had hypnotized her so few years ago. But suddenly, as he watched the swans swimming in the pond below, a new sense of approaching loss, all that Hylda had meant in his march and progress, came upon him; and he hastened to return to Hamley.

In an hour he was on his way. He had not telegraphed for any one to meet him. Getting out of the train at Heddington, he made up his mind to walk home by the road that David had taken on his return from Egypt, and he left word at the station that he would send for his luggage.

His first objective was Soolsby's hut, and, long before he reached it, darkness had fallen. From a light shining through the crack of the blind he knew that Soolsby was at home. He opened the door and entered without knocking. Soolsby was seated at a table, a map and a newspaper spread out before him. Egypt and David, always David and Egypt!

Soolsby got to his feet slowly, his eyes fixed inquiringly on his visitor.

"I didn't knock," said Eglington, taking off his overcoat and reaching for a chair; then added, as he seated himself, "Better sit down, Soolsby."

After a moment he continued, "Do you mind my smoking?"

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Soolsby shook his head and sat down again. He watched Eglington light his cigar and stretch out his hands to the wood fire with an air of comfort.

A silence followed. Eglington appeared to forget the other's presence and to occupy himself with thoughts that glimmered in the fire.

At last Soolsby said moodily, "What have you come for, my lord?"

"Oh, I am *my lord* still, am I?" Eglington returned, lazily. "Is it a genealogical tree you are studying there?" He pointed to the map.

"I've studied your family tree with care, as you should know, my lord; and a map of Egypt"—he tapped the parchment before him—"goes well with it. And see, my lord, Egypt concerns you too—Lord Eglington is there, and 'tis time he was returning—ay, 'tis time!"

There was a baleful look in Soolsby's eyes. Whatever he might think, whatever considerations might arise at other times, a sinister feeling came upon him when Eglington was with him.

"And, my lord," he went on, "I'd be glad to know that you've sent for him and told him the truth."

"Have *you*?" Eglington flicked the ash from his cigar, speaking coolly.

Soolsby looked at him with his honest blue eyes aflame, and answered deliberately: "I was not for taking your place, my lord. 'Twas my duty to tell you, but the rest was between you and the Earl of Eglington."

"That was thoughtful of you, Soolsby. And Miss Claridge?"

"I told you that night, my lord, that only her father and myself knew; and what was then is now."

A look of relief stole across Eglington's face. "Of course—of course. These things need a lot of thought, Soolsby. One must act with care—no haste, no flurry, no mistakes."

"I would not wait too long, my lord, or be too careful." There was a menace in the tone.

"But if you go at things blind, you're likely to hurt where you don't mean to hurt. When you're mowing in a field by a schoolhouse, you must look out for the children asleep in the grass. Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home."

"Do you mean to do it or not, my lord? I've left it to you as a gentleman."

"It's going to upset more than you think, Soolsby. Suppose he—out there in Egypt"—he pointed again to the map—"doesn't thank me for the information. Suppose he says no, and—"

"Right's right. Give him the chance, my lord. How can you know unless you tell him the truth?"

"Do you like living, Soolsby?"

"Do you want to kill me, my lord?"

There was an evil look in Eglington's face. "But answer me: do you want to live?"

"I want to live long enough to see the Earl of Eglington in his own house."

"Well, I've made that possible. The other night when you were telling me your little story, you were near sending yourself into eternity—as near as I am knocking this ash off my cigar." His little finger almost touched the ash. "Your hand was as near touching a wire charged with death. I saw it. It would have been better for me if you had gone; but I shut off the electricity. Suppose I hadn't—could I have been blamed? It would have been an accident. Providence did not intervene; I did. You owe me something, Soolsby."

Soolsby stared at him almost blindly for a moment. A mist was before his eyes; but through the mist, though he saw nothing of this scene in which he now was, he saw the laboratory, and himself and Eglington, and Eglington's face as it peered at him, and, just before the voice called outside, Eglington's eyes fastened on his hand. It all flashed upon him now, and he saw himself starting back at the sound of the voice.

Slowly he got up now, went to the door, and opened it. "My lord, it is not true," he said. "You have not spoken as a gentleman. It was my lady's voice that saved me. This is my castle, my lord—you lodge yonder." He pointed down into the darkness where the lights of the village shone. "I owe you nothing. I pay my debts. Pay yours, my lord, to him that's beyond and away."

Eglington kept his countenance as he drew on his coat and slowly passed from the house.

"I ought to have let you die, Soolsby. You'll think better of this soon. But it's

quite right to leave this matter to me. It may take a little time, but everything will come right. Justice shall be done. Well, good night, Soolsby. You live too much alone—and imagination is a bad thing for the lonely. Good night—good night."

Going down the hill quietly, he said to himself: "A sort of second sight—a sort of second sight he had about that wire. But time is on my side, time and the Soudan—and 'The heathen in his blindness.' I will keep what is mine—I will keep it!"

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE AWAKENING

IN her heart of hearts Hylda had not greatly welcomed the Duchess of Snowdon to Hamley. There was no one whose friendship she prized more; but she was passing through a phase of her life when she felt that she was better apart, finding her own path by those intuitions and perceptions which belonged to her own personal experience. She vaguely felt what all realize, sooner or later, that we must live our dark hours alone.

Yet the frank downright nature of the once beautiful, now faded, Duchess, the humorous glimmer in the pale-blue eyes, the droll irony and dry truth of her speech, appealed to Hylda, made her smile a warm greeting when she would rather have been alone. For, a few days before, she had begun a quest which had absorbed her, fascinated her. The miner, finding his way across the gap of a reef to pick up the vein of quartz at some distant and uncertain point, could not have been more lost to the world than was the young wife searching for a family skeleton, indefinitely embodied in her imagination by the name *James Fetherdon*.

Pile after pile of papers and letters of the late Earl and his Countess had passed through her hands from chaos to order. As she had read, hour after hour, the diaries of the cold blue-eyed woman, Sybil Eglington, who had lived without love of either husband or son, as they in turn lived without the love of each other, she had been overwhelmed by the revelation, far off and almost dispassionate as it was, of a human heart whose powers of expression were smothered by a shy

and almost awkward temperament. The late Countess's letters were the unclothing of a heart which had never expanded to the eyes of those whose love would have made her life endeared and endearing, would have broken up the natural reserve which became at last a proud coldness and gave her a reputation for lack of feeling and friendliness which she carried to her grave.

In the diaries which Hylda unearthed—the Countess had died suddenly—was the muffled cry of a soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding—from the vague pain of suffered indifference, of being left out of all her husband's calculations, to the blank neglect which narrowed her life down to a tiny stream of duty, which grew smaller and smaller as her boy's selfishness grew, and was finally lost in the sands. She had died abroad, and alone, save for her faithful maid, who, knowing the chasm that lay between her mistress and her lord, had brought her letters and papers back to the Cloistered House, and locked them away with all the other papers and correspondence which the Countess had accumulated.

Among these papers was a letter to the late Lord Eglington written the day before she died. In the haste and confusion ensuing on her death, the maid had not seen it. It had never reached his hands, but lay in a pocket of the dead woman's writing-portfolio, which Hylda had explored without discovering. Only a few hours, however, before the Duchess of Snowdon came, Hylda had found again an empty envelope on which was written the name *James Fetherdon*. The writing on the envelope was that of Sybil, Lady Eglington.

When she discovered the envelope, a sense of mystery and premonition possessed her. What was the association between the Countess of Eglington and James Fetherdon, the father of David Claridge? In vain she searched among the voluminous letters and papers, for it would seem that the Countess of Eglington had saved every letter she received, and kept copies of numberless letters she had written. But she had searched without avail—even the diaries, curiously frank and without reserve, never mentioned the name, so far as she could find,

though here and there were strange allusive references, hints of a trouble that weighed her down, phrases of exasperation and defiance. One phrase, or the idea in it, was, however, much repeated in the diaries during the course of years, and towards the last almost feverishly emphasized: "*Why should I bear it for one who would bear nothing for me, for his sake who would do nothing for my sake? Is it only the mother in me, not the love in me?*"

These words were haunting Hylda's brain when the telegram from the Duchess of Snowdon came. They followed her to Heddington, whither she went in the carriage to bring her visitor to Hamley, and kept repeating themselves at the back of her mind through the cheerful rallying of the Duchess, who spread out the wings of good humor and motherly freedom over her.

And, after all, it was an agreeable thing to be taken possession of, and "put in her proper place," as the Duchess said; made to understand that her own affairs were not so important, after all; and that it was far more essential to hear the charming gossip about the new and most popular Princess of Wales, or the quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray. Yet, after dinner, in the little sitting-room, where the Duchess, in a white gown with great pink bows, fitter for a girl fresh from Confirmation, and her cheeks with their fixed color, which changed only at the discretion of her maid, babbled of nothing that mattered, Hylda's mind kept turning to the late Countess and the book of life she had left behind.

The sitting-room had been that of the late Countess also, and on the wall was an oil-painting of her, stately and distant and not very alluring, though the mouth had a sweetness which seemed unable to break into a smile.

"What was she really like—that wasn't her quite, was it?" said Hylda, at last, leaning her chin on the hand that held the 'cello she had been playing.

"Oh yes, it's Sybil Eglington, my dear, but done in wood—and she wasn't the graven image that makes her out to be. That's as most people saw her; as the fellow that painted her saw her; but she had another side to her. She disapproved of me rather, because I was squeezing

the orange dry, and trying to find yesterday's roses in to-morrow's garden. But she didn't shut her door in my face—it's hard to do that to a Duchess; which is one of the few advantages of living naked in the street as it were, with only the strawberry leaves to clothe you. No, Sybil Eglington was a woman who never had her chance—your husband's forebears were difficult, my dear. They didn't exactly draw you out. She needed drawing out; and her husband drove her back into her corner, where she sulked rather till she died—died alone at Wiesbaden, with a German doctor, a stray curate, and a stuttering maid to wish her *bon voyage*. Yet I fancy she went glad enough, for she had no memories—not even an *affaire* to repent of, and to cherish. La, la! she wasn't so stupid, Sybil there, and she was an ornament to her own sex and the despair of the other. His Serene Highness Heinrich of Saxe-Gunden fancied the task of breaking that ice, and he was an adept and an Apollo, but it broke his reputation instead. No doubt she is happy now—I shall probably never see!"

In spite of the poignant nature of the talk, Hylda could not but smile at the last words.

"Don't despair," she rejoined; "one star differeth from another star in glory, but that is no reason why they should not be on visiting terms."

"My dear, you may laugh—you may laugh, but I am sixty-five, and I am not laughing at the idea of what company I may be obliged to keep presently. In any case I'm sure I shall not be comfortable. If I'm where she is, I shall be dull; if I'm where her husband is, I'll have no reputation, and if there is one thing I want, it is a spotless reputation—sometime."

Hylda laughed—the manner and the voice were so droll—but her face saddened too, and her big eyes with the drooping lashes looked up pensively at the portrait of her husband's mother.

"Was it ever a happy family—or a lucky family?" she asked.

"It's lucky now, and it ought to be happy now," was the meaning reply.

Hylda made no answer, but caught the strings of the 'cello lightly, and shook her head reprovingly, with a smile meant to be playful. For a moment she played,

humming to herself, and then the Duchess touched the hand that was drawing the bow softly across the strings. She had behind her garishness a gift for sympathy and a keen intuition and delicacy and allusiveness. She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid when her heart was moved.

"My darling," she said now, "*you* are not quite happy; but that is because you don't allow yourself to get well. You've never recovered from your attack last summer; and you won't until you come out into the world again and see people. This autumn you ought to have been at Homburg or at Aix, where you'd take a little cure of waters and a great deal of cure of people. You were born to bask in friendship and the sun, and to draw from the world as much as you give it, a little from many, for all you give in return. Because, dearest, you are a very agreeable person, with enough wit and humanity to make it worth the world's while to conspire to make you do what will give it most pleasure, and let yourself get most—and that's why I've come."

"What a person of importance I am!" answered Hylda, with a laugh that was far from mirthful, though she caught the plump, wrinkled little hand of the Duchess and pressed it. "But really I'm getting well here fast—I'm very strong again. It is so restful, and one's days go by so quietly."

"Yet, I'm not sure that it's rest you want—I don't think it is. You want tonics—men and women and things. Monte Carlo would do you a world of good—I'd go with you. Eglington gambles here"—she watched Hylda closely—"why shouldn't you gamble there?"

"Eglington gambles?" Hylda's face took on a frightened look, then it cleared again, and she smiled. "Oh, of course, with international affairs, you mean. Well, I must stay here and be the *croupier*."

"Nonsense! Eglington is his own *croupier*. Besides, he is so much in London, and you so much here. You sit with the distaff; he throws the dice."

Hylda's lips tightened a little. Her own inner life, what Eglington was to her or she to Eglington, was for the ears of no human being, however friendly. She had seen little of him of late, but

in one sense that had been a relief, though she would have done anything to make that feeling impossible. His rather precise courtesy and consideration when he was with her emphasized the distance between "the first fine careless rapture" and this gray quiet. And, strange to say, though in the first four years since the Cairo days and deeds, Egypt seemed an infinite space away, and David a distant, almost legendary figure, now Egypt seemed but beyond the door—as though, opening it, she would stand near him who represented the best of all that she might be capable of thinking. In Hamley, where David had lived, and in touch with the spring and source of his power; in these simple surroundings where profound laws of life were working themselves out beyond the region of experiment—her husband's laboratory seemed a discord in the harmony—here she had kept her eyes vigilant for the hour when she might serve David in the time of his need, as she had vowed. Yet all the time she longed for Eglington to come and say one word which would be like touching the lever of the sluice-gates of her heart, to let out the flood. As the space grew between her and Eglington, her spirit trembled, she shrank back, because she saw that sea to which she was drifting.

As she did not answer the last words of the Duchess, the latter said presently, "When do you expect Eglington?"

"Not till the week-end—it is a busy week with him," Hylda answered; then added hastily, though she had not thought of it till this moment, "I shall probably go up to town with you to-morrow."

She did not know that Eglington was already in the house, and had given orders to the butler that she was not to be informed of his arrival for the present.

"Well, if you get that far, will you come with me to the Riviera, or to Florence, or Sicily—or Cairo?" the other asked, adjusting her gold-brown wig with her babyish hands.

Cairo! Cairo! A light shot up into Hylda's eyes. The Duchess had spoken without thought, but as she spoke she watched the sudden change in Hylda. What did it mean? Cairo—why should Cairo have waked her so? Suddenly she recalled certain vague references of Lord Windlehurst, and for the first time she

associated Hylda with Claridge Pasha in a way which might mean much, account for much, in this life she was leading.

"Perhaps! Perhaps!" answered Hylda, abstractedly, after a moment.

The Duchess got to her feet. She had made progress. She would let her medicine work.

"I'm going to bed, my dear—I'm sixty-five, and I take my sleep when I can get it. Think it over—Sicily—Cairo!"

She left the room, saying to herself that Eglington was a fool, and that danger was ahead. "But I hold a red light—poor darling!" she said aloud, as she went up the staircase. She did not know that Eglington, standing in a deep doorway, heard her, and seized upon the words eagerly and suspiciously, and turned them over in his mind.

Below, at the desk where Eglington's mother used to write, Hylda sat with a bundle of letters before her. For some moments she opened, glanced through them, and put them aside. Presently she sat back in her chair, thinking—her mind was invaded by the last words of the Duchess; and somehow they kept repeating themselves with the words in the late Countess's diary, "*Is it only the mother in me, not the love in me?*" Mechanically her hand moved over the portfolio of the late Countess, and it involuntarily felt in one of its many pockets. Her hand came upon a letter. This had remained when the others had been taken out. It was addressed to the late Earl, and was open. She hesitated a moment, then with a strange premonition and a tightening of her heart-strings, she spread it out—and read it.

At first she could scarcely see for the mist in her eyes; but presently her sight cleared, and she read quickly, her cheeks burning with excitement, her heart thrilling violently. The letter was the last expression of a disappointed and barren life. The slow stammering tongue of an almost silent existence had found the fulness of speech. The fountains of the great deep had been broken up, and Sybil Eglington's repressed emotions, undeveloped passions, tortured by mortal sufferings, and refined and vitalized by the atmosphere blown in upon her last hours from the hereafter, were set free, given voice and power at last.



The letter reviewed the life she had lived with her husband during twenty-odd years, reproved herself for not speaking out and telling him his faults at the beginning, and for drawing in upon herself, when she might have compelled him to a truer understanding; and when all that was said, called him to such an account as only the dying might make—the irrevocable, disillusionizing truth which may not be altered, the poignant record of failure and its causes.

"... I could not talk well, I never could, as a girl," the letter ran; "and you could talk like one inspired, and so speciously, so overwhelmingly, that I felt I could say nothing in disagreement, not anything but assent; while all the time I felt how hollow was so much you said—a cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind. Before *I knew the truth*, I felt the shadow of secrecy in your life. When you talked most, I felt you most secretive, and the feeling slowly closed the door upon all frankness and sympathy and open speech from me. I was always shy, and self-conscious, and self-centred, and thought little of myself; and I needed deep love and confidence and encouragement to give out what was in me. I gave nothing out, nothing to you that you wanted, or sought for, or needed. You were complete, self-contained. Harry, my beloved babe Harry, helped at first; but as the years went on he too began to despise me for my little intellect and slow intelligence, and he grew to be like you in all things—and secretive too, though I tried so hard to be to him what a mother should be. Oh, Bobby, Bobby—I used to call you that in the days before we were married, and I will call you that now when all is over and done—why did you not tell me all? Why did you not tell me that my boy, my baby Harry, was not your only child, that there had been another wife, and that your eldest son was alive, and heir to all!

"I know all—I have known all for years. The clergyman who married you to Mercy Claridge was a distant relative of my mother's, and before he died he told me. When you married her, he knew you only as James Fetherdon, but years afterwards he saw and recognized you. He held his peace then, but at last he came to me. And I did not speak. I

was not strong enough, nor good enough, to face the trouble of it all. I could not endure the scandal—to see my own son take the second place—he is so brilliant and able and unscrupulous, like yourself; but, oh, so sure of winning a great place in the world, surer than yourself ever was, he is so calculating and determined and ambitious! And though he loves me little, as he loves you little too, yet he is my son, and for what he is we are both responsible, one way or another; and I had not the courage to give him the second place, and the Quaker, David Claridge, the first place. Why Luke Claridge, his grandfather, chose the course he did does not concern me, no more than why you chose secrecy, and kept your own first-born legitimate son, of whom you might well be proud, a stranger to you and his rights all these years. Ah, Eglington, you never knew what love was, you never had a heart—experiment, subterfuge, secrecy, 'reaping where you had not sowed, and gathering where you had not strawed!'

"I shall be gone in a few hours—I feel it; but before I go I must try to do right and to warn you. I have had such bad dreams about you and about Harry—they haunt me—that I am sure you will suffer terribly, will have some awful tragedy, unless you undo what was done long ago, and tell the truth to the world, and give your titles and estates where they truly belong. Near to death, seeing how little life is; and how much right is in the end, I am sure that I was wrong in holding my peace; for Harry cannot prosper with this black thing behind him, and you cannot die happy if you smother up the truth. Night after night I have dreamed of you in your laboratory, a vague, dark, terrifying dream of you in that laboratory which I have always hated. It has always seemed to me the place where some native evil and cruelty in your blood worked out its will. I know I am an ignorant woman, with no brain, but God has given me clear sight at the last, and the things I see are true things, and I must warn you. Remember that . . ."

The letter ended there. She had been interrupted or seized with illness, and had never finished it; and a few hours afterwards had died; and the letter was now

for the first time read by her whom it most concerned, into whose heart and soul the words she wrote sank with an immitigable pain and agonized amazement. A few moments with this death-document had transformed Hylda's life.

Her husband and—and David—were sons of the same father; and the name she bore, the home in which she was living, the estates the title carried, were not her husband's, but another's—David's. She fell back in her chair, white and faint, but with a great effort conquered the swimming weakness which blinded her. Sons of the same father! The past flashed before her, the strange likeness she had observed, the trick of the head, the laugh, the swift gesture, the something in the voice. She shuddered as she had done in reading the letter. But related only in name, in some distant, irreconcilable way—in a way which did not warrant the sudden scarlet flush that flooded her face. Presently she recovered herself. She—what did she suffer compared with her who wrote this revelation of a lifetime of pain, of bitter and torturing knowledge! She looked up at the picture on the wall, at the still, proud, emotionless face, the conventional, uninspired personality, behind which no one had seen, which had agonized alone till the last. With what tender yet pitiless hand had she laid bare the lives of her husband and her son! How had the neglected mother told the bitter truth of him to whom she had given birth! *"So brilliant and able—and unscrupulous, like yourself; but, oh, sure of winning a great place in the world . . . so calculating and determined and ambitious. . . . That laboratory which I have always hated. It has always seemed to me the place where some native evil and cruelty in your blood worked out its will . . ."*

With a deep-drawn sigh Hylda said to herself: "And if I were dying to-morrow, would I say that? She loved them so—at first must have loved them so; and yet this at the last! And I—oh, no, no, no!" She looked at the photograph of Eglington on the table near, touched it caressingly, and added, with a sob in her voice, "Oh, Harry, no, it is not true. It is not native evil and cruelty in your blood. It has all been a mistake. You will do right.

We will do right, Harry. You will suffer, it will hurt, the lesson will be hard—to give up what has meant so much to you; but we will work it out together, you and I, my boy dear. Oh, say that we shall, that . . ."

She suddenly grew silent. A tremor ran through her, she became conscious of his presence near her, and turned as though he were behind her. There was nothing. Yet she felt him near, and, as she did so, the soul-deep feeling with which she had spoken to the photograph fled. Why was it that so often when absent from him her imagination helped her to make excuses for him, inspired her to press the real truth out of sight, and to make believe that he was worthy of a love which, but through some inner fault of her own, might be his altogether, and all the love of which he was capable might be hers?

She felt him near her, and the feelings possessing her a moment before slowly chilled and sank away. Instinctively her eyes glanced towards the door. She saw the handle turn, and she slipped the letter inside the portfolio again.

The door opened briskly now, and Eglington entered with what his enemies in the press had called his "professional smile"—a criticism which had angered his wife, chiefly because it was so near the truth. He smiled, because a smile to him was part of his equipment, and was for any one at any time that suited him.

Her eyes met his, and he noted in her something that he had never seen before. Something had happened—the Duchess of Snowdon was in the house; had it anything to do with her? Had she made trouble? There was trouble enough without her. He came forward, took Hylda's hand and kissed it, then kissed her on the cheek. As he did so she laid a hand on his arm with a sudden impulse, and pressed it. Though his presence had chilled the high emotions of a few moments before, yet she had to break to him a truth which would hurt him, dismay him, rob his life of so much that helped it; and a sudden protective, maternal sense was roused in her, reached out to shelter him as he faced his loss, and the call of duty.

"You have just come?" she said, in a voice that, to herself, seemed far away.

"I have been here some hours," he answered.

Secrecy again—always the thing that had chilled the dead woman, and laid a cold hand upon herself—"I felt the shadow of secrecy in your life. When you talked most I felt you most secretive, and the feeling closed the door upon all frankness and sympathy and open speech in me."

"Why did you not see me—dine with me?" she asked. "What can the servants think?" Even in such a crisis the little things had place—habit strikes its note in the presence of all tragedies.

"You had the Duchess of Snowdon, and we are not precisely congenial; besides, I had much to do in the laboratory—I'm working for that new explosive of which I told you. There's fame and fortune in it, and I'm on the way. I feel it coming"—his eyes sparkled a little. "I made it right with the servants; so don't be apprehensive."

"I have not seen you for nearly a week. It doesn't seem—friendly."

"Politics and science are stern masters," he answered, gayly.

"They leave little time for your mistress," she answered, meaningly.

"Who is my mistress?" he asked, keenly.

"Well, I am not greatly your wife," she rejoined. "I have the dregs of your life. I help you—I am allowed to help you—so little, to share so little in the things that matter to you."

"Now, that's imagination and misunderstanding," he rejoined. "It has helped immensely your being such a figure in society, and entertaining so much, and being so popular—at any rate until very lately."

"I do not misunderstand," she answered, gravely. "I do not share your real life. I do not help you where your brain works, in the plans and purposes and hopes that lie behind all that you do—oh yes, I know your ambitions and what positions you are aiming for; but there is something more than that. There is the object of it all, the pulse of it—the machinery down, down deep in your being that drives it all. Oh, I am not a child. I have some intellect, and I want—I want that we should work it out together."

In spite of all that had come and gone, in spite of the dead mother's words and all her own convictions, seeing trouble coming upon him, she wanted to make one last effort for what might save their lives—her life—from shipwreck in the end. If she failed now, she foresaw a bitter, cynical figure working out his life with a narrowing soul, a hard spirit unrelieved by the softening influence of a great love—even yet the woman in her had a far-off hope that where the law had made them one by book and scrip, the love which should consecrate such a union, lift it above an almost offensive relation, might be theirs. She did not know how much of her heart, of her being, was wandering over the distant sands of Egypt, looking for its oasis. Eglington had never needed or wanted more than she had given him—her fortune, her person, her charm, her ability to play an assigned and definite part in his career. It was this material use to which she was so largely assigned, almost involuntarily but none the less finally, that had destroyed all of the finer, dearer, more delicate intimacy invading his mind sometimes, more or less vaguely, where Faith was concerned. So extreme was his egotism that it had never occurred to him, as it had done to the Duchess of Snowdon and Lord Windlehurst, that he might lose herself as well as her fortune: that the day might come when her high spirit could bear it no longer. As the Duchess of Snowdon had said, "It would all depend upon the other man, whoever he might be."

So he answered her with superficial cheerfulness now; he had not the depth of soul to see that they were at a crisis, and that she could bear no longer the old method of treating her as though she were a child, to be humored or to be dominated.

"Oh, you see all there is," he answered; "you are so imaginative—crying for some moon there never was in any sky."

In part he had spoken the truth. He had no high objects or ends or purposes. He wanted only success somehow or another, and there was no nobility of mind or aspiration behind it. And in her heart of hearts she knew it. But it was the last cry of her soul to him, seeking,



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

HYLDA IN HORROR STARTED FORWARD





though in vain, for what she had never had, could never have.

"What have you been doing?" he added, looking at the desk where she had sat, glancing round the room. "Has the Duchess left any rags on the multitude of her acquaintances? . . . I wonder that you can make yourself contented here with nothing to do. You don't look much stronger—I'm sure you ought to have a change. My mother was never well here; though, for the matter of that, she was never very well anywhere. I suppose it's the laboratory that attracts me here as it did my father—playing with the ancient forces of the world in these Arcadian surroundings—Arcady without beauty or Arcadians!" He glanced up at his mother's picture. "No, she never liked it—a very silent woman, secretive almost!"

Suddenly her eye flared up. Anger possessed her. She choked it down. Secretive—the poor bruised soul who had gone to her grave with a broken heart!

"She secretive? No, Eglington," she rejoined, gravely, "she was congealed. She lived in too cold an air. She was not secretive, but yet she kept a secret—another's!"

All at once Eglington had the feeling again which possessed him when he entered the room. She had changed. There was something in her tone, a meaning he had never heard before. He was startled. He recalled the words of the Duchess as she went up the staircase.

What was it all about?

"Whose secrets did she keep?" he asked, calmly enough.

"Your father's, yours, mine," she replied, in a whisper almost.

"Secret? What secret—what was it? Good Lord! Such mystery!" He laughed mirthlessly.

She came close to him. "I am sorry—sorry, Eglington," she said, with difficulty. "It will hurt you, shock you so. It will be a blow to you, but you must bear it."

She tried to speak further, but her heart was beating so violently that she could not. She turned quickly to the portfolio on the desk, drew forth the fatal letter, and turning to the page which contained the truth concerning David, handed it to him. "It is there," she said.

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He had great self-control. Before looking at the page to which she had directed his attention, he turned the letter over slowly, fingering the pages one by one. "My mother to my father," he said.

Instinctively he knew what it contained. "You have been reading my mother's correspondence," he added, in cold reproof.

"Do you forget that you asked me to arrange her papers?" she said, stung by his suggestion.

"Your imagination is vivid," he exclaimed. Then he bethought himself that, after all, he might sorely need all she could give if things went against him, and that she was the last person he could afford to alienate; "but I do remember that I asked you that," he added—"no doubt foolishly."

"Oh, read what is there," she broke in, "and you will see that it was not foolish, that it was meant to be."

He felt a cold dead hand reaching out from the past to strike him; but he nerved himself, and his eyes searched the paper with assumed coolness—even with her he must still be acting. The first words he saw were, "*Why did you not tell me that my boy, my baby Harry, was not your only child, and that your eldest son was alive, and heir to all!*"

So, that was it, after all. Even his mother knew. Master of his nerves as he was, it blinded him for a moment. Presently he read on—the whole page—and lingered upon the words, that he might have time to think what he must say to Hylda. Nothing of the tragedy of his mother touched him, though he was faintly conscious of a revelation of a woman he had never known, whose hungering caresses had made him, as a child, rather peevish when a fit of affection was not on him. Suddenly as he read the lines touching himself, "*brilliant and able and unscrupulous . . . and though he loves me little, as he loves you little too,*" his eye lighted up with anger, his face became pale—yet he had borne the same truths from Faith without resentment, in the wood by the mill that other year. For a moment he stood infuriated, then going to the fireplace, he dropped the letter on the coals, as Hylda, in horror, started forward to arrest his hand.

"Oh, Eglington—but, no—no! It is not honorable. It is proof of all!"

He turned upon her slowly, his face rigid, a strange, cold light in his eyes. "If there is no more proof than that, you need not vex your mind," he said, commanding his voice to evenness.

A bitter anger was on him. His mother had read him through and through—he had not even deceived her; and she had given evidence against him to Hylda, who, he had ever thought, believed in him completely. And now there was added to the miserable tale that first marriage, and the rights of David—David, the one man who, he was convinced, had captured her imagination! Hurt vanity played a disproportionate part in this crisis.

The effect on him had been different from what Hylda had anticipated. She had pictured him stricken and dumfounded by the blow—it had never occurred to her, it did not now, that he had known the truth; for, of course, to know the truth was to speak, to restore to David his own, to step down from an earldom into the second and unconsidered place. After all, to her mind, there was no disgrace. The Earl had married secretly, but he had been duly married, and he did not marry again until Mercy Claridge was dead. The only wrong was to David, whose grandfather had been even more to blame than his father. She had looked to help Eglington in this moment, and now there seemed nothing for her to do. He was somehow superior to the situation, though it was apparent in his pale face and rigid manner that he had been struck hard.

She came near to him, but there was no encouragement to her to play that part which is a woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort her man in trouble, sorrow, or evil. Always, always, he stood alone, whatever the moment might be, leaving her nothing to do—"playing his own game with his own weapons," as he had once put it. But there was strength in it, too, and this came to her mind now, as though in excuse for whatever else there was in the situation which, against her will, repelled her.

"I am so sorry for you," she said at last.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"To lose all that has been yours so long."

This was their great moment. The response to this must be the touchstone of their lives. A half-dozen words might alter all the future, might be the watchword to the end of all things. Involuntarily her heart fashioned the response he ought to give: "*I shall have you left, Hylda.*"

The air seemed to grow oppressive, and the instant's silence a torture, and when he spoke his words struck a chill to her heart—rough notes of pain. "I have not lost yet," were his words.

She shrank. "You will not hide it—you will do right by—by him," she said, with difficulty.

"Let him establish his claim—to the last item of fact," he said, with almost savage coldness.

"Luke Claridge knew—the proofs are but just across the way, no doubt," she answered, almost coldly, so had his words congealed her heart.

Their great moment had passed. It was as though a cord had snapped that held her to him, and in the recoil she had been thrown far off from him. Swift as his mind worked, it had not seen his opportunity to win her to his cause, to asphyxiate her high senses, her quixotic justice, by that old flood of eloquence and compelling persuasion of the emotions with which he had swept her to the altar—an altar of sacrifice. He had not even done what he had left London to do—make sure of her, by an alluring flattery and devotion, no difficult duty with one so beautiful and desirable; though neither love of beauty nor great desire was strong enough in him to divert him from his course for an hour, save by his own initiative. His mother's letter had changed it all. Four hours ago he had had a struggle with Soolsby, and now another struggle on the same theme was here. Fate had dealt illy with him, who had ever been its spoilt child and favorite. He had not learned yet the arts of defence against adversity.

"Luke Claridge is dead," he answered, coldly.

"But you will tell—him, you will write to Egypt and tell him?" she said, the conviction slowly coming to her that he would not.

"It is not my duty to displace myself—to furnish evidence against myself—"

"You have destroyed the evidence," she said a little scornfully.

"If there were no more than that—!" he shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Do you know there is more?" she asked searchingly.

"In whose interests are you speaking?" he rejoined, with a sneer. A sudden fury possessed him. Claridge Pasha—David—she was thinking of him!

"In yours—your conscience, your honor."

"There is over thirty years' possession on my side," he rejoined.

"It is not as if it were going from your family," she answered, quietly.

"Family—what is he to me!"

"What is any one to you!" she answered, bitterly.

"I am not going to unravel a mystery, in order to facilitate the cutting of my own throat."

"It might be worth while to do something once for another's sake than your own—it would break the monotony," she replied, all her senses tortured by his words, and even more so by his manner.

Long ago Faith had said in Soolsby's hut that he "blandished" all with whom he came in contact, but Hylda realized with a lacerated heart that he had ceased to blandish her. Possession had altered that. Yet how had he vowed to her in those sweet tempestuous days of his courtship, when the wind of his passion blew so hard! Had one of the vows been kept?

Even as she looked at him now, words she had read some days before flashed through her mind—they had burnt themselves into her brain:

Broken faith is the crown of evils,  
Broken vows are the knotted thongs  
Set in the hands of laughing devils,  
To scourge us for deep wrongs.

Broken hearts, when all is ended,  
Bear the better all after-stings;  
Bruised once, the citadel mended  
Standeth through all things.

Suddenly he turned upon her with ag-grieved petulance. "Why are *you* so eager for proof?"

"Oh, I have," she said, with a sudden

flood of tears in her voice, though her eyes were dry—"I have the feeling that your mother had, that nothing will be well until you undo the wrong your father did. I know it was not your fault. I feel for you—oh, believe me, I feel as I have never felt, could never feel, for my-self. It was brought on you by your father, but you must be the more in-nocent because he was so guilty! You have had much out of it—it has helped you on your way. It does not mean so much now. By and by another—an Eng-lish—peerage may be yours by your own achievement. Let it go—there is so much left—Harry."

Once again, even when she had given up all hope, seeing what was the bent of his mind—once again she made essay to win him out of his selfishness. If he would only say, "I have you left!" how she would strive to shut all else out of her life!

He was exasperated. His usual pre-science and prudence forsook him. It angered him that she should press him to an act of sacrifice for the man who had so great an influence upon her. Per-versity possessed him. Lifelong egotism was too strong for wisdom, or discretion.

Suddenly he caught her hands in both of his and said hoarsely: "Do you love me—answer me—do you love me with all your heart and soul? The truth now, as though it were your last word on earth."

Always self. She had asked, if not in so many words, for a little love, some-thing for herself to feed on in the dark-ening days for him, for her, for both; and he was thinking only of himself.

She shrank, but her hands lay passive in his. "No, not with all my heart and soul—but—oh—!"

He flung her hands from him. "No, not with all your heart and soul—I know. You are willing to sacrifice me for him—and you think I do not understand!"

She drew herself up, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "You under-stand nothing—nothing. If you had ever understood me, or any human being, or any human heart, you would not have ruined all that might have given you an undying love, something that would have followed you through fire and flood to the grave. You cannot love—you do not un-

## CHAPTER XXVIII

## NAHOUM TURNS THE SCREW

derstand love. Self—self, always self. Oh, you are mad, mad, to have thrown it all away, all that might have given happiness. All that I have, all that I am, has been at your service; everything has been bent and tuned to your pleasure, for your good. All has been done for you, with thought of you and your position and your advancement, and now—now, when you have killed all that might have been yours, you cry out in anger that it is dying, and you insinuate what you should kill another for insinuating. Oh, the wicked, cruel folly of it all! You suggest—you dare!—I never heard a word from David Claridge that might not be written on the boardings. His honor is deeper than that which might attach to the name of Earl of Eglington.”

She seemed to tower above him. For an instant she looked him in the eyes with frigid dignity, but a terrible scorn in her face. Then she went to the door—he hastened to open it for her.

“You will be sorry for this,” he said stubbornly. He was too dumfounded to be discreet, too suddenly embarrassed by the turn affairs had taken. He realized too late that he had made a mistake, that he had lost his hold upon her.

As she passed through there suddenly flashed before her mind the scene in the laboratory with the chairmaker. Her intuition felt too the meaning of it.

“You do not intend to tell him—perhaps Soolsby has done so,” she said, keenly, and moved on to the staircase.

He was thunder-struck at her intuition. “Why do you want to rob yourself?” he asked after her, vaguely.

She turned back. “Think of your mother’s letter that you destroyed,” she said solemnly and quietly. “Was it right?”

He shut the door and threw himself into a chair. “I will put it straight with her to-morrow,” he said helplessly.

He sat for a half-hour silent, planning his course. At last there came a tap at the door, and the butler appeared.

“Some one from the Foreign Office, my lord,” he said.

A moment afterwards a young official, his subordinate, entered. “There’s the deuce to pay in Egypt, sir,—I’ve brought the despatch,” he said.

LAUGHING to himself, Higli Pasha sat with the stem of a narghile in his mouth. His big shoulders kept time to the quivering of his fat stomach. He was sitting in a small courtyard of Nahoum Pasha’s palace waiting for its owner to appear. Meanwhile he exercised a hilarious patience. The years had changed him little since he had been sent on that expedition against the southern tribes which followed hard on David’s appointment to office. As David had expected, few of the traitorous officers returned. Dias had ignominiously died of the bite of a tarantula before a blow had been struck, but Higli had gratefully received a slight wound in the first encounter, which enabled him to beat a safe retreat to Cairo. He alone of the chief of the old conspirators was left. Achmet was still at the Place of Lepers, where Zaida drew out the lengthening chain of a death-in-life; and the old nest of traitors was scattered on the winds of fate and doom.

Only Nahoum and Higli were left, and between Nahoum and Higli there had never been partnership or understanding. Nahoum was not the man to trust to confederates, and Higli Pasha was too contemptible a coadjutor. Nahoum trusted no one save Mizraim the Chief Eunuch, but Mizraim alone was better than a thousand; and he was secret—and terrible. Yet Higli had a conviction that Nahoum’s alliance with David was a sham, and that David would pay the price of misplaced confidence some day. More than once when David’s plans had had a setback, Higli had contrived a meeting with Nahoum to judge for himself what Nahoum thought about it.

For his visit to-day he had invented a reason—a matter of finance—but his real reason was concealed behind the malevolent merriment by which he was now seized. So absorbed was he that he did not heed the approach of another visitor across an angle of the courtyard. He was roused by a voice, which said:

“Well, what’s tickling you so, Pasha?”

The voice was drawling, almost meditative, and quite gentle; but at the sound of it, Higli’s laugh stopped short, and

the muscles of his face contracted. If there was one man of whom he had a wholesome fear—why, he could not tell—it was this round-faced, abrupt, cheery, imperturbable American, Claridge Pasha's right-hand man. Legends of resourcefulness and bravery had gathered round his name, and all Egypt had come to know that, with Mohammed Hassan as a partner, there was little he could not accomplish for his chief. He had a gift of brutal frankness which was disconcerting.

"Who's been stroking your chin with a feather, Pasha?" he continued, his eye piercing the other like a gimlet.

"It was a tale—an amusing tale—I heard at Assiout, effendi," was Higli's abashed yet surly reply.

"Oh, at Assiout," rejoined Lacey. "Yes, they tell funny stories at Assiout. And when were you at Assiout, Pasha?"

"Two days ago, effendi."

"And so you thought you'd tell the funny little story to Nahoum as quick as could be, eh? He likes funny stories, same as you—damn nice funny little stories, eh?"

There was something chilly in Lacey's voice now which Higli did not like; something much too menacing and contemptuous for a mere man-of-all-work to the Inglesi. Higli bridled up, though he did not look Lacey in the face. His eyes glared sulkily.

"It is but my own business if I laugh or if I curse, effendi," he replied, his hand shaking a little on the stem of the narghile.

"Precisely, my diaphanous polyandrist; but it isn't quite your own affair what you laugh at—not if I know it!"

"Does the effendi think I was laughing at him?"

"The effendi thinks not. The effendi knows that the descendant of a hundred tigers was laughing at the funny little story of how the three cotton-mills that Claridge Pasha built were burned down all in one night, and one of his steamers sent down the cataract at Assiout. A knock-down blow for Claridge Pasha, eh? That's all you thought of, wasn't it? And it doesn't matter to you that the cotton-mills made thousands better off and started new industries in Egypt. No, it only matters to you that Claridge

Pasha loses half his fortune, and that you think his feet are in the quicksands, and 'll be sucked in, to make an Egyptian holiday! Anything to discredit him here, eh? I'm not sure what else you know; but I'll find out, my noble Pasha, and if you've had your hand in it—but no, you ain't game-cock enough for that! But if you were—if you had a hand in the making of that funny little story, there's a nutcracker in Egypt that 'd break the shell of that joke—"

He turned round quickly, seeing a shadow and hearing a movement. Nahoum was but a few feet away. He had come silently on them, and had heard something of what Lacey had said. There was a bland smile on his face, a look of innocence in his magnificent blue eye. As he met Lacey's look, the smile left his lips, and a grave sympathy appeared to possess them.

"I know the thing that burns thy heart, effendi, to whom be the flowers of hope and the fruits of merit. It is even so—a great blow has fallen. Two hours since I heard. I went at once to see his excellency Claridge Pasha, but found him not. Does he know, think you?" he added sadly.

"May your heart never be harder than it is now, Pasha, and when I left Claridge Pasha, an hour ago, he did not know—his messenger hadn't a steamer like Higli Pasha there. But he was coming to see you; and that's why I'm here. I've been brushing the flies off the sore on the hump of Egypt while waiting—" he glanced with disdain at Higli Pasha.

A smile rose like liquid in the eye of Nahoum and subsided, then he turned to Higli Pasha inquiringly.

"I have come on business, excellency, the railway to Rosetta, and—"

"To-morrow—or the next day," said Nahoum irritably to Higli, and turned again to Lacey.

As Higli's huge frame disappeared through a gateway, Nahoum motioned Lacey to a divan, and summoned a slave for cooling drinks and narghiles. Lacey's eyes now watched him with an innocence nearly as childlike as his own. Lacey well knew that here was a foe worthy of the best steel. That he was a foe and



a malignant foe he had no doubt whatever; he had settled the point in his mind long ago; and two letters he had received from Lady Eglington, in which she had said in so many words, "*Watch Nahoum*," had made him vigilant and intuitive. He knew, meanwhile, that he was following the trail of a master hunter who covered up his tracks. But if Nahoum the treacherous was inspired by one deep purpose only, so also was Lacey, in whose veins was the hereditary astuteness, not to say cunning, of those hunters who, in another continent, drove the red man west and yet ever farther west, a handful against hordes. Lacey was as certain as though he had the book of Nahoum's mind open to his hand that David's work had been torn down again—and this time with dire effect—by this Armenian, whom David had trusted like a brother, and would listen to no suggestion of Nahoum's treachery; he would never believe until there was the most irrefragable proof—and proof was a hard thing to capture when Mizraim and Nahoum were hiding it away. But the black doors that closed on the truth on every side only made Lacey more determined to unlock them; and when he faltered as to his own powers, he trusted Mohammed Hassan, whose devotion to David had given him eyes that pierced dark places—all save those in which Nahoum was closeted in David's confidence. While David believed in Nahoum the task seemed hopeless enough; but the two worked on.

"Surely the God of Israel has smitten Claridge Pasha sorely—my heart will mourn to look upon his face. The day is insulting in its brightness," continued Nahoum, with a sigh, his eyes bent upon Lacey, dejection in his shoulders.

Lacey started. "*The God of Israel!*" How blasphemous it sounded from the lips of Nahoum Pasha, Oriental of Orientals, Christian though he was also!

"I think, perhaps, you'll get over it, Pasha. Man is born to trouble, and you've got a lot of courage. I guess you could see other people bear a pile of suffering and never flinch!"

Nahoum appeared not to notice the gibe. "It is a land of suffering, effendi," he sighed, "and one sees what one sees."

"Have you got any idea, any real sensible idea, how those cotton-mills got afire?" His eyes were fixed on Nahoum's face.

The other met his gaze calmly. "Who can tell! An accident, perhaps, or—"

"Or some one set the mills on fire in several places at once—they say the buildings flamed out in every corner; and it was the only time they hadn't been running night and day in a month—funny, isn't it?"

"It looks like the work of an enemy, effendi." Nahoum shook his head gravely. "A fortune destroyed in an hour, as it were. But we shall get the dog—we shall find him. There is no hole deep enough to hide him from us."

"Oh, I wouldn't go looking in holes for him, Pasha. He isn't any cave-dweller, that incendiary; he's an artist—no palace is too unlikely for him. He deals in big things, that firebug does. No, I wouldn't go poking in mud huts to find him."

"Thou dost not think that Higli Pasha—" Nahoum seemed startled out of equanimity by the thought.

Lacey eyed him meditatively, and said reflectively: "Say, you're an artist, Pasha. You are a guesser of the first rank. But I'd guess again. Higli Pasha would have done it, if it had ever occurred to him; and he'd had the pluck. But it didn't and he hadn't. What I can't understand is that the artist that did it should have done it before Claridge Pasha left for the Soudan. Here we were just about to start; and if we'd got away south, the job would have done more harm, and Claridge Pasha would have been out of the way. Now he'll stay, perhaps. I suppose he'll have to stay, for those cotton-mills were helping to pay for this expedition. No, I can't understand why the firebug didn't let Claridge Pasha get clean away; for if he stays here, he'll be where he can strike, where he can stop the underground mining!"

Nahoum's self-control did not desert him, though he fully realized that this man suspected him. On the surface Lacey was right. It would have seemed better to let David go, and destroy his work afterwards; but he had been moved by other considerations, and his design

was deep. His own emissaries were in the Soudan, announcing David's determination to abolish slavery, secretly stirring up feeling among the tribes against him, preparing for the final blow to be delivered, when he went again among the southern tribes. He had waited and waited, and now the time was come. Had he, Nahoum, not agreed with David that the time had come for the slave-trade to go? Had he not encouraged him to take this bold step, in the sure belief that it would overwhelm him, bring him an ignominious death, embittered by total failure of all he had tried to do?

For years he had secretly loosened the foundations of his work, and the triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilization and integrity was sweet in his mouth. And now there was reason to believe that, at last, Kaïd was turning against the Inglesi. Everything would come at once. If all that he had planned was successful, this man before him would aid in his master's destruction in spite of suspicion which must be overcome.

"If it was all done by an enemy," he said, in answer to Lacey, at last, "would it all be reasoned out like that? Is hatred so logical? Dost thou think Claridge Pasha will not go now? The troops are ready at Wady-Halfa, everything is in order—the last load of equipment went days ago. Will not Claridge Pasha find the money somehow? I will do what I can. My heart is moved to aid him?"

"Yes, you'd do what you could, Pasha," Lacey rejoined enigmatically, "but whether it would set Claridge Pasha on his expedition or not is a question. But I guess, after all, he's got to go. He willed it so, and he does what he wants to every time. People may try to stop him, and they may tear down what he does, but he does at last what he starts to do, and no one can prevent him—not any one. Yes, he's going on this expedition; and he'll have the money, too." There was a strange far-away look in his face, as though he saw something which held him fascinated.

Presently, as if with an effort, he rose to his feet, took the red fez from his

head, and fanned himself with it for a moment. "Don't you forget it, Pasha; Claridge Pasha will win, and he can't be beaten, not in a thousand years. . . . Here he comes."

Nahoum Pasha got to his feet as David came quickly through the small gateway of the courtyard, his head erect, his lips smiling, his eyes sweeping the courtyard. He saw Nahoum and Lacey, and came forward briskly to them. It was plain he had not heard the bad news from Assiout and elsewhere.

"Peace be to thee, excellency," said Nahoum, "and may thy life be fenced about with safety!"

"And to thee, peace, Nahoum."

David laid a hand on Lacey's arm and squeezed it, smiling at him with such confidence and affection that Lacey's eyes moistened, and he turned his head away. No, Claridge Pasha had not heard!

There was a quiet elation in David's look. "We are ready at last," he said, looking from one to the other. "Well, well," he added, almost boyishly, "has thee nothing to say, Nahoum?"

Nahoum turned his head away as though overcome. David's face grew instantly grave. He turned to Lacey. Never before had he seen Lacey's face with a look like this. He grasped Lacey's arm. "What is it?" he asked quietly. "What does thee want to say to me?"

But Lacey could not speak, and David turned again to Nahoum. "What is there to say to me?" he asked. "Something has happened—what is it? . . . Come, many things have happened before. This can be no worse. Do thee speak," he urged gently.

"Excellency," said Nahoum, as though under the stress of feeling, "the cotton-mills at Tashah and Mini and Faydoun are gone—burned to the ground."

For a moment David looked at him without sight in his eyes, and his face grew very pale. "Excellency, all in one night, the besom of destruction was abroad," he heard Nahoum say, as though from great depths below him. He slowly turned his head to look at Lacey. "Is this true?" he asked at last in an unsteady voice. Lacey could not speak, but inclined his head.

David's figure seemed to shrink for a moment, his face had a withered look, and his head fell forward in a mood of terrible dejection.

"Pasha, Pasha! Oh, my God, Pasha, don't take it so!" said Lacey softly, and stepped between David and Nahoum. He could not bear that the stricken face and figure should be seen by Nahoum, whom he believed to be secretly gloating. "Pasha," he said brokenly, "God's always been with you; He hasn't forgotten you now."

"The work of years," David said, and seemed not to hear.

"When God permits, shall man despair, excellency?" said Nahoum, in a voice that lingered almost caressingly on the words.

Nahoum accomplished what Lacey had failed to do. His voice had pierced to some remote corner in David's nature, and roused him. Was it that doubt, suspicion, had been awakened at last? Was some sensitive nerve touched, that this Oriental should offer Christian comfort to him in his need—to him who had been the greater light? Or was it that some unreality in the voice, in the words, struck a note of warning scarcely comprehended, but exciting a new and subconscious understanding? Perhaps it was a little of all three. He did not stop to inquire. In crises such as that through which he was passing, the mind and body act without reason, rather by the primal instinct, the certain call of the things that were before reason was.

"God is with the patient," continued Nahoum; and Lacey set his teeth to bear this insult.

But Nahoum accomplished what he had not anticipated. David straightened himself up and clasped his hands behind him. By a supreme effort of the will he controlled himself, and the color came back faintly to his face. "God's will be done," he said, and looked Nahoum calmly in the eyes. "It was no accident," he added, with conviction. "It was an enemy of Egypt."

Suddenly the thing rushed over him again, going through his veins like a poisonous ether, and clamping his heart as with iron. "All to do over again," he said brokenly, and again he caught Lacey's arm.

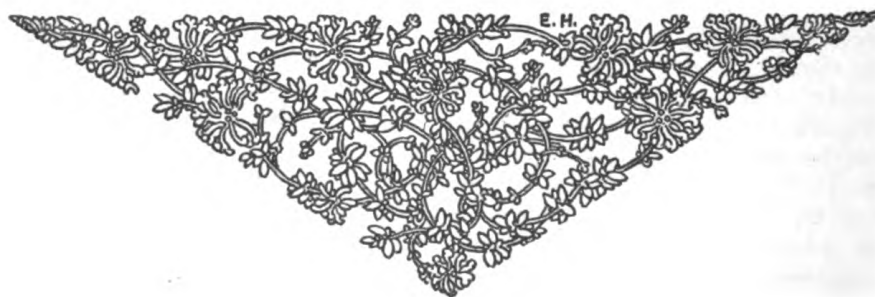
With an uncontrollable impulse Lacey took David's hand in his own warm, human grasp.

"Once I thought I lost everything in Mexico, Pasha, and I understand what you feel. But all wasn't lost in Mexico, as I found at last, and I got something, too, that I didn't put in. Say, let us go from here. God is backing you, Pasha. Isn't it all right—same as ever?"

David was himself again. "Thee is a good man," he said, and through the sadness of his eyes there stole a smile. "Let us go," he said; then added in a businesslike way, "To-morrow, at the Effendina's Palace at seven, Nahoum. There is much to do." He turned towards the gate with Lacey, where the horses waited.

"At last I have drawn blood," said Nahoum to himself, with grim satisfaction, as they disappeared. "It is the beginning of the end. It will crush him—I saw it in his eyes. God of Israel, I shall rule again in Egypt!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# A Failure

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE wedding was over and the last of the guests had gone. Mrs. Melvin had been afraid that some one would insist on remaining. The older married daughters had, indeed, objected that she must not be left alone—that one of them would stay for the night at least, and one or two of the children. But Mrs. Melvin had put them firmly aside.

"There is not the least need. I have your father; and the servants are excellent. It will seem good to have the house quiet for a little," she had added.

So they had all gone; and the house was left to the strange stillness that follows on a birth, or a death, or a wedding.

In some distant room the host, in shining shoes, was pottering about, turning out the extra lights and looking, a little wistfully, at the banks of flowers and ferns and trailing vines. He would have been glad to have some one in the house to bridge over the silence. But for once he had not been consulted.

"I prefer that they should go," his wife had said, when he had suggested mildly that some one might like to stay with them.

He had looked at her a little doubtfully, but he had not urged the point. Mary had never spoken to him in just that tone before; it was courteous and gracious, as always, but it was final. She was probably tired with the fuss of the wedding. It was right that she should have her way. His thought ran back over the twenty-eight years of their married life. He could not remember that she had ever crossed him in a wish. . . . He had come to the library door and stood looking in with a smile. The floral arch was still in place, where Tottie had stood—his little Tottie. She was the last of the children. It seemed only yesterday that he was carrying her up to bed on his shoulder—and now she was married. He fumbled for his glasses and

looked about for the daily paper. It was not in its accustomed place. But he found an old one and sat down by the library table, rubbing the glasses.

Out in the dining-room Mrs. Melvin had disposed of the remnants of the feast. The broken bits had been set aside for charity; and untouched loaves and fishes were being removed one by one, the servants carrying out her commands with noiseless feet, while she herself attended to the flowers, taking them from their places and snipping each stem before she placed it in the huge pan of water that had been brought in and set on the floor.

As she bent over the flowering things, the lines of her figure, supple and strong, and her face full of clear light, shed a girlishness about her. There was a kind of lightness in it—something set apart, untouched, rarely seen in a woman whose life has been lived. Only the line of the mouth contradicted the clear face and the eyes. As the blunt-pointed scissors came together on the heavy stems the line of the mouth deepened a little, each time, to a kind of firmness—edged with hardness.

She could afford to be hard now. The goal was in sight. She had waited for it through slow-moving years—the goal that a woman may achieve only by waiting, folding the hands over quick heart-beats.

Her mind ran back through the years as she massed the flowers, tossing aside, and snipping, and setting them upright in the fragrant pan. . . . She had been only eighteen when she married—just the age of Theodora to-day. But Theodora's life would be very different from hers. She had taken care for that. The child's husband would be her master. He was only twenty-five, but he was a man—born to lead men and to master women. Theodora would have a happy life—and she was the last one. They were all mar-

ried now, and married rather well. Mrs. Melvin lifted her face with a little sigh of relief. She glanced about the dismantled room with a look of satisfaction. It was almost finished—the life that had smothered her and held her for twenty-eight years. . . . *She* had married a boy—twenty-three years old, but none the less a boy. She had married his blond face and waving hair and tall, lithe limbs. He had been a god to her—a Viking. . . . The servants had left the room; and she was alone, gazing into the mass of flowers. Her hands had fallen in her lap and the scissors were idle. She was looking into the face of the man she had married . . . so long ago.

She came back from her dream with a little shudder—as she had come back that first night when he had been brought home to her in a drunken stupor, limp and helpless, the even teeth and pink tongue gleaming from behind loose-parted lips. She felt again the quick blush of shame, the shrinking fingers and startled face and swift pain of the girl-wife. . . . She rose to her feet, shrugging her shoulders a little and brushing the bits of stem from her lap. She must finish her work. . . . No one had guessed what she had suffered that first night, and the next time it had happened—and the next. Her will had mastered his at last. It had not been easy. But it had been done, and now it was over—and the best years of her life. . . . The lips grew hard again as she bent above the roses, setting them in place.

Not even John Melvin himself had guessed the fierce shrinking of the girl and the swift rebound that had mastered him at last. He had drunk the wine that was served every day on his table. He had sipped it with cool, loose lip, looking over the rim of his glass into the clear eyes of his wife. He had chosen her because of her beauty and a kind of charm that he could not define, and her beauty had not failed him, nor her charm.

He was thinking of it now as he sat in the library dozing over the paper.—How well she had looked to-day! . . . She should have an easier life now that the children were married. They would go abroad together, he and she—as soon as his term expired. . . . He had not want-

ed the mayorship, but Mary had insisted. He had taken it really to please her. She was always so proud of his holding office of any kind. It was the one foolish thing about Mary. He dwelt on the thought lovingly. . . . Where was she? She would be tired out. He glanced up at the clock a little fretfully. She ought to have stopped long ago. But it was not easy to stop Mary. He smiled tolerantly and took up his paper again.

Out in the dismantled room the woman was looking about her slowly, taking a last inventory. It was ready now for breakfast. The servants had only to carry the pan of roses to the cellar and sweep up the litter her scissors had made. She gave the final directions and passed into another room. The mass of flowers and heavy sweetness oppressed her. She still held the scissors in her hand, but she turned out the lights and passed hastily on. To-morrow let them be bundled out and burned. Let them wither on their stems where they stood. Her work was done. To-morrow life would begin.

She had reached the door of the library. John Melvin, looking up from his paper with a smile, saw her standing there. He may have been reading or he may have been only dozing between the lines. But his face lighted up swiftly when he saw her.

"All through?" He asked it casually and kindly.

"All through." She stood sombrely by the table, her hand resting lightly on its shining surface.

He continued to look at her, his face filled with admiration. Then he took off his glasses and blew his nose gently.

"*You* are not old," he said, proudly.

"I do not feel old." She waited a minute for the right words to come. After all, she did not want to hurt him. He was only a fool. He had not meant to ruin the best years of her life.

"I want my share of the property." She said it baldly. The words escaped her without volition.

He stared at her a second. Then he looked away. "It is all yours," he said, after a minute.

"I know. But I want it divided."

He was looking down now at his paper. "What do you mean?" He spoke the words very low.



"I mean that I want a chance to live—my own life." The words were full of repressed force. "I have lived yours—twenty-eight years."

"You want more money? You shall have it—all you need—or want." The words came slowly. He did not look up. His hands were fumbling a little at the paper on his knees.

"I want half the property."

He looked up now—startled. "What—what for?" he demanded.

"That is my affair. I want it—I need it," she added, more gently.

"I can't give it to you." His lips came together almost firmly beneath the gray mustache.

"Yes, you can give it to me." Her attitude had changed subtly. Once more she must possess his will with hers—once more. . . . She had thought to be free without it—to compel him in freedom. But the habit of years held them. "You can give it," she repeated, quietly, "for you will not have me to support. I am going away."

He looked up helplessly. "When are you coming back?" he asked. His will was hers. But far back in the recesses something was struggling.

"Never."

The clock across the room ticked the sound and masses of flowers weighted with sweetness spread it about them.

The man sat with his head a little bowed. "Are you going to live—with the children?" he asked. The words groped their way through a kind of darkness. "I don't seem to understand, Mary." It was almost a cry.

"You don't need to understand." She barely heard him—so bent was she on freedom. "I shall not live with the children. I may visit them—sometimes. But I want to go away—by myself. To live my life, clean and free—" She broke off suddenly. "Never mind the reasons. Let me go."

"You shall not go." He got suddenly to his feet, confronting her.

"Oh yes, I shall go." Her quiet eyes met his. "I shall go because you will want me to—when I tell you."

He paused irresolute, his eyes seeking hers in disbelief.

"I am going because I must." The words came clear and distinct. "For

years I have borne your soul—Soul?" She laughed a little. "Bah!" Her finger-tips spread themselves a little. "I hate you, I tell you. Now will you let me go!"

The man's hand groped for the chair behind him. He sat down, wiping the moisture from his forehead. He seemed suddenly shrivelled. His clothes hung loosely on him and his shoulders bent themselves like those of an old man. He did not lift his gaze to the woman standing above him, towering and straight. He seemed hardly to know that she was there. His lips mumbled a little and trembled to silence.

She waited a minute. Then she went across the room and lighted a candle. For twenty-eight years she had lighted his bedroom candle for him. She placed it in the nerveless fingers. "Go to bed," she said, gently.

He got to his feet and shuffled from the room—slowly still, like an old man. At the door he turned a little. "Why, Mary! Mary!"

She did not turn nor look at him, and he went into the hall.

When the door had closed, she lifted her head a little and drew a deep breath. Then she raised her folded hands high above her head and stretched them wide in a gesture of freedom.

They fell to her sides, and she stood very still, gazing at something—with wide, intent eyes. . . . It was a vision that was often with her—a vision of the world—of men and women—like a very busy community of very black ants hurrying hither and thither—their black legs alive with importance—eating and drinking and sleeping; sometimes they laughed, sometimes they cried, but more often they hurried. One ant she seemed to see oftener than others—a female ant with long hair that it did up, standing in front of the mirror and coiling it anxiously about its round, black head, peering in the glass for wrinkles. Sometimes this ant grew sad and seated herself to weep, digging her long black feelers into her unhappy eyes. When this occurred, the woman, looking on, invariably laughed.

She laughed now, a dry, trembling laugh, as she lighted her bedroom candle.



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hetchcock*

HE SEEMED SUDDENLY SHRIVELLED

In the morning John Melvin was early in his place at table. He had been there for five minutes, reading his paper fitfully and glancing toward the door. The hand that held the paper trembled a little, and the face, beneath its look of alertness, was gray and worn. When the handle of the door turned, his face cleared a little, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the youthful figure and fresh, clear face . . . she was his wife—and a mighty fine woman, too. She had been tired last night, and had said more than she meant. But he had something that would make things all right. He patted the pocket-book that lay beside his plate as he said good morning.

She responded absently. Her attention was preoccupied. She had hoped to get away to-day. But there were many details to be attended to. She might have to stay over another night.

"Mary!" He had cleared his throat a little, huskily.

"Yes?" She had made a memorandum on a slip of paper at her side. "Yes?" She did not look up. She was considering the question of the winter blankets—whether it was too early to send them to the cleaner.

"I wanted to give you this." He held out the blue slip of paper.

She took it in absent fingers.

He closed his purse with a little of the old air of importance. "I shall give you the same every quarter," he said.

She looked down at it, and a clear color came into her face—the flush of swift anger.

She waited a minute. Then she spoke, in even tones. "I shall not speak of this again. I do not want your quarterly check—like a pensioner. I want my rightful share of the property. There is enough for us both. Do you suppose that I do not know?" She laughed a little bitterly. "You will see Mr. Adams to-day and make assignments. If you need to consult me, I shall be in my room."

Something in his face as she handed him back the check stayed her hand for a minute. It was like the look in the face of her oldest boy, Harold, once when she had misjudged him. She had never forgotten the look. The boy had worshipped her, and in trying to please her had

blundered. . . . She had never thought that the boy looked like his father. The children were not like him. . . . But something in the look stayed her hand a minute—something that was not asking for itself. . . . She remembered how the boy had told her, with sobs, that he couldn't bear to have her seem so wrong. . . . She brushed away the cobweb of thought.

Later, when John came to tell her that Adams would not be able to attend to things until to-morrow, she merely nodded absently. She had found so many things to be done that she would not be able to get off in any case.

She did not notice that John had not gone to the office. She had dropped the thought of him. The burden that had rested on her for twenty-eight years had fallen from her. She moved, a free being, in a kind of misty vacuum. Nothing could touch her now. The little black ants had scattered and fled. She folded blankets and cleaned cupboards in a haze of rosy light. A third of her life was left her. She would live it gloriously.

When the lawyer came, the next day, she was still busy with the bedding and linen and silver. Summoned to the library, she came down hastily, without removing the white cap that she had put on to protect her hair.

The lawyer glanced more than once from the clear, fresh face under its white border to that of the man on the opposite side of the table. The man's face seemed to have suddenly grown old. But there was something else in it—something that puzzled the lawyer incongruously—a kind of empty look of youth. . . . The legal, impartial gaze scanned it anew. . . . Ah, that was it—the very look! It was John Melvin, twenty-five years ago—or was it thirty? . . . The lawyer's pen was racing fast over the paper, but not swifter than his mind over the past. He ought to know—if any one—how John Melvin had looked. They had been rivals for the hand of the same woman, and Melvin had won. The lawyer's gaze sought again the face in the white cap. He had never understood it. . . . John Melvin was weak. He had always been weak. Yet somehow he had always won out. And now he was sitting across his library table,

making over to his wife the half of a fortune that any one might be proud to own. It was natural that he should wish to give it to her now, in this way, rather than trust the chances of a will. . . . They had always been strangely equal—this man and woman—more like comrades than married people. The lawyer's keen mind recognized it grudgingly, even while he failed to account for it. He had looked for failure when they were married, for a gradual falling apart. He had known John Melvin through and through, and he knew Mary Parkman. He had not believed that they could live together in harmony a single year; and he had watched with puzzled eyes the transformation of the man, the serene, untroubled life of the woman. Of late years he had given over thinking of it. He himself had married. He had plenty of problems of his own, and children. But this morning as he sat in the home-like room, asking the crisp, legal questions and writing swiftly, it all came back to him with puzzling freshness. The intervening years were wiped away as he looked into John Melvin's face—weak and old, with something of the boy in it. The lawyer finished his papers and handed them across for signature. The two servants came in, with stiff, respectful fingers, to witness the deeds, and the transaction was over.

The lawyer followed the mistress of the house into the hall, standing for a minute in the outer door to look into the pleasant yard.

Then he turned back a little. "John is not ill?" It was a question of curiosity, yet prompted somehow by something deeper beneath it.

"John?" She paused for a minute with one hand on the balustrade, looking down at him. "No, he is not ill—only tired, I suppose—from the wedding—like the rest of us." She laughed lightly.

"You are not tired!" He was looking up at her, the puzzled look still in his eyes. "You are your own daughter!" he declared.

She smiled beneath the white border of the cap—a smile that startled him, so luminous was it, and clear and care free. "*I am* young," she said. "I mean never to grow old."

"You never will," he replied, lifting his hat as he left her.

She went slowly up the stairs, the little smile still on her lips.

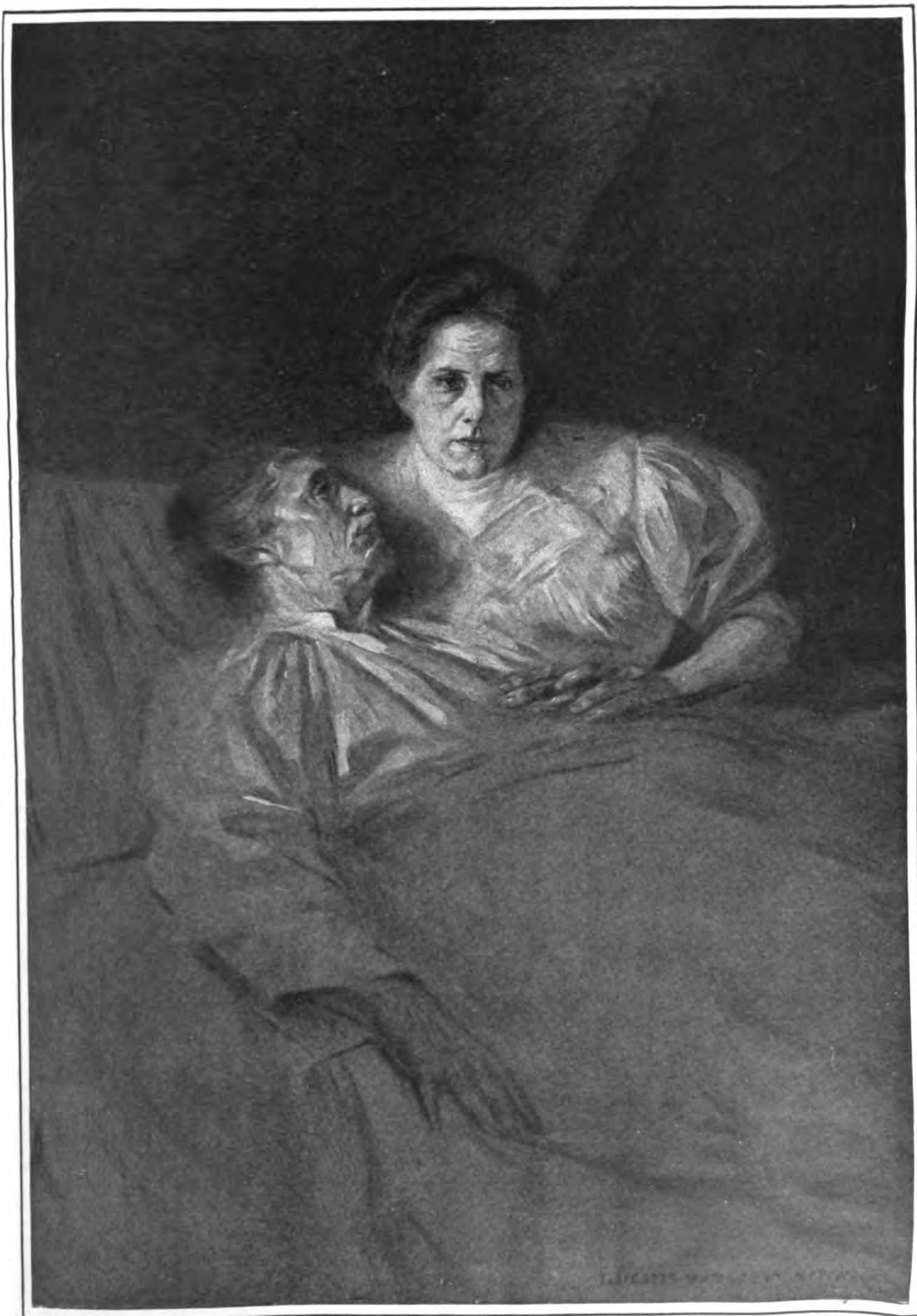
In the library the old man with the boy's face fumbled with the papers, gathering them up in trembling hands and putting them away in the table drawer. He turned the key in the lock slowly. Then he walked vaguely out into the yard toward the spring sunshine. The air had the keen freshness of early May, and he shivered a little as he walked. Now and then stopped to look at the new buds that were opening to the light.

She had ignored the lawyer's question, but it came back to her now and then as she worked. She had her meals brought to her up-stairs to save time, and she did not see her husband's face again, but the lawyer's question brought it to her—haggard and a little bewildered. . . . Of course he would mind. She had expected that. She could not help its being a shock. She had borne shocks—a long time. It was his turn now. Her face hardened a little. . . . There should be no scandal. She would manage that—as she had always managed. There were a few calls she must make to explain her going. Every one would understand that she needed rest. She was going away for a little while. The servants understood that she would return. It would be easy, later, to delay the return, from time to time. Yes, there would be problems. But they would be easy compared with those she had faced so long.

She stretched her arms in a free gesture and went to change her dress for calling. Before she went out she gave instructions for dinner. She would take it in the dining-room as usual. . . . She could endure his presence another hour. The trunks were packed, her house in order. In the morning she would be free—forever. To-night she would serve the last hour of bondage.

But she was not called on to perform it. A message came from her husband. He hoped she would excuse him. He was not feeling well. It was nothing serious—a little indisposition. She was not to worry. . . . She ate her dinner alone. When it was finished she ascend-





*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

"I AM GLAD YOU WILL BE FREE—MARY"



ed the stairs, pausing a minute, irresolute, at the top. Then she went on to her own room. She slept soundly all night—a dreamless sleep.

In the morning the master of the house was still absent. She hesitated a minute before she rapped on his door with quick, decided touch. When she opened it and went in, he was lying huddled forward, a look of vacant stupor on his face.

She shivered a little as she bent over him. Her hand touched his forehead and travelled to his wrist. She waited a minute, with bent head, before she straightened herself and rang the bell.

When the doctor arrived she had exchanged her travelling-dress for a white one, and her hair was coiled close about her head.

The doctor examined the patient with grave care. "A shock of some kind—trouble with the brain." He was trying to shield the wife from the worst.

But she refused to be put off. "He is very ill?" she said, quietly.

"Perhaps— Yes. It is not always easy to tell—at once. Better get a nurse—"

"Not yet. I can take care of him for a while." She turned on him suddenly. "Tell me just how he is."

His eye dropped to the vacant face before them. "There is as much hope there as you see. Look."

The house settled down to the quiet that surrounds a sick-room. Bells were muffled and voices hushed. In a distant room, Mary Melvin's trunks were unstrapped and unpacked and their contents noiselessly returned to closets and bureau drawers. Her freedom was delayed a little, while she sat by the bed listening to quick, irregular breaths that came through loose lips—one, two, three—one, two, three—one, two, three—and then the long-drawn shivering sigh—and one, two, three—one, two, three—again and again. The rhythm beat itself into her brain.

She sat there watching her freedom being delayed a little. She had the hope that she saw in her husband's face. No more. She could not have told what its dull stare said to her. Nor whether she wished him to live. Had she been asked, she would have said that there was no

hope for him or for her. They had had their life and this was the end—to be bound together forever in torment—unable even to die. Yet she would not leave her place, day or night. She waited for something. She could not have told what.

Yet when it came it was so quiet that it was like waking from a long sleep. His eyes opened and looked out at her—from a far place—the eyes that the girl had known. Slowly the loose lips moved themselves.

"I am glad you will be free—Mary."

She leaned forward, holding her breath, but there was no sound. The face, like a mask, had resumed its vacant hold. The eyes had closed again.

Yet something had passed from them to her. She straightened herself with a little cry and stood up, the tears running down her face unheeded. She stretched out her hands, groping vaguely. Then they fell to her sides, and she stood very still, listening. . . . The beat of the breath had changed. Yes, it was swifter now—and fainter—and halting a little in the sigh that came—slowly—at the last.

She rang a bell and gave quick directions. The fight had begun. She bent to it all the force of her will. He should not die. He should come back from the far place—the man who had won her. Her soul and her will were his. He should *not* die.

And all the time, while the fight went on, hordes of tiny gnomes carrying heavy burdens climbed the steep hill of her vision, struggling to the top, panting, eager, hard pressed,—their tiny bodies strained against the load, their patient, grotesque faces lifted to the light,—striving against odds, but always striving.

She stood by the doctor, listening to his final words; and the doctor as he looked into her face was struck anew with its beauty. He had always thought Mrs. Melvin a beautiful woman; a little cold, perhaps, and self-centred, but beautiful—like a statue—some German Madonna. But now she was different. The face was alight—something trembled in it, like the color of a flower in spring or the passing of the wind over the grass; something swaying and fine and deep; something— . . . No. . . . The doctor could not tell. He was not a poet. But he

knew, looking into Mary Melvin's face to-night, that he would give a great deal to help her through. He had seen death held at bay before, but never like this. The light in the woman's face would not quench, and the face on the pillow was turned to it blank and untouched.

Only the quick breathing from the lips broke the quiet of the room.

"I can stay," said the doctor, slowly, "if you would like me to?"

She shook her head. A fitting paleness had crossed the lips. "It is to-night?" The words were almost a whisper. But the color had come back to her face.

"Would you like me to stay?" answered the doctor.

"No—no. You could not help?" quickly.

"Only to be here."

"No, do not stay." She laid her hand on his arm, motioning him toward the door. "Do not stay. I think I would rather be alone."

Slowly the night wore itself out. The long minutes shaped themselves, out of time, and laid themselves on her heart, with their burden of mystery and light. . . . How she had missed it all—the meaning of it! Life was love—and love. Love. The dark minutes filled the word from their cup . . . and she had cast it aside—blind and righteous! Blind, blind! The face on the pillow had turned a little. She bent above it, looking at it long . . . Ah, he had known—stupid, blundering boy. He had held it always. Love—for her, for the children, for every

one. He had known it—and she had lost. But now she knew. He had waited to give it to her—when his heart broke. . . . She fell on her knees by the bed.

Slowly the morning came upon the hills. The face on the pillow had grown subtly quiet. The lines relaxed, and into the mask of stupor crept a faint light that flickered and paled—and fluttered. A sigh that was scarcely a breath escaped the open lips. They closed gently in a deeper breath as a child stirs in sleep.

Mary Melvin raised her head with quick, questioning glance. Then she crept closer, on her knees, till her face touched the quiet cheek. It turned to her—the shadow of a breath—and the quiet, even breathing went on—like the faintest music that might come at sunrise, out of the deep night, the turn of the tide, the freshness of life—flowing in. . . . When she lifted her face it was wet with tears—half blinded, she gazed at the sleeping face. Then she rose from her knees and groped to the window, rolling up the heavy shade and letting in the day.

In the east the sky was red, and along the road beyond the wall two laborers, with bowed backs and heavy hands and feet, were going to their work. They walked with clumsy, swinging gait, their great dinner-pails dangling from their hands, and the light of the east in their faces. Somewhere below, in the shrubbery, a bird broke into singing, and in the room behind her the lightest breath came and went, like a child in sleep.

## Experience

BY LUCINE FINCH

I WAS young. I prayed to the gods above.  
Prayed and struggled and lost my prayer.  
And I beat my breast and cursed and raved.  
I was young. I thought that the gods were there.

I am old. I commune with the gods within.  
Listen and learn and have no fear.  
And the sunlight's good and the hills are fair.  
I am old. I know that the gods are here.

# A Night with the Butterflies

BY JENNIE BROOKS

A BUTTERFLY flew into the garden, danced a stately minuet mid-air, curtsied, and settled atilt the top rail of the old "snake fence." A second butterfly flew into the garden, a third, a fourth, a fifth,—nine, ten, eleven slowly drifted above the alfalfa, imitating almost to a curve the gyrations of the first-comer, as if the word had been passed, "Come! haste to the dance!" Following their leader, the butterflies dropped to the fence-rail, huddling themselves together in an odd little bunch of folding and unfolding yellow wings.

Arms on the fence-rail, I studied the butterflies. Suddenly a group of ten or a dozen more sailed lightly by, and, as if mesmerized, those on the fence rose and followed. Into the orchard, out again above the sun-smitten field and across the lawn to a cluster of trees, threading their way with utmost security as to their gauzy garments in and out among the branches of a dark-green spruce-tree, coming to rest on an outer ring of twigs. In a breath appeared a horde of butterflies coming from the north straight across a wide pasture, settling in the circle of trees, adding a sumptuous touch to the green and gold—for the time was mid-September, and elms and maples were flaring torches.

I had been only three days in Kansas, and, lo! a migration of butterflies.

To witness a migration of this Milkweed Butterfly is, I learn, a rare privilege, for it is our only species in America that *does* migrate, and honored were we in its royal progress, bound for the Carolinas or the Gulf States. A rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort of crowd they seemed.

An amazing and interesting spectacle we found these frail, airy voyagers on that sunny afternoon when, by four of the clock (that strikes all the time unless its gong is tenderly wrapped in cotton batting), they drifted to us in hun-

dreds, like autumn leaves loosed from their moorings afloat on summer winds.

As swallows soaring, curving, dropping into the chimney depths at twilight, thus the butterflies rose and fell, rose and circled higher—higher, up to the very tree-tops; then came tumbling back among the leaves, settling and unsettling themselves fussily, airily, noiselessly, as though a mere contact with a branch made them recoil; if not just the right place,—up and away, slowly and with dignity; their selection was daintily made.

Bewildered, I turned from tree to tree,—elm, maple, spruce, pine,—all hung and fringed about in the lower branches with hundreds of these gorgeous butterflies. On the elms and maples they only accentuated the golden glow, but in among the prickly pine-needles and the sharp little spruce points they stood out clearly distinct, a magic flowering, of shape exquisite. Flutter and fly and readjust themselves, from four o'clock in the afternoon until after six, when, from somnolence, or in forethought of the next day's journeying, most of this wondrous swarm stood or hung immovably on all available twigs.

In flight, these wanderers seemed bent on nothing more purposeful than merry-making, indolent drifting in ease, dreaming of dainty young milkweed shoots and of warmer airs, rising as if by common impulse, floating high, and sifting like thistle-down back to their resting places.

On the twigs they strung themselves like beads, one upon another; or, rather, the comparison might well be made, they hung in bunches as droops the yellow laburnum, the purple wistaria, the fragrant locust blossom. Precisely like that they hung, bearing down by their weight all around the tree the fine fringe of the spruce, freighting it with Christmas gifts before the time of fruitage.

On one twig alone, measuring nine inches in length, with tiny side-springing branches, I counted nineteen butterflies, on another sixteen, on another eighteen. Though there were many more trees and abundance of room for many swarms of butterflies, the main idea seemed to be to cling close together, wings overlapping wings, in cascades innumerable.

The folded wings are of a pale buff, or pale orange, and I found them differing in shade. The open wings are of a deep orange, handsomely marked with black, a wide margin on the edge of both wings, with snow-white dots here and there, while all the delicate veinings of the wings are lacy outlined in black. A broad, oblique band of black adorns the "falcate" border of the front wings. This also is decorated with a double row of white spots. The body is black, and if Milord who sports the "black and orange" is the commonest of butterflies, he is also the most interesting, the most dashing and redoubtable member of the butterfly tribe. Wintering in the tropics is for him a season of hilarity, for in the spring he returns from his revels all tattered and torn, a very different *Anosia plexippus* from the one who sailed south clad in fine cloth of gold.

Whether or not somnolence, indifference to fate, or wing-weariness ruled the butterfly mind, I cannot tell, but I stood among the swarming thousands, at the very least count, and plucked them off, one by one, experimenting with them and setting them again on the twigs. They stood on two feet only, holding up, crookedly, the other two, and with the antennæ raised high. Originally, I am told, they rejoiced in six feet, but from disuse the two foremost ones gradually diminished in size and shrivelled up. I carefully examined the leaves and stems to which the insects clung, if perchance it might be food they were after; but no, they were not eating—merely meditating. There was nothing to eat. Later, I learned that in summer-time they eat a sufficient quantity to nourish their small bodies all winter, so in migration it matters not at all that the flowers are past and gone. The unfolded wings spread four or five inches, and when, here and there, bunch after bunch,

as in accord, folded and unfolded, the effect was fairylike to a degree.

Set upon my hand, this or that one would remain as I placed it for perhaps ten seconds. Another would, at the unloosing of its wings, flutter instantly upwards. I set them upon my dress, to which they clung rather longer than to my hand; but not any kind of experimenting greatly disturbed them. Going the rounds, I attempted to count them as far as I could reach, but gave it up when I had numbered something over three hundred, for they seemed always on the move, settling, rising, fluttering about, mixing themselves in mazy ways.

Their custom is to hang from beneath the branches, but on all the lower branches, three and four feet from the ground, they were clustered thickly on the upper side of the twigs, their wings erect.

Aloft, where the separate butterflies were scarcely distinguishable, innumerable clustering wings pointed above the twigs and leaves; others hung from the lower part of the same twigs, with wings pointing downward. Among the yellow leaves they were only an added blur of gold. Delicately poised on a single spine of the pine-needles, they were very beautiful,—erect, thoughtful, solemnly contemplative, luxuriously opening and shutting their filmy wings. Here and there one might be found solitary; but the occurrence was rare.

Among the butterflies there was constant uneasy motion until dusk drew its curtain round the camp. As moved by a common impulse, the army would flutter into the air, swaying purposely, lazily, as if for the pure joy of being wafted about by the breezes, and then come drifting down as a sunset cloud.

Their choice was never in close foliage of the branches or near the main body of the tree, but on each separate tree they clung to all the outer branches and the lowest branches, ring after ring around the tree.

On many of the opened wings, as I moved from tree to tree examining, I discerned a small black spot on the hind wings, learning later that it is the distinguishing mark of the male, and is really a pouch or pocket for the protection of the scent-scales, which, in the

time of a butterfly wooing, emit a peculiar odor. As birds vie in coloring in mating-time, so the butterflies vie in scent; and while there are many butterflies whose scent-scales give forth most pleasing perfume, the scent of the Milkweed Butterfly is strangely distasteful to birds and insects; hence its immunity from attack and its marvellous rate in multiplying. Oftentimes an inexperienced fledgling pounces upon one of these tempting-looking, flame-colored insects, but the butterfly quickly responds with a touch-me-not odor, and the disappointed baby lets him go. "Probably there are few nestlings that have not learned this lesson and gone through the same motions, and by repeated learnings through successive generations, it finally becomes an instinct"—to not try that game but once. The common blue butterfly, abundant at Wood's Hole, gives forth a faint perfume of new earth; the Didonis has a musky smell; another has the odor of violet; in the tiny white butterfly may be detected a smell of syringa blossom; and there is one that is said to have the fragrance of sandalwood.

As to the "mimicker" of this *Anosia plexippus*, suffice it to say, its peculiar immunity from attack has fostered the evolution of a smaller species, but quite distinct as to family, that is a perfect prototype.

One does not often have a military camp in one's front yard, and the visitation was too rare to be overlooked; so among my winged host I encamped for the night on the squirrel's bench, and the squirrel did not object, snugly asleep in his own house in a crotch of the elm.

The stars flooded the night with strange luminousness. Nine, ten, eleven,—no movement from the sleepers, if they were asleep. Meditatively erect, pondering many things, always in the same position I found them as I made my rounds, once in a while striking a match and studying the phenomenon with a sleepy wonder. If I picked off a butterfly, looked him carefully over, and set him on my hand, there he remained until I set him carefully back on the twig to finish out his nap. In doing this I always selected one who stood by himself, careful not to disturb his neighbors.

The night was cloudless and absolutely without wind—not the turning of a single leaf, and, undisturbed, that multitude of butterflies slept on, and on, and on, with wings tightly folded together.

Two o'clock, three. All alone am I, in a world asleep! An exhalation of the dying night sighs through the trees; a mysterious sense of brooding wings enfolds us; the hush ineffable that comes before dawn falls over all nature. Then the keenness of the stars begins to pale, the phosphorescence of the sky sinks before a wave of gray mistiness from the east. No twitter of birds announces day; but far away across the meadow a hazy curtain rolls up and backward on the sky, pushing off the faint stars to make pathway for the sun. Glows the horizon palest pinkish-saffron, strengthening in tint to orange, orange red, and rose, with long fingers of shining light reaching up and up to mid-heaven. Against this sea of color stands the forest, a network of black branches; long shafts of light peep beneath the dark shadows of the foliage, find room, and shoot across the fields of alfalfa in gleaming radiance. Day has come, and with its coming my butterflies bestir themselves. Like a myriad of infinitesimal fans, the orange wings wave to and fro—slowly, drowsily. The sunlight grows stronger, rises higher, and falls aslant the fringed trees. A miracle of the resurrection; for to what else is comparable this swift transformation? Not in slow uncertainty, as the butterfly bursts from the chrysalis, resting from the exertion until the crumpled wings expand and grow, fitting themselves for flight; but as if touched with a magic wand, this mighty colony is wafted into the air. The opening space among the surrounding trees is literally aflutter with fully two thousand wings; the air is alive with butterflies. Around and about, higher and higher and higher; then away sweeps this army of the air through highest tree-tops, to the south—to the south!

I follow farther into the grove above and through which they pass, and find here and there a swift awaking among other butterflies who have camped in my neighbor's trees; but so few are these, I would have given them but a glance had not my night's watching told me they were migrants.



And so, in a breath, they were gone. On their golden wings they carried with them my chance for Midas riches; for, later, in consultation with the ex-Chancellor of Kansas State University, I learned of a man in New York who would have given five cents apiece for a thousand specimens of the Milkweed Butterfly! "And I myself would have been glad of four hundred," said the Chancellor,—and I had brought him two! To have captured four hundred would have been easy.

Within a comparatively recent period, this wandering migrant has become imbued with a desire to extend his explorations, and has, on merchant ships, crossed the Pacific, reached Australia, and continued its loitering flight northward and westward until it has reached Java and Sumatra.

In its migration, it sometimes flies in flocks of millions, darkening the sky, and will be all day long passing overhead, as flocks of wild pigeons fly—or used to fly, as the kindly attention of "netters" has almost rendered them extinct.

The migration of these butterflies was to me a sight unique, and I astonished the biology authorities of the university by knocking at their doors at inconvenient seasons, demanding knowledge. I was received with enthusiasm and warm welcome, for these biology men were filled with joy that, outside of student circles, any one should care enough for a butterfly to sit up with it all night, and supplied me with numerous books. From the accumulated wisdom of naturalists I have learned the following.

This butterfly is rightly named the "Monarch." The smaller one, the "mimicker," is called the "Viceroy." Originally these two were quite different, but certain ones among the "Viceroys" that resembled the "Monarch" were avoided by the birds; consequently these multiplied tremendously, the brown markings became more and more distinct, the mimicker had perpetuated himself in a marvellous way—the survival of the fittest. Natural selection slowly, but surely, shapes the destiny of animals, insects and plants.

As the Milkweed Butterfly produces many broods annually, the countless mil-

lions in their swarms are not to be wondered at. What is cause for wonder among the uninitiated is that, without exception, the eggs of this butterfly are laid upon the milkweed plant. How do they distinguish it? By sight would seem most natural; but they do not. It is by smell. Scudder tells us: "This is an act of instinct, one will say. But is this any explanation? We wish to know how the instinct acts. A parent butterfly that in its caterpillar life has been nourished upon willow has no means, if in the winged condition, of tasting the willow to recognize it, its organs for obtaining food being only suitable for liquid nourishment. Nor can it be by sight." And he goes on to give many interesting reasons for this last assertion, stating that "butterflies have no vision sufficiently clear for such powers of distinction as are required of them in selecting special food-plants for their young, which they yet discover in an unerring manner. There remains, then, apparently, nothing but smell. Many plants are odorous quite apart from their flowers, and the leaves have a special structure, . . . from some of which odors are exhaled perceptible to our dull senses—perhaps from many others perceptible to keener organs." He tells us also of "the action of a mother-butterfly seeking a spot on which to lay her eggs, hovering about certain plants that give forth an odor somewhat similar to the one she is hunting, settling and half-settling in a dozen different places, drawing nearer and nearer to the plant she seeks, and finally finding it, there she deposits her eggs. Thus it is tolerably clear that it is to a sense of smell that butterflies owe their recognition of botanical species."

From the north they came, one and all of these "Monarch" butterflies; to the south they swept away—to the south, to the south, as far as I could see them,—to Texas, to Louisiana, to Mexico, to the Carolinas.

If we marvel at the oriole's flight, the strong wing-beat of the humming-bird that carries this gleaner of honeysuckle sweets from Massachusetts to Central America, what think we of these frail, gauzy-winged butterflies who whirl from Canada to Florida in their annual migration.

# The Intruder

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

IF one may credit a certain book of old tales, there once sat by a pool a haggard company of "impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water; for an angel went down at a certain season."

In modern and unpicturesque clothing and cleanliness, without, perhaps, so much hope as those of Bethesda had, but in many ways resembling them, we sat on the Sanitarium veranda in the slanting October sunlight which the sweeping blue shadow of the house at our back was narrowing to a smaller and yet smaller yellow triangle, so that, as we pursued the sun, we crowded together exactly as the dead leaves crowded into fence corners, until at last a chilly little breeze fell upon us and, like dead leaves, dispersed us, leaving, out of a dozen or so, only myself, mummified in a shawl and reading an arid book, in which it was stated that if men have souls at all they are of adventitious growth, like pearls in oysters, and, like pearls, have origin in disease, injuries, or accidental circumstance. Such a sentiment agreed well enough with the bleakness of the place and my desolate companions, whom, had I chosen to look through the long window behind me, I could now have seen crouched beside the lukewarm radiators of the "parlor" with their fancy-work, their gossip, and a parchesi-board. It agreed also with that down-driving multitude of colored leaves, falling with the steadiness of snowflakes, to disintegrate, but little more slowly than snowflakes, in their sodden return to the composition of the soil. I told myself that we were of their number—"All flesh is grass,"—and was indifferent to souls, whether adventitious or not.

The triangle of sun contracted until it only touched my shoulders, the blue shadow having caught me about the feet, risen to my knees, and by little and little enveloped my waist and chest, like that

shroud which the fortune-teller saw rising around King Charles. I was on the point of closing my book and retreating with the rest of them, when Miss Einar came out and began to walk back and forth, her eyes in the ends of the earth.

It was only her second day with us. I had marked her fastidious shrinking from our withered companionship, but had not resented it; the pity would have been if she had found herself at home with us. She was too young and too lovely; or would have been lovely but for her pallor and the angry but impersonal stare of her gray eyes—a stare focussed upon something quite beyond the sordid details of the Sanitarium. The light of her hair, however, could not be tamed even by that cold shadow, and her troubled pacing had youth in it, and grace.

"Oughtn't you to have a wrap, my dear?" I ventured, noting that her arms were visible within their thin sleeves.

She frowningly recalled her thoughts out of vague distances.

"Beg pardon? No, thank you. I am not sensitive to cold."

She resumed her walk. Fifteen paces—wheel—fifteen paces—wheel—and back. I moved to give her a longer path. Sixteen paces she could make it then, and did, while I covertly transferred my languid attention from my book to her.

Finally, with a look at her watch and an obvious effort at courtesy, she said that she was going to the post-office, and would be glad to do any errand for me in the village. I thanked her, but needed nothing, and she departed, slim, white, and young, down the avenue of autumn trees.

Entered from behind me Mrs. Trabb, shivering within the close folds of her lavender shawl, and bringing the atmosphere of some sixty years of evil thinking and doing.

"Did you know," said she, "that she is the worst case here?"

"No."

"The very worst. I had it from the maid on your hall. She told me—"

I rose, murmuring of letters to write. Tactics too frail for Mrs. Trabb. She fenced me into an angle.

"As crazy as a loon; walks the floor all night, talking to herself."

"Insomnia is common enough."

"I know all about *insomnia*. I haven't slept a natural wink for years. Nobody knows what I've suffered. But as for that girl, she's downright insane. I shall complain to the doctor. He has no legal right to have that sort of case here. Your rooms are on the same hall, and your windows open on the same roof as hers. I simply wouldn't dare leave my window open at night the way you do. I knew of a case once—"

But at that I made forcible escape from Mrs. Trabb's squalid repertoire of slime and fury. Having gained my room, I looked about me at my own night-lamp, books, and samovar prepared against the empty giant hours, and felt very sorry for Miss Einar. People who are troubled by sleeplessness, I have sometimes thought, are sorrier than any other brotherhood of invalids for each other.

Sitting by a window commanding the street, I watched for her return, and when I saw her coming, reading, as she walked, a letter of many pages, I set my door ajar that I might speak to her as she passed my room on the way to her own.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?"

"Yes, thank you—" She hesitated, smiling, and thrusting the letter under her belt, unfolded from her handkerchief a small object. This, when it lay revealed in her palm, proved to be an enormous katydid, inert, plethoric, and green as spring-time.

"Poor little chap! He has to die with the summer, but I thought I would give him another twenty-four hours by letting him warm his toes at my radiator. He might sing one more song."

"I'm afraid if he sings in your room to-night he may keep you awake."

At that, with downcast eyes, grave and pale, she closed her fingers over the large insect and left me, shutting the door almost in my face. There had been

a moment's young happiness in her eyes as she stood there with her voluminous letter and the rescued katydid, but it had gone out at a word like an extinguished flame.

While I read in that dolorous book about souls, the night crept forward into the profound darkness of early morning. With evening had come a swift warmth, breeding, out of its meeting with the chill of the day, a thick fog, which laid its blank gray face against the lamp-light of my open window—a face unfeatured except by the ghost of a scantily leaved branch, whose supporting tree trunk was hidden as if beneath deep water.

Within its obscurity the recrudescent katydids clashed incessantly; and although the simple organism of a katydid obviously admits of nothing so subtle as mood, yet, knowing that the death of all that translucent green crowd could be at most but a matter of a few hours, my fancy made out of that harsh death-song the symbol of a certain courage, or at least of a bland indifference to the evident end of summer and life.

In the house the attitude toward these matters was neither courageous nor indifferent, but rather of sullen rebellion. There were other night-lamps than mine, I knew, and here and there in the long, black, airless halls gas-jets were turned down to pin-points, but these illuminations in no way relieved the heavy and despondent blackness, folded in upon itself—folded in again by miles of mist. Upon the sea-floor of such a darkness I was unable to remember the aspect of the stars, or any joy I had ever found in the sun.

I wondered how Miss Einar was faring under these conditions, and turned my ear in the direction of her room. I thought I distinguished a soft regular pacing, and, now and then, though of this I would not be certain, the murmur of her voice.

The clear, chilly sound of cocks sprang up here and there, then ceased, but not without leaving a sense that the corner of darkness had been turned, and that, slowly enough, we were feeling our way toward morning. Somewhat cheered by this assurance, I had almost dozed, when

there was a soft, hesitating movement at my door, followed by a minute rap.

I opened to Miss Einar; the hall behind her was jet black, and her eyes, in the light of the lamp, shone as I have often seen the glowing eyes of moths at my black window-pane. Further likeness to a moth was carried out by a gray shawl which hung from her shoulders like folded gray wings. Like a moth, too, was the subtle shiver and quiver which shook her body and her voice as her lips twitched under their forlorn smile.

"I saw your light. I thought perhaps you were finding it dull, too. My little green man won't sing with the rest. He is dying, I'm afraid." She held the creature pitifully in her hand, and, upon entering, laid it in the circle of light under my reading-lamp. "I hate to see things die," said she.

I hospitably indicated my light house-keeping arrangements and said: "Won't you have some chocolate? I was about to make some for myself."

She shook her head. "I've just had some coffee."

"But coffee keeps you awake!"

"I know."

I took her hands; they were lumps of ice.

"I saw your light, and thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my sitting in here. I don't want to sleep."

If Mrs. Trabb was right (and such people are often right in their diabolical way), still, I had no mind to avoid this distracted young creature, who suddenly fell on her knees before me and began to cry, with her face in my lap. I called her "Poor child," and stroked her hair, exhorting, "There, there!" after the manner of consolers.

"Oh," she said, brokenly, "I'm not crazy yet, but I suppose I shall be soon. I noticed you when I first came, and thought it might help if I could tell you about it. I know you're sick, and I oughtn't to bother you, but other people's troubles *can't* be so bad as mine."

I had just been wondering what wretchedness could be like my own, and now smiled grimly at her naïve selfishness; then on second thought recognized in my attitude the custom of the place, and was ashamed.

"It is better to share such troubles," I said, "when one can."

At this she looked up with sudden directness, and her face showed fear enough, and anger, and bewilderment, but not, I thought, madness. An alienist would make little enough of my opinion, but, given for what it is worth, I thought her sane then, and did not change my mind through all the astonishment that followed.

Ignoring any necessity for preface, she plunged into the middle of things:

"If I had really been on the other side of death, I should certainly have met my father there, and he would never have let things happen as they did; but the really dead must be beyond all that confusion, just as the really asleep are, and the danger is only along the edges. And you know, if there are dangerous things, there is no reason why there shouldn't be others, too, that would like to help; but there are laws that keep them back, the good as well as the bad. But I've often taken mice out of traps or away from cats that were playing with them, and so I know that if the kind ones were sorry enough—as sorry as I am when I see little things in trouble—all the laws in or out of the world could never keep them from interfering sometimes. . . .

"You know that kind of dream in which something terrible is going to happen, and you can't move or cry out, though you try very hard? . . . They told me it came from overstudy. I had an entrance condition in Greek to make up. One day while I was studying I fell asleep, but I could still see the room—that is, all of it that was in front of my eyes at the last moment when I was awake, for I couldn't turn them right or left. The line of Homer was clear, but everything else was blurred and out of focus, though I could make out the pattern of the wall-paper, Harvey's photograph, my tennis-racquet. I couldn't turn my eyes or lift a finger, and some person or thing stood behind me—so near that if it had breathed it would have stirred my hair. But those things don't breathe, I suppose.

"I tried—horribly—to move, and at last it began to whisper—and this was very strange: it was as if the voice was inside my brain,—such a soft, fine little thread of sound, not really sound at all. But it meant everything that one wants

least to think or hear about—or *ought* not to want to hear about. Cruelties, and hatreds, and selfishnesses—everything that people like you and Harvey and—I had supposed—myself were done with long ages back in the jungle. But as it kept on whispering I began to want to hear more plainly instead of being afraid of it. I began to want—I don't know what—something savage.

"And then it touched me—no more than a finger-tip on my forehead. Even at that I could not stir—at first; but as the finger stayed there, I seemed to have a new idea, for I stopped being afraid; there was no threat, rather there was a promise of something, until at last—I moved—but not in my body. I lifted my right hand and held it before my eyes—and—I couldn't see it, but my real hand lay as quiet as a glove, its fingers between the leaves of my Greek lexicon. All the feeling and power of it had gone out into the other—the one I couldn't see. This hand of air felt strong, yet I couldn't grasp anything with it. When I touched a fold of my dress, I knew that I touched it only as air might know when it blows over something solid—no more than that. . . .

"Then one of the girls that were on the glee club began to sing in her room, and I woke—furious at waking, and only thinking how I could fall asleep again and get altogether out of my body in the way I had begun. Yet, as I woke more fully and remembered the wickedness of whatever it was that had helped me, I was afraid—but not as afraid as I should have been—I was afraid of not being afraid.

"It came often after that. I would fall asleep, and hear the whisper, and raise my hand. Then it would stop as though it saw the hand, though I couldn't; and was watching—as a cat watches for a mouse to come out of its hole.

"And at last I came out. . . .

"The girls were all gone to dramatics that night, and I stayed at home to cram, but I felt so dull that studying was no use, so I lowered the gas to a point and lay down for a while, not meaning to sleep, only to rest, and then go on again. It was early spring, and the snow was melting under a rain-storm. I was watching the rain-drops on the glass, and the re-

flection there of the room and the little yellow point of gas. I had no idea I was asleep, until—until a face looked at me through the window.

"It was larger than human at first, and vague, like a cloud; then shrank down suddenly, like a lantern-slide getting into focus, until it was only a little larger than an ordinary human head. It looked me squarely in the eyes—its lips moved as if it said some word which I could not hear—and it was gone. . . .

"I rose and tried to turn the gas on full. I could not touch the cock. It went through my fingers as if they were air. I looked around, and there was my body lying on the divan, as unconcerned as you please, eyes half opened and face turned toward the window, a pencil in one hand, and the other on my Greek prose book."

Miss Einar's dilated eyes focussed over my shoulder upon my window, as though she expected the blank face of the fog there to take on monstrous features. At the ceasing of her soft voice, the noise of the katydids broke forth in redoubled energy, and I was aware of the sorrowful drip from the leaves and the roof as though the vaporous giant out there were weeping human tears. Yet the katydids, doomed to die to-morrow and presumably without hope of resurrection, were as cheerful as though the night had been dry and filled with summer moonlight. As the girl's long sombre stare continued, I nervously seized the shade-cord, meaning to shut out whatever gigantic horror might be peering in, but she said:

"No, don't do that. I'm always looking at windows and hoping, but that was the only time I ever saw it. There must be strange laws over there. What reason can there be in not being able to feel, hear, and see a thing at the same time? When you see, you can't either hear or touch, and when you hear and touch you are blind, though not altogether—I'll tell you about that later. . . ."

"You *want* to see this face? Wasn't it horrible?"

"No. But sorry and anxious—strained, too, as if it were struggling against something."

"But you said the whispering Thing was wicked."

"This wasn't the thing that had been



whispering. Don't you remember, when I began, what I said about the things that were sorry and wanted to help?"

"Was it—like a man?"

"You couldn't have said it was a man or a woman. It was like one of those marble faces of allegorical figures; big and splendid like that, but fairly on fire with life. I never saw anything else that gave such an idea of being alive. Since seeing that, everything in the world by comparison seems heavy and torpid. But it went as quickly as it had come, like a blown-out flame, and I was alone in the room, shut out of my own body. No, I wasn't alone, for the whispering thing was there. I couldn't see it or hear it. It seemed to have slunk into a corner, like an ugly dog that is afraid to do anything but glare. I could feel its eyes. . . .

"If you could fall into the ocean without drowning, you would wonder what the sharks and cuttlefish might do. It was something like that.

"It seemed a hundred years that I stood there. I hadn't found that place then where there isn't any time or space. I saw the hands of my watch—the little chatelaine pinned to the gown of—that empty body of mine, and remembered that the girls would come to my room to bother me, and then, perhaps, I would wake up. If I didn't—

"But when that dreadful little watch had measured off a half-hour, the hall door slammed, and the glee-club girl came up-stairs singing—she had a lovely, out-doors, sunshiny kind of voice—and banged at my door. Some one else said, 'Sh! she's asleep'; then I found myself outside the door with the girls, trying to catch hold of them with my fingers that couldn't touch anything, and begging, 'Oh, please—please wake me; I'm not asleep.' Clare, the glee-club girl, looked through the keyhole and said, 'Well, she oughtn't to sleep all night that way,—all dressed and grabbing her old Greek prose!'

"One of the girls had a red rag-doll with fringes on it—an imp thing that they had been fooling with over at the gymnasium. Clare got a chair and stood up on it so that she could throw the thing through the transom and hit my face with it—and then I was back in my body again. . . .

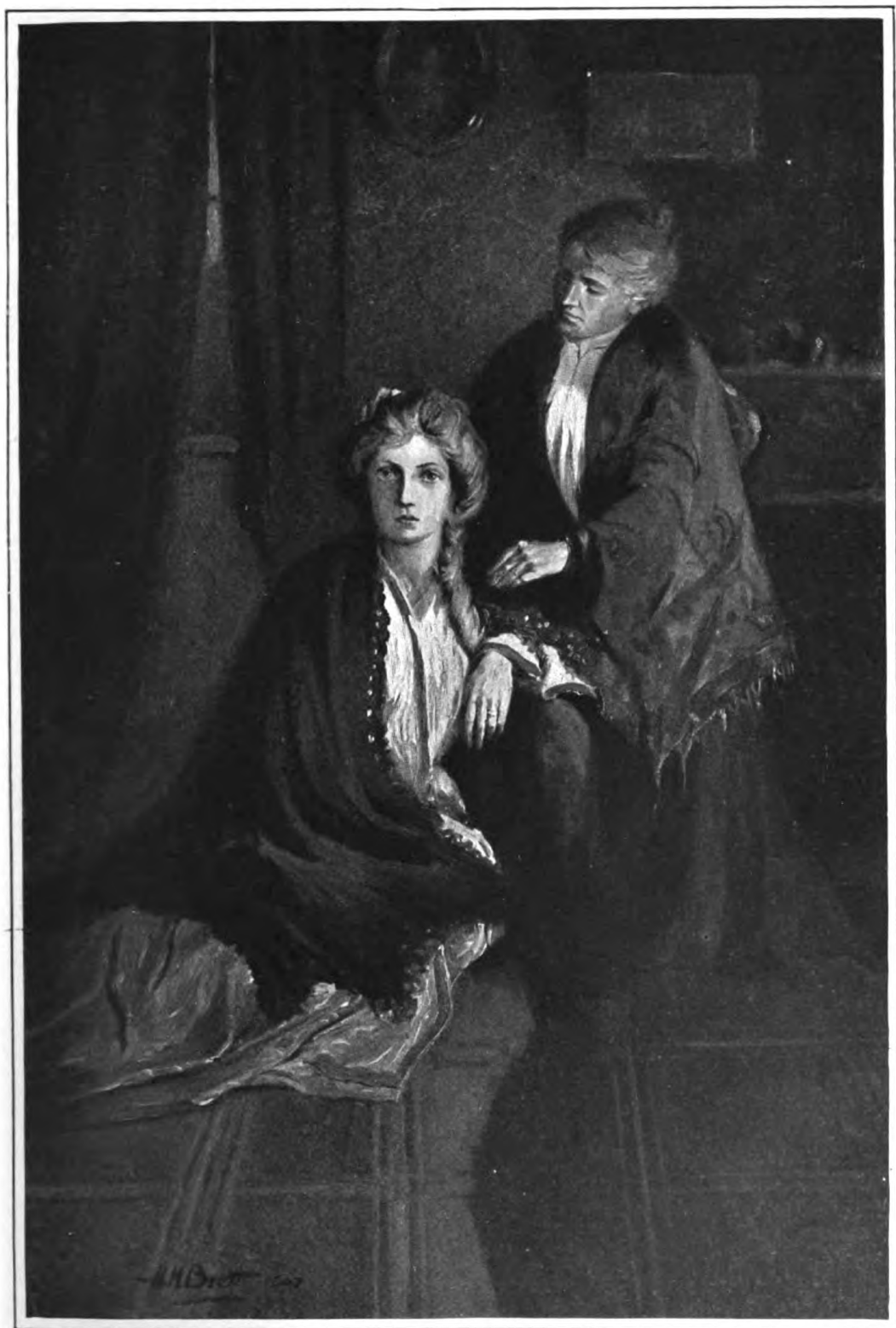
"How good it was to touch things! I jumped up and turned on the gas *then*! You wouldn't believe how I loved the feeling of the brass in my solid fingers, how I gripped it and shook it. I let the girls in, and we made fudge and told ghost-stories. Ghost-stories!

"At Easter vacation I went home. My Greek condition was made up at last, so I could enjoy myself, and now I made sure the dreams would go. That week Harvey asked me to marry him. I know now that I was wrong to accept him, with a thing like that hanging over me, but I didn't know it then, besides. . . . He had the ring in his pocket when he spoke, and pushed it on my finger before I said either yes or no. That's Harvey's way. You can't argue with him. . . ."

She tugged at a thin chain about her neck, and brought up, as if it had been a scapular, an oval case, which she opened, showing a young man's photograph. Not a feature of the face was beautiful, yet I have never seen one more satisfying. Little as one can judge from a photograph, at least there was no disguising the honest kindness of the big mouth and small sharp eyes, nor the obstinacy of the jaw, nor the height and breadth of the head above the ears. In Miss Einar's eyes I read that this was her standard and type of all that was handsomest and noblest in young men. She slipped it from the catch of the chain and stood it up against my books, so that the lamplight fell upon it clearly, and during the rest of her story her eyes rested upon it.

"Afterward, when he found what trouble I was in, and I begged him to let me go, and when his people heard—I don't know how—that I was insane, and threatened to cut him off altogether if he didn't give me up, he just smiled politely, as if some one had told him that it might rain to-morrow. He seemed to be deaf when they or I tried to argue with him—or at least the only way he showed that he heard what his father said was to stop his postgraduate work and try to get a salaried position.

"The night after he had pushed that ring on my finger I was almost too happy to sleep, but finally dozed off, with the diamond pressed under my cheek—such a sharp, determined little thing as a



*Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett*

"SOME NIGHT I SHALL GO AND NOT COME BACK."



diamond is! I had the wedding all planned and our house furnished by the time I slept.

"When I woke it was raining, so I went to shut the window; but try as I would my hands would not grasp the sash. I felt drowsy and stupid, as one does when waked suddenly, and kept fumbling and fumbling and wondering what was the matter. It was very dark. The square of open window through which the rain came was hardly lighter than the rest of the room.

"And something was calling me out there. Not that I heard it; it was as if I were pulled by a wire. . . .

"As I went out of the window I could feel the rain driving through me, and the little bare twigs with their swollen buds struck through me—and I was nothing at all, you know, and yet as much as I am now—as much, and more. Then this bit of air that was myself was drawn into a whirlwind. There was a shock, and I was snatched at from this side and that, and shaken and driven here and there. I was the centre of some strange struggle. . . ."

She stopped, and her face lit with sombre ecstasy.

"Then it all stopped, for something kind and gentle had me. I will call it a hand, but it was nothing so human as that. It was like nothing that it is possible to feel in this world. When Harvey kissed me that afternoon I had supposed that nothing in or out of the world could be so lovely as our caring for each other—but this—

"All the happiness that ever was lay in that—hand—or whatever it was. There was no possibility of fatigue in it, or sickness or change. It could have carried me through a thousand years and I should never have grown tired. If I could tell you all that I saw—but there was too much of it, and it was too confused. Centuries went by in a flash, for we were in the place where there is no measure of time.

"One of the wonders was a city that had replaced the old farm next to ours, but not like any city that ever was, for there was nothing sorrowful or dirty or careless anywhere. I can't describe it more definitely than that, for everything was vague like a cloud and jumbled just

like any other dream—but different! So different that it is foolish to call it a dream at all. It is more difficult to describe this part than what came later. What sort of a story do you suppose an Eskimo baby could tell if he were snatched out of his snow hut, taken in a second's time to some elaborate Fifth Avenue dinner, and treated as the guest of honor? He wouldn't know what it was all about. There would be color and light and odors and extraordinary giants so different from his own people that he wouldn't even be sure that he liked them. Probably he would be scared and begin to cry. . . .

"Now, how was it possible, just when I was feeling so safe and happy, that the Whisperer should slip inside the guard of what was protecting me? But there it was—the fine soft quiver inside my ear. . . . And I listened. . . . To think of listening to such things while I was in *that* place! I suppose that was the way the snake's voice sounded in the fairy-story about the Garden. I ought not to have been able to hear it. I know now that I could have helped it; you can, you know. People say that it's impossible to keep from thinking about the things that tempt them. But that isn't so—not entirely.

"And as soon as the Whisperer had gained my attention, the gates of that other place—when I use such words as 'gates' and 'place' you understand, of course, that it is because there are no better words—it was like a gate closing with a thunderclap right in my face; but the Whisperer and I didn't care, for we were back in the jungle where men are not men at all. Everything had tumbled back into great, formless, stupid masses. It was gorgeous, you know—nobody can say that the idea of Lucifer with his bat wings and his flames isn't as artistic as that of Gabriel in feathers and sunshine. . . . Now, instead of all that lovely order and peace there were deserts and mountains and wrecked ships. There were enormous flames, sounds like the deepest notes of an organ, and all sorts of flashing confusion; grinning faces that seemed funny at first, and then changed into unspeakable wickedness, so that I became frightened at last, and broke away from them, dived down into the sea, and ran

through it and under the land, through sand and rocks and graves and buried rivers, then up into the world, and through long rows of city houses. . . .

"There would be a wall, a room with people asleep in it; a wall, another room where some one was sick, and so on, like a string of hollow beads. And all the time it wasn't that I was afraid of what was behind me, but afraid of not being afraid of it. I had got away once, and seemed to know that if I let them get me a second time there would be no return to that other place. I did not understand or altogether like that other place, you see, but I didn't want to lose it, either.

"You know how a mouse squeaks when it is mortally frightened. Have you seen, too, a mouse come right toward the cat that's playing with it, apparently doing as it's told—'Come here and be eaten'? I've seen that, and interfered more than once; and remembering how I tried to be good to mice, I squeaked out some sort of mouse prayer to the other Thing—the kind one. And at that I was caught away, fell endlessly, until I woke in my own bed, and the rain was driving in.

"This time I really did shut the window. The first gray of morning was in the sky, and I could make out through the rain the dark blur of that old farmhouse and the streak of woodland behind it. There was no city there now, nor any dream of one, and nothing either good or evil any longer called me, out there in the rain. . . .

"That was nearly six months ago," concluded Miss Einar, her voice sagging wearily. "Every night since then I have been called and . . . have gone, . . . every night they have fought for me—every night I have broken away and have run through all the world. . . . I have seen every wretchedness there is, everything that is worst among men, but without being able to feel pity or disgust, for all that I saw was a part of myself; and that part of myself, and of the race, everything that you and I are supposed to have left behind, is clear and full of color, but that part which lies above it and which I am fast losing forever is cloudy and veiled; only an outline shows through, here and there, that looks as

if there might be something there not altogether unsubstantial, some sort of solid Walhalla in the sunset, and I try to remember my one glimpse of it, and with that memory to ward off—the rest. . . .

"But my power to escape is growing less. Some night I shall go and not come back. . . . The kind spirit has done its best. Of all the little creatures I have tried to save from cruel deaths, not one ever lived. They have always stupidly died in my hands, so that I might as well have let the cat have them in the first place. And perhaps it's like that when we once fall into the hands of those others—the good ones can't help, no matter how hard they try."

Abruptly her head drooped. She sighed, relaxed, and slept. A cold wind blowing through the fog fluttered the flame of my lamp. I drew my shawl about my shoulders, and about the girl also and held her closely. Her hand lay limply in mine, but by degrees it lost the little warmth it had. Then I could no longer hear her breathing. She was dead or flying through space, with all wickedness in pursuit—or I had been, after all, listening to the raving of a clever lunatic.

The oil of my lamp gave out with small cracklings of the wick, and the flame sank to an ill-smelling ring and then to darkness. The fog wavered and rose until the submerged tree took on clear outline; a moment more and the landscape, sponged clear of all obscurity, stood out, sharp and black, the threadbare branches of the trees showing through their network the rolling skyline of the mountains, and behind them the dawn, deliberately increasing, bringing conviction with it of a universe enmeshed and riveted by laws, upon which even so flighty a thing as man can place his faith. Like a Parsee, I watched for the first glimpse of the sun itself, knowing that no ghost, either malevolent or pitiful, could withstand the direct shaft of its sane and honest glory.

Startled out of my contemplation by a slight stir upon the table, I turned my head quickly, half expecting to catch some too palpable shadow in a last attempt at mischief before the sun should have frustrated it, but there was only a fat, oblong object, even in that dim light





*Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett*

THE TWO RADIANT FIGURES STOOD THERE IN THE SUN



showing green, toiling over my papers, treading underfoot with his very perishable green toes the open pages of that melancholy book about souls. Thence he passed to the picture of the young man Harvey, examining it with delicate, waving antennæ. I had a moment's fright that here was more than an insect—until the sun should appear no superstition was too gross for belief,—and I watched him fearfully for a sign. I chose to fancy it a favorable omen that he lingered so long in contemplation of the portrait, and that he creaked out a few rusty, placid bars of his courageous music before it. This he did, and sinking again into lethargy, calmly exhaled his life with the other green things of the year.

As the light grew I held the girl's vacant body very close, expecting every instant the warmth and stir of the returning spirit, but she seemed only to grow heavier and colder, until I fell into a panic lest she had this time lost her way back. I chafed her hands and called her name, but she would have none of me, until, terrified, I freed myself, and leaving her stiffly kneeling, her face upon the empty chair, would have rung the bell for help, but that before I touched it I saw from my window, standing upon the shining wet grass, a young man, who stared up as I stared down, and looked as if he might have thus been staring all night. His hat and coat shone with wetness like the grass, and the early sunlight stretched his shadow toward me like a narrow blue path.

He was a short, square young man, giving an impression of great strength and of health—very steady and quiet in his glance—something of the type one imagines to have been that Du Guesclin who once rescued a lady of dreams called Tiphaigne, and was loved by her forever.

I leaned out and softly called, "Are you Harvey?"

He made no other answer than to whip up the steps on to the veranda. In a moment he was in the room. Quite disregarding me, he seated himself in the chair where I had sat so long and wearily, and took command of those cold stiff hands and the obstinately drooping face.

"If—she is dead—" I quavered.

"Then she'll have to get alive again,"

he answered, quietly. "I'm going to marry her to-day. I came up on the midnight train, and put in the time watching this window. I thought it was as likely the right one as any other. . . . Wake up, Alice—"

Rubbing her hands and listening to her heart, his face grew fighting grim, yet his little gray eyes lost none of their gentleness.

He folded her inside that fog-wet coat of his, and talked steadily into her cold ear, now bullying, now encouraging, but never for a moment dropping into lamentation or entreaty.

"Hurry, Alice. 'Tisn't fair to keep me waiting like this. We've got to be married so as to take the twelve-o'clock train. I've done what I promised—we're independent of everybody; our rooms are all ready for you to walk right into them. Come, come! Why, what nonsense is this!" And so on, and so on, until, making sure that she would never hear him, I wept aloud.

He held up a commanding finger, and I was silent. He had stopped his exhortations, and his face was lined like that of a man who struggles physically; it grew gray and cold, until I half thought that he had died too, in his attempt to reach her.

The sun streamed in more and more, the watery pink light changing to full, strong yellow. It struck straight across my melancholy room and wrapped the mysterious lovers in warm gold, till they looked, to my blurred and weary eyes, something not altogether of earth.

And then there was a deep, long sigh. The girl moved, like one about to wake. I started forward.

"Got her!" cried the boy, jubilantly.

The warm color had come back to her face; her eyes partly opened, but were drowsily fixed upon the sun; her lips moved with some word we could not hear, then smiled peacefully.

Suddenly, with a great shock, she saw whose face it was that bent over her, and sprang away with a laughing cry, only to be caught back to him again.

And so those two radiant figures stood there in the sun, and I, gray and old in the shadow, beheld at last what the love of man and woman may mean and how it makes them as gods.

# The Origin of Our Moon

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. PICKERING

Of the Harvard Observatory

A NUMBER of years ago, Professor George H. Darwin propounded the view that the Moon was originally a part of the Earth, and had been separated from it by centrifugal force. His conclusions were supported by a mathematical analysis which has since become classic and are accepted at the present time by practically all the astronomers of the world. To understand his line of argument and conclusions we must first consider the mutual influence that the Earth and the Moon exert on one another at the present time. We all know that the Moon raises a double tide upon the ocean, by means of which large masses of water are transported over the surface of our globe. This motion causes friction, which uses up energy. The Earth may, in fact, be compared to a grindstone revolving between two brakes. This action retards its rotation, so that every day is a little longer than its predecessor. The effect is so slight, however, that the day is only a fraction of a second longer now than it was at the time of the Christian era.

The interior of the Earth is now known to be solid, but in the early geological times this was not the case, and the Sun and Moon acting on the molten interior of the Earth, there generated tides that were much more efficient than those now in existence. In those days the terrestrial day was much shorter than it is at present.

But, if the Moon is constantly retarding the rotation of the Earth, since action and reaction are equal and opposite, the Earth must be constantly accelerating the motion of the Moon. If its velocity in

its orbit is increased, the centrifugal force will be increased also, and it will tend to fly away from the Earth. As a consequence the Moon is farther from the Earth to-day than it was a thousand years ago, and it will be still more remote a thousand years hence.

Carrying our thoughts back by means of this reasoning several hundreds of millions of years, we come to a time when the distance of the Moon from the Earth was only a few thousand miles, and when its revolution was accomplished once in four or five hours, instead of once in thirty days. Darwin has shown by computation that at this date the Earth would also by a curious coincidence have been revolving on its axis once in four or five hours, so that the Moon would have constantly remained over the same point of the Earth's surface. Now by another coincidence it can be shown that at this speed the centrifugal force at the equator would be so great that portions of the surface would be liable to crack off and fly away from it. Darwin concludes that the coincidence in time of these three facts is not due to mere accident, but at this early period the planet actually did separate into two parts to form our present Earth and Moon.

Going back for a moment to a still more remote period, we find that the Sun, Earth, and Moon originally all formed one gigantic nebula. Until within a few years it was supposed that the nebulae were intensely hot bodies. It is now believed that they are generally cold, shining by electric illumination. As they condense into stars, however, they become hot, and at the time the united Earth and Moon separated from the Sun, it is thought they were so hot that much if not all of their material was in a molten condition. The temperature could not have been so high,

For a more detailed and technical account of this subject, see papers in the *American Journal of Geology*, 1907, XV., 23, and in the *Memoirs of the American Academy*, XIII., Part IV., by the author.

however, as to disassociate steam into its component parts, otherwise the hydrogen would have escaped, and we should have had no oceans at the present day. It is likely that much of the steam that at this time formed part of our Earth has since escaped into outer space.

When the nebula consisting of our Earth and Moon separated from the Sun, it was given a rapid rotation on its axis, and as it condensed it may be shown that this rotation must necessarily have become still more rapid. Finally, when the speed had reached a sufficient velocity, it split in two parts. This is substantially Darwin's statement of the method by which our Moon came into existence.

We have, indeed, countless illustrations of this same process going on before our eyes in the heavens about us, only on a much larger scale. Reference is here made to the case of the short-period variable stars. It appears that certain stars have a tendency to split in two, the components revolving rapidly in small orbits around their common centre of gravity, but so close together that they appear as a single star, even in our most powerful telescopes. The tidal disturbances they produce on one another cause the fluctuations of light by means of which we are enabled to determine their period of rotation. At the time that the actual separation occurs a considerable amount of energy must be liberated, and it is possible that this may be related to the celestial phenomenon known as the appearance of a temporary star or *nova*.

Returning now to our Earth-Moon planet, Darwin has shown that at the time the division took place it could not have been much larger than the Earth is at present. It must, therefore, then have been largely in the solid or liquid

condition. It is possible that the condensation of our ocean from the atmosphere of steam furnished the impulse required by Darwin to start the Moon upon its way. However that may be,

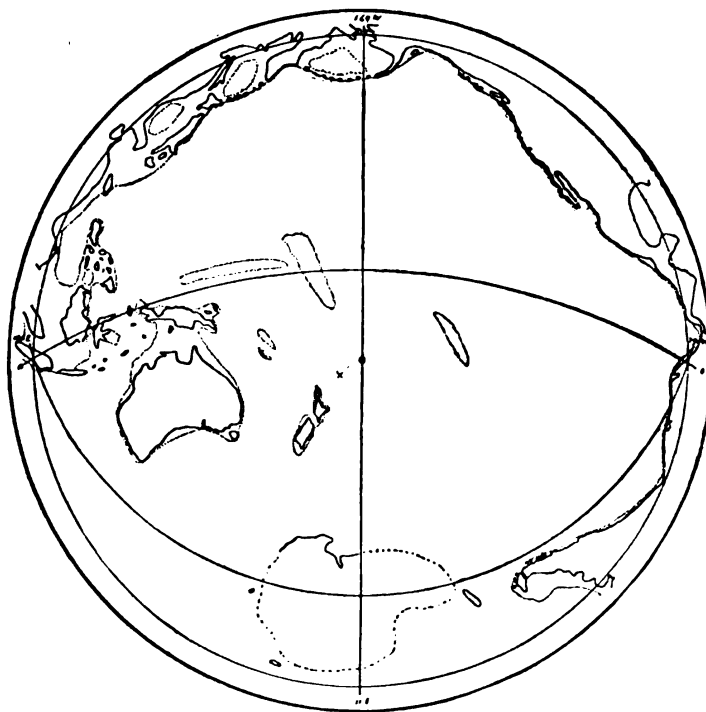


FIG. 1.—View of the earth from a supposed perpendicular erected about one thousand miles northeast of New Zealand

something started it, and it now becomes a matter of interest to determine, if we can, from what part of the Earth it took its flight.

If the entire surface of the Earth were liquid at this time, such a search would obviously be hopeless. But such a hypothesis is highly improbable, since, as we have seen, the temperature could not have been extremely high, and so diverse are the substances of which the Earth is composed, and so high the melting-points of many of them, that it is not likely all would have been liquid at the same time. The force of this argument is still further increased by the varying pressure to which they would have been exposed in the Earth's interior. This pressure would affect their melting-point materially. It seems probable that our globe, from the time that it first came into existence as a sphere until the con-



densation of our oceans upon it, must, owing to radiation into outer space, have at all times presented a solid exterior surface.

Assuming, then, a hot, solid Earth, with an interior more or less liquid, revolving on its axis once in about four or five hours, we have a picture of our as

with increasing pressure, until the denser core of our Earth had been reached. It is therefore evident that the Moon must be composed of material scraped off from the Earth's surface, and that it does not contain those heavy materials, doubtless metallic masses, which are to be found towards the Earth's centre.

Turning now to our own geography, it is a well-known fact that our land and water are very irregularly distributed. If we erect a perpendicular about a thousand miles northeast of New Zealand, and view the Earth from a distance in the prolongation of this direction, we shall find it to present the appearance shown in Fig. 1. This map is so drawn that distances in a radial direction are not distorted, and the outline of the Pacific is therefore shown in its true form. Comparatively little land is visible, and the outline of the ocean is nearly that of a great circle. Near the centre, indicated by a little X, is one of its very deepest portions.

If now we travel due north from the centre,

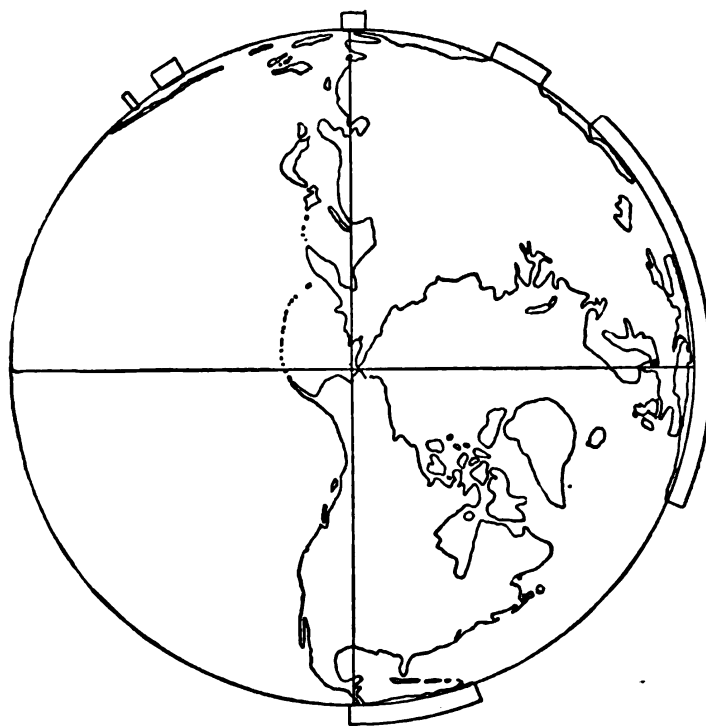


FIG. 2.—View of the earth from a supposed perpendicular erected in the vicinity of Bering Strait

yet moonless planet as conceived by the astronomer. If the crust was solid when the Moon escaped from it, it is almost certain that some sort of scar would have been left to indicate its birthplace, and it is the object of our present study to see if we can find it.

The specific gravity or density of the Earth as a whole is 5.6—that is to say, if we could put it in a giant pair of scales it would be found to weigh 5.6 times as much as an equal volume of water. The specific gravity of the Moon is 3.4, while that of the surface material of which the Earth's crust is composed averages about 2.7. If we were to dig down from the surface, we should find the specific gravity of the material removed gradually but steadily increasing

one-quarter of a circumference, till we reach the vicinity of Bering Strait, and erect another perpendicular, we shall find an appearance somewhat like that shown in Fig. 2. In this figure the continents have been allowed to project outside the circumference of the globe, so as to show more clearly where they are located.

The centre of gravity of the Earth is the centre of the circumference, but it is clear that the centre of gravity does not coincide with the centre of figure. In other words, the material forming the continents is lighter than that forming the ocean-beds. If the oceans were drawn off, this difference would be still more marked. The centre of gravity would then be slightly raised in the

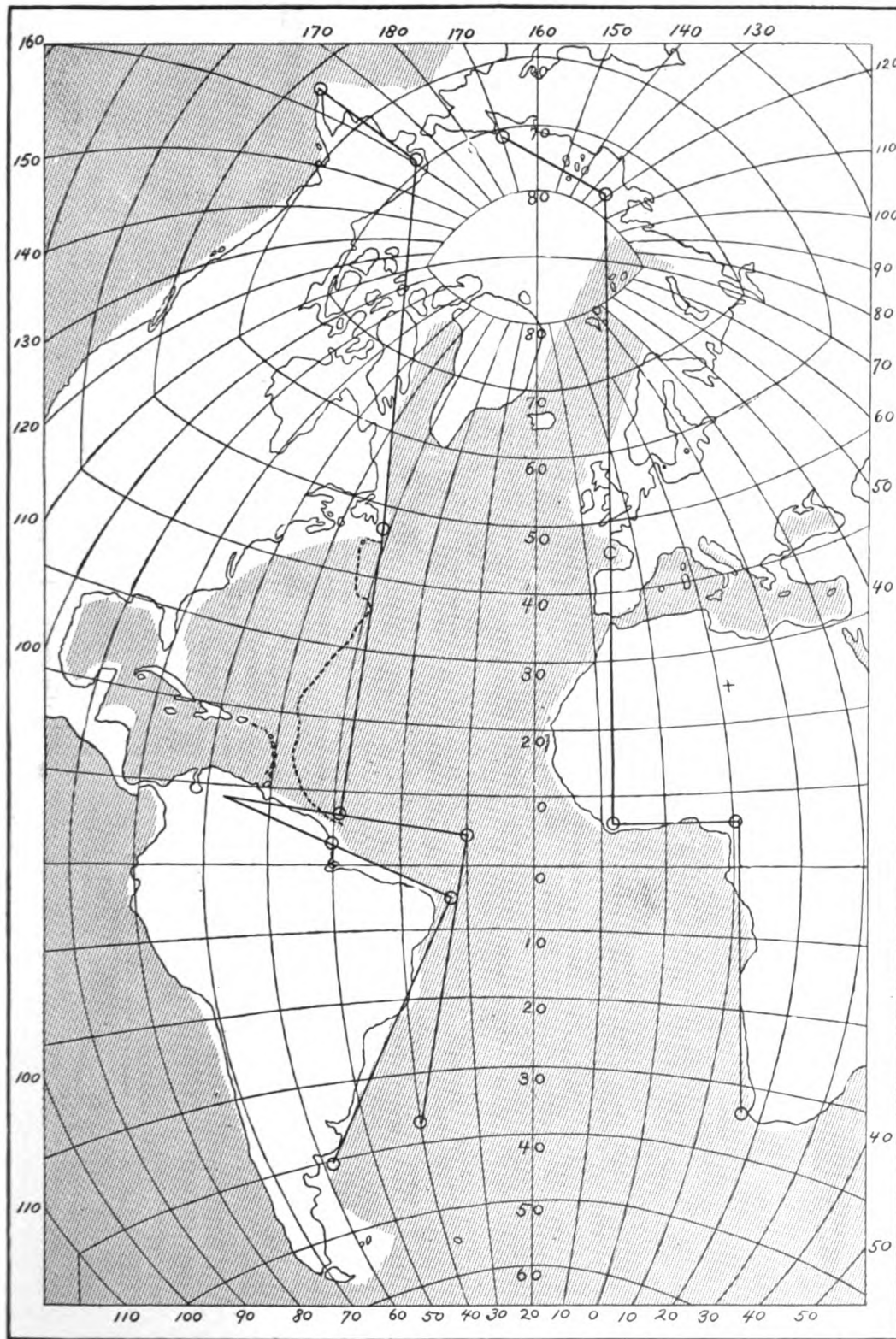


FIG. 3.—Map of eastern and western sides of the Atlantic Ocean. The straight lines joining the small circles show how the earth's crust, now forming two continents, is supposed to have been split in two and dragged apart when the crust formerly covering the Pacific Ocean was carried away, according to present theory, to form the moon

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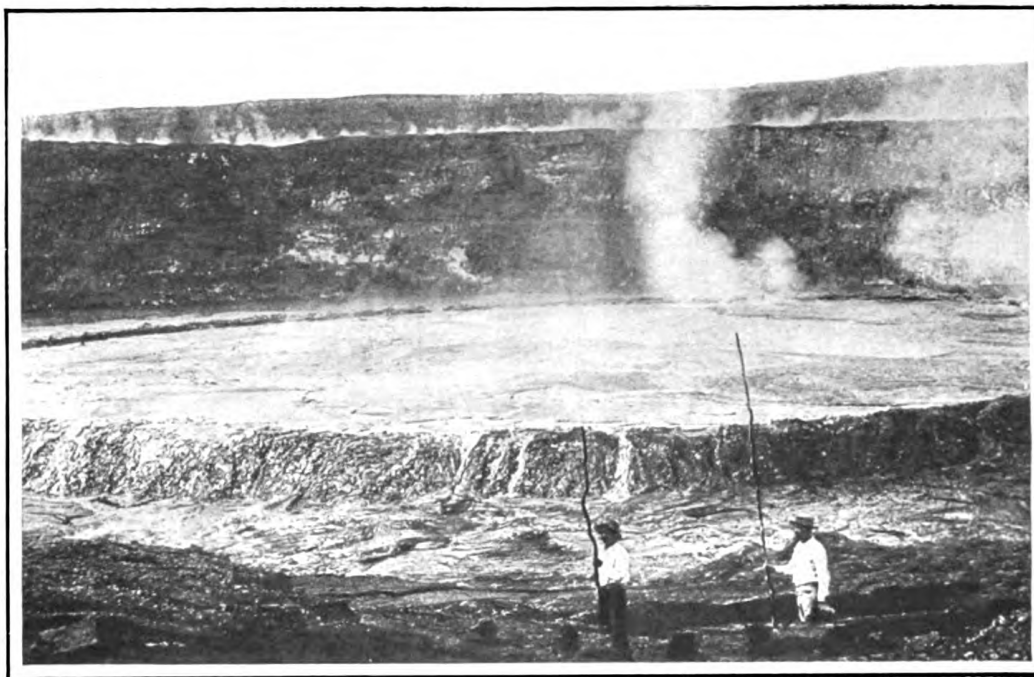


FIG. 4.—ENGULFMENT CRATER OF THE CRATER-RING CLASS IN PROCESS OF FORMATION

sketch, and the centre of figure still more so.

Practically all geologists agree that the continents are permanent surface features of our globe, which have existed from the earliest geological times. When the Earth was originally formed, the lighter material must have been distributed nearly uniformly over its surface. How is it, then, that we now find all the light material on one side only? Moreover, we find a mass of light material of about the same density up in the sky, which we have strong reasons for believing once formed part of our Earth. It does not seem probable that all the light material now forming the Moon was originally heaped on top of the light material forming our continents. Admitting the premises therefore, the only probable conclusion seems to be that the material of the Moon came from the other side of our globe, and that in the bed of the Pacific Ocean we see the scar formed at the time of the birth of our Moon.

If we examine Fig. 3, we shall find that the outlines of the two sides of the Atlantic bear in some places a striking similarity to each other. This is shown more clearly by the two heavy broken

lines which indicate where they might be fitted together. It is suggested that when the crust formerly covering the Pacific was carried away, the remaining crust forming our present continents was split in two, and dragged apart to form the bed of our present Atlantic Ocean. If so, South America must have been also partly rotated about a point to the east of Panama, as shown in the figure.

The action that took place was then somewhat as follows: As the part of the Earth's crust near the present islands of New Zealand began to rise, in obedience to the centrifugal force developed by the Earth's rotation, the crust on the opposite side cracked and split in two, forming the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. Before the crack could widen more than two thousand miles the pull became so intense that a huge, roughly circular piece, forming nearly three-quarters of the Earth's whole crust, was taken out of the middle and carried away to form the Moon. This left a continent on each side of the Pacific. Thus the Atlantic bed was formed only a few moments before that of the Pacific, and the necessity for two chief oceans instead of one is made fairly apparent.

The point exactly opposite the centre of Fig. 1 is indicated by the little + in northern Africa.

If we examine the coast-lines of our great oceans, we shall find that of the Pacific bounded by a nearly continuous row of active or recently extinct volcanoes. These volcanoes frequently lie in curves, sometimes existing as islands, but nearly always convex towards the ocean. (See Fig. 1.) The Atlantic, on the other hand, is obviously of different structure. The coasts are low and flat, usually non-volcanic, and the general sweep of the outlines is as frequently concave as convex. The only convex chain of volcanoes existing is that of the Lesser Antilles. This is also the only place where the two sides of the Atlantic do not match satisfactorily, and it is possible that here, too, the Earth lost a small piece of its substance to the Moon. The geologists also tell us that it is certain that a continental area, narrow at the north and widening at the south, formerly existed to the eastward of the United States. This area they believe to have sunk beneath the ocean in more recent times. One or the other of these two explanations is probably correct, and perhaps they both are true. Either would account for the greater breadth of the Atlantic at this point.

As compared with our own terrestrial achievements, the lifting of an area covering an ocean-bed to form a new planet, and the splitting apart and transportation of two continents through thousands of miles across a fiery ocean in the space of a few minutes, seem impossible of conception. Yet to the great celestial forces, whose effects we see in daily operation in the heavens about us, not only such a result as this, but even the crushing and utter annihilation of our tiny Earth, would be a mere bagatelle—an affair that might be accomplished in a few seconds. Even the flash of our funeral pyre would hardly be noticed from the nearest star.

Dealing with the subject now from the quantitative standpoint, the volume of the Moon is equivalent to an area equal to that of all the terrestrial oceans and having a thickness of thirty-six miles. We must conclude, therefore, that at this time the Earth had a solid crust thirty-six miles in thickness, supported on a liquid or potentially liquid interior. By potentially liquid is meant that if relieved from the enormous external pressure to which it was exposed, due to the weight of the matter above it, the solid interior would at once liquefy.

The ocean floor has been found by soundings to consist of an enormous

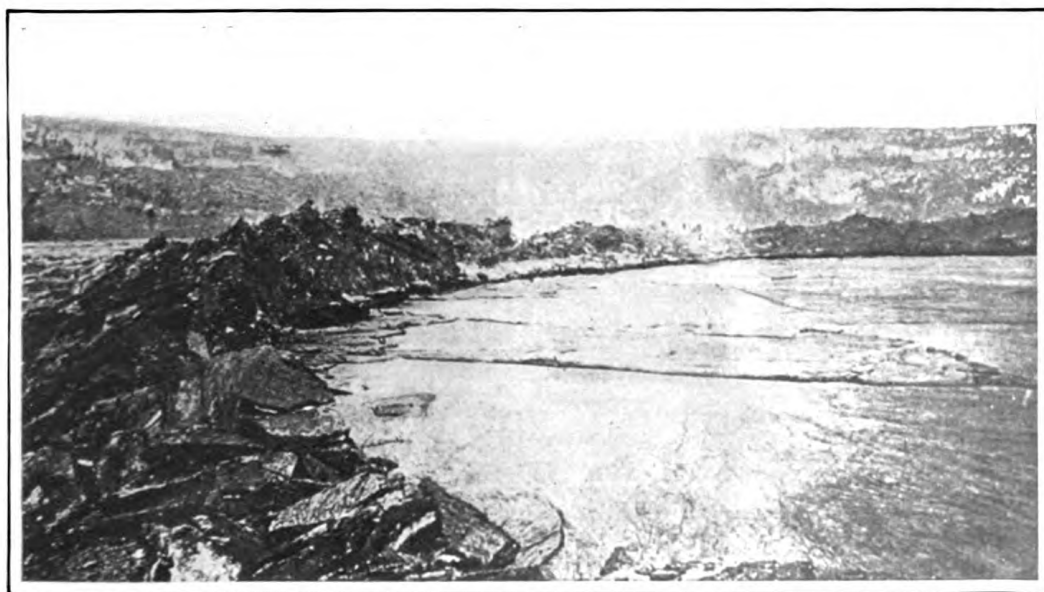


FIG. 5.—NEAR VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE CRATER RING



plateau, situated at an average depth of about three miles below the continental surface. The continents must then have

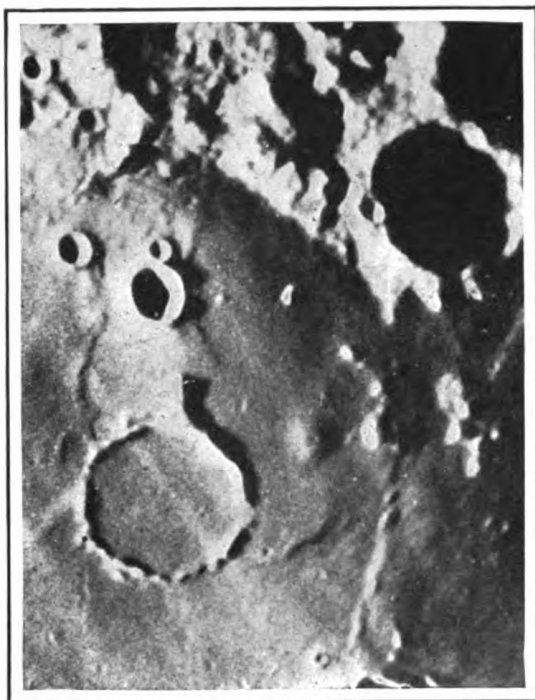


FIG. 6.—Two crater rings on the moon, Schickard and Phocylides

floated like two huge ice-cakes in this ocean of molten matter. Since their density was the same as that of the Moon, 3.4, since also they were thirty-six miles in thickness, and rose three miles above the surface of the liquid, the density of the latter must have been 3.7. We know little of the density of the material lying beneath the ocean floor, but in some places it has been forced to the surface, as in the Hawaiian Islands. Tests made by E. D. Preston, of the United States Coast Survey, have shown that its density is very high—higher, in fact, than the density of any other region yet tested. The result found was 3.7, or exactly the value we have just reached based purely on theoretical grounds.

Geologists at the present day speak of the crust of the Earth, as distinguished from the material existing at greater depths within its interior. Both are understood to be solid at the present time,

but the difference consists in a sudden change in the kind of material existing there. The thickness of this crust has been estimated by different methods. The rate of increase of temperature as we descend has led Bonney to believe that lava is usually forced up from a depth of twenty to thirty miles. Owing to reduced pressure on reaching the volcanic vent, the lava is supposed to liquefy at that depth. Computed from the speed of travel of earthquake waves, Fischer and Milne have placed the thickness of the crust at about thirty miles. Judged by the amount of radium contained in the igneous rocks of the Earth's surface, and the total quantity which the Earth can be assumed to contain, Strutt has computed the thickness of the crust to be about forty-five miles. It is interesting to note that the thickness that we have found dependent on the volume of



FIG. 7.—Lunar crater of the terrestrial type, recently discovered at Harvard on a lantern-slide made at the Yerkes Observatory

the Moon—thirty-six miles—lies well between these values. It is certainly gratifying that four computations based on





FIG. 8.—PIT CRATER OF KAUHAKU, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

such dissimilar data should all lead to so nearly the same result.

If it is true, as here suggested, that we owe our continents and ocean-beds to the Moon, then the human race owes far more to that body than we have ever before placed to its credit. If the Moon had not been formed at all, or if it had carried away the whole of the terrestrial crust, our Earth would then have been completely enveloped in its oceans, as may be the case with the planet Venus at the present time. Our race could then hardly have advanced beyond the intelligence of the present deep-sea fish. If, on the other hand, the Moon had been of but a fraction of its present bulk, or if it had been a little larger than it is, our continents would have been greatly diminished in area, and our numbers decimated, or our lands overpopulated.

When the Moon first separated from us, it doubtless broke up into numerous irregular pieces, which later coalesced, when they had reached a suitable distance from the Earth. The Moon could

never have existed as a uniform ring revolving about us; neither could it have existed as a huge sphere just clearing our surface. When the various parts of which it is formed finally united, they may have completely liquefied, and it was at or soon after this time that the larger lunar craters were formed.

It used to be supposed that all terrestrial volcanoes were of one kind, and that all volcanic activity was due to explosions of steam. It was found impossible to explain the origin of the lunar craters on this hypothesis, and numerous other suggestions, such as the fall of huge meteoric masses, were proposed as a solution. Latterly it has been found that there is a second kind of terrestrial volcanic crater, which belongs to what is known as the engulfment type. These craters are found in various parts of the world, but at the present day all are extinct save two, located in Hawaii, and these are active for only a part of the time. One of the largest of the extinct craters is known as Crater Lake, in Oregon, and meas-

ures five by six miles in diameter. It is now found that the lunar craters closely resemble some of the terrestrial ones of the engulfment type, and were doubtless formed in the same manner.

In Fig. 4 is shown an engulfment crater of the crater-ring class in process of formation. The lava rises in the opening or vent and overflows, gradually building up a circular raised dam. A near view of a part of this dam is shown in Fig. 5. Later the lava is withdrawn from below, leaving behind it a large ring-shaped formation with a depressed central cavity, having a flat or even slightly convex floor. The larger lunar craters are all of this type. Two that are found near the limb or smooth edge of the Moon are shown in Fig. 6. Lunar craters near the centre of the disk are seen at a high angle, and appear very much deeper than they are in reality.

The characteristic difference between the lunar and terrestrial types may be briefly expressed by saying that the terrestrial volcano consists of a high cone and a small crater, while the lunar formation consists of a very large crater and an insignificant cone. It had always been supposed, until recently, that the terrestrial type was nowhere to be

found upon the Moon, but a few months ago, while a lantern-slide made at the Yerkes Observatory by Professor Ritchey was being examined at Harvard, a thoroughly typical crater of the terrestrial type was found upon it. This crater is shown a little to the right and below the centre of Fig. 7. The cone measures nine miles in diameter at its base, and is 2000 feet in height. The crater is half a mile in diameter. For purposes of comparison we may say that the diameter of the base of Vesuvius, including Monte Somma, is eight miles, and its height 4000 feet. The diameter of its crater, which varies with every eruption, rarely exceeds a quarter of a mile, although it is said at present to be somewhat larger. The large crater of the lunar type shown just below and to the left of the centre of the figure is known as Kies, and measures twenty-eight miles in diameter. Craters of five and six times this size are found in certain parts of the Moon.

Most of the smaller lunar craters with which we are acquainted, and these probably number more than ninety-nine per cent. of the whole, have smooth, rounded, concave floors. Many examples of this class also are found in Hawaii, upon the

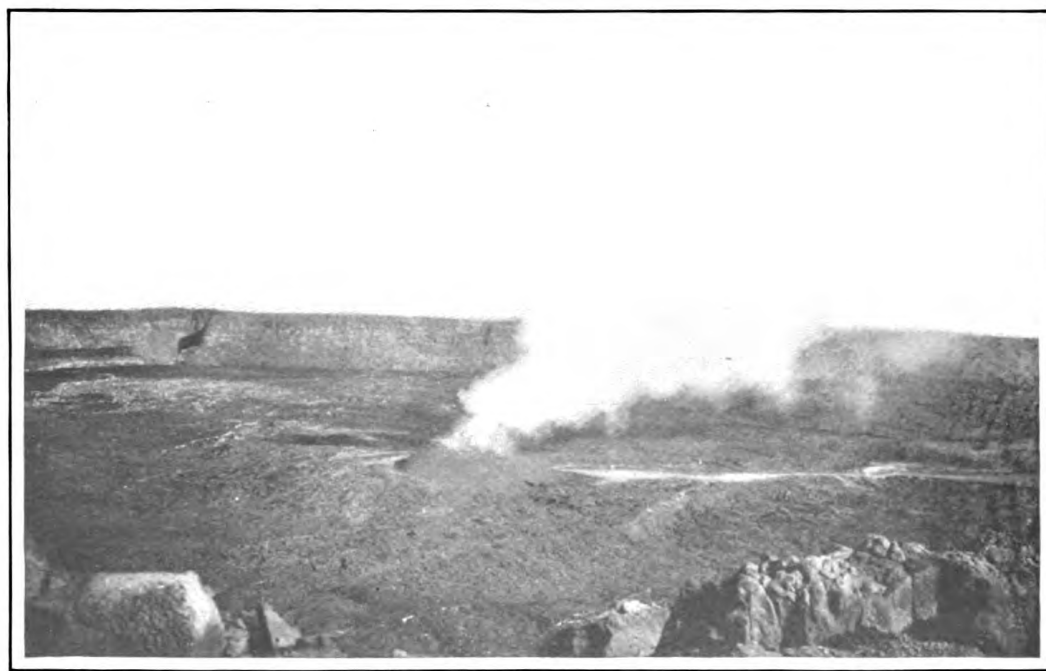


FIG. 9.—DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE 1903 ERUPTIONS IN THE SUMMIT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA

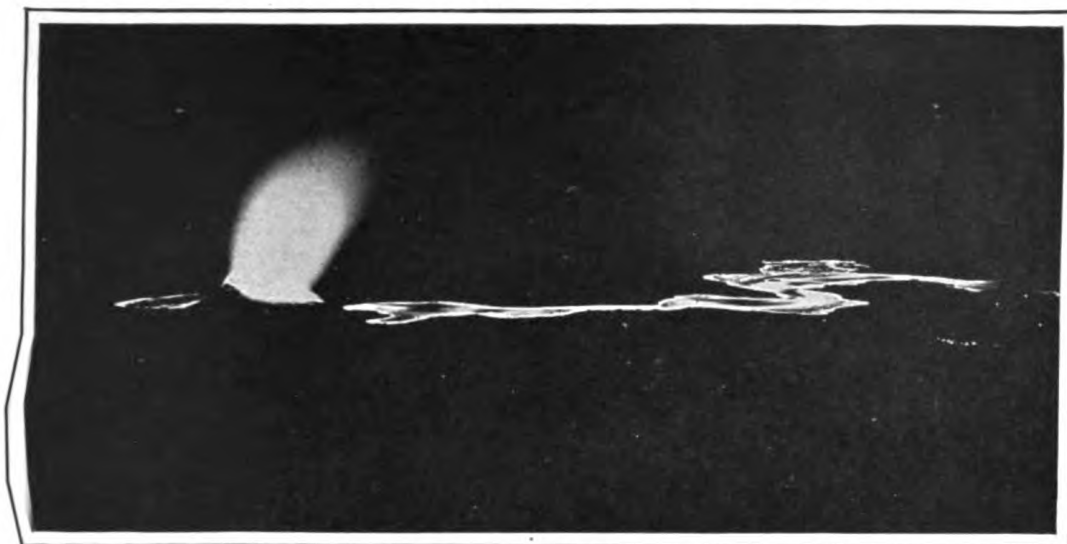


FIG. 10.—NIGHT VIEW OF 1903 ERUPTIONS IN THE SUMMIT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA

slopes of Mount Hualalai. Still another kind of lunar crater, of which only very small specimens are to be found, rarely exceeding a mile or two in diameter, has absolutely no outside cone at all, and is known as a crater pit. Fig. 8 represents a Hawaiian volcano of this type. Its name is Kauhaku, and it is situated near the leper settlement on the island of Molokai. It consists simply of a hole in the ground and nothing more.

It once was brimming full of lava, but the lava has long since withdrawn, leaving nothing but the empty hole—an object very unlike our ideas of a volcano. Numerous other curious formations seen upon the Moon are now found to exist also in Hawaii, and there is scarcely a lunar feature which does not have its counterpart somewhere in this interesting newly acquired possession of the United States.

## The Voice of the Rain

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE wind calls like a spirit—  
The sea, like mystic song;  
But the falling rain is like a voice,  
Murmuring all night long.

For the wind's way none may follow,  
The sea no man may bound;  
But the rain is gentle minister  
Between the skies and ground.

Rising, mist-clad and silent,  
From land and sea, it bears  
The offering of their fragrances—  
The perfume of their prayers.

Then, with its myriad blessings  
For the myriad-praying plain—  
Each drop an answer to a call—  
Earthward returns the rain.

The wind is like a spirit  
And the sea a mystery,  
But the blessed rain is a living voice  
That speaks through the night to me.

# The Man Who Wanted to Be Safe

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a man who wanted to be safe. Even when he was a little boy he was so careful about being safe that all his playthings knew it and tried to be safe too. His marbles never dropped into the gutter, and his hoop always stopped rolling just before it reached a rough piece of ground. As for his top, it would spin only a very little while, because it was afraid it might not have breath to spin with another time; and his wheelbarrow trundled very moderately lest the pebbles should fly up and mar its shiny sides. And when the boy grew into a man he kept on wanting to be safe, only the older he grew, the more he wanted it. He lived in a beautiful place where there were woods and rivers and waterfalls and red sunsets, and gold and silver underground. There were the most delightful people to play and work with, and they were always begging the man to come out and work or play with them.

"Come and dig up some of the gold and silver," the men would say to him; but he shook his head.

"No," said he; "we should have to work very hard to get any at all, and hard work will make us grow old."

"Nonsense," said the other men. "We shall grow old anyway, and we might as well keep our blood moving."

"Besides," said the man, "I have gold and silver enough. My father dug it for me."

"Ah!" said the other men, "then you could dig for the temple."

"What temple?" asked the man.

"The temple to the Unknown God. It has an altar, and on the altar are vessels of gold and silver, and in the track that leads up to the altar are statues of gold and silver. And however many statues are made, there are never enough; so we must work very hard, all of us, to make more."

"Why?" asked the man.

The other men wrinkled their brows and stood leaning on their picks and spades.

"Why?" said they. "Why?" Then their brows lightened. "Because it is the temple of the Unknown God." So they went away, singing and talking, to their work, and left the man alone.

Then came three maidens, very beautiful, and said to him,

"Come and dance with us."

The man looked at them attentively, because they pleased him, and one most of all. But he shook his head.

"I am sorry," said he, "but it really is not best for me to go."

"Why isn't it best?" asked the most beautiful of all; and she said it wistfully,

"I don't know where you intend to dance."

They all laughed together, in a way they had.

"Why, we don't know either," they said. "We shall just dance into the woods and out again, and maybe we shall dance on to the waterfall."

"Haven't I heard of a lion in those woods?" asked the man.

"Oh dear, yes!" said the maidens. "There are several; but if you dance very hard, they put down their tails and go off to find somebody who isn't moving so fast."

"Then as to the waterfall—didn't I hear of a man's falling over and getting drowned?"

"Ah, but that was a poet! He was looking at the sky and hearing the roar of the water, and he was chanting what he read in the sky and trying to fit it to the sound of the water; and so he forgot the earth, and the water took him. But it didn't really drown him. It only carried him along the river to the sea."

"All this seems to me very embarrassing," said the man. "I shouldn't want to be taken along the river to the sea."

So the maidens went off by themselves,

and the man was sorrowful, because he really liked them, and one most of all. By and by, when she had gone a little way, she left the others and came back. She looked half ashamed, as if it were not customary to come back. The red ran into her cheeks, and she gazed down at her shoe; but that only made her the more beautiful.

"Perhaps," she said, in a low tone, "we may only go as far as the meadow. Then maybe you would be willing to dance."

The man shook his head. He had to shake it very hard to keep himself from going.

"I am sure I am doing the wise thing," said he. "The meadow seems safe; but it is quite near the wood, and we must remember the lions are there."

The maiden looked at him more wistfully still. He almost thought there were tears in her eyes, but he tried to believe it was not so, because tears are so likely to make one do foolish things.

"But suppose you do meet a lion?" said she. "You are very strong."

"Yes," said the man, "that is true. But there would be two of us, you see. And you are not strong, and I should have to look out for you."

The maid put up her head quite proudly. He saw he must have been mistaken in thinking there were tears in her eyes.

"No," said she, "you would not have to look out for me. I can look out for myself."

"Well," said the man, "you must be careful."

Then she began to sing, as she danced away after the others, and the man wondered, because he had never heard her voice when it sounded so loud and shrill. They were all three singing as they danced along, and by and by the woods closed in on them and he was alone.

"Well," said he at length, "that's over." And he went in and shut the door behind him.

Now, as the years went on, the man grew more and more determined to be safe. He seldom stepped beyond his own dooryard, though he was still quite young; but it did not seem to him as if the house even was safe enough. So he traced a circle, to enclose his land,

and built a fence about it. But in a year it seemed to him that a great many unpleasant things might happen in so large a space, and inside the circle he traced a very little one. And about that he built a fence, and inside the fence he made a moat, and outside the fence he set a thick hedge of the bushes that grow very fast and never stop growing. Then he sat down in his house, with the key of his gate in his pocket.

"Now," said he, "I believe I am safe."

So the years went on again, and the water in the moat grew stagnant and the hedge kept growing, and the man sat indoors and thought how safe he was. No one came to see him now, because whenever any one came and called over the hedge he had called back again:

"The gate doesn't open. You must go away."

Once a day the baker came and passed a loaf of bread in through a hole in the hedge, and the man paid him out of the gold he had by him. And this went on and on until the man was not young nor even middle-aged, and sat alone in his house, thinking about the Last of All.

He was sitting there one June day when the sky sparkled and the trees were all a wavy green, when he heard a voice calling him and went out of his door to listen.

"If it is anybody to attack me," he thought, "it had better be on open ground."

But the voice was tremulous and sweet. He thought he had heard it before, though the one he remembered was young, and this was certainly old.

"Who are you?" he called.

"Do you remember the day I came back and asked you to dance with us?" it answered, and he thought it sounded pleadingly just as it had those years ago.

His heart gave a leap.

"Of course I remember," he said. "Are you dancing still?"

"No," said the voice; "I have walked quite slowly for a long time. But every day I have been walking toward you."

Now the man was more moved than he had been for many years, but he did not like that at all, because it seemed to him hardly safe for his heart to beat so hard.

"Did you have to walk far?" he asked, against his will.



"No," said the voice. "I was never far away, but I have been going about your house in circles, nearer and nearer, and now they have brought me to your gate."

"Well," said he, "I am sorry, but the gate won't open. The lock has rusted, and, to tell the truth, I've lost the key."

"Yes, I know it," said the voice, "but I have brought an axe with me, and I want to cut down the hedge."

"What!" said the man, "do you want to come in so badly as that?"

"Oh no," said the voice, "I don't want to get in at all. I only want you to be able to come out."

Then he was indeed surprised, for in all these years he had forgotten that there was any one different from himself.

"Why," said he, "what on earth should I want to go out for?"

"To see the sunset," said the voice. "It is very beautiful."

"Why," said the man, "you must be mistaken. The sky hasn't been red for years and years."

"And the sunrise," said the voice. "This morning the sky was as red as a rose."

"Now," said the man, quite crossly, "if the sky had been red, don't you suppose I should have known it?"

"No," said the voice; "your hedge is too thick and too high. And the woods—they are all carpeted with bloom. And the cataract—it sings its old song, only a thousand times more wonderful, and the poets meet beside it and sing and sing."

"What nonsense!" said the man. "The cataract has been still for many years. Everything is growing still—all except a little watch I hear ticking somewhere. That bothers me very much. Sometimes it hurries, and I don't like that at all; but I believe it's growing fainter."

"Come out," said the voice, "and listen to the cataract, and drown yourself in its glory."

"That's it," said the man, peevishly. "Drown! why, people used to be drowned there by the dozen."

"And the pathway to the temple—it is all lined with golden statues. They shine so that you can see them for miles and miles."

"Now I ask you," said the man, "what has become of the men that made the statues, and the men that dug the gold for them?"

"Dead!" said the voice, joyously. "They died at their task in the mine or before the smelting-furnace, bless God!"

"There!" said the man. "I knew you'd have to own it. And I'll warrant they haven't even a monument."

"Very few of them," said the voice. "Some lie within the temple, but most of them are unregarded dust."

"There!" said the man. "You see!"

But the voice broke now and said, as if through tears,

"I beseech you to let me cut down the hedge about your house."

"You are too old to chop," said the man, because he could find no other reason.

"No! no!" cried the voice. "I am old, indeed, but I have strength enough for that. And I tempered and sharpened my axe myself. I beseech you to let me do it."

"I forbid you!" cried the man. "I forbid you to touch my hedge."

"Alas!" said the voice, "I cannot touch it unless you give me leave."

"And I forbid you to tell people I answered you. I won't have them coming here spying on me and disturbing me."

"No," said the voice, sorrowfully, "only two will come after I have gone away."

"Only two?"

"One of them is Old Age."

"He is here now. Who is the other?"

"Death."

Then there was silence for a time, and the June breeze, rustling in the hedge, made a sound like winter.

"Where are you?" cried the man.

There was no answer. Everywhere it was very still. Only he could hear the beating of his heart, and that, too, seemed to him fainter than he had ever heard it before.

# The Step One

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE new wife's face was alert with intense interest.

"Are we getting pretty near, —Davy?" with the shy little halt still before the name.

It was taking longer than she had expected to get used to calling this great, grave, Reverend David "Davy." But she was bent upon persisting—David now would be David always, and a David was no kind of a person to live all of one's life with,—and play little wife-jokes upon,—and kiss good-night! From the first she had known she must call him Davy.

"Pretty, *real* near—Davy? Because I've saved up some questions to ask you on the home-stretch. I must have time enough."

Very gently this great, grave Reverend David groaned—so gently that he kept it to himself. Had he not been dreading those questions ever since they started away from the pleasant place of their two weeks' honeymoon? He had felt them coming—and now here they were.

"The first one—I've got them methodically numbered," laughed the sweet, low voice—"the first one,—Davy, is, How many? (Of course I know, but you must make believe I didn't. I want to be introduced all over again.) And the second one is, How do they look? And the thir—"

"One at a time, Mary," he smiled; "you mustn't rush me! Answer to number one: Six."

"Six," she murmured, and the color flooded her face softly. Six was so—many! Of course she had known,—of course she had. But even a little three-letter word like that can sound different at different times—little sometimes, sometimes big. How big it sounded now!

"Six," she repeated under her breath, and did not speak again at once. Then, smiling up at him, "Now answer number two, please!"

He pretended dismay. "It's a big contract," he said; "you are certainly rushing me! As if a man could remember six separate looks!—and five of them girl ones!"

"Are girl ones harder to remember? Then I'll put the question in another way. Like this: What are they like? Aren't some of them like you, Davy? Just one or two?" She was scarcely conscious that she held her breath for the answer, but he knew. More than mere knowing, he understood.

"Mary is like me," he said gently but a little uncertainly. Then, as if making a rapid mental inventory of Mary's characteristics, "Yes, Mary *is* like me," with assurance.

"Mary?" She caught her breath quickly. "Then one of them is *Mary*? Why, I never expected—I never thought—"

"Her mother's name was Mary," the great, grave, reverend man said quietly, but he winced at the hurt he knew he was giving her—he knew her so well. They had never mentioned the dead wife's name; she had never asked, he never volunteered it.

"Then call me Molly!" her heart cried out within her. "Not Mary!—no, no, not Mary!" But she uttered no sound with her lips, but with infinite effort made them smile. It was a full moment before she spoke.

"It's a good name," stoutly. "It—it bears repeating. I never would let anybody but home folks nickname me,—they called me Molly at home. That's rather a funny little name, don't you think? I—I don't suppose you like the name of Molly?"

And because he understood, he smiled and called her Molly. It was a distinct relief to them both. After that, she found that Davy came more easily.

"Davy,"—then again, practising it, "Davy."

"Yes,—Molly."

"Isn't it queer I never would let you tell me their names before? I always was 'just that' whimsey! And now, honest, I'm a little frightened,—six names are so many to learn in a hurry! Are we getting very awfully near?"

"Pretty near,—shall I teach them to you now?"

"Yes,—oh, yes, hurry! I've learned Mary,—now the rest, Davy. Be quick!"

He smiled and held up his big brown fingers, ticking the names off monotonously. "Mary, Margaret,—Judith, Jean,—Hop o' My Thumb and The Boy."

"Oh, The Boy—I'm glad there's a Boy!" she laughed. "Maybe the other—Hop o' My Thumb is a—"

"Girl. All girl ones but The Boy."

"And he is the baby one? I'm glad The Boy is the baby one! I'm sure I don't know why, but I am. Does he wear little Russian frocks and his hair chopped off—oh, Davy, if he doesn't, you'll let me chop it off round the ears, won't you? Say I may!"

The great, grave, Reverend David gasped softly. "Er—yes,—no,—that is, you must ask him. He wears it something like that now, since he began to play football."

"Football! Davy, how old is he?" she demanded.

"Ten, in his stocking feet."

"Oh,—ten!" She was palpably disgusted. The little Russian frocks melted into the background. This was The Boy she had been going to snuggle in her arms. This was the Baby One!

"There's Hop o' Thumb," he ventured appeasingly, anxious to comfort. "Hop o' Thumb is six. Six is rather small."

"Oh!" she brightened, "six is lovely! Why didn't you tell me there was a six one—oh, of course, I wouldn't let you. Davy, I guess I was a—goose!"

"I guess so," he agreed, smiling down at her from his great height. But in his heart he called himself something worse than a goose—a coward. It had been such a relief when she had put her finger on his lips and bidden him: "No, no, not yet! I want to wait,—just for this little while pretend there is only you!" And they had "pretended," while the short, sweet space of their honeymoon sped by. He had reasoned that perhaps it was better so,—better to wait. The re-

lief of it blinded his better judgment; he wanted to give himself more time.

But now,—he could not wait any longer now, and his heart sank within him at what he must tell her. It was terrible to look into her earnest face and say cruelly, brutally: "They won't be glad to see you, dear. They don't want a stepmother."

They would be polite. Oh, he knew how polite they would be! He could see them standing in a stiff little row, with Mary at the head—Mary, who had drilled them painstakingly. They would put out limp hands properly, the hands growing smaller and smaller down the line to Hop o' Thumb's little cushioned hand with the dimple-pricks in it. Hop o' Thumb's hand would be terribly clean—he could see just how scrubbed and polished it would be. But Hop o' Thumb's little scrubbed face would be unfriendly, dignified and cold, a ludicrous copy of all the faces up the line to Mary's. Mary had drilled them. As well as if he had been there, he knew what she had said at the drills. Something terrible, like this: "We must be polite, but we sha'n't love her, of course. Nobody could expect that of us. She will be our stepmother and we must make the best of her. But, children, remember! We must *always* be polite!"

He was not much concerned about ultimate results. This sweet-faced little new wife there on the seat opposite him would attend to those. He had faith in her sweetness to break all barriers down ultimately. But now—it was now he was concerned about. He longed so intensely to make her home-coming pleasant, and he knew so well about the line of dignified little faces and limp little hands that would be there waiting. And she would see the dignity and feel the limpness instantly; he could not deceive her a moment.

While he thought his thoughts like this, she was thinking hers. And oddly enough, they were both much alike. With a woman's swift intuition she had read his thoughts and marshalled them into file to be considered. There was not much time to do it in; she must hurry. There were six children on ahead in the new home, and his brooding eyes and the frown between them told her plainly

enough the truth. They were six little hostiles—they did not want any of her. And poor Davy, it was going to hurt him as much as her. Well?—She thought fast.

"Isn't there any one there with them?—they're not there all alone, Davy?" she said aloud.

"No,"—he came out of his anxious thoughts bewilderedly and slowly,—“No, oh no; that is, they are just now, but they haven't been all the time, of course. The old housekeeper had to go on account of sickness, Mary wrote. She said not to worry; they could get on alone the rest of the time. Mrs. Pond only left two or three days ago. I wrote back I should send them a new housekeeper immediately, but it was such short notice—I haven't found any one yet. A neighbor was to stay with them nights and help Mary get ready for us—”

She broke into the long speech brightly. “Aren't we beginning to slow up?” she said. “Anyway, we shall very soon, sha'n't we? Well, I have a speech to make first. Listen hard, dear, and don't dare to be surprised! You married me just as I was, didn't you? Well, I was a queer little thing, Davy, apt any minute to do something unexpected. I'm going to now!—Davy, I want you to let me go first alone.”

“Go first—alone—” He did not understand.

“Yes,—*home*, you know. I don't want you along! You are to go on somewhere and not come back for a week. Of course—of course it's a crazy way for a new wife to go to her husband's home and get acquainted with his children! No one ever did it before. I'm the first one,—I'm going to do it, Davy. You will let me have my way, dear? It was in the 'contract,' wasn't it,—‘to love, honor and let her have her way’?”

“Mary!” He could not seem to say another word. The unusualness—impossibility—of the scheme took his breath away. Yet there was something in her face, smiling-mouthed but serious-eyed, that let in light upon him. He began to see—he saw uncertainly, then with sudden, dazzling vividness, what this thing she wanted to do, this astounding, unheard-of thing, meant. Her startling little plan opened to him.

“But I can't let you, dear!” he faltered. “Not this—some other thing, dear.”

“*This*, Davy,” she rejoined firmly, “you will let me do it. I want to meet them alone and get acquainted a little before you come. Never mind how queer it is, or how unconventional,—I want to do it. I *want* to, Davy. Trust me and let me have my way. You wouldn't refuse your wife before you've been married to her a month? Well, then, listen,—go on somewhere and manage to get along a week—no, you may come on Saturday. That will be only five days. There are things enough in your bag for that time. Saturday, Davy, you may come!”

She could not put her hands on his shoulders and coax him in her own way, on account of the curious eyes about her, but she put it all as well as she could into her eyes. He saw it there and read it a little blunderingly after a man's fashion. But he got to the truth in his way. He understood why she asked this strange thing of him.

When the train slowed into the next station he made himself sit still and let her get out alone. She would not even have him go out on the platform with her and put her into a carriage. Some one, she said, would recognize him, and it was a part of her plan not to have him recognized. But she leaned to his ear as she left him, and what she said a little paid him for this hard thing he was doing for her. He nodded and smiled, because her coaxing eyes asked for a nod and a smile.

“Trust me, dear,” she said. And he sat there trusting her against his will.

“There's somebody a-coming,” The Boy reported from his watch-tower, “but it's only one somebody.”

“*They're* one now,” responded Mary, with no hint of joking, but rather great bitterness in her tone. Mary was getting her line ready to form at the word from the lookout.

“Well, this one's a woman-person all alone. She's going by—she's coming here! Can't Judy or Jeanie go to the door, 'cause I dassent stop looking?”

“Both of you go,” commanded the head of the little family. Judith and

Jean usually did things, by virtue perhaps of their twinship, together. "Tell whoever it is that we don't want any. We are *very* busy to-day," added Mary.

"We don't want any," quavered one twin shyly. She was hurriedly reinforced by the other twin: "'Cause we're getting ready for a stepmother an' it's awful."

"Poor things!" murmured the woman-person on the door-step softly. But she did not offer to go away. "I am the new housekeeper," she said with a sunny smile. "You are not going to send the new housekeeper away? I came on purpose to help you to—to get ready for the new mother."

"Stepmother," corrected the twins promptly. "She isn't anything but a step. Come right in and we'll call Mary. We'd given you up and have done our own cooking—gracious, I'm glad you've come!"

"Do you like griddle-cakes?" the new housekeeper inquired without waste of ceremony. "The goldy-brown kind you eat with syrup? Because I can make—"

"Mary! Mary, come down quick! She's come and she's going to griddle-cake us! With syrup on! Come quick!"

"Judy, Jeanie, what do you mean!" Mary was coming down the stairs with pale horror in her face. Tragedy seemed imminent. If she had really come and those terrible twins were receiving her with wide-open arms—mouths, like this!

"It's the new housekeeper—the new housekeeper! This is Mary," introduced the twins. And Mary's color came flooding back. She held out a slender hand to the stranger.

"You're perfectly wel—I mean you're very welcome," she said, and then their eyes met and they laughed together at the thin little joke. It was a relief to Mary, after all these grave days, to laugh. She could not have explained the feeling, but it was instant relief. Her heavy little burden of care slid from her shoulders to the stranger's. Now she need not worry any more about the supper and the beds and the cold in Hop o' Thumb's throat. With an impulsive little motion Mary caught the new housekeeper's hand and squeezed it. It meant the things her halting tongue would not say.

"I must explain," the stranger said

rather unsteadily. "I have seen your father and he is not coming to-day. Not until Saturday. There has been a—a change of plan. We have almost a week to get ready for him in. Don't you think in a week we can get ready?" She was taking off her wraps, smiling at them in turn in an odd, wistful way. They liked her at once.

"Go up and tell Boy he needn't watch out any more. Tell him to come down here—he likes griddle-cakes, too!" Mary laughed. "I guess we're all about starved. I've been housekeeping."

"Yes, she's cooked us," the spokesman twin called down over her shoulder as they scrambled up-stairs to call The Boy. And there was that in the child's tone that sent Mary and the stranger laughing again, whereby a new link of friendship was forged.

They swarmed about her, eager to get acquainted and more eager still to see the griddle-cakes materialize. One set the table, while all the rest, captained by Mary, introduced the new housekeeper to her field of labor. As they buzzed about they talked.

"It's fine, isn't it, that we've got most another week!" Margaret remarked. "Of course we want to see daddy," she added hastily, "but it's a great relief to have our stepmother put off."

"Why?—does she bite?" queried the new housekeeper innocently. "I had one once and mine didn't."

"Did you hate her?" propounded Mary with sudden energy. She swung about and waited for her answer. It came very gently.

"No; oh no! I loved mine."

"Gracious!" from the awed twins in a breath.

"I never s'posed folks could," The Boy muttered. "The idea!"

"It was rather easy after just the first—'just the firsts' are always a little hard, I guess," the gentle voice kept on evenly; "but when she began to cuddle me bedtimes—"

Hop o' Thumb uttered a hasty croak in her sore little throat. It would be so nice to be cuddled bedtimes!

"Then I left off the 'step' and called her mother. Now somebody show me where the baking-powder is," briskly, with an end to sentiment. The supper



preparations went ahead without further interruption.

Hop o' Thumb's small brown face turned slowly red-brown, then a deep feverish red that alarmed the new house-keeper. She was not unacquainted with sickness, but here was new responsibility connected with it.

"Get a tub of hot water for her feet, and mustard, and one of you go for the doctor." She issued orders calmly, but she was not calm. Dread was pinching her heart.

All night she held the little body against her breast, rocking and crooning. Hop o' Thumb grew a little delirious after a while and talked in a weary, monotonous little strain of many things. By and by she settled down upon step-mothers and talked of them.

"Take 'em away!" she implored; "don't let one get me! I haven't been a single bit naughty—promise you'll hide me if you see one coming!"

"It's nice to be cuddled bedtimes, isn't it? What was that you was talkin' 'bout? You said—you said you had one once, didn't you? A step one? Or else you said you *was* one—I keep a-forgettin'."

"I had one once, dear."

"An' you loved her? Didn't you say you loved yours?"

"Yes, dear, very much."

"Then—then I'm a-goin' to love mine. Where's Mary?—I want Mary!—No, I guess I'll go to sleep instead. You tell her I'm a-goin' to love mine."

"Yes, darling. Now go to sleep."

"But I wish she was like you!—I wish she was like you!"

"She is, dear."

"An' cuddles you bedtimes?"

"Just like this, darling."

"Oh!—oh, tell Mary. What 'll Mary say!"

"Mary says then we'd all love *her*," a girl-voice murmured sobbingly; "we'd all do it, Hop o' Thumb, if she was this kind."

For five days the fever had its way, in spite of the doctor and the new house-keeper. Then in the sudden fashion of children's ailments it subsided and the danger was past. In those days and nights Mary and the stranger-woman had come very close together.

"I'm so glad it was you came and not—and not—*her*!" the girl cried thankfully.

"She would have done just what I have," retorted the other fiercely. She was very tired.

"She couldn't—she's a stepmother!" Mary flung back. Mary was tired, too.

"I am a stepmother."

"*You!*" It did not seem possible.

"And you said you'd love her if she was like me—you said you would—"

"But she isn't,—she can't be," Mary insisted.

"She is just like me, I tell you! Could you love me, dear?" The impatience had gone now and in its stead had crept in tenderness. Mary flung herself into the other's arms.

"I do! I do! I want you for a step-mother instead of *her*!"

"Then take me—" began the other, but got no farther, for there in the doorway stood David,—daddy. He had been listening; they saw it in his face. He did not speak a word.

"Davy!" She laid the sleeping child in Mary's arms and ran to the door. A strange thing happened then.

"Davy, Davy, Davy! Oh, I'll never do it again! The next time you marry me, you shall come, too,—I've been so anxious, Davy! But she's better now; she is getting well. And you're here—we'll all be happy together now."

Mary stole away. They did not even know when she passed them in the door. She went down-stairs and rounded up the children.

"Listen to me," she said; "every one of you listen to me! Something has happened—we've had a stepmother nearly a week and didn't know it! She's been taking care of Hop o' Thumb and we've been loving her. *And we're not going to stop.* We're going up-stairs and—hug her. We'll go in a procession and I'll be the first—"

But suddenly, quite unexpectedly, The Boy assumed the rights of sex. Undeterred by considerations of courtesy, he went to the head of the little procession and led it up-stairs with the calm mien of a conqueror. With a swift onslaught he "bear-hugged" the little new mother, and one by one they followed him. In the midst woke up Hop o' Thumb and claimed precedence weakly.

"I did it long ago!" she triumphed.

## A Portrait, by Louis Loeb

IN the field of art to-day creative expression is so general that, instead of strongly marked individualities carrying forward the work as in the past, we have movements whose invisible currents are pervading the whole people, lifting a widely diffused culture to higher levels. Mr. Loeb, as one of this varied and active multitude, contributes to its force by his own expression in varied form. Portrait-painter, illustrator, picture-maker, whatever he undertakes shows individuality, freshness, and delicacy, and reflects the emotion and sobriety of his own nature. His is well-bred art which never shouts, but has the power to interest us without resorting to extravagance or brutality, without overemphasis or pedantry. His work in illustration has given predominance to the literary quality rather than the purely artistic in his art; yet it carries a subtle atmosphere, expressing the mood of the artist, the haunting memory of things that is impressionistic. The final interest of his pictures is subjective, and any theme serves to show his poetic view of life, his habit of dreamy melancholy. The example represented illustrates his characteristic sensibility. We feel the sensuous dreaminess of the indolent South rather than the clean-cut Holbein-like fidelity. The eyes like languid stars, the softly rounded arm disposing the crimson poppies, the poise of the head, the subdued color—all speak his love of beauty. While accepting the fashion of the time, he poetizes life about him and infuses his work with perennial interest. By avoiding the fashion of the day an artist does not ensure his work from slipping out of fashion. A work infused with life and sentiment will live in spite of the whims of dress; an example of such may be cited in the "Infantas" of Velasquez. An artist who belongs to all time must represent his own day; by his perception of life he overrides transient peculiarities of dress.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"YOUNG WOMAN WITH POPPIES," BY LOUIS LOEB

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

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# Vignettes of the Road

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

THE railroad dominates. It spreads a web across the land and holds men and cities in its meshes. Its smoke blots every sky.

Armies of men toil for it—trainmen; trackmen; signalmen; expressmen staggering under baggage; station-agents; crews of ferries laden with commuters, or of tugs towing rafts of freights; clerks, old and young, perched on ink-stained stools, their thumbs cramped, their eyes wandering ever toward the windows and glimpses of cloud-capped buildings.

For it steamships pour hordes of immigrants upon the docks. Miners delve for it, and empty the black storehouses of the earth into its hungry cars. Men grow gray in its employ. Some live with hand on throttle, eyes fixed on signals and blinking lights. Some sweat among the cylinders in hissing steam. Some ride on rushing freights, ducking bridges, running on swaying roofs, bathed in smoke and cinders.

Across the country the railroad stretches its embankments. It cleaves the mountain and throws trestles above the gorge. It fills the cities with its roar. Its stations tower among sky-scrappers, and through its gates the multitude pours. It is monarch of the age.

It is dusk; but in the west, beyond the railroad-yard, the sky is glowing. The light strikes upon the rails and they gleam like burnished brass. In the fading light all else is growing dark, but against the orange sky the semaphore and lean poles of the telegraph stand black, and at the crossing, farther on, a trestle arches its iron network. The air is full of cinders and swirling steam. Engines vomit inky smoke, which spreads into billows of black vapor and throws dark shadows upon the yard. The switch-lights begin to twinkle. The grimy figures of the lampmen go stumping among the tracks with flickering

torches, and soon the yard is dotted with green and yellow lights.

Freight-cars rush by, single ones and drafts of twos and threes, shunted by the shifting-engine by the yardmaster's station and on their way to make up freights at the lower section of the yard. Loaded cars there are, and empties; coal-cars, box cars, cattle-cars, oil-cars, flat cars with axles shrieking under tons of granite. They bear down suddenly out of the twilight, loom big, then go by with a rush of wind, the brakemen riding high up on the roofs, tugging on the brake-wheels, and waving signals to the switchmen.

"Look at that there fool of a dropper!" growls a switchman, his eyes on the brakeman of an oncoming car who is whirling his lantern about in wavering circles. "That's no way to signal! Why don't he swing it around his head? I can't see the — thing move. If he wants track 15, why in blazes can't he swing his light proper? No, sir," he says, as he throws a lever and the car goes by, "I wouldn't be no dropper. Too much climbin'. Your hands get full of corns pullin' on the brakes, an' there 're smash-ups all the time, an' you get caught between the wheels. They get awful careless, them droppers. Just yesterday, when it was so icy, one of 'em got killed jumpin' from the polin' engine when it was goin' right well—slid right under. But strangers are the worst. They don't look where they're goin'. There was a fellow come here Monday—he was the super's son or somethin', an' had a long coat on. He was walkin' down the tracks, an' a big freight come up behind an' fanned his coat tails, an' he got sucked in. You've got to watch yourself on the tracks. Hi! Somethin's wrong over there!"

Beyond the next switch-box stand two empties, and a flour-car is rushing on them. The brake won't work. The



*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

# THE YARD





*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

# WORK ON THE TRACK



*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

THE SIGNAL-TOWER



dropper is tugging at it and yelling; then, as the distance lessens, he flings his arms out wide and jumps. The next instant the cars crash. A giant truck goes smashing through the forward empty, leaps across the second, and buries itself in a load of coal upon the track beyond. The flour-car is scattered. A thick white cloud arises and settles down upon the wreckage. The ground grows white with meal. The dropper crawls out of the débris, his clothes in shreds, his face streaked with blood and flour. Men come running. The yard resounds with shouts, and from the shop beyond the roundhouse the wrecking-train bears down. It is almost dark, but in a headlight's glare the crew attack the wreck. They swarm over the ruins. The mighty crane, towering against the last light of the sky, swings ponderously; the great hook drops; there is a creaking and straining; sparks fly; the crowd pushes back, and a mass of twisted steel arises—of brakes, of wheels, of shattered cars. It hovers above the ground with trailing tentacles of iron, then slowly swings, and drops crashing upon the waiting flat car.

The wreck shrinks rapidly. Soon there remain only the ploughed road-bed and splintered ties. The crane departs. The crowd melts away.

It is night; the green and yellow lights are twinkling, and through the darkness the freight-cars rush.

The dagoes swarm on the embankment, their bodies bent double as they stoop to work. Patches of color flare in the sunlight—blue jeans, red bandannas, and shirts of vivid checks. The sun beats down upon the track, and the hot air quivers as it rises from the rails. You can hear the hissing intake of the breaths as the workmen swing their picks. Their shirts are open at the throat, their dark skins are streaked with sweat, their black hair is matted on their temples. Some wear fluttering handkerchiefs beneath their hats. There is a glitter of earrings, and over all you hear the click of picks and jabbering of Italian.

As you watch the toiling men a train comes rushing down upon them. They work on stolidly, and do not seem

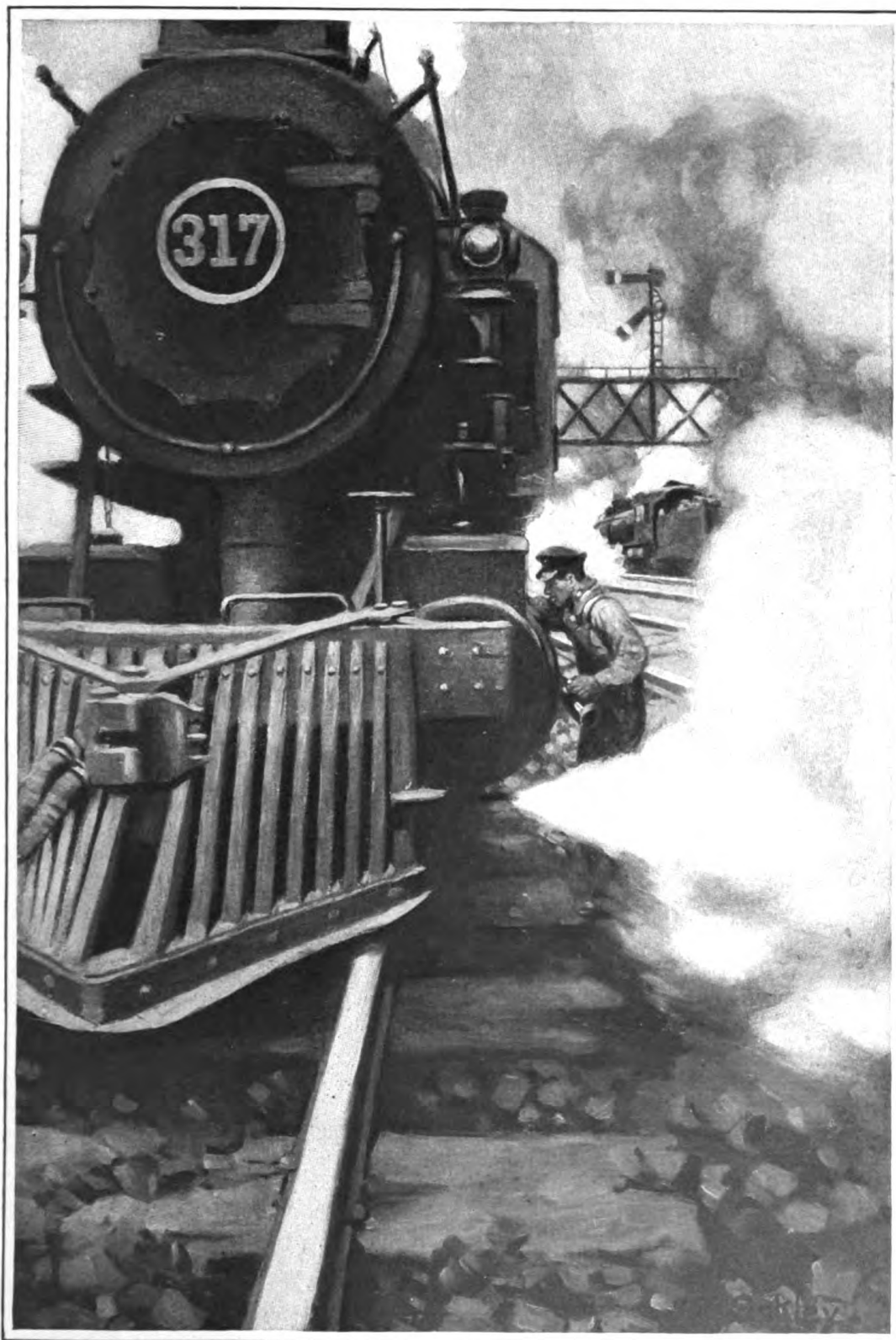
to hear the long-drawn, piercing whistle. You gasp for breath. Then slowly the laborers stand aside, the express goes thundering by, and you are enveloped in a whirl of dust. A roaring fills your ears. You hear a hammering on the rails. Cinders fly, and your eyes are filled with smoke. As you look about once more, you see the dagoes working on the track.

The water-boy comes struggling up the steep embankment, his brimming bucket firmly set upon his head. The soft clay gives beneath his feet, he slips among the cinders, and he stretches his arms wide to keep himself from falling. You can see the tendons of his sturdy neck as he balances the pail. It rests securely on his head, and when he finally gains the top he has not spilled a drop. The Italians stop working for a while as the bucket goes among them. They drain the rusty dipper with noisy gulps, then pause to relight their pipes before taking up their tools.

All at once work ceases. Picks and rakes are thrown aside, and the laborers rush for the dinner-buckets that are spotted along the track. You pull out your watch. The hands are at the tick of twelve. There has been no whistle, nor have you seen a signal, yet work has stopped upon the minute. The foreman vanishes. The dagoes scatter. They stretch out on the cinders or sit cross-legged on the ties. Soon they are munching hunks of bread. Some have spread them thick with a sort of greenish mixture which smells of vinegar and mustard. Others chew bologna streaked with green and yellow. You can see black finger-marks upon the bread. The jabbering grows louder.

Six o'clock. The red sun sinks behind the hills. Long shadows stretch across the country and on the hot embankment. Upon the track a row of hand-cars waits. The dagoes crowd about them; they heap them high with tools and coats and dinner-buckets, then scramble on, as the cars begin to move. You see them going down the track, their stumpy figures bobbing as they work upon the levers. They grow smaller, melt into the dusky twilight, and disappear into the cut.

The sky grows dark behind the hills.



*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

# THE OILER

In the farmhouse at your feet a yellow light is twinkling. The day's work is over.

The operator is on duty in the signal-tower. The telegraph clicks steadily, and on the jangling telephones stream orders from headquarters. The tower-man goes quickly back and forth along the bristling rows of levers—red, green, and black—pushing on the switches, pulling on the signals, his eyes fixed on the row of indicators, his ears open to the clickings of the instruments. He answers abruptly when you speak to him, and gazes at you with abstracted eyes. He thinks not of your question. His mind is on the track.

Through the wide-open windows you can see the railroad spread below. The rails interlace intricately. The switches are in a seeming jumble. The trusses of the signal-bridges stretch high across the tracks, and through the smoke you see the countless semaphores.

A mile down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and belching smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal-bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in greasy overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland Crossing, and after the Southshore Limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.

When the Limited comes rushing by, twenty minutes late, the lynx eyes of the towerman espy a smoking axle-box

under the forward coach. In an instant he has seized the cord of the great brass tower-whistle, and the country echoes with its blast. With an answering shriek the engineer of the flier throws on the emergency brakes, and the train grinds to a jarring stop. Windows are flung up, and passengers thrust out curious heads. The box is very hot. Smoke pours out thickly and there is a smell of burning grease. The train crew, with sleeves rolled up, plunge elbow-deep in grimy axle stuffings, and sweat streams down their faces.

Meanwhile the towerman has tugged again upon his levers. Four blasts from the whistle of the waiting freight rise white into the air, and it swings slowly across to the passenger track ahead of the express. Beyond Upland Crossing, it passes over to its track once more, and the Limited, when it starts on again, is an hour late.

When the levers get out of order and the signals refuse to work, the operator sends the repair-man out upon the track with his kit of tools and scarlet flag. Sometimes in summer, when thunderstorms are raging, the lightning strikes the semaphores, and greenish flame leaps from the signal-boxes. The repair-men climb out upon the framework of the bridge, and you can see them, through the driving rain, and smoke from the rushing trains beneath, beating with their coats at the electric fire.

The railroad men stop now and then for a minute's chat as they pass the signal-tower. The red-faced station-master, from two miles up the road, climbs the stairs and settles himself on the window-sill for a comfortable pipe. The foreman of the track comes up as he passes on his rounds. "There ain't much muscle in this yer job," he remarks as he watches the busy fingers of the operator, "but there's a — lot of head-work!" The operator grunts, and as you hear the rumble of an approaching train, he grasps a crimson lever.

A roar and a flash of heat. You catch a glimpse of windows and of crowded human life, and the express has passed.

The yellow is up out on the bridge. The operator has pulled the lever. He is lord of the track.



## Editor's Easy Chair

A MATTER of two or three months ago the Easy Chair amused itself with some inquiry into the present state of magazine poetry, its positive quality and its comparative merit, likening it with the magazine poetry of the time when the Chair was in the green wood rather than the dry, and stretching a point or two of a somewhat elastic conscience in its praise. This seemed a sufficiently innocent diversion to the nominal editor occupying the Chair, and he pleased himself with a sort of nice balance he fancied he had struck between the grave and gay in the course of the inquiry, and in the limited conclusions he reached. It appeared to him that every one must share his pleasure, and that the young poets would be glad to have been let off so easily, while their elders would one and all enjoy the priority, if it was not the superiority, accorded them. In the event, however, he found several surprises awaiting him.

For instance, a periodical devoted to the culture of elegant learning, as well as the pursuit of flying folly, brought him to book touching the celebrity of two poets of his youth whose excellence he had alleged, but of whom the writer in that periodical had confessedly never heard. The writer asked, rightly enough from his point of view, why these poets, if they were of such admitted excellence, were not known to him fifty years after their date. Of course we first disabled his acquaintance with literature generally, and fugitive poetry particularly, but upon reflection we granted him some reasons out of our abundance, and began to ask ourselves what was really a modern poet's expectation of life. We went farther, and questioned how long a great poem really lived, and upon the whole we got from ourselves no satisfactory reply. That is why we are now referring the affair to the reader, who may be better or worse informed than ourselves, but who, we hope, will be ready to consider it with us.

In the time, a contented and self-satisfied time, when the immobility of our planet had been ascertained by the church, and the daily revolution of the sun round the earth established by the evidence of the senses, the fact that a poet was an ancient gave him a perpetual mortgage on the future. You had only to say that you were a Greek, or, at the worst, a Roman, and you were at once recognized classic and hailed immortal. Your epic, or your tragedy, or your ode, or your idyl, was your passport, *visé* by every authority, to the latest age and beyond; and in your interest as one of the ancients any modern was likely to be turned back from the frontier of his little day, and possibly punished for attempting to cross it. Those were great times for the dead, if they had been dead long enough; Homer and Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Hesiod, Pindar, Theocritus, not to mention Horace, Lucretius, Ovid, Juvenal, and the Roman rest, were appointed a supremacy in gentlemen's libraries which they still hold. But what we wish the reader to ask, being afraid to ask it ourselves, is, are these mighty shades now taken down from their shelves and dusted off and communed with as they once were? Even in those later ages of dispute as to the respective merit of the ancients and moderns, continuing well through the eighteenth century into the nineteenth, were the classics worshipped with as much knowledge as their partisans pretended? We know that there are men still living who make it a point to read Scott or Thackeray or even Fielding through once every year, and it seems impossible but were there men in former days who read Homer and Virgil, and perhaps the Greek dramatists, through once every year. Perhaps there were not many such men, but each was a host in himself, and together they outnumbered the mass in an overwhelming majority.

So we may dismiss our doubt as to the past, and concede that down to the end

of that long dispute the ancients were faithfully and constantly read. But are they read now? What gentleman issuing from his library, where he has them in handsome bindings, will boast at the head of his dinner-table that he reads them through, and makes a point of it, once every year? They are partially read, of course, in the schools and colleges, but they are not read there so willingly and gladly as they could ask to be read if they had their say. There are people who, if sworn to tell the whole truth, and nothing but it, must own that there are one or two darkling plays of Shakespeare himself, prince among the moderns, which they have not read; and only the other day Professor Brander Matthews was intimating that most of the Elizabethan dramatists were, for the most part, not worth reading. But do many persons now go about with pocket editions of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, and lie down under summer trees, enjoying them—

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve"?

We are not saying they do not, or might not do it with the *Odyssey*, or the "*Battle of the Frogs and Mice*," or a *Virgilian Eclogue* or so, of immediate agricultural interest; but it is here a question of the more epical epics, in which the fame of the poets is supposed to be mainly lodged. The doubt intimated attaches itself even to the "*Divine Comedy*," earliest of the great achievements of the moderns. Have many gentlemen with libraries, or others, read it from cover to cover more than half a dozen times? Or of they have it about them, are they presently reading it in course, or are they staying here and there upon a favorite passage, with which they associate the rest of that work? To name the epic that follows in the deathless order next after the "*Divine Comedy*." Is "*Paradise Lost*" familiar, save again in certain beautiful bits, to any multitude of impassioned lovers? Do not "*Lycidas*" and certain of the statelier sonnets, rather than the epic, represent Milton to this generation? If a faithful census were made of the Chicago readers of Spenser's "*Faerie Queen*," must not the ascertained number fall so far below the claim of St. Louis that the Chicago papers would cry out on it for a miscount?

We name a few of the many other epics produced during the ages when every nation felt it should have an epic: not some such national poem as the "*Cid*," or the "*Nibelungen*," or the Sagas, or the Provençal romances, but such effects of the revived learning as the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" of Tasso, and the semi-serious epics of Ariosto and Bojardo and Pulci,—the "*Orlando Furioso*" and the "*Orlando Innamorato*," and the "*Morgante Maggiore*," and the like in Italian. Does any one read them, either in the original or in the versions of his own language? What, to any one's certain knowledge, has become of the "*Lusiad*" of Camoens, in or out of the Portuguese? The Spaniards had a massive and magnanimous epic celebrating the Araucanians, that unconquerable tribe of Chilean Indians who alone of the South-American aborigines defied the Spanish arms; but probably not one of the still invict Araucanians, if he could be distracted from his bean-pot long enough to give the matter attention, would be able to chant a single verse of the epic; and as for the Spaniard who wrote it, which of his countrymen could name him offhand?

The great prose epic of Ossian overran Europe in its time, and was turned into rhythm wherever men could read or write. Napoleon carried it about with him on his campaigns, as if he could not really live without it; but to which American general is Ossian now a necessary of life? Which reader of our own could repeat one of its windy and swelling strophes? Yet the Ossianic poem was one of the epics which survived the Romantic movement, and in spite of being an often exposed swindle, continued for the admiration and imitation of the greatest of the post-Romantic poets, if we may so call the ever-boyish Byron. He continued, deeply personalized, the epic tradition in "*Childe Harold*," which, again, who reads? He continued it in the more impassioned "*Don Juan*," which people used to read for its much beauty, and for the much less impropriety than they hoped to find in it. Is Young's "*Night Thoughts*" now seen on many centre-tables? Or Cowper's "*Task*," or Pope's "*Essay on Man*," or Pollok's "*Course of Time*," each somewhat of the epic size? To come to the briefer modern classics, there are

persons of unquestionable integrity who would profess a fond familiarity with the "Cottar's Saturday Night," but would this pretension be founded on fact? The "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay is a very lovely poem, yet who knows it but by faint hearsay? The moralists dispute about the life of Shelley and his behavior to his wife, but the larger poems he left are mainly in a book sealed to anything like popular knowledge. It is so with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and with all the poets of their time, except Keats; he alone is read in most of his verse; but possibly the "Endymion" is not a favorite of the public which delights in our new fiction. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of charming tales in verse were written in the first or second quarter of the last century which are still reprinted but not reperused: as those of Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, and Byron, and Crabbe. It is too soon yet to guess how much Tennyson or Longfellow or Browning will be read save in their minor or briefer poems. Perhaps the "Idyls of the King" have already overtaken the devotion which they once enjoyed.

Like most other phenomena of the rather anomalous world in which our lot is cast, the amorphous mass which we call the body of literature is not the sentient thing which we have in mind when we so figure it. In the immeasurably greater extent of its length and breadth the body of literature is a dead corpse miraculously preserved from falling into dust because it is not exposed to the light or air. It seems a condition of the illusion in which we have our being in most things that this body shall be maintained from everlasting to everlasting in its integrity, the dead portions as well as the living portions. From time to time bold spirits have imagined editions of, say, the British poets which should leave out the wholly dead or merely filthy things, and include only what is redeemed from death by the beauty, or from indecency by the wit, but such a thing is apparently not possible. "All or none!" cries the inexorable Genius of Literature. "I will not be represented to futurity by the beauties or the decencies of my British poets. You shall hand them down entire, with all their sins upon them, or not at all. If you choose to make collections of their

best pieces in Oxford Books of Verse, or Books of Elizabethan Verse, well and good. Though it is no longer true that

"Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,  
And beastly Skelton heads of houses  
quote"—

yet if you propose to include these in an edition of British poets, in their ribaldry and their beastliness have got to go. They are part of my body, and historically they are part of my soul, and if you touch them, you touch Me, and I will not have your scissors in me anywhere."

This resolution of Literature seems to be final, and we are not proposing any rebellion against it. Volumes of elegant extracts are probably forever impossible, and for the beauties which are integral parts of otherwise unlovely poems the reader will have to go to the unloveliness for a due effect of the beauty. But very many poets live by a poem or two, or a poem or three or four, and these may be put into an Oxford Book of Verse by Mr. Quiller-Couch, or a Book of Elizabethan Verse by Mr. Braithwaite, or an American Anthology by Mr. Stedman, and the delight of them so preserved for after-time, and the dulness of them left to the complete editions. Of course, the personal equation will enter, and the reader's taste will sometimes be against the editor's, not usually for what he has put in, but for what he has left out. In such an event, it is always practicable for the reader to go to the complete edition and cut from it the poem mistakenly ignored, and paste it into his copy of the collection. For this end such collections should be bound with blank leaves, where such poems can be easily pasted in.

We acknowledge that our discourse is a long way about to the calculation of any one poem's expectation of life, which we began by proposing to ourselves, or rather to our reader, for we take it that he is the better arithmetician. Pending the statistics we should say that half a century was quite long enough period for most genuine poets to live. If they do not live even so long, it is no proof that they are not much more genuine than most poets now living, as possibly the writer we began with would own if he turned to the American Anthology (or to some other slighter col-

lection), and read the verse of those two poets of the time when the Easy Chair was in the green wood; or if he did not own it, then we should know what to do with him better than we know now. If he wishes to be acquainted with their history, or cares for critical estimates of their work, he can find articles upon them in at least one standard cyclopedia of biography. For anything we know, such materials of knowledge are in half a dozen such authorities.

Collections of verse, which we find ourselves favoring more and more as we go on, are the only hope of the poets if they want more than fifty years of life. In their complete editions they become a part of that dreadful body of lifeless literature of which we have the vision, and which in its secular increase of dead growth shall cumber the whole earth, and leave only a narrow planetary circumference for men to inhabit. In that apocalyptic period the free libraries shall cover the ground and invade the skies, and gentlemen's libraries shall crowd the gentlemen out-of-doors into the streets choked with complete editions of the best authors, which nobody reads or dares say he has not read. The body of literature, though it is now for the most part dead, and is destined to become deader and deader, will always have enough life in it to preserve it from nerve decay. There will be here and there a verse that thrills with pain or pleasure, a pulse that beats with undying youth, a flush of color in the pallid visage; intimations of persistent vitality forbidding the destruction of the huge lump that lies in cold obstruction. But the lovers of literature, of poetry, will go less and less to the body of literature for their delight in its life, and seek it more and more in the collections of verse. These are as yet not perfectly representative of the times and places they deal with, and now and then their editors make a break almost fatal to themselves if not to their victims. No source of information, no cyclopedia, biographical dictionary, directory, or census report, in which men's names are syllabled alphabetically, must be neglected, lest some poet worthy of recognition should seem wilfully ignored.

The Easy Chair itself, so habitually, so anxiously circumspect, and, if we must

say it, so little liable to err, was lately guilty of a breach which will always grieve it, in mentioning some of those superior ancients of fifty years ago whose names have not unanimously descended to the remote modernity of the polite periodical already cited. It named at random the poets and poetesses of its own day, who seemed so much better than those of the present, but among the poetesses it failed to name one of the very most charming, who would be known even at this late epoch even to the writer in that polite periodical. Which of our women singers this was we will leave each reader to determine for himself; he can hardly go wrong in his guess, for there was more than one unnamed with her who was so worthy to represent her time to this. Her name and her lovely verse we are sure will be found in our best anthology, whose editor is one of the most omniscient of his kind, and cannot have shared in our error, our break. But this shall not prevent our urging greater and greater diligence, more careful scrutiny, more unsparing research upon the editors of collections, in detecting these signs of life in the great body of literature by which they shall now and again restore our fainting faith in literary perpetuity.

It is an affair of most awful delicacy, this business of dealing with living authors, and perhaps the anthologist were well advised not to begin anthologizing until his authors are no longer living. Then, say fifty years after their latest date, he can help an Easy Chair, here or elsewhere, to bring confusion to some polite periodical confessing ignorance of them. Of course, the day may come when a well-informed writer may be ignorant of the anthologies themselves. These must increase with the increase of the complete editions, and when the tale of the poets has passed into the myriads, it will no longer be possible to gather their best pieces between the most capacious covers of one volume. Whole encyclopedias must be devoted to their shelter, and with their multiplication the danger of forgetting momentarily some one worthy of remembrance must increase far beyond the danger which in this day of relatively small things is so besetting.

## Editor's Study

MUCH as we hear nowadays of the commercialization of literature, it is pleasant to reflect that great authorship has never been associated with unworthy motives. The manifestation of genius is so spontaneous that it seems amiss to speak of it as having motives of any sort. If in exceptional instances individual traits are disclosed which we deprecate or deem unhappy, the incentive to expression has been noble and ingenuous, free from the taint of mean and sordid considerations.

Shakespeare made stagecraft a profitable business—a fact which reflects credit upon his practical judgment,—but the quality of his poetic genius which made him immortal was distinctly manifest in what he wrote before he was known as a playwright, and, in any case, could not be commercially accounted for. Bacon as a writer could not have even had such temptations as beset him in his judicial office. Authors who were useful to their patrons have not by that utility laid claim to the greatness ascribed to them by their contemporaries or by posterity. Apart from the prizes of the theatre and the benefits of patronage, no writer, ancient or modern, before the eighteenth century, derived any substantial pecuniary profit from his work. Homer sang with ethnic enthusiasm, reflecting the brightness of the heroic past—as other epic poets have done for other races,—Hesiod for a religious cult and an ethical purpose, and the later Greek poets for the perfection of their art and the glory of their respective cities. The Augustan age of Rome gave Horace his Mæcenas, Virgil the favor of the court, and both these writers something like what we moderns call publication. If they could not “see themselves in print”—as indeed no writer could before the time of Rabelais,—such personal vanity as they may have had derived no slight satisfaction from elegant copies of their poems, which they knew were

also the possession and pride of their polite contemporaries. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Chaucer had the same delightful experience. But their chief reward was in the recognition of a noble acquaintance, which they shared with Plato and all those greatest writers of antiquity who had suddenly come into their modern kingdom, passing from porch, academe, and forum into the studies of the learned and into the boudoirs of princesses and courtly ladies.

These lofty examples of genius might too easily lead us to false conclusions. Opportunity did not open any door to great writers for the exploitation of literature with sordid motives. Their memorable achievements only prove that such motives are not necessary for the stimulation and exercise of the highest powers. If political influence, official and social prestige, and such material benefits as may have attended them, were not refused, we know that they were incidentally a reward and neither the lure nor the price of the supreme expression. For then, as always, the native attitude of genius toward merely material possessions was one of disdain or of mastery. We note even in the business world such an attitude as distinguishing the genius or organization from the common mercantile mind, wholly absorbed in accumulation.

In that long period when there was no popular audience for literature, the aristocratic *régime* had full dominion, and even the exceptional genius, lifted from the lower ranks through patronage or through the opportunity for success in the theatre, was brought, with easy consent, into alliance with this order of things. The hireling and the tradesman were in contempt, and an injurious prejudice against them persisted long after the elevation of the middle class, through education and democratic revolt, so that when the publishing business began to exist as a distinct craft in the hands of



Tonson and of his imitators and successors, the creators of a polite literature were for some time disposed to avoid or conceal relations with this new class of shopkeepers. The successful establishment of such a trade was possible for the first time through the support of a popular constituency. The popular periodical miscellany was sure to follow, but it was preceded by the essay serial, established on individual responsibility by the wits of the town, and appealing to the tastes of the elegant. The shop boldly asserted itself when Mr. Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and has held its own ever since, with ever advancing dignity. Nevertheless contributors avoided publicity, and those of the more distinguished class felt that some stigma was attached to any bargaining with the shopkeepers.

In this respect there was a marked distinction between the book and the magazine contribution. So long as the popular magazine continued to be mainly a miscellany, the book naturally secured a more dignified form of publication, and its author obviously conferred a favor upon the publisher, who became his obedient servant in the business transaction. Though the writer, along with the greater dignity, obtained also a larger profit, the pecuniary reward was free from the taint of the shop. Dr. Johnson received more from his *Rasselas*, the work of a week, for which he was paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds, than he could have earned upon a magazine by the assiduous labor of six months. The costly editions of books, though small from our point of view in the number of sales—six thousand copies having been considered very fair in the case of the extremely popular "Waverley"—netted very large profits.

What most surprises us in the comparison of those times with our own is the high record of prices for volumes of verse. Of course the offer by Longmans of three thousand guineas to Tom Moore for "Lalla Rookh" before that poem was written, was without precedent, though it became one for prices afterward received by him. For the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" Murray sent Byron his draft for a thousand pounds, which the poet returned on the ground that the poems were not worth so much, declining

also the offer of two hundred and fifty additional pounds, which brought the payment up to the rate of a pound a line. Lord Byron finally yielded to Murray's importunity for the separate publication of the poems, the more readily because he was financially embarrassed; but his first resistance reflects credit upon his modesty as well as upon his judgment.

Pope had made nine thousand pounds, nearly a century earlier, by his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. This was nearly three times what Bryant realized from his translation of Homer.

The poets seem to have had their heyday before the middle of the nineteenth century, when poetry was superseded in the public interest by fiction. A poet making his first venture with a London publisher might, as Mark Akenside did with "Pleasures of the Imagination," accompanied by a commendatory word from Pope, get downright a copyright payment of one hundred and twenty pounds. To-day an unknown poet would more likely be asked to guarantee the publisher in advance by himself paying from a half to three-fourths of that sum. Crabbe, with an introduction from Burke, was as fortunate as Akenside had been. Sustained poems of considerable length, like Beattie's "Minstrel," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Gray's "Elegy," and Thomson's "Seasons," had a popular success and were profitable to their authors. Pollok's "Course of Time," written by a consumptive youth, who died in 1827, six months after its publication, reached in its second year a sale of twelve thousand copies, and for many years afterward was one of the most valuable of Blackwood's literary possessions.

Some of these poets may have sent their first amateurish effusions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but we would look in vain to find even the briefest of their mature productions in such miscellanies. Moore and Wordsworth preferred to see their lyrics and sonnets in a good daily newspaper like the *Morning Chronicle*. The brightest essayists showed the same preference when they were not writing for periodicals of their own origination or such as were especially devoted to criticism. It was not till the advent of *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazine* that writers like De Quincey and Lamb

or such a poet as Hood contributed to periodicals of a popular character.

But the prizes in the field, though excellent, were not dazzling. Ten guineas a sheet for Coleridge was about the limit of Blackwood's remuneration to any author. This publisher distinctly declared that he never did and never would "hold out money in itself as an inducement to men of talents to write for 'Maga.'" His most distinguished contributors held the same exalted view of literature.

America at that time had no monthly magazine to compare with *Blackwood*, and the pecuniary rewards of such literature as then existed were insignificant. When Bryant was contributing to the *Boston Literary Gazette*, he modestly offered his poems at two dollars apiece, but the editor, Theophilus Parsons, set a higher value upon them. Among the poems thus offered were several of his best. And this was seven years after the publication of his "Thanatopsis." *The North American Review*, at the time when Longfellow and Prescott were contributing to it, paid a dollar a page. This was the period in which American literary sensibility was so far in advance of American literary production that the periodical essays of Macaulay, De Quincey, and Carlyle were collected and published in book form by American publishers before a like distinction was conferred upon them in England. From this fact, taken in connection with the low prices paid to the most promising authors, it is evident that a true appreciation of literature is not necessarily indicated by a monetary standard.

The contrasting situation in our own time has come about naturally and inevitably, inasmuch as there must be some approach to commercial equilibration between values and prices, yet some unhappy reflections and misgivings arise in us when we consider the kinds of value which have to be allowed for in our contemporary estimate of literature.

It is within our memory that the only factors in the business of publication were the author, the publisher, the bookseller and the reader. Of these, the old-fashioned bookseller, who knew and intelligently appreciated the books he handled, has been driven to the wall, and the mechanical system which has taken his place

is blind to every value he recognized and eagerly aware of those values which to him had no significance, but which have now come to the foreground, determining through indiscriminate advertisement the choice of a fickle multitude of book-buyers. The record of big sales is paraded as in itself a certificate of merit. The relation of the publisher to author and reader has lost much of its former frankness and simplicity. The literary agent on the one side and the "trade" on the other seek to force his hand, and if they do not make him an out-and-out merchant, with an eye only to the market, it is because he has uncommon virtues of resistance. We are optimistic enough to presume that he may maintain a wisely chosen alternative.

We trust that we are catholic enough also to properly appreciate the claims of that vast sum of current literature, whether in books or periodicals, which, however evanescent, rests upon a solid and legitimate commercial basis and has relatively both use and worth, serving its day and generation. The newspapers throughout the country abound in this kind of writing, which, though modestly rewarded, gives an opportunity to many thousands for a wholesome and interesting exercise of mental talent; and not unfrequently out of this nursery emerges a notable author of a higher, if not of the highest, type. It is, in our opinion, a fortunate circumstance that there are so many books and periodicals which, while they do not appeal to highly cultivated readers, are yet stepping-stones to a loftier plane of intellectual and emotional satisfactions, and when a writer in this field through unusual talent wins large esteem and ample prosperity, we do not complain because he has not the brilliance of George Meredith or the charm of Howells. The commercialization of literature which secures such excellence and such rewards is an honor to civilization.

What we should deprecate is that mercenary commerce which lowers the standards of both life and literature by holding out money as the chief inducement to the exercise of genius or talent. No writer can do his best if his highest prize is not that of excellence, if the joy of his work is not his greatest satisfaction. This is the gospel of the kingdom

of heaven in literature, and to the author who has this kingdom within him all other things are added that are of any real worth or can be worthily enjoyed. To him is given the high privilege of the society of noble minds—an immortal society continued from one generation to another—and of participation in its far-reaching aspirations, to which he gives form and utterance as a master builder in its temple of beauty and truth.

The courage to maintain this position, ideal as it may seem, is not so rare but that it has been the possession of every master in literature, even to the present moment. There are no names save of these masters to which the market itself has paid such perennial tribute. Cheap fame is short-lived, and sordid traders, well enough aware of this fact, make the most of the bubble before it breaks. The books of many of the greatest living authors, English and American, have seemed, on their first issue, to have small sales in comparison with those of far inferior writers; but they have continued to sell year after year, justifying the wisdom of their publishers. They constitute the literature of every well-ordered library. Even periodicals which have bid first of all for merely popular success eagerly offer such writers three or four times the liberal prices paid them by magazines through which their names have won world-wide familiarity.

The prestige of a magazine depends upon its quality—that is, upon its record for the maintenance of high standards in its literature. Popularity cannot confer it, any more than it can win for it that affection which goes with high esteem. One of the values of such prestige is that it attracts writers who care more for a distinguishing quality in their work than for its pecuniary reward. The contributor shares in the prestige and appreciates its worth to him. By the law which inheres in the fitness of things, a magazine of distinction can always afford to pay liberal prices, and it does not need to bid against others by tempting offers of money to its writers in order to hold them to a natural allegiance.

It sometimes happens that a contributor honestly and without incurring the imputation of immodesty thinks himself insufficiently rewarded, comparing his

own merits with those of other writers who, as he knows, receive higher rates. Different magazines of the same class vary in their estimates of particular values according to the variations determined by their own individual preferences; each is in some way distinct from the others and is willing to pay more for what it especially desires. Even in stories there is this distinction of individual preference. Sooner or later the writer finds his affinity, and the equilibrium is restored to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

As with the advent of the monthly magazine an opportunity was for the first time given to writers, independently of their material circumstances or social condition, and even of their experience in the world of letters, to achieve in varying degrees, according to their powers, distinction and profit, so, in the progress of magazines toward a higher excellence in every department of literature, their contributors have been stimulated by more eager enthusiasm and a loftier literary aspiration as well as by a larger hope of legitimate financial success. Writers of fiction have gained the greatest advantage through this medium of communication with an appreciative audience, their crude but promising early work preparing the way for brilliant triumphs. How many of these young aspirants would have fallen by the way, victims of inexorable circumstances, but for this encouragement!

The crucial test of a publisher's attitude, of his esteem for literature on its intrinsic merits, is his appreciation of a worthy unknown writer. He is willing, as such an author or contributor is also likely to be, to let the commercial success of his undertaking take care of itself, as something purely incidental. His faith is in the only readers he cares to have—those who can discern merit on its simple disclosure. There are in England and America a respectable number of publishing houses which have developed a corresponding faith in generations of readers, and periodicals which they have established enjoy the same confidence.

Always there remains the quiet world of culture, whose garden ever grows. There all really great literature thrives in untainted prosperity.

## Editor's Drawer

# The Peripatetic Puppy

BY S. T. STERN

OFFICIALLY, Dude was an inheritance; in private life he was a dog—a liver-and-white cocker spaniel, with straggly ears, yellow eyes, and a truncated tail. Mrs. Courtenay's aunt bequeathed him to her niece, with an annual allowance of two thousand dollars, which was, to quote the will, "to continue during

the life of my favorite pet. At his death the money goes to my beloved brother, Amos Samborn." Thus was Dude installed in the Courtenay household, where Uncle Amos came to see him twice a week—sometimes oftener.

For all this concomitant annuity, John Courtenay despised the puppy with an aver-



"HE IS GRIEVING TO SEE ME GO"

VOL. CXV—No. 685.—20

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sion that was bonny for its very thoroughness. When his young wife was ordered to Europe by their family physician he at once suggested that Dude be taken along as one of the party. "He pays for the trip. Why not give him some of its benefits? Besides, it will remove him three thousand miles from me."

But Mrs. Courtenay would none of the plan. "He'll catch cold, so he will, on the draughty ocean. They muzzle dogs in Europe, John. In most places they harness them and set them to drawing ugly, heavy wagons through the streets."

"Good," said John. "Maybe they'll give him a brewer's dray."

"You're simply horrid. Look at Dude now. He is gazing into my eyes as though he realized I am about to leave him for three months, and he is grieving to see me go."

"Or else he knows that you have some edibles which he wants," said John. "Frankly, I don't want the creature near me after you are gone. He is sure to lose himself, bite somebody's infant, die, or do something equally foolish in your absence. Why don't you send him to a dogs' boarding-house? There are several such in the city; swell ones, too. They simply dote on fancy pets—at sufficient per week. Only the other day was I reading about a dogs' home run by a Doctor Somebody on West Forty-something Street. Send him there."

"John, you're a brute. Fancy my dear Dude in such a place! The other nasty dogs would be sure to bite his little ears or fight him."

"Perhaps," said John, expectantly.

"No. Here he stays. What's more, I insist that you give your solemn promise to take the best care of him while I am away."

And in the end John promised.

That promise was recalled to him some two weeks later. It smote him with sudden force some two minutes after Ellen, the cook, had informed him, with copious weepings, that Dude was lost.

"I left him, sir, for a few moments in the front yard. When I got back the dog was gone. I've been all over the neighborhood, and nobody knows anything about it."

That ignorance John confirmed later for himself, supplementing it with a series of advertisements in the newspapers. All in vain.

"I know," said he at length: "he has been stolen with a purpose. My aunt's silly bequest is in back of the trouble. Can it be that Uncle Amos—"

The very next morning Uncle Amos called at John's law-office.

"How's Dude?" he inquired, blandly. "They tell me Nina refused to take him along to Europe. Can I see him at the house? I am going up there to-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow, Uncle Amos."

"Next day, then."

"No. You'd better wait until next Monday, or the Wednesday after that. Fact is, our cook—well, Dude is spending a few days away from us. At this particular minute I could not tell you where he is if I wanted to. Come around a week from Wednesday."

"You don't mean to say the poor dog is not well?" said Uncle Amos, pleasantly.

"As far as I know, his health is of the very best."

"Um!" said Uncle Amos.

"Say, Jim," said John Courtenay to his law partner after Uncle Amos had left, "it's just as I thought. Dog lost. Suspicion directed by young nephew at mercenary uncle. Enter mercenary uncle with zealous inquiries as to dog. It'll be a sweet mess if that beast is not recovered. Then, too, there's Nina. Guess I'll order the clothes now. What is correct mourning for a dog—black with splotches of purple, or just dead black?"

Jimmy Carruthers smiled.

"John, you are several varieties of the genus chump. Do you think I'd permit a trifle such as a lost dog to rob me of my wife's happiness—to say nothing of two thousand dollars a year? There are liver-and-white cocker spaniels running around this town by the car-load. A word to the wise, my boy."

"I'll do it," said John.

With but a tiny photograph to guide him, he visited a score of kennels and inspected an endless array of spaniels. Dude's double failed to disclose itself. The ones that matched him in length exhibited an obstinate variety in width. Some were satisfactory as to general dimensions, but showed different markings. It was only after three days of constant effort that John came upon a dog which, as far as he was concerned, tallied substantially with the details of his photograph.

"It suits me beautifully," said he to the owner. "I shall have your dog's picture taken at once. I must submit it to my cook—a very observant person. Her verdict determines the purchase."

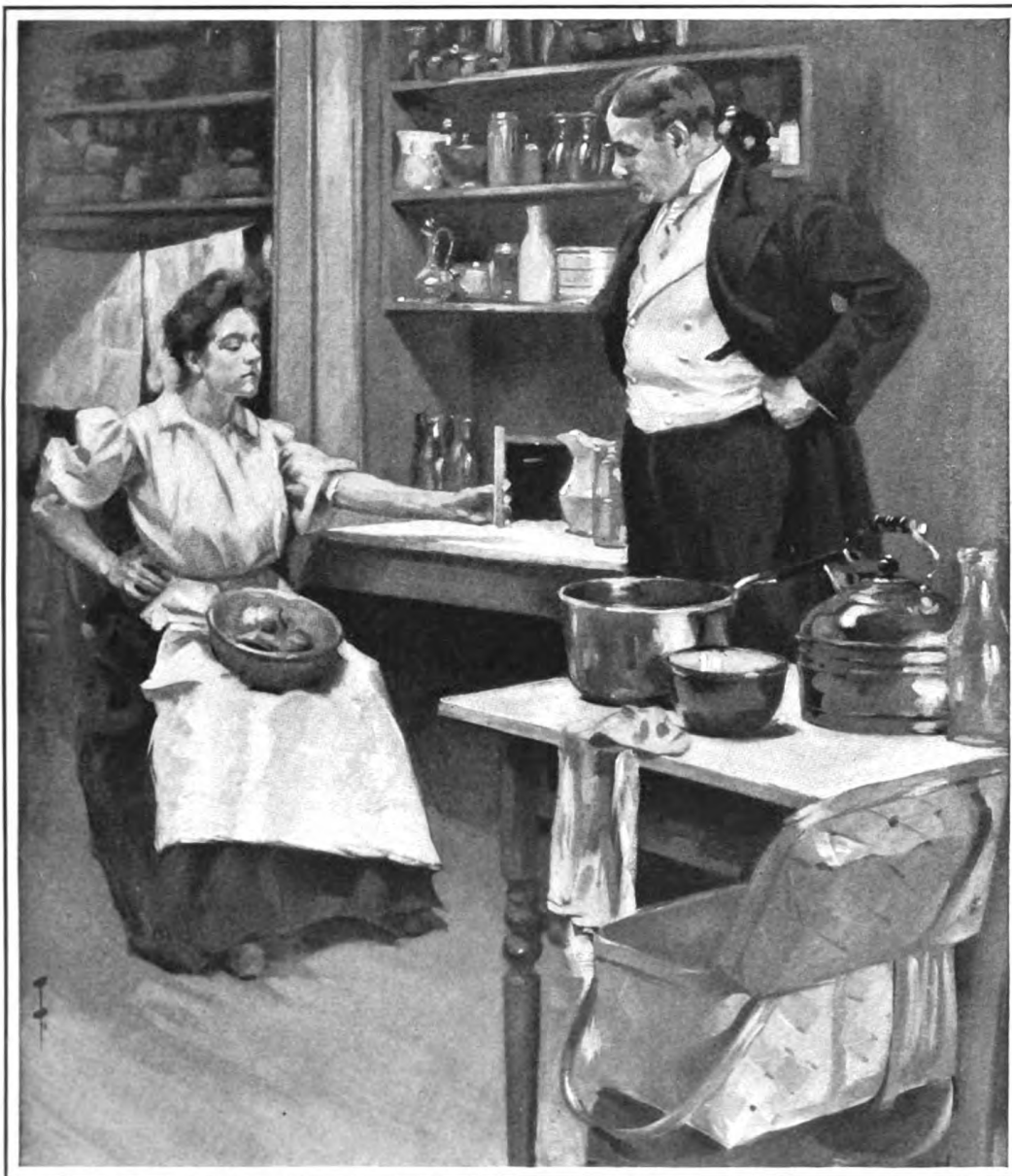
That it did, without much ado.

"Not in a million years," was Ellen's instant comment when John showed her the picture. "Where is the cute twist to his tail? There's a circle of white on Dude's left eye that this dog ain't got at all. Then, too, he's got three white marks on his left back foot, where Dude has four. Take our little Dudie's eyes. There's—"

"Enough," said John, faintly. "Dare say I was mistaken."

Followed renewed search on John's part, with an added impetus as the day of Uncle Amos's visit drew nigh. That very afternoon he found himself in West Forty-seventh Street, at the dog hospital kept by a certain Doctor Kelly. It was a dingy place, not unlike a professional menagerie in its array of barred cages. All sorts of dogs confronted him. There were large dogs, small dogs, happy dogs, growly dogs, wistful dogs,





"NOT IN A MILLION YEARS," WAS ELLEN'S COMMENT

mournful dogs, mongrel dogs, inquisitive dogs, and ferocious ones. For John there was but one dog—a liver-and-white spaniel that stood in a far corner tethered to a chain that might not have brought discredit to itself fastened to the capstan of an ocean steamship.

"Somewhat thinner than our dog, but very much like him," was John's comment. "I must have that dog for Uncle Amos. Here goes. Doctor Kelly?" he queried to the unkempt individual who now came forward to greet him.

"The same. What can I do for you?"

"I want a dog, a spaniel. In fact, I want *that* dog."

"He's not for sale, sir. He belongs to—a little girl who is sick in a hospital."

"Let me take him, and you can ask her how much she wants."

"Can't do it, sir. The hospital is in South America—or Asia; I don't just recollect which."

"I'd go as high as two hundred dollars," said John, carelessly.

"Two hundred! Go away! The pup isn't worth twenty. Let me sell you something decent for your money."



HE FOUND HER IN TEARS

"No. It's that little fellow or none. No questions asked. Let me have the dog. Really, doctor, I *must* have him. Suppose I leave my money lying on your counter. You then leave the room. On your return you find that the dog has been stolen. As you say, you are the most expert dog-matcher in town. Use your skill in getting another dog for the little girl. What do you say, doctor?"

The doctor said nothing at all. When Courtenay looked around he found himself quite alone.

Home he trudged with the dog. At the sight of him Ellen renewed her doubts.

"He's marked a lot like Dude, but he's much thinner. He looks sadder, too."

"Offer him a bowl of milk," was John's suggestion. "If he drinks it he must be

Dude. Dude, you know, was *very* fond of milk."

On further acquaintance, Ellen admitted that he might be Dude, after all. What was more important, she agreed to receive him into the household, and to say nothing about the matter to any one.

That evening Uncle Amos arrived.

"John Courtenay," said he, "I am surprised to see that dog here. I'd have taken an oath that I saw him in Central Park this afternoon with a lame little girl. Never saw such a wonderful resemblance between two dogs in my life."

"Pshaw!" said John, a trifle uneasily. "An expert on dog resemblances has told me that you must never compare two dogs until you see them together."

He was thankful when Uncle Amos finally



dismissed the subject from further conversation.

In September Mrs. Courtenay returned from Europe, and her husband met her at the steamer.

"I've brought Dude with me to greet you," said he.

The crucial moment passed without a hitch.

"Perfectly sweet of you. He looks very thin, doesn't he? I have been longing for him all summer. Many times did I regret the carelessness that made me forget his picture."

"I found it in the library after you left, Nina. It was a poor likeness. I have had some new ones taken. They are much better."

After that John sent his wife home in a cab, and wended his way to the office.

When he reached home that evening he found his wife in tears.

"I know all," she told him. "Ellen has confessed. You thought Dude was lost, and bought me another dog. He wasn't lost, dear. I thought the matter over on the steamer, and came to the conclusion that it were best to send him to one of the dog-hospitals, as you called them. Somebody on the boat gave me the name and address of the veterinarian you mentioned, and I wrote to him from Europe, telling him to

come here and get our dog. I thought you knew. You never mentioned Dude in any of your letters, you know."

"Why are you crying, then? You can keep my dog, too."

"That's not the worst of it. The man sent me a dog to-day, and said it was mine. I didn't think it was my dog at all. I called him up on the telephone and threatened him with arrest if he did not tell the truth. He told me he was sorry, but that Dude was stolen from his place early last summer."

"My dear," said John, with an irradiating smile, "it was I who took Dude from Doctor Kelly's. It *was* Doctor Kelly, wasn't it? The dog I took from Doctor Kelly's is your dog, all right. I brought him home myself."

"No more stories, John," said Nina, sadly. "You and the doctor mean for the best, I know, but it's no use. First you bring me a strange dog, and then he sends another one. I am sure I shall never see my poor little pet again. The money goes to Uncle Amos."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nina, the dog I brought—"

At that moment Ellen entered the room with both dogs. John started forward to claim his own, but he never took the second step. Doctor Kelly had done his work well. *John could not tell the dogs apart!*



Summer Bathing on Mount Olympus

HERMES. "Come on in, Venus, the clouds are fine to-day."

## The Collectors

I WASN'T but a little boy  
When I collected butterflies;  
And next I took to postage-stamps,  
And then cigar bands were the prize.

I had a lot of birds' eggs, too,  
And horseshoes—some were red with rust,  
My hornets' nests were thrown away—  
The maid said *they* collected dust.

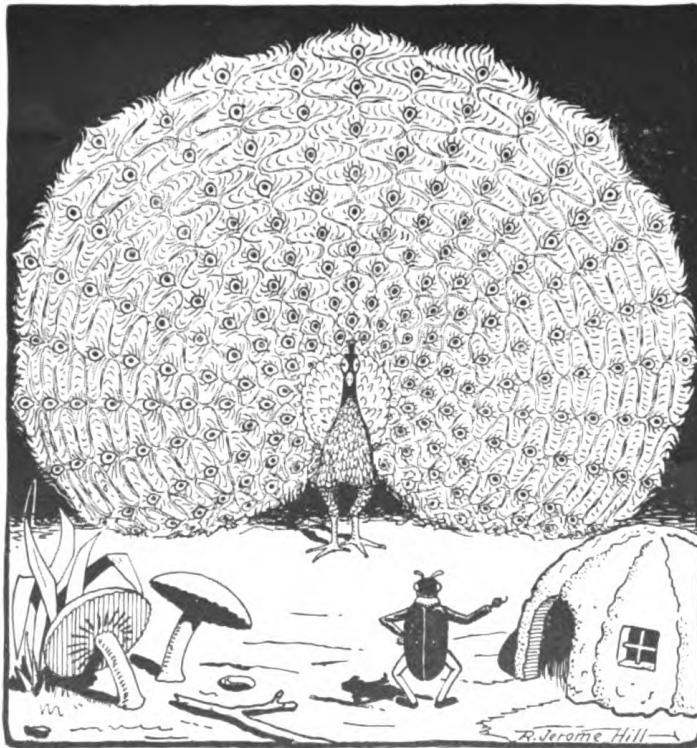
But mother whispered not to mind,  
For she had a collection, too,  
And showed me just the queerest lot—  
A baby's cap, a small pink shoe,

A rubber cow, a yellow curl,  
A ragged book of A B C,  
A letter, thick with blots, I wrote  
When she was once away from me.

I wouldn't give a quarter for  
The stuff, but mother thinks it's fine,  
And only laughed when I remarked  
It wasn't valuable, like mine.

But when it comes to keeping things,  
She gives me pointers, you can bet!  
I sold or swapped mine long ago,  
But mother has her rubbish yet!

EUNICE WARD.



MR. BUG. "*Oh, Maria, come out quick and see the aurora-borealis.*"

## A Turtle

A LITTLE four-year-old girl was enjoying her first visit in the country; and while playing near a brook made the acquaintance of a specimen of the fauna of the region which she could not name. After carefully observing it for some time, she ran into the house, exclaiming: "Oh, grandma. I saw something so funny down there; it put its hands and its feet in its pockets and swallowed its head. What is it?"

## Imprudent

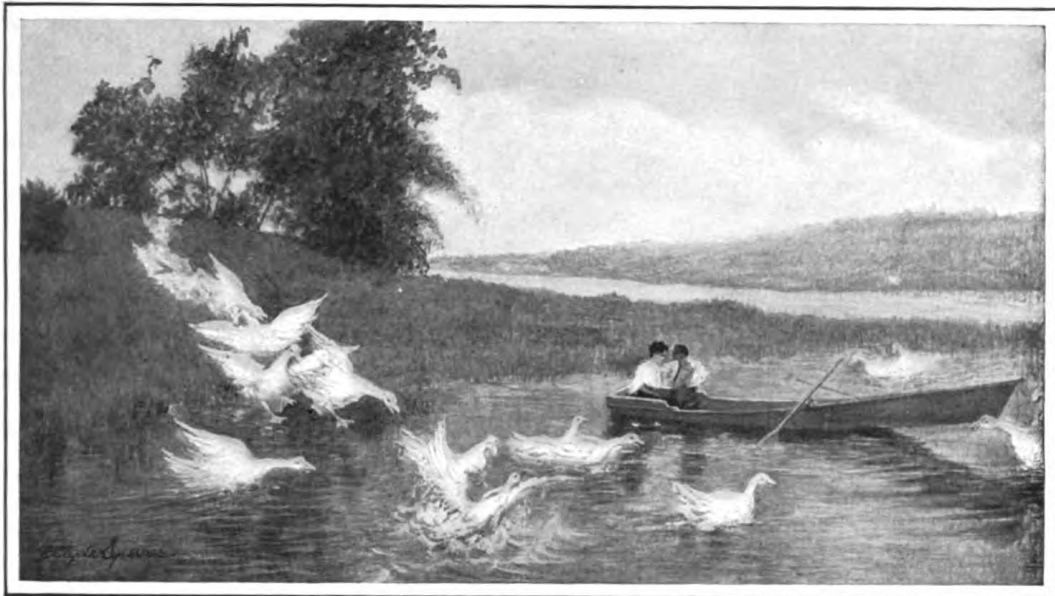
WHEN mother boxes Mary's ears,  
She stands in tears, and blubbers:  
Oh, foolish child! to stand in tears  
Without a pair of rubbers.  
J. ADAIR STRAWSON.

## Not a Churchwoman

A LADY who was well known for her devout and consistent life as a member of the Episcopal Church had a colored cook, who was a devout member of one of the other denominations. She could not be said to be equally consistent, as she had a habit of pilfering from the storeroom of the plantation on which she was employed in a most annoying manner. When taxed with

the thefts she indignantly denied them and offered her devotion to religion as a proof that she could not possibly be guilty. On one occasion the lady observed that the cook was filling her pockets while she believed herself unobserved; she again taxed her with dishonesty, but it was again indignantly denied. Finally she was forced to empty the pockets which proved to be of enormous dimensions and filled with the mistress's stores.

More grieved at the woman's duplicity than at her theft, Mrs. M — reproached her for the discredit such conduct would bring upon her religious training, and received this crushing and remarkable reply: "Yaas, it's true, I does lie and I does steal, but, praise de Lord, I don't sing songs and dance like de 'Piscopals." She considered her superiority so great that further vindication was unnecessary.



## Birds of a Feather

### The Song of the Ancient Man

O I saw an old man once beneath an arbor  
 At Bar Harbor,  
 And he sang the queerest song I ever heard—  
 Upon my word!  
 It was tangled, and besides was many-  
 angled—  
 Yes, and mangled;  
 He would lift his voice and chant this  
 dreamy croon  
 All afternoon:

“I was sittin’ in an inn in Indiana  
 With Diana—  
 With a din there came an Indian in with  
 Anna  
 And Susanna.  
 Says Diana to Susanna: ‘Don’t give Anna  
 A banana’—  
 In the inn that’s here in inmost Indiana.”  
 Such a queer old man! His voice would  
 weakly waver  
 With a quaver,  
 Indicating that before I knew ’twould break  
 With a shake;  
 Yet he sat and sang the song I’ve given,  
 gaily,  
 Four times daily  
 And would squeak it out defiantly when led  
 Off to bed:

“I was sittin’ in an inn in Indiana  
 With Diana;  
 With a grin in came an Indian then with  
 Anna  
 And Susanna.  
 Says Susanna to Diana: ‘Please give Anna  
 A banana,’—  
 In the inn that I was in in Indiana.”  
 WILBUR NESBIT.

### Strategy

KATHERINE, aged five, was too noisy at  
 the table. Her father reprov'd her, and  
 said she was not to speak again at that  
 meal unless she wanted something.  
 Katherine became thoughtful, and a few  
 moments later addressed her father:  
 “Papa, you said I could ask for some-  
 thing if I wanted it?”  
 “Yes, Katherine; what is it?”  
 “I want to talk.”

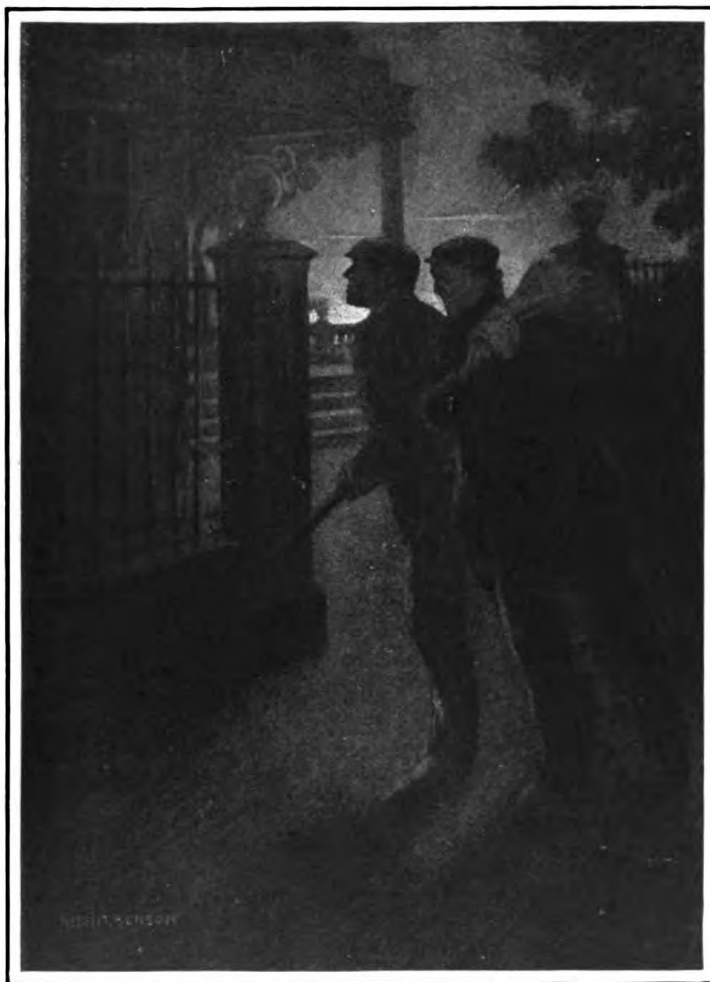
### Not the Same

LITTLE Alice, aged three, was fretting at  
 the table. Her father attempted to win  
 back her good humor by saying:  
 “Where can our sweet little Alice be?  
 This can’t be she.”  
 Whereupon the small girl snarled out,  
 “You’ve got the wrong number.”

### A Difficult Subject

THE teacher of a fourth-year room in a  
 small town asked each pupil to draw  
 some kind of a picture from which she could  
 guess what they wanted to be when they  
 were grown.  
 Various hats for milliners, dresses for  
 dressmakers, farms, etc., gave evidence of  
 their skill as illustrators.  
 Only one little girl had a blank page.  
 The teacher said:  
 “Why, May, don’t you want to be any-  
 thing when you are grown?”  
 “Yessum. I want to be married, but I  
 don’t know how to draw it.”





### Short Hours

FIRST BURGLAR. "*Gee! it makes a feller feel blue to see the nights gittin' so short.*"

### Misplaced Anatomy

MOTHER was in the butler's pantry preparing some dainties for a luncheon, and amongst them a Camembert cheese.

In rushed a five-year-old maid on a tour of inspection, all curiosity. After commenting on the various articles, she came to the cheese. It was redolent with the odor all Camembert lovers delight in.

"Mamma," she quaintly remarked, "if your nose wasn't so near your mouth, you could eat that."

### Her Favorite

MARGARET and her little playmate, Elizabeth, chanced to be overheard as they were walking home from school.

"What's your very favoritest color?" Elizabeth was asking.

Margaret looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, enthusiastically:

"Plaid!"

### The Only Way

ON an electric car in Boston, one day recently, a new conductor was making his first trip. A man seated in one corner of the car noticed that a fare had been skipped. He motioned the conductor to him, and said:

"There are fifteen people on this car, and you have only taken fourteen fares. What will you do now?"

The new man looked along the car, scratched his head, then answered:

"One of them will have to get off."

### Point of View

ON a fashionable street, one pleasant afternoon, a proud mother was wheeling her child, an attractive little girl of two years. The baby was laughing and jabbering at the passers-by, who, more often than not, smiled at the pretty picture. Presently there came up the street a large woman with a small, white, curly dog perched daintily on her arm. The mother, full of maternal interest, paused that the baby might see the little dog, and the child crowed

delightedly at sight of it. The woman with the dog beamed, but when she spoke she did not address herself to the baby. Instead, she brushed the curly hair of the dog out of his eyes, and said, enthusiastically,

"Oh, Fido, see the little baby!"

The insulted mother cast a scornful look at the woman and the dog and hurried on.

### The Groom's Duty

A LITTLE maid of three was showing the family album to her baby brother, and when she saw the picture of their young mother in her wedding-gown, she said to him, "Now, Waldron, here's your mother getting married." And turning to the picture of their father on the opposite page, she continued, "And here's your father standing by!"

Could anything be more apt than her description of the groom?





Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Noble Family of Beaupertuys"

THE KING GLARED DOWN AT HER



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLXXXVI



ST. PETER-PORT, THE CAPITAL OF GUERNSEY

## Where King Edward is still Duke of Normandy

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

**I**T is only a few miles from the English coast; it is in daily communication with English ports; practically all of its intercourse, alike business and social, is with England; and yet King Edward is given allegiance as heir of the Norman line rather than as King of Great Britain. When, here in Guernsey, his accession was officially proclaimed, it was as Norman Duke as well as Indian Emperor and English King—and the people

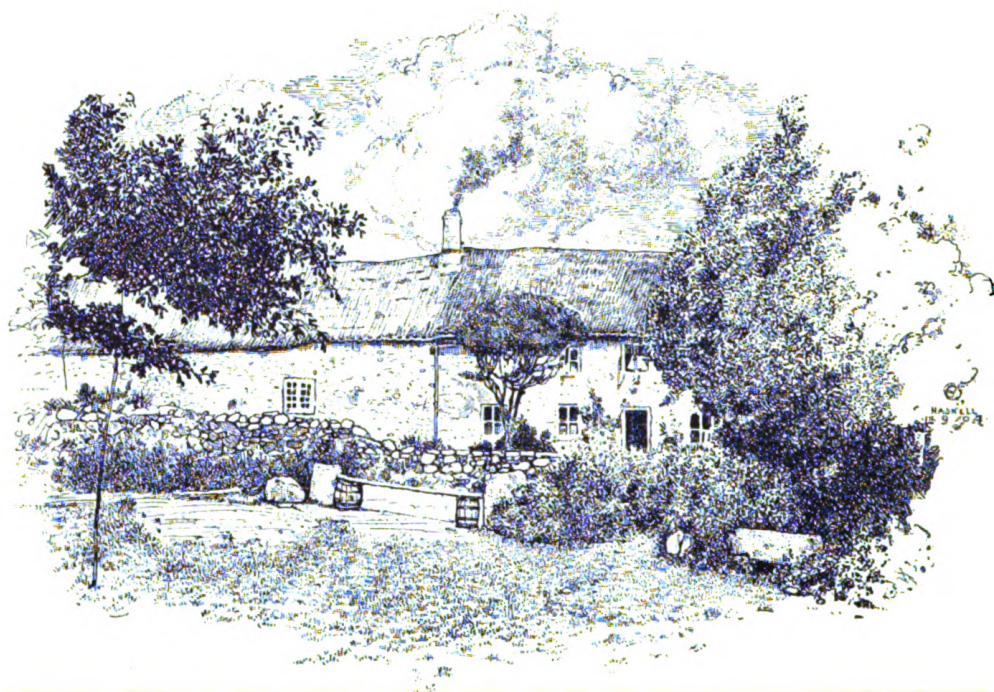
take it seriously, and not as an empty form. They bitterly resent any naming of their isle as one of the British, and equally do they resent being accounted French; for they are Norman.

Nowhere in the world do conditions so inexplicable exist, for there has not for centuries been concomitant Norman environment to preserve the Norman tradition.

Magna Charta has never touched

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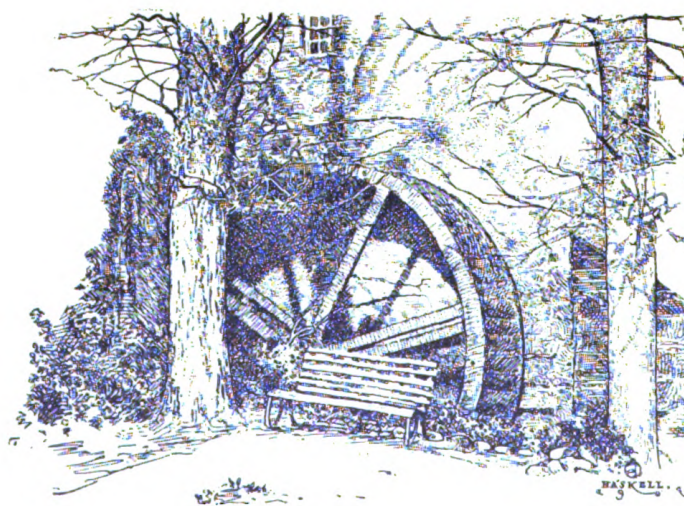
A GUERNSEY COTTAGE

Guernsey, there is no trial by jury, there is a general absence of supposedly indispensable adjuncts of liberty and good government. Many of the people still speak the Norman-French which long

ago vanished from Normandy itself. And, with Guernsey's fascinating survivals of the ancient, there goes a fascinating charm of roads and coastline, of flowers and houses and sea.

If I begin with William the Conqueror it is not that I am about to write history. I shall write only of the present day. Yet to do that in Guernsey is always to go dipping back into the misty past.

When they prepared to bury William in the great abbey church which he had built at Caen a poor man fell upon his knees and cried aloud: "*Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! A l'aide, mon prince! On me fait tort!*" ("To my aid!



AN OLD MILL IN GUERNSEY



They are wronging me!") And the burial of the puissant duke and king did not proceed until the appeal had been listened to and the wrong set right. William had taken the man's land, so it appeared, in building the church, and, as is sometimes the way with great men, had conveniently forgotten to pay.

This Clameur de Haro, as it is legally termed; this very perfection of injunction peremptory; had long been recognized even in William's time, and it is formally set down in the code which, compiled from the most ancient laws and printed at Rouen centuries ago, is still in daily use in Guernsey!

For the Clameur is no mere antiquarian dead letter. It is with dread that the conjuration is employed, for it is like the calling of spirits from the vasty deep, yet seldom does a year pass without its being heard. And there is no man who dares disregard it.

It was but a few months ago that an unhappy citizen applied the injunction to one of the rulers of the island who was tearing down a building whose ownership was in dispute between them. He knelt upon the steps of the court-house, and his voice went quaveringly as he began the ancient cry, and then shrilled high and loud; and people stood about in silent awe, until, the rite complete, the

man arose, all trembling, and looked about him, uncertain and in fear. And the rich man desisted instantly, and when the court heard the case it decided for the demand of the poor.



AN OLD-TIME BUILDING WITH PROJECTING STORIES

I talked with both appellant and appellee against. "He had to stop," said the poor man, quietly; "he had no choice." "I had to stop when he cried 'Ha! Ro!'" said the rich man, quietly; "I had no choice." And this in the twen-

tieth century, at the edge of England, because of the memory of a certain Duke Rollo, contemporary with the English Alfred, who was so stern for instant justice, with none of those civilized delays which make lawyers rich and justice diffi-

St. Peter-Port, the capital of Guernsey, rises steeply from the sea, in red-tiled houses, narrow and gabled and tall, and upon a rock in the midst of the harbor an old castle sullenly thrusts up its walls from amid a rising huddle.

Not an ancient town, this; and yet, as you mount its streets, you see aspects of age in their wavering, doddering lines, and now and then you find old-time buildings with projecting stories nodding over the ways. Many a street is but a lengthening stairway of stone. And in its Sunday calm the town is lighted up by the red-coated soldiers marching in a body to church.

Outside of the city there are Norman houses and Norman roads, and the green and glimmering hedges are Norman, and there are tandem teams, so dear to Norman hearts, and Norman roses clambering over Norman walls, and Norman blouse and gown in red or purple or blue, and ancient white-capped women knitting just outside of Norman cottage doors.

Forty thousand people there are upon the island.

They are not all of Norman type, business having led many others hither, and this but adds to the marvel of it, that forty thousand inhabitants, of mixed race, should continue under the control of laws ten hundred years old. For Guernsey is ruled by a court and parliament which date back their forms and powers a thousand years.

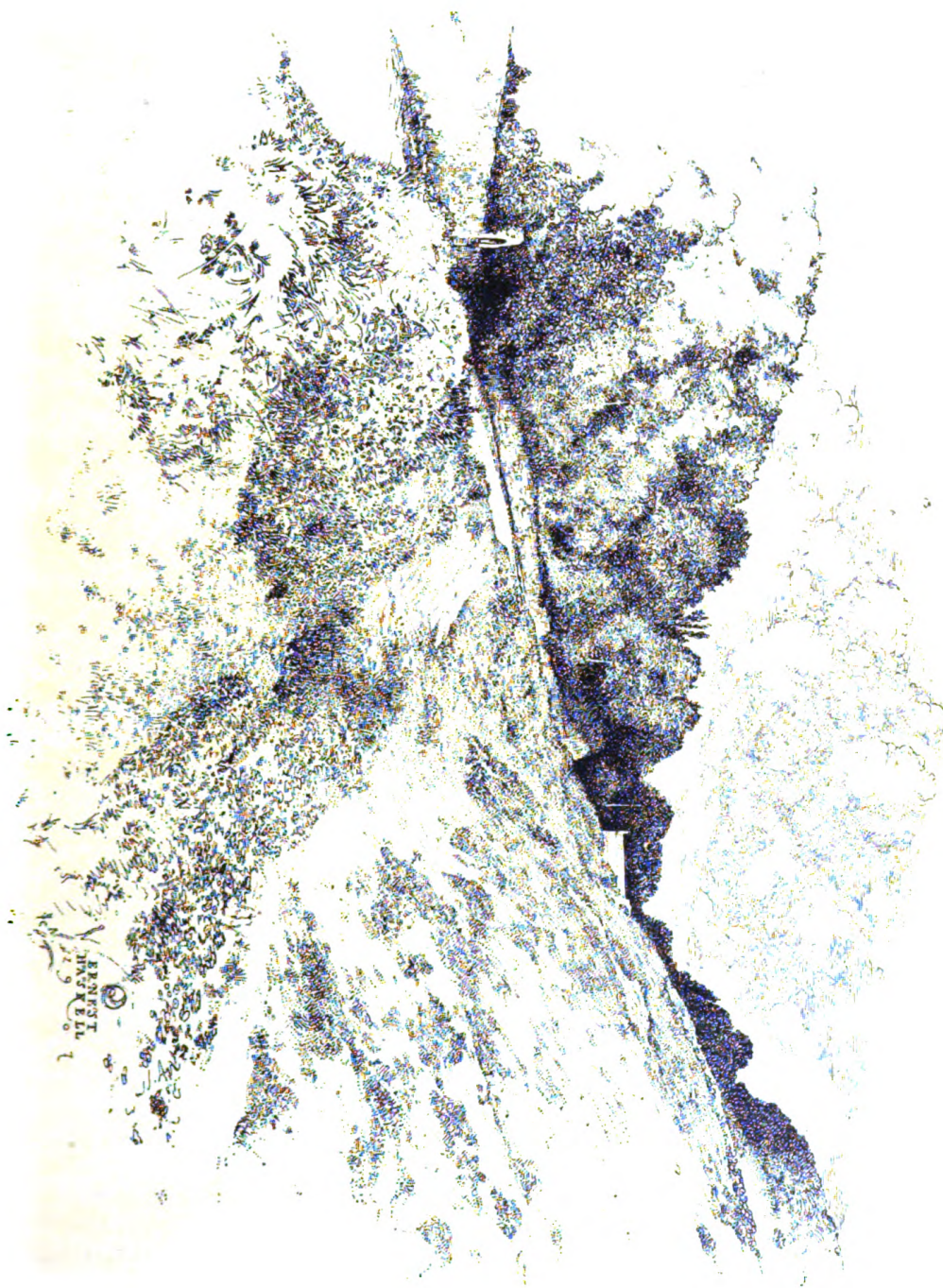


MANY A STREET IS BUT A LENGTHENING STAIRWAY OF STONE

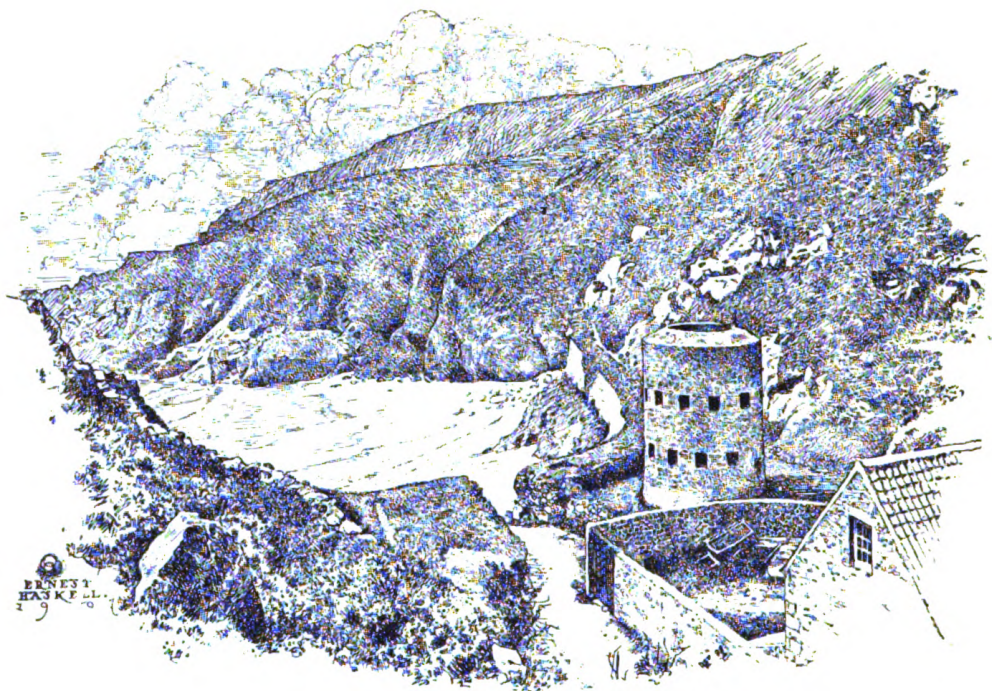
cult, that merely to call thrice upon his name (Ro being an abbreviation of its Norman form) had become incorporated as a legal proceeding of highest moment long before the time of William the Conqueror! And that there were a King Alfred and a Duke Rollo contemporaries shows, too, that feudal days were not of unmitigated savagery.



A ROAD BESIDE THE SEA







THERE IS MUCH TO SUMMON UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

The island is divided into douzaines, each with its twelve douzainiers. A few of the douzainiers are also jurats. The jurats and bailiff (he being appointed by the Crown and having only advisory powers) form the lower and higher courts; and those of the higher court, with the rectors of the island, who are a politically powerful body, form the parliament or States. A few deputies, added recently, have not altered the conditions. Douzainiers, jurats, and rectors are all in office for life, and when a douzainier or jurat dies his fellows fill the vacancy.

There are few crimes committed in Guernsey. The knowledge that the accused is seldom acquitted acts admirably as a practical deterrent.

The accused is first subjected to a private *interrogatoire* before he is allowed to see a friend or lawyer. The bailiff and two jurats searchingly question him, alone and uncautioned and unadvised of any rights. Indeed, a man accused has no rights that a jurat is bound to respect.

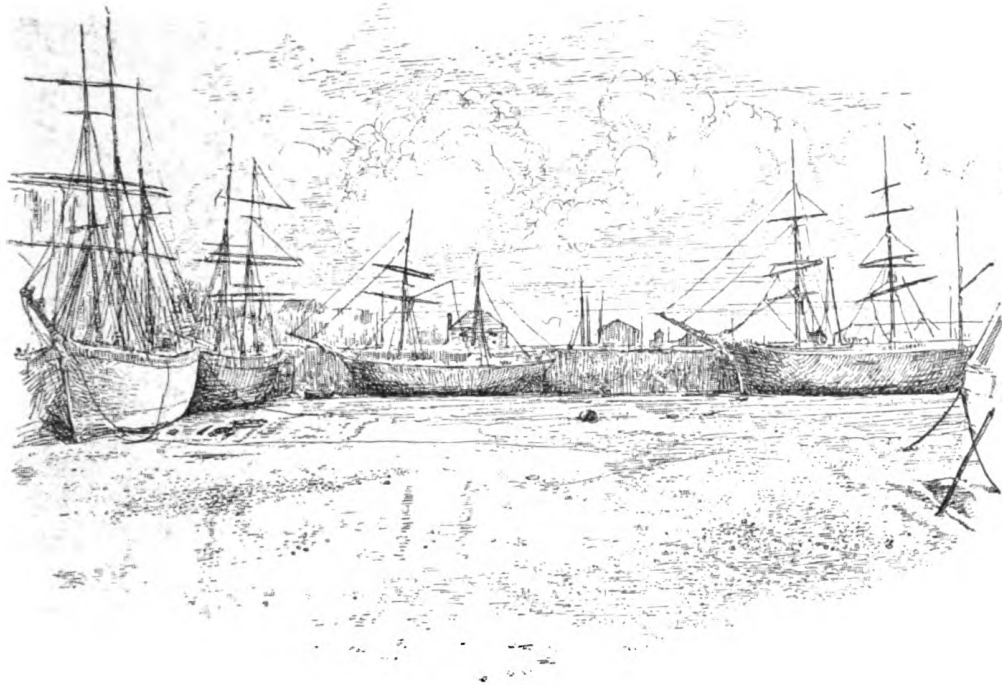
The prisoner next appears before the *Cour de Police*. Not the "police court"; for in this part of the English Channel French is the official language, in which

every law is recorded, every contract made, every parliamentary resolution written. Even in the assembled States it was only recently permitted that English be spoken when preferred, and now a meeting is a babel of tongues. In Guernsey a man becomes a linguist perforce, there being the English and the Norman and the French.

In the *Cour de Police* the unhappy prisoner finds himself facing the same two jurats and bailiff, who, having heard him in secret, are quite prepared to reward him openly; and they have brought two more jurats with them.

He had best be content, now, with whatever fortune gives him, for should he appeal to the upper court he is led from his cell through an underground passage up a strait and narrow stair, and finds himself, emergent, confronted by the four jurats and bailiff, who, with their minds quite made up, have brought along several more jurats for good measure. It is as cumulative as the nursery-house that Jack built, for the prisoner all forlorn finds that nothing added to the jingle is ever allowed to drop out.

Any person may be arrested on the



THE RECEDING TIDE LEAVES SHIPS HIGH STRANDED

bare word of a complainant, and no action for false imprisonment lies. A man's house is not his castle, for the police may search without warrant. *Ex post facto* laws may be made. A stranger, arrested, is not admitted to bail. The whipping-post is in constant operation (not, however, for wife-beating), and the punishments are precisely graded, as, from twenty-five to fifty strokes with a twelve-thonged whip, or from eighteen to twenty-four with a vicious bunch of jagged twigs. Here, mercy does not always fall like the gentle dew from heaven.

Indefinite imprisonment for debt is in force, even when there has been no fraud. And there is even banishment! But a few months ago a long-time resident, convicted of forgery, was sentenced to an imprisonment of two months and a banishment of six years. Strangers may be banished if deemed undesirable sojourners. And all this in the Channel, in an island doing a heavy business with England in rock and tomatoes!

Peculiarly a people, these, who must not throw stones, for that very tomato business has put more glass houses in Guernsey than are in any other place of

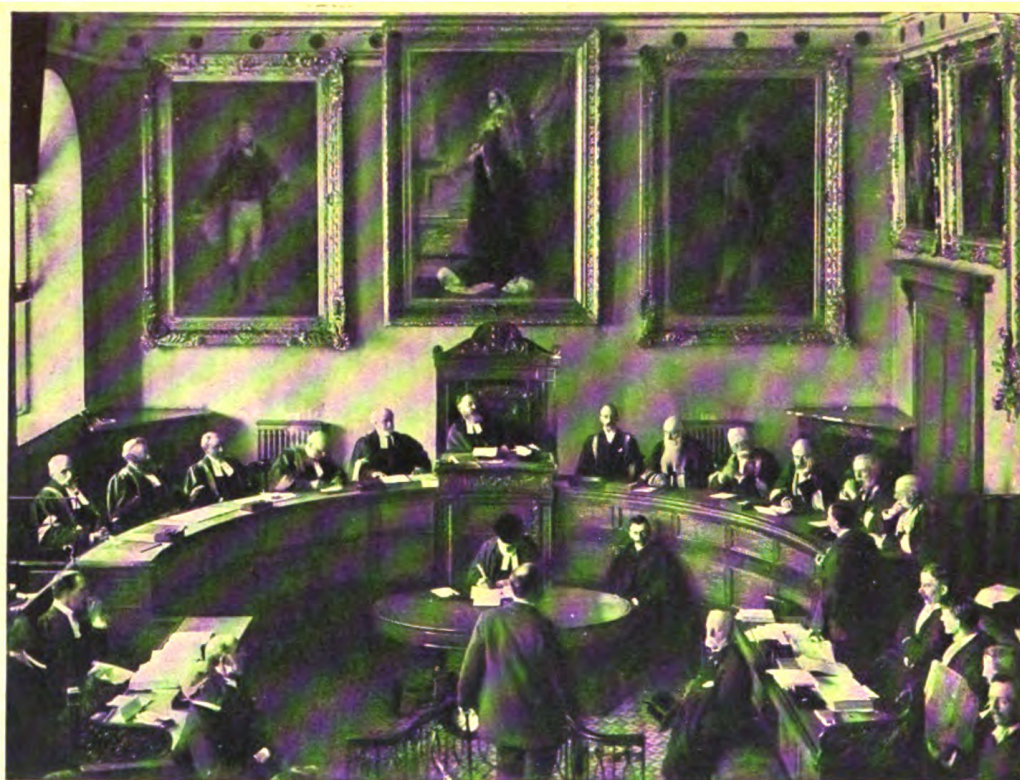
similar area. And the island would have given a chivalrous revel to Don Quixote, for in every direction windmills are seen.

History here is suggestive rather than insistent. For people who so adhere to the old in customs there is a curious disregard for the old as expressed in buildings. So much has been destroyed that the past never obtrudes. There is never the sense that here is a history lesson that must dutifully be learned. To find details of the iron past one must scrape away the accumulated rust of centuries. Yet, for those who care for it, there is much to summon up remembrance of things past. There are ruins on rocky headlands, and on isolated heights rising out of lone and level flats, and every solitary inlet has its tower of stone.

There are splendid views of cliff and sea, the water is tropical in its coloring, and by the lonely shore you forget that you are on an island of business and population.

Those who seek for memorials of the "Toilers of the Sea" will meet with disappointment. The haunted house still stands, and it still stands lonely on a cliff-edge, but it is prosaically altered and





THE ANCIENT COURT OF GUERNSEY

fenced, and is used for a signal-station for ships. At Sampson, where Gilliat lived, not only have all reminders of the story disappeared, but it is a part of the island which business has made unpicturesque. But even at Sampson there is a ruined monastery, built in the long ago by monks sent here on account of ungodly lives; and one wonders to what use they put, those men of evil, certain dismal hollows within the rocky walls.

A high and violent tide is that of Guernsey. The sea goes sweeping out, laying bare bleak secrets for daws to peck at, and leaving ships high stranded in the harbor; and then it comes hurriedly racing back.

To know any people one must know their monuments; and the fact that Guernsey set up a costly memorial to that Albert who did nothing to distinguish himself but be married to the Queen, shows the innate absurdity that one is all along expecting to find. For you cannot always take Guernsey quite seriously; it takes itself too seriously for that.

But they honor others far more than Albert. Where, as here, the footprints on the sands of time have been blurred and mingled by the centuries, such individual prints as are preserved gain thereby an access of importance; and so, when a right brave son of Guernsey fights a right brave sea-fight, they put up for him a shaft of ninety feet. And when a governor devotes himself to the making of roads they raise to his memory a shaft six feet higher than the other! It is as if the mathematical islanders figured that as ninety is to ninety-six, so is the fighter of fights to the builder of roads.

And many a road is a road of allure-ment. There are miles and miles of twisting, labyrinthine charm. Many of the lanes are so narrow that two wagons driving cannot pass. There are myriads of flowers. There are endless stone walls. Horses and oxen plough together, attached in anomalous fraternity. Men and women out of Millet's paintings go stoopingly together over the soil. Roofs are of time-stained tile and age-bent

thatch. Cottages are tucked into corners with that haphazard instinct which, when a true instinct, is so superior to art.

I found that in everything Guernsey is the place that is different. Men are of age at twenty; the weekly half-holiday is on Thursday; the gallon is five per cent. smaller than the English; to reduce English pounds of weight to Guernsey pounds one must multiply by twenty-nine and divide by thirty-two; and one is given thirteen Guernsey pennies for every English shilling.

Is it tax-paying day or quarter day? Behold a long line of islanders with wagons, and other islanders with paniers, for great part of rents and taxes are payable in wheat and corn, in butter and eggs and chickens and eels; and contracts calling for chickens are likely to specify the minimum length of "queue."

Does a man wish to sell or devise his real estate? He is not a free agent. The eldest son has the right indefeasible to the house and to part of the land, and the other children have the right to the remainder. If there are no children, and the man makes a deed of sale, it must be publicly announced, and any one of kin as near as the seventh degree may stop the transaction and purchase the land himself. One easily understands why land remains in the same families for generations.

A man dies, leaving personal property. It is divided into as many shares, plus one, as there are children; the eldest son selects two shares, and the other children choose one each in order of age—the original division, to insure fairness, having been made by the youngest, who, perforce, takes the share that is finally left!

The other Channel Islands, alike remnants of old Normandy, have their own survivals of the old, but they are not nearly so strange as those of Guernsey. And Jersey and Alderney and Guernsey are jealous rivals in every particular, and especially so in regard to cattle and football. When Eve, in naming the animals, came to the cows, she remembered all three of these bits of land, and a most rigid quarantine against other cattle preserves the strains. And as to football: I saw the Guernsey eleven hailed with mighty acclaim returning from Jersey, flushed with victory, and I saw the Al-

derney men come and play them; and all Guernsey was in excitement, and the governor himself appeared amid clamor of band and acclamation of people.

The governor, appointed by the Crown, has charge of military affairs. He may sit in the States, but has no vote. He may veto, but that power has practically lapsed through long disuse. Guernsey seriously holds that the British Parliament has absolutely no power over it; that the only power is with the King (the Duke of Normandy) and his privy council.

The high court meets with formal informality, turning readily from criminal cases to laws. Every law must be originated here, to be passed on by the States later. And if any private citizen wishes to express his opinion regarding a proposed law he steps out, as I have seen one do, to a railed space, and says his say.

A tranquil, placid, contented island, in spite of the Draconian severity of its laws and the Vehmgericht powers of its rulers. A law-abiding people, in spite of the frequent petty thefts requiring flagellatory discipline. A beneficent people, in spite of a firm dislike to give aid to those who ask for it. A fund, established over three centuries ago, yields five hundred pounds annually for the help of people who help themselves, and it expresses the Guernsey standpoint. There must be no begging. If an islander should beg he would be imprisoned instantly. A stranger, begging, is shipped "as near as possible" to his home.

Though Guernsey has preserved her usages for a thousand years immutable, the end of their long dominion is approaching. Less than another century, perhaps only another decade, will see their obliteration. And with the passing of the old there will likewise be a passing of the picturesque. Glass houses are encroaching upon the bleakness of the coast, upon the hills yellow with gorse, upon the paths zigzagging steeply downward to the sea. Quarrymen are blasting underneath the walls of ancient castles. The British Parliament has begun to inquire, with curious belatedness, what manner of folk these are who claim exemption from Parliamentary control.

And so, the long shadows are falling, and the evening of Guernsey's romance draws nigh.

# Johnny Hall

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

IN the old yellow stage rocking away from the farmhouse, with their mother by the gate, William and Thomas Cooke bounced dismally on the seat. They were going out to spend the day with relatives.

They bounced harder up and down as the stage-driver reined in suddenly. Their mother was crying after them.

"Air you sure you've both got your handkercheefs?"

They looked in their pockets. Each dragged out, with difficulty, a small, white square with a colored border. They surveyed them slowly, while the other passengers, on their Saturday's way to town, wriggled in their places. William's border was of pink polka-dots on a purple ground. Thomas's was of purple polka-dots on a pink ground.

William thrust his head out of the stage window presently. "I guess so!" he called back.

Their mother wiped her little face relievedly. She had hurried so to get them ready for the stage, she had forgotten to say the things she always said in parting. She yet had a wash-rag in her hand. She waved it at them admiringly.

"Don't get homesick for me!"

Thomas thrust his head out of the window. "No'm," he shouted above the noise of the stage wheels, now creaking on again, "we won't!"

"Don't!"—she called. But they could not hear her. They could only see the wash-rag flaunting in the autumn road.

They wore their new suits of mixed cloth, with stiff, white collars and plaid ties. Even through their stockings their long, unwonted trousers pricked their knees. Their shoes were freshly blacked and smelled. Their round straw hats settled down so far upon their heads they spread their ears, behind which their tow hair was wet and sleekly brushed.

Thomas held, tightly screwed in his hand, a paper bag of ham sandwiches to

be eaten when they were hungry. They were already hungry. He unscrewed the bag and peered in.

"How many air they?" William whispered.

"Two 'piece."

Within sight of their house, the smoke of the breakfast fire still curling hotly from the chimney, they ate their lunch. Then Thomas blew up the bag, and William popped it with his fist. The old lady beside them on the seat, who was done up heavily in a gray shawl and whose green leather reticule kept poking into Thomas with the movement of the stage, turned around and looked at them with severity.

"Gracious!" she said crossly, "you're makin' too much noise."

"I don't keer." William answered her politely. Neither he nor Thomas now cared any longer for intercourse with women.

The rest of the passengers in the stage stared at them reprovingly. They were all women. Most of them had market-baskets at their feet. From some of the baskets stuck out yellow chicken-feet, and in some showed dozens of eggs, and pats of butter swathed in wet cloth. The only man aboard was the stage-driver. His crooked back in its faded coat was a prodigious comfort to them.

With all the ladies staring at them so intently, a thought occurred to William. Instantly he clutched his right hip pocket and nudged Thomas with his elbow. Thomas understood acutely. He had carried the ham sandwiches, but William, being the older, had the money on him. In his trousers were the two dimes for their round-trip fares, which they were to hand to the stage-driver, getting off at Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty's.

"It's an awful lot o' money," Thomas observed secretively in a loud whisper. The old lady's reticule poked into him. It had an empty feeling.

"'Sh!" said William, warningly.



"Tain't much," said Thomas.

From that time on they covertly watched the passengers, Thomas especially eying the old lady, whom he recognized dimly as a lifelong friend of their mother's. Every now and then William again clutched his hip pocket anxiously. Johnny Hall had warned them of the danger of a man's travelling with money.

"Yer want to per-tend yer ain't got none," he had said, towering grandly above them by the pigsty, "er more'n likely yer'll git it stole."

The stage made a fine clatter on the road. The driver was perpetually cracking his long whip in the morning air, making a delightful noise. Sometimes he overtook wagons, going, too, toward town, little, long-legged colts tagging after the horses. Sometimes wagons overtook him and passed him by with a sound of laughter. Once out of the dust, which on Saturday morning rose over the road like steam over a kettle, appeared a drove of red cattle driven by a tall man with only one eye in his head, and once there emerged a flock of sheep which bleated as it ran. The man who was throwing stones at the flock from behind was as well worth looking at as the other one. He was crazy Billy.

So many wonderful things happened to thrill a traveller, the old lady after a while turned to them again forgivingly.

"It's awful nice to take a stage ride,



THEY WERE ALREADY HUNGRY

ain't it?" she said in her snuffling woman's tones.

William drew himself up. He made himself as nearly tall as Johnny Hall had looked, standing by the pigs, as he possibly could. "I wouldn't keer," he said witheringly, "to take a stage ride ef ye'd gimme the *hull United States*."

Thomas, too, tried to be very tall. "I wouldn't keer," he said, "to take a stage ride ef ye'd gimme yer—yer *pa's hull farm*."

The old lady snuffled something to her-



HE EXHIBITED TO THEM HIS TWO RABBITS

self indistinctly in her shawl. She did not offer them those gifts to induce them to ride with her into town. She did not speak to them again.

From time to time they made conversation with each other as they jolted on.

"What d'ye s'pose," Thomas asked lonesomely while they were going by the meeting-house, "Johnny Hall's goin' to do to-day?"

William considered poignantly. "More'n likely build a new rabbit-pen."

Thomas's chin changed. He was not so tall, nor was William, as they had been when speaking up to the old lady. "An' put the black rabbit in it—er the white one?"

"Both of 'em," said William, miserably. "An' feed 'em turnip tops an' guv 'em water out o' that cracked bowl?"

William nodded. "Pooh!" he added soon, in a forced voice, "Johnny Hall ain't no cry-baby."

"I ain't neither!" said Thomas, hotly.

"Well," said William, in the same muffled key, "what air you a-doin' with your handkercheef?"

"I'm jest," answered Thomas, tremulously, "a-lookin' at the border."

The stage lumbered heavily up the hill. The meeting-house was now a white speck in the distance.

"I 'xpect," said William, "Johnny Hall 'll feel awful bad 'bout our goin' 'way."



The thought of Johnny Hall might at that moment be feeling nearly overcome Thomas. The green reticule was jabbing him with a truly feminine persistency. He shoved it from him fiercely. "You keep that *out o' me*," he muttered to the old lady.

At the top of the hill the horses stopped for breath. Below in the haze could be seen, if a boy leaned far enough out of the window, the shingle roof of Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty's house. Beyond that shone the roofs of town, set in little, straight streets of trees, which were not so high but that the tower of the courthouse was higher, standing out above the tree tops with the clock in its wooden face like an eye. From the top of the hill, too, a boy's ears, strained from the stage, could often catch, if the wind were right, or if the next day promised rain, the sound of the clock's striking the time of day. Not much in the world made the heart beat more quickly than the strokes of the clock bell, ringing up mellowly from the town to the hill.

But William and Thomas did not lean out of the window nor stretch their ears.

"I think," said Thomas, "Johnny Hall is the *niciest* feller—"

"*Ain't* he?" cried William.

"He's pretty near fourteen, ain't he?" Thomas's voice was moved and reedy.

"Fourteen!—he's goin' on fifteen!"

The stout stage-horses, having gained their breath, crept down the hill, the brake of the stage held tightly, and then began to trot along the level stretch of the road. Once William and Thomas would have been much pleased over this sign that they were close upon their destination. Formerly they had daily begged of their mother, "Ma, kin we go to see Aunt Mary 'n' Aunt Hitty to-morrer?" And their mother had dealt with the question very seriously. "*Mebbe*," she had always answered, "Aunt Mary 'n' Aunt Hitty 'll send for you to come next week ef you air real good, jest like you air at Christmas time."

But this was before they had known Johnny Hall. It was before, in fact, they had ever intimately known a man. It was true, they knew their father. But Johnny Hall was different from their father. If not taller—he soon would be—nor better, he was a great deal smarter.

They had known Johnny Hall two whole days, yesterday and the day before. Previously they had been only able to gawk at him in admiration. He lived on the little strip of land next to their farm, and went by their house many times a day—now with a tin can of bait, now riding a horse bareback to water, now bent on no errand, but merely strolling by charmingly with his hands in his pockets and a haughty whistle on his lips. Although every time that he went by they stopped their play with the little neighbor girl, or their association with their mother—from a rising impulse that they were fit for higher things—and ran to hang conspicuously over the gate, and to call out hopefully, "*Kin we go 'long?*" he never saw them. Sometimes the little girls, also, left their play and stood forth that Johnny Hall might see them—they did not know he had no use for women. Johnny Hall not only did not see the little girls teetering on their toes with expectation, but he made wry faces at them whenever he didn't see them.

The period of his exclusiveness was so protracted, it almost seemed that it was going to last forever. Every attempt that William and Thomas made to attract his attention was abortive. Then suddenly, without warning, on the day before yesterday, he had stooped to them. They did not know why—they were not aware that they looked any better than usual, as they hung over the gate imploringly. Possibly their call to go along had been louder and therefore more successfully made him turn around and—see them! He approached them slowly. It was a high moment.

"Kin yer suck eggs?" he inquired.

They could not. Their faces fell. Then William had an inspiration.

"We kin turn summersets."

He left the gate, and Thomas too. Before Johnny Hall two pairs of legs rose and fell on the green grass.

"Huh!" he observed with condescension, "*mebbe* yer could learn to suck 'em."

He turned a series of handsprings easily in the road. When he had resumed his normal position he gave them each an angleworm out of his pocket. Then he asked them another question, which also for a moment blighted them.

"Jest play with girls, don't y' hate girls!"

At this he began to move off up the road, whistling a lively tune.

William and Thomas paused, but only briefly.

"I hate girls!" shouted William after him.

"I hate 'em awful!" screamed Thomas.

Johnny Hall halted. "Ef yer'll come up to *my* house," he said, "I'll show yer somethin'."

They went in an hour's time. His was a grand house. There was such a fine stairway tottering up to the loft along the outside wall, and there was such a pleasant pigsty jutting from the kitchen door. At first they thought there were no women anywhere about. But by and by they made out his mother smoking under an apple-tree. Her pipe gave her a manly cast. She was a fair sight.

Johnny Hall showed them what he had promised them. He exhibited to them his two rabbits, in a rickety pen, and the soles of his bare feet.

"Yer could run a pin into 'em," he swelled about his feet, "an' I wouldn't feel it—I wouldn't feel a darnin'-needle!"

Then sitting with them by the ash-barrel, which was finely placed by the front door, he told them all that he knew. He knew everything.

They ran home weighted with knowledge and trying to whistle, with their hands thrust carelessly into their pockets. They beheld with new eyes the comfortable farmhouse which had given them birth and which had hitherto sheltered them without criticism. It shrank to a pitiful nothingness. There was even a woful lack about their mother. She had no pipe. For old time's sake alone they let her give them a lunch of bread and blackberry jam.

Yesterday they had gone back to Johnny Hall's house with the news that they were going out to-day to spend the day. Their mother had told them in an eager fashion, as she spread the jam, that Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty had sent for them. They were secretly proud of the invitation. They thought that being invited out to see their aunts would make Johnny Hall absolutely certain that they could learn to suck eggs. They forgot that aunts were women. They had found him by the pig-

sty, reaching the back of a pig with a hoe-handle. He was gentlemanly and leisurely and seemed sincerely glad to see them.

"We air a-goin' to Aunt Mary 'n' Aunt Hitty's to-morrer to stay all day!" William burst forth at once.

"Goin' to hev an awful good time," said Thomas.

The news was unexpectedly received. Johnny Hall moved the hoe-handle disdainfully.

"Pooh!" he sneered, "yer won't hev no fun. I wouldn't go ef yer gimme the *hull* United States!"

The invitation dwindled. They grasped at their self-respect.

"We'll hev a stage ride," Thomas defended timidly.

Johnny Hall cast the hoe-handle from him scornfully. "Yah! an' wear all yer good clothes an' feel *awful*." He stretched himself to his fullest stature. "I wouldn't keer to take a stage ride if yer'd gimme yer pa's *hull* farm! A stage ride ain't nawthin'!"

"We air a-goin' to hand the driver the money ourselves," said William, feebly, "'stead of ma's givin' it to him at the gate."

Then it was that, towering grandly above them, he had warned them in a dreadful whisper of the danger of traveling with money.

"Aunt Mary 'n' Aunt Hitty eat out on the porch," Thomas made a final effort.

Johnny Hall sniffed. "I *allus* do," he said.

They stared at his house. "You ain't got no porch," said William, wonderingly.

"I don't keer," said Johnny Hall.

He took up a pail of slop and poured it elegantly into the trough for the pigs. "Aunts," he continued, "is awful mean. Ef they ask yer to dinner they allus jist guv yer the guzzards an' gobble all the chicken up theirselves."

He shrugged his shoulders and turned from them.

"A stage ride ain't nawthin'," said William, in a hurry.

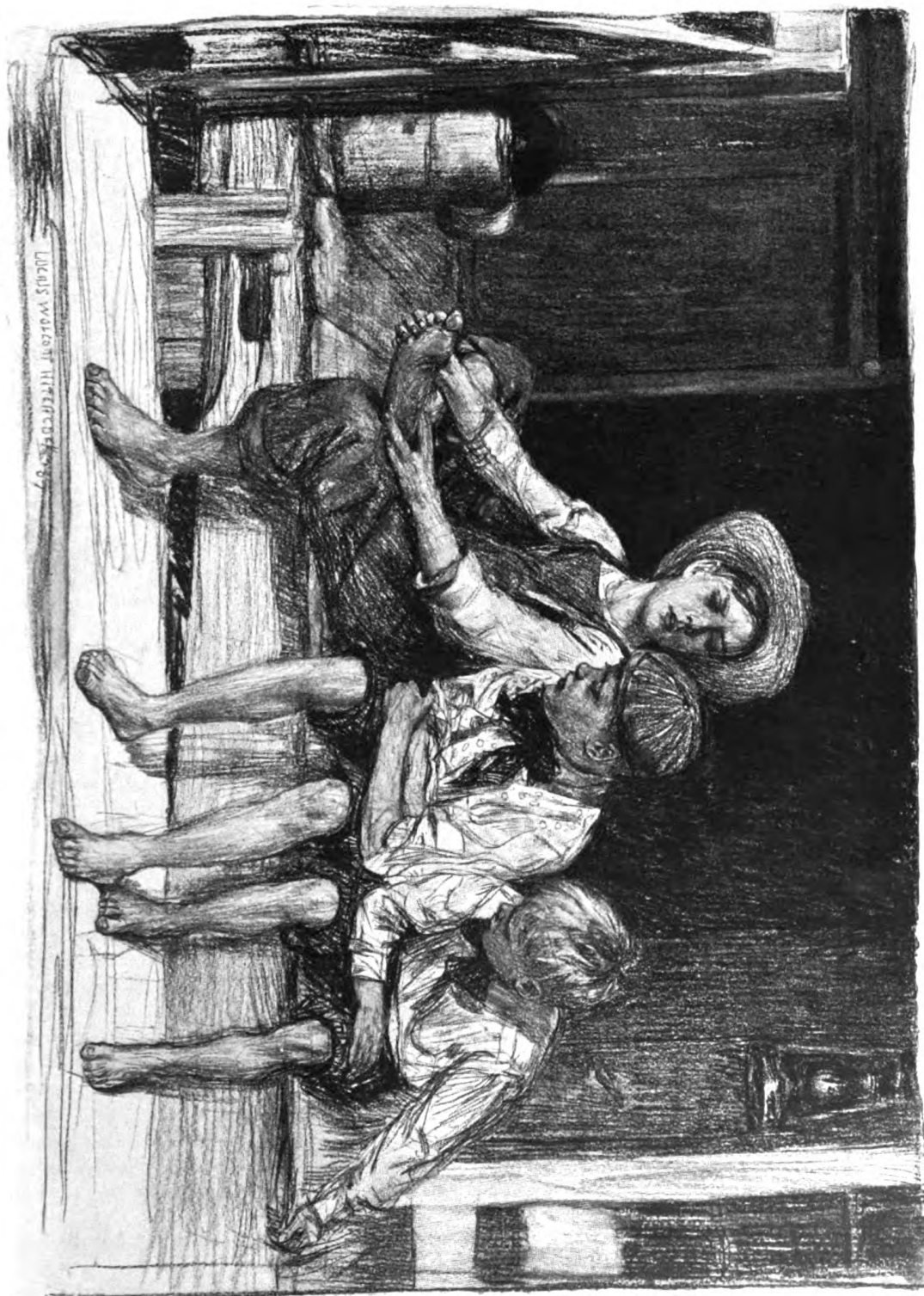
"'Tain't nawthin' 'tall!" cried Thomas.

Johnny Hall came back to them. "I'm goin' to do somethin' awful nice to-morrer."

"What air you a-goin' to do?" they quavered.

Drawn by Lucius Watson Hittencamp

"YOU COULD RUN A PIN INTO 'EM, AND I WOULDN'T FEEL IT."



But Johnny Hall would not tell. They went away from his house without knowing, the bubble of their invitation burst like a pig's bladder pricked with a pin.

"Mebbe," William choked in parting, "ma'll let us stay to home."

The stage lurched the passengers forward as the driver stopped at Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty's house. Aunt Mary was waiting by the horse-block, and in the doorway with the fan of blue glass above it was lame Aunt Hitty with her crutch. They did not look at them. They climbed out unwillingly. William handed the driver the money, going by the old lady outside the stage. Thomas still had his eye upon her. "She's a-tryin' to git it," he whispered excitedly; "she's been a-tryin' the hull way."

Aunt Mary kissed them before the passengers were fairly started on for the roofs of town. "Land sakes!" she said, "but I'm glad to see you." She had on a pink dress and a white sunbonnet. Her round, rosy face was very kind. William wiped off his salutation first, then Thomas wiped off his. In the light of yesterday they felt certain that Johnny Hall did not kiss aunts. She talked to them in a lively way on the walk up to the doorway from the road, quite as though they were really interested in what she was saying. Finally William said something in response to all her lively speeches.

"We'd ruther hev stayed at home," he threw in.

She was chirping so like a happy robin, she did not hear him.

"How's your ma and pa?" she asked them, beaming upon them rosily from her bonnet. They answered her without putting much thought on the matter.

"They're well," said William.

"They ain't very well," said Thomas.

Their hands were growing very warm in hers. They pulled them out.

"Here's the old house!" she said.

They looked at it. It had a wide doorway set in it, like a big laughing mouth bidding them come in, and tall windows with little panes of glass. Red woodbine leaves, on their journey to the shingle roof, climbed along the clapboarding. Under the roof was the straw of swallows' nests which Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty never could bear to have taken down. Above the main part of the

roof rose the brick parlor chimney, almost as high as the town court-house tower, in which other swallows came to build their nests in the spring. They had once been visiting at the house when Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty had built a fire in the parlor in a cold summer's rain, and had seen them wringing their hands and crying about the hearth at the hatchlings from the nests falling half roasted down the chimney.

"Tain't nawthin' like Johnny Hall's house," William criticised coldly. His shoes hurt his feet, and he limped in them crossly.

Aunt Mary laughed, as women always do—at nothing.

"An' who's Johnny Hall?" she asked,—"that little, ugly, freckled-face boy that lives next to you?"

William stiffened. "No," he said, "that ain't *him*—he's awful tall."

"An' he's a good deal purtier 'n *you* air," said Thomas, simply. His shoes, too, were galling him. There were masses of frosted asters on either side the walk. He kicked at them to ease his feelings.

Aunt Mary took hold of his hand again. "There," she laughed gently; "a gentleman don't go round kickin' things."

He limped distantly beside her. "A gen'leman," he replied, "has to kick at things *sometimes*." He would not have needed to explain such a self-evident fact to Johnny Hall.

Lame Aunt Hitty had on a blue dress, with a white bonnet. Her face was thin and white, but it was as kind as Aunt Mary's rosy one, and her eyes were sweet as a blue flower. She kissed them very fondly. Again they were compelled to wipe their solemn little faces.

"They're a-growin' up, Hitty," Aunt Mary laughed. But Aunt Hitty did not seem to hear her. She went on fondly imprinting kisses on their hard cheeks. She seemed to have so many of them, Thomas was moved to ask a question, even with Johnny Hall not by to answer it out of his wisdom.

"Where," he asked, "do them come from?"

"What, dearie?" said Aunt Hitty.

"He means them kisses," explained William, chillingly.

"Why," said Aunt Hitty, "from the heart, o' course."



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock*

"AUNTS IS AWFUL MEAN," HE CONTINUED

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Thomas took care to remember what she said, in order to ask Johnny Hall that night if what she said was true.

Aunt Mary once taught school two weeks to fill the sick school-teacher's

purring nearly loud enough to awaken a dead man.

Around the walls were pictures of all kinds. Aunt Hitty was a hand for pictures. William stared at them.

"Them picters," he said, "ain't nawthin' to what Johnny Hall's got."

Aunt Mary's back was turned. She was pouring an amber liquid into two enormous tumblers from a pitcher. Aunt Hitty was going to her chair, making a noise on the floor with her crutches.

"He ain't got none," Thomas said in a low voice.

"I don't keer," said William.

"Now," cried Aunt Mary, "who wants some lem'nade?"

They looked at each other, not knowing whether Johnny Hall drank or not. They could not refuse. They drank thirstily, if somewhat darkly, from the enormous tumblers.

"I 'xpect," observed Thomas, "Johnny Hall 'd guv us gallons o' lem'nade when we went to his house—ef we ast him for it."

"How much kin we have?" said William, suspiciously, to Aunt Mary.

"Why, as many glasses as you want—the idee o' askin' sech a question!"

"And now," she said, when they had finished, "just take your shoes an' stockings off an' your collars an' plaid ties, an' make yourselves comfortable for all day."

Their shoes, with the stockings stuffed into the tops, and the other undue orna-



THEY RUSHED TO THE WINDOW

place. "You mustn't," she said to William, in her kind, chirping way, "say 'them kisses,'—say those, not them."

They went through the laughing doorway into the house. There was a gay rag-carpet on the sitting-room floor, with streaks of the autumn sunshine lying across it in yellow bars. Aunt Hitty's chair was by the window, and on the window-seat was Mr. Brown, the cat,

ments of their apparel, were laid slowly together on a corner of the sofa.

"I wonder," said Aunt Hitty, looking very hard at Mr. Brown, "who wants to play hide-'n'-seek?"

Again they looked at each other. Again they fell. Besides, there was nothing else to do, shut up in a house with two women! Hide-'n'-seek had once been a game they had dreamed before-hand of playing with Aunt Hitty in Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty's sitting-room.

The game at first was quiet. Then William, forgetting Johnny Hall, grew excited and giggled, and soon Thomas giggled. Aunt Mary popped her head in through the kitchen door. Her face was rosier than ever. "Land sakes, but I'm glad you're havin' sech a nice time!"

Aunt Hitty's thin, white cheeks were flushed. She did not move from her chair to hunt them up, but guessed, beside Mr. Brown, where they were. When it came her turn to hide, she did not move either, and they stood before her, guessing, and wild to find her. She was very hard to find. She chose such high places. Her last hiding-place was the worst of all.

"You're in the up-stairs closet," William guessed.

"You're *terrible* cold!" she said.

"You're up in the attic," guessed Thomas.

"Goodness!" she said, "you're a-freezin' to death!"

William thought and thought. "You air on the top o' them ugly bookshelves in the parlor."

She gasped and threw up her hands in despair at him.

"You air all covered up with sheets 'n' piller-slips in the top drawer o' the chist in your bedroom," guessed Thomas.

"The idee," she said, "o' you a-goin' plumb to the north pole!"

They guessed and guessed and guessed again. They could not find her.

"Give it up?" she cried.

"Ye-es," said William.

"Ye-es," said Thomas.

"Well," she said triumphantly, "I'm right outside the winder, up in the maple-tree—an' I clumb all the way myself!"

They rushed to the window to see where she had been hidden in the red and yellow leaves, so that not a bit of her blue dress showed.

"Johnny Hall," said Thomas, "'d a-knowed in a minute you was up a tree."

"I didn't keer," said William, "much 'bout findin' you, anyway."

The dinner was smelling better and better. Through the keyhole of the kitchen door they heard the frying-pan hissing like a goose, and every now and then the oven door clicking open, after which they could detect the delicious odor of something baking.

Aunt Hitty struck her crutch on the floor merrily. "Ef you'll both run out to the spring an' drink seven swallows o' water, an' come back a-hoppin' on one leg as fur as you kin, I wouldn't wonder a mite that by the time you get here that rooster an' that hen 'd hev flew out o' the fryin'-pan on to the table!"

On the path to the spring, their hair, now dry, stood out straightly from their heads, having within it a singing sound of wind. They leaned over the circle of stones and gulped down furiously seven swallows of water. Breathless and dripping, they hopped back to the house on one leg as far as they could. It was not very far. But they could have hopped farther if they had really wanted to. And on one leg Johnny Hall could undoubtedly have hopped to the end of the world.

When they reached the house, on a run, Aunt Hitty pointed with her crutch to the table. In the middle, on the white cloth, was a platter of chicken, and all about the platter were smoking dishes of vegetables. Not very far away were two plates of hot, brown biscuits and a great bowl of gravy, with the spoon already in it. Then, on one end was a high glass dish of custard and a plate of little, brown, spicy cakes, with dark spots in them which were raisins, and on the other end were four different kinds of jelly in a row, and three kinds of pickles. Aunt Mary was waving a brush of peacock feathers over the table to keep off the flies that she and Aunt Hitty never had.

William and Thomas screamed out with joy at the sight of the peacock brush.

"Lemme wave it," William cried.

"Lemme!" cried Thomas.

"You kin each do it three minutes apiece," said Aunt Mary, "while I help out—an' ef you don't eat up *everything* on the table you can't come again."

William took the feathers first. "Johnny Hall's a-goin' to hev a brush like this," he said.

"I 'xpect he'll hev one by the time we git back," said Thomas.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Hitty, with a shadow on her face, "don't talk 'bout goin' 'way an' leavin' us *yit*."

The brush dipped into the gravy-bowl.

"My, my!" laughed Aunt Mary, gently, "peacocks don't eat *gravy*."

William and Thomas giggled ecstatically. Then Thomas took the brush.

"They don't eat *jelly* neither," said Aunt Mary.

They roared with delight. Soon the brush was lying neglected on the floor. Their plates were piled full. They scanned them narrowly to see the guzzards. Neither had them. They were on Aunt Hitty's plate, with the pope's-nose and the wings.

"Always insistin' on hevin' the leavin's," said Aunt Mary, softly.

"Why," said Aunt Hitty, "they're so tasty--an' wings air jest the things fur *me*."

She laughed and Aunt Mary laughed, and William and Thomas laughed above their mighty portions of breast-bone, without knowing why.

By the time they had journeyed through the meal to the high glass dish of custard and the little brown cakes beside it, they were not as hollow inwardly as they had been at first. On the way back from the spring William had thought he heard his ribs knocking together. Yet they reached out their hands eagerly for their helpings of custard. Aunt Mary put the cake-plate next to them. Three cakes melted in William's mouth and two and a half in Thomas's. Then William pushed away the plate.

"I'm gettin' tired o' them jems," he said.

"I feel as heavy," said Thomas, reproachfully, "as a log o' wood."

"I wonder how 'twould be," said Hitty, "to all go out in the yard an' lie down on a quilt in the shade an' take a nap."

"Johnny Hall," said William, scornfully, "don't take naps!"

"Dear me! I meant to lie down an' see how fur we all kin count."

"Johnny Hall," said Thomas, "kin count more'n anybody."

Aunt Mary spread the quilt in the shade under the maple-tree where the leaves were flying down, like birds, through the air. "I'll wash the dishes afore I lie down," she said.

"An' I'll listen to you a while afore I lie down," said Aunt Hitty.

The boys stretched out their repleted frames. William counted as far as sixty-three. He lost count. A red leaf dropped on his nose. He did not brush it off. Thomas reached fifty-seven. He, too, lost count. He heard Aunt Hitty saying, "Mary, jest come an' look at 'em—they're so cunnin'!" and meant to get up and see what she meant, but he didn't.

They sat up and rubbed their eyes. They were nearly buried in the leaves which had fallen down upon them. Aunt Hitty was knitting in her rocking-chair and Aunt Mary was sitting with a basket on her knees.

"I'm a-goin'," said William, drowsily, "to give Johnny Hall pa's old corn peg."

"I guess I'll guv him my box o' paints," Thomas said.

Aunt Mary laughed. "Let's go nuttin'," she suggested.

"I always did love to go nuttin'," Aunt Hitty said, but she did not put down her knitting, but stayed smiling in her chair.

William and Thomas shouted to her, scampering about among the nut-trees on the hill back of the house. They were gone a long time. Aunt Hitty smiled at the basket of nuts they brought back, and the big bunches of leaves, and the wreaths of red bittersweet berries Aunt Mary had made for them and hung around their necks. "Dear me!" she said, "I had sech a nice time 'long with you up on the hill! There never was nobody any crazier 'bout goin' nuttin' 'n *me*."

Aunt Mary brought out her knitting and sat down and began to knit with Aunt Hitty.

"Now," she said, "we'll watch for the stage, an' you run round an' do *jest* what you please until you hear us callin' you to put your shoes 'n' stockings on."

They did not stop to rest. They ran under the house into the cheese-room, where a yellow cheese was always pressing under a beam. They tore up into the loft and whirled the old spinning-

wheel and beat upon the brass warming-pan. They climbed the arbor vitæ, with a great smell coming from the boughs they bruised. At the top they thrust their faces out and saw Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty drop their knitting in their laps, amazed. They honed their pocket-knives on the small, gray grindstone in the shed, until they were duller than ever before. They were just about to throw stones at the gander in the pond, but they did not quite have time to hit him.

"Shoes 'n' stockings an' collars on!" called Aunt Mary.

She helped them on with their things. On the top of the basket of nuts she put a package for them with something in it to eat up the next day. She never did believe, she said, in the day after a party being so empty. Aunt Hitty also tucked in some presents to take home. She had a book for William and five new pencils for Thomas. She insisted on going with Aunt Mary to escort them to the stage.

"I 'xpect," said William above the basket, "Johnny Hall 'll be awful glad to see us."

"Ma said," said Thomas, "ef we'd jist come to see you to-day we could go to see him the *minute* we got back."

They did not look back from the stage window at Aunt Mary and Aunt Hitty waving their white aprons after them from the horse-block. All the way home they looked ahead along the road for their farm to appear, next to which Johnny Hall lived. The sun was setting in the sky, like a lamp going out. At their gate their mother was watching for them lovingly. She never went back on her promises.

Johnny Hall's house stood unchanged as they approached it with beating hearts. The tottering stair along the outside wall, the pigs by the kitchen door, the ash-barrel by the front step—it was the same grand spot.

Johnny Hall came out of the house in his overalls. His hands were in his pockets. His tongue was in his cheek.

"Yah!" he said, "yer didn't hev no fun, did yer?" His manly height compelled them.

William put his tongue in his cheek. "Naw."

Thomas's cheek bulged. "Naw."

"Wore yer good clothes, didn't yer?" Johnny Hall taunted—"jist like girls."

"We ain't a-goin' to next time!"

"We're *allus* a-goin' to jist wear overalls!"

He climbed the stair and dropped carelessly off it, half-way up. "Yer aunts was awful mean, wasn't they?"

"Meaner 'n anything!"

"Meaner 'n *mean*!"

He leaped nonchalantly over the ash-barrel.

"We pretty *near* had the guzzards!"

"Aunts pretty near *allus* guv yer the guzzards an' gobble all the chicken up theirselves!"

Johnny Hall cast his eye in the direction of the rabbits.

"Did yer build 'em a new pen?"

William looked at him longingly.

"Yer bet your life!"

These were fine words. They pricked their ears.

"What d' you water 'em out of?" Thomas quavered.

A haughty thumb indicated a cracked bowl. Near it were remnants of turnip tops.

William took an article from under his coat. "Here," he said, "is *pa's old corn peg*."

"Here," said Thomas, "is *my box o' paints*."

"Pooh!" said Johnny Hall, taking them, "I've got dozens o' them things a'ready."

He chased a lean tabby-cat around the corner of the house. "Mebbe," he said, returning, "I'll build another rabbit-pen to-morrer ef yer'll come up."

They gave a long-drawn sigh of happiness. They turned to go to their own house through the dusk. But Thomas remembered suddenly that he had omitted something. He went back.

"Say!" he whispered.

Johnny Hall was listening.

"Do kisses come from yer"—he stopped to think—"yer liver?"

Johnny Hall sniffed learnedly. "Yah, yer bet yer life!—come from the liver *every* time. Sure!"

Thomas caught up again with William. Hand in hand they trotted on in the twilight. They paused by the haw-bush.

"Yer bet yer life," said William.

"Yer bet yer life," said Thomas.

# Fictitious Travel and Phantom Lands

BY J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D., Sec. R. G. S.

WITHIN the memory of some of us, alas! there was ample room on the map of the world for what Coryat in his *Crudities* calls "that bold liberty which divers travellers have and do take, by speaking and writing anything they please of remote parts when they cannot be easily contradicted." Even so it is that "travellers' tales" have become a byword, and in the history of exploration there are, I fear, too many instances of "exaggerating what never took place."

All the same it would be difficult for any explorer nowadays to impose on the educated public; if we are ignorant of what exists in many parts of our earth, we at least know within comparatively narrow limits what to expect. But a hundred years ago there was still scope for the inventive explorer. What must have been the condition, then, some four hundred years ago, when the Portuguese were still creeping round the unknown coast of Africa, and Columbus was dreaming of a short cut to "the Indies" westwards across the Atlantic? Those were the days to inspire adventurous souls to go wandering for years into the vast unknown stretches of the Old World, or to set sail in the cockle-shells of ships of the time, westwards or southwards, not knowing what new lands they might broach, what new peoples and strange animals they might encounter, or what Golcondas or El Dorados they might discover—

. . . . antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven.  
. . . . cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
. . . . do grow beneath their shoulders.

'Twas all "strange, passing strange."

That was only some few hundred years ago, when the unknown was so vast, and the known was little more than a patch, of which the Mediterranean was the centre.

The designation "fictitious travel" is perhaps not altogether felicitous. It really covers two quite different types of stories. There is the type of which the *Odyssey* may be taken as a primitive sample, the story which professes to be nothing else but fiction, in which travel plays a more or less prominent part. More recent types will suggest themselves in the Defoe stories, in Munchausen, and in the marvellous series of creations of Jules Verne. Of stories of travel which are actually meant to deceive, which are pure fiction from beginning to end, passed off as fact, happily there are not many examples. But there are various modifications of the type, legends mostly founded on a little nucleus of fact, which have evolved into formidable dimensions in the course of the centuries. The Phantom Lands referred to in the title of this paper are, to a large extent, the creation of the *voyages imaginaires*. Perhaps one of the most stupendous of these phantom lands was the vast Antarctic Continent, which was only shorn down to its present dimensions by the keels of Captain Cook. The Atlantic was dotted with phantom islands from the arctic circle to the equator, and nearly every continent had its phantom features, many of which have been swept off our maps only in recent years. But under my title really comes a wide field chequered with a variety of products, all, however, being capable more or less of being classified under the genus geographical.

I think we might briefly deal with the wanderings of Ulysses as an early type of travel as an element in fiction, contrasted with fiction as an element in travel. The map Fig. I. will afford some idea of the extent of the world as known to Homer. Except immediately around the Mediterranean, the map is mainly the product of imagination combined with vague rumors. All round the



margin is the "Ocean River," as it was called, a feature which circumscribed maps till well into the Christian era. There was thus ample room for the creation of *voyages imaginaires*. Of course it is difficult to map Homer's geography, as, except in the immediate neighborhood of Greece, we are literally and figuratively "all at sea." It is probable enough, no doubt, that long before his time the Phœnicians had navigated the Mediterranean and passed out through the Strait into what Homer and his contemporaries called the Ocean Stream. It may be that some of the knowledge acquired by the adventuresome Phœnicians had filtered within the ken of Homer, and that in picturing for all time the story of his hero's wanderings he mixed up on the palette of his imagination such scraps of geographical knowledge as suited his purpose. But Homer in writing the *Odyssey* was not compiling a gazetteer, nor

even a *periplus* of the Mediterranean; it is an immortal example of the delight of useless knowledge.

Away from the shores of Greece, almost the only locality that can be identified is the famous Scylla and Charybdis, between Italy and Sicily, and of the precise situation of that Homer evidently had not the remotest idea. His land of the lotus-eaters is not an island, but a place on the north coast of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of modern Tunis. The islands of the Cyclopes, of Æolus, of the Sirens, of Circe, and the land of the Cimmerians on the shores of Ocean Stream, and the haunts and homes of other denizens of the "Never Never Land" are all more or less phantoms of a superb imagination that refused to be bound by latitude or longitude and would not be subject to any sailing directions other than those dictated by that great master pilot genius. Whatever may have

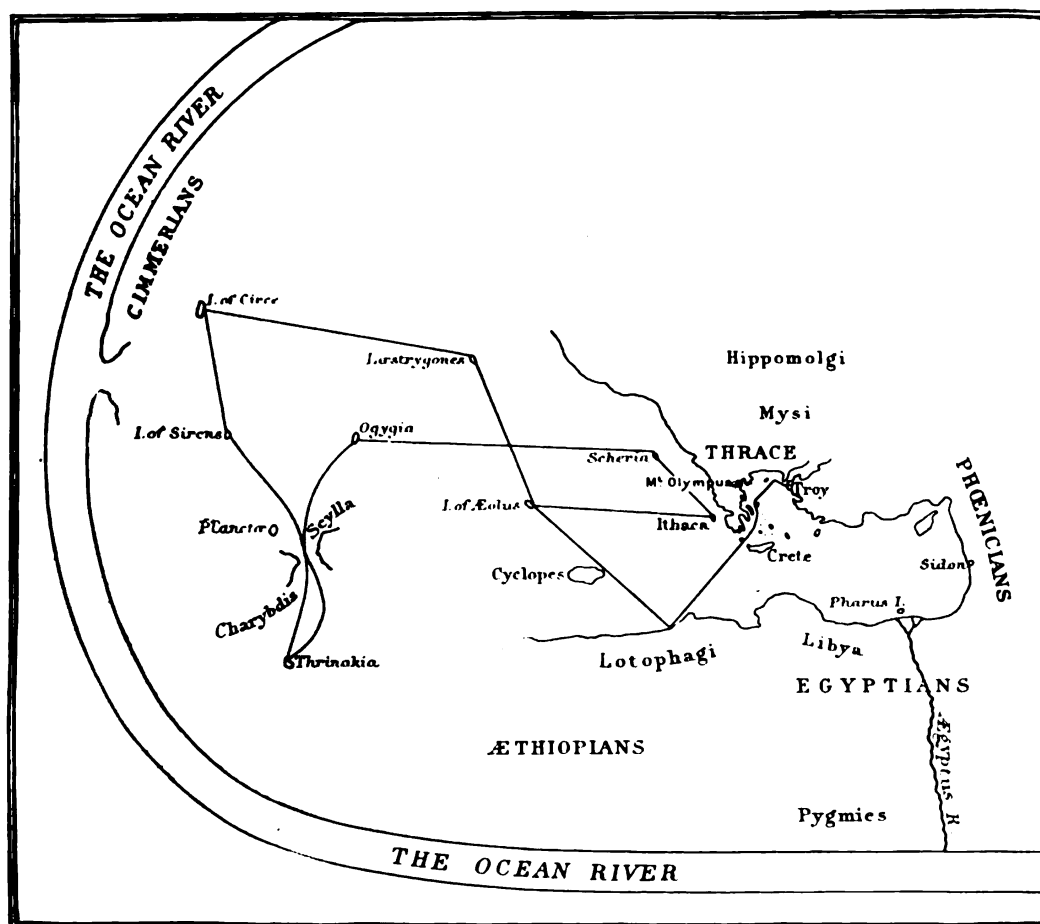


FIG. I.—THE HOMERIC WORLD: THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

been the geographical knowledge possessed by Homer, we may take it that the map which has been devised to illustrate the stories of Troy, of Ulysses, and of the Argonauts, fairly represents the amount of geographical knowledge possessed by the Greeks three thousand years ago; and it left nearly a whole world in which the imagination might revel.

It is not our present business to trace the gradual extension of the known, from the time of Homer. But coming down some eight hundred years, we meet with another great Greek, Herodotus, who told the story of his own wanderings, and incorporated in ever-fresh histories most of the geographical knowledge of his time, together with certain stories of travel which have given rise to whole libraries of controversy. Much had been snatched from the unknown since Homer's time, and much more precision had been given to features of which there existed only the vaguest conceptions eight hundred years before. Those who are familiar with the wanderings of David Livingstone over the then little known interior of Africa will remember that on his last sad journey he laid down

his life in the heart of the continent in search of what he believed to be the Fountains of the Nile referred to by Herodotus. It is sad that what Herodotus himself treated as a myth should have brought about so tragic an ending to so noble a life. Herodotus himself ascended the Nile as far as Elephantine, and it was on his return journey that a priest at Saïs, in Lower Egypt, told him that the source of the Nile was just on the frontier of Egypt, between Elephantine and Syene, where between two high mountains there was an unfathomable abyss, out of which the great river burst, one half flowing north through Egypt, and the other half south into Abyssinia. Herodotus himself never believed it.

We must, however, leave this old, old world and its gropings into the unknown and come down to what we may call the dawn of new world discovery, when we find the same tendency among chroniclers to write and speak anything they please about remote parts when they cannot be easily contradicted. The illustration Fig. II. will afford an idea of the conception which prevailed as to the configuration of the globe and of its relation to the rest of the universe in the middle ages. It shows an adventurous explorer

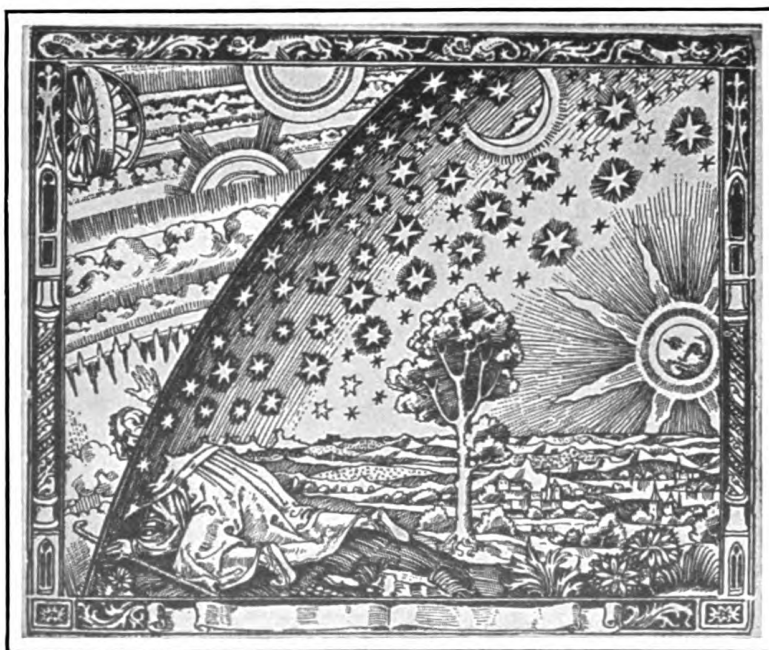


FIG. II.—A MISSIONARY OF THE MIDDLE AGES LOOKING OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

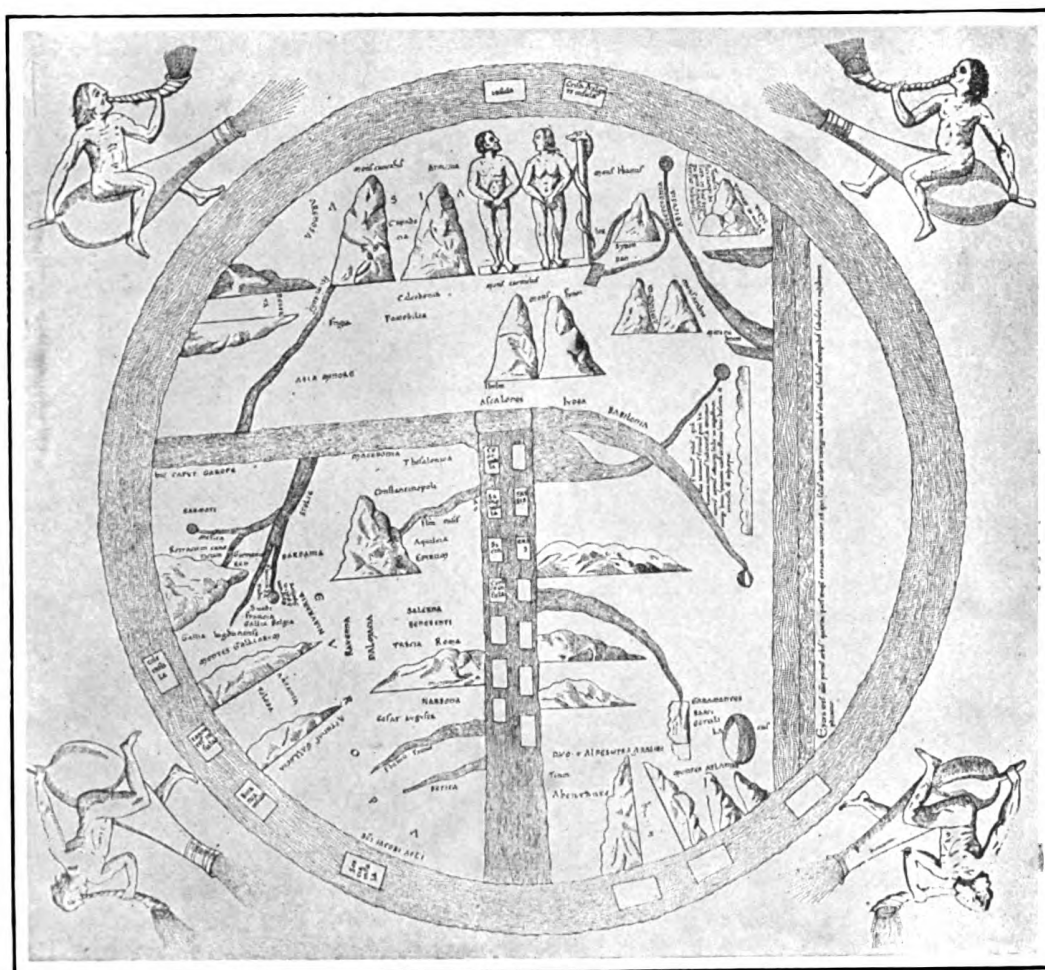


FIG. III.—MAP OF THE WORLD FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY  
From a manuscript in the library of Turin

looking over the edge of the world in order to see what lies beyond. Fig. III., a twelfth-century map, is typical of the maps of the period in its structure and orientation, the East, with the Garden of Eden and Adam and Eve, being at the top.

The map shown in Fig. IV., from Behaim's Globe of 1492, may be taken to represent the prevailing conception of the vast unknown area between the western and eastern fringes of the Old World, between Europe and Asia, during the period immediately before Columbus ran his ships against what he did not realize was a fragment of a New World. Here we see that, in addition to such realities as the Azores and Canaries, we have such phantoms as Antilia, Brazil, St. Brandon, and other patches of land, probably

invented by map-makers to relieve the monotony of a landless ocean. But these map-makers had some justification for dotting the great unknown ocean with imaginary islands. Those familiar with the story of Columbus know that in the fifteenth century the Portuguese in Madeira declared that land was frequently seen to the westward; expeditions were sent out to find this land, but their search was fruitless. On one map of the sixteenth century there is inscribed a legend that Antilia was discovered long ago by Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, who took refuge there after his defeat by the Moors, but that it had since been searched for in vain. Another tale was that two archbishops and five bishops escaped to Antilia after the death of Roderick, and there built seven

cities. An old map shows it as a very large oblong island, with the names of the seven cities all given. This island of the seven cities figures in the wonderful wide-spread legend of the wanderings of the Irish St. Brandon.

But one of the most persistent of the phantom islands of the Atlantic was the

its place on maps down to the great physical atlas of Keith Johnston in the middle of the nineteenth century. Expeditions were sent out repeatedly to search for it, but with as little result as in the case of Antilia. Yet it was mapped in detail, and its features named with as much confidence as if it had been

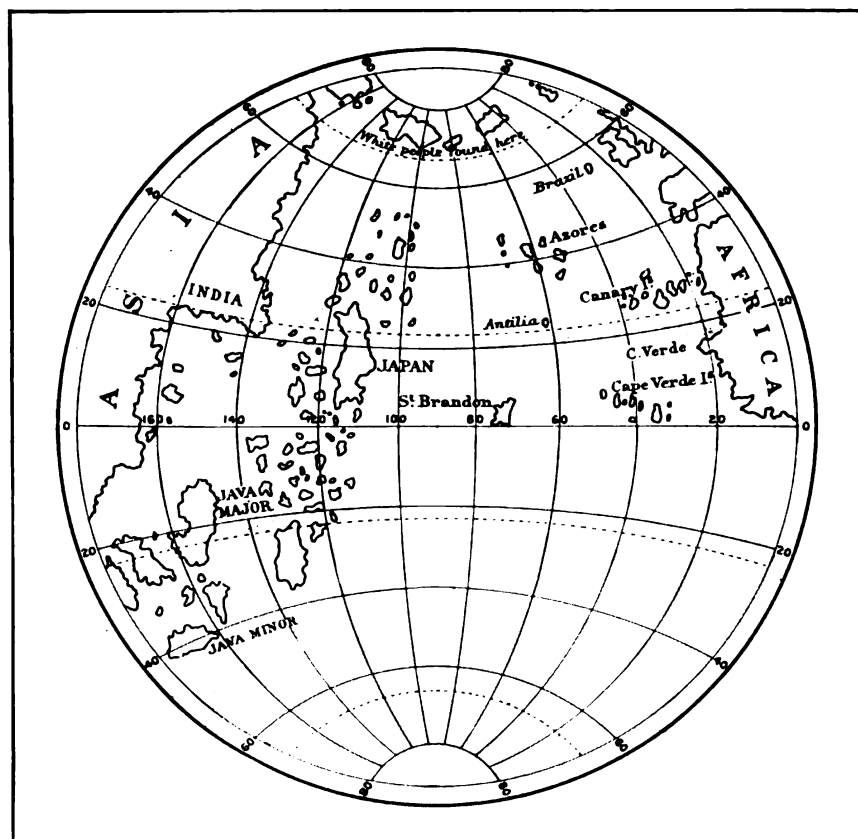


FIG. IV.—THE WORLD WITHOUT AMERICA  
From Behaim's Globe, 1492

island of Buss, of which I give a map (Fig. V.). On Frobisher's last voyage, 1578, one of his fifteen ships, the buss *Emanuel of Bridgewater*, went astray. On its return the captain told a wonderful story of having discovered a large island somewhere to the east of the south coast of Greenland, which was named after the buss (a term applied to a strongly built small vessel of fifty or sixty tons). What was the real origin of the report, whether pure invention or delusion, has given rise to no end of discussion. But this phantom island, some fifty thousand square miles in area, kept

Iceland or the Faroes. Even yet we find authorities of reputation maintaining a belief in the existence of Buss Island, and accounting for the disappearance of this fifty thousand square miles of land by a sudden convulsion which sank it some hundreds of fathoms below the surface of the ocean. It is more easy to believe either that the original story was an invention or that the crew of the buss of Bridgewater mistook the southern ocean of Greenland in those foggy seas for an island.

The evolution of the map of Africa, since the time when Vasco da Gama, at

the end of the fifteenth century, rounded the Cape of Good Hope for the first time, is itself a striking example of this tendency. A map of that continent, published in the seventeenth century, practically a replica of a map issued a century earlier, might have been used by Defoe when writing his stirring story of the *New Voyage Round the World by a Course Never Sailed Before*—fiction that reads astonishingly like fact. He takes his hero right across the centre of Africa, describing in detail the rivers and lakes which he crossed and the savages he met with. How precisely the map of Africa came to be crowded with lakes and rivers and mountains and cities within a very few years after Vasco's time, it is hard to say. It may have been due partly to the extension of the lakes of Ptolemy, partly to the native rumors which Europeans on the coast, and partly, it is possible, to the story of adventurous wanderers and missionaries, but the map as a whole, it is evident, is a travesty of reality.

But I cannot dwell on this aspect of my many-sided subject. Let me refer briefly to two examples of what I fear must be considered fictitious voyages, which have given rise to a voluminous literature. That there was a Welsh prince named Madoc is undoubted. He was one of the sons of Owen Gwynedd, who is said to have been Prince of North Wales from 1137 to 1165. There are still extant fragments of poems by Welsh bards, addressed to Owen, in which his son Madoc is alluded to.

And these, so far as I have been able to trace, are the only contemporary allusions to the alleged discoverer of America in the twelfth century that need be referred to.

The full-fledged story is given by Humphrey Lloyd, a learned Welsh antiquary, who took his Oxford degree in 1551 and died in 1568. He left behind him a manuscript history of Wales, which was edited, extended, and published by Dr. David Powell in 1584 on the *Historie of Cambria*. Here, then, is the story as it appears in Powell, on the authority, he states, of H. Lloyd—and he mentions no other:

"Madoc, another of Owen Gwyneth his sonnes, left the land in contention be-

twixt his brethren, and prepared certaine ships with men and munition, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so far North, that he came to a land unknown, where he saw manie strange things. This land must needs be some part of that countrie of which the Spaniardes affirme themselves to be the first finders sith Hanno's time; for by reason and order of Cosmographie, this land, to the which Madoc came, must needs be some part of Noua Hispania or Florida. Whereupon it is manifest that that countrie was long before by Brytaines discovered, afore either Columbus or American Vesputius lead anie Spaniardes thither. Of the viage and return of Madoc there be many fables faimed, as the common people doo use in distance of place and length of time rather to augment than to diminish; but sure it is that there he was. And after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitful countries that he had seene without inhabitants; and upon the contrarie part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephews did murther one another; he prepared a number of ships and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness and taking leave of his friends tooke his journie thitherward again. Therefore it is to be presupposed that he and his people inhabited part of those countries; for it appeareth by Francis Loues that in Acusanus and other places, the people honored the crosse: whereby it may be gathered that Christians had been there before the coming of the Spaniardes. But because these people were not manie, they followed the maners of the land they came into, and used the language they found there."

This is the version which Hakluyt gives in his *Voyages*, but Hakluyt enters into somewhat more detail, giving as an addition by Powell, based on Guttyn, that Madoc, after arriving at the western country in 1170, and leaving all his people there, returned to Wales and made a third voyage in ten ships, full of "acquaintances and friends." Powell's somewhat bald story was embellished with further details by subsequent writers.

I will adduce only one more historical quotation. This is taken from *The Brit-*



ish *Kymry*, by the Rev. R. W. Morgan, who, relying upon some authority which he considers unnecessary to mention, is able to give us precise dates and to increase the number of ships which Madoc was popularly supposed to have had at his command. The story as given by this gentleman is as follows:

"On the death of Owen Gwynedd, his son Madoc, who had commanded his fleets, fitted out eight vessels and discovered America, A.D. 1160. He returned in 1164, and with a second fleet of eighteen vessels and three thousand of his countrymen crossed the Atlantic and took possession of the throne and Kingdom of Mexico. The family traditions of the Mexican Royal Family, when the Spaniard under Cortez invaded their country, clearly establish their extraction from Madoc and Britain."

The tales of travellers in the newly dis-

covered western lands seemed to confirm the patriotic claim made by Welsh chroniclers and historians. The traditions of Welsh settlement, of Welsh customs, and the Welsh language, quoted at first in connection with the West Indies and Mexico, soon began to be applied to Florida and Virginia, and in time to well-nigh every part of the North-American continent, while the field of their reference was even extended as far south as Peru. A Rev. Morgan Jones, of Virginia, tells how about 1670 he and four others were taken prisoners by the Tuscaroras, and were informed that they were to be put to death. On the night before the fatal day they were lamenting their sad fate in Welsh and were overheard by an Indian of the Doeg tribe, who took Morgan "up by the middle" and told him in the British tongue he should not die; "and thereupon went to

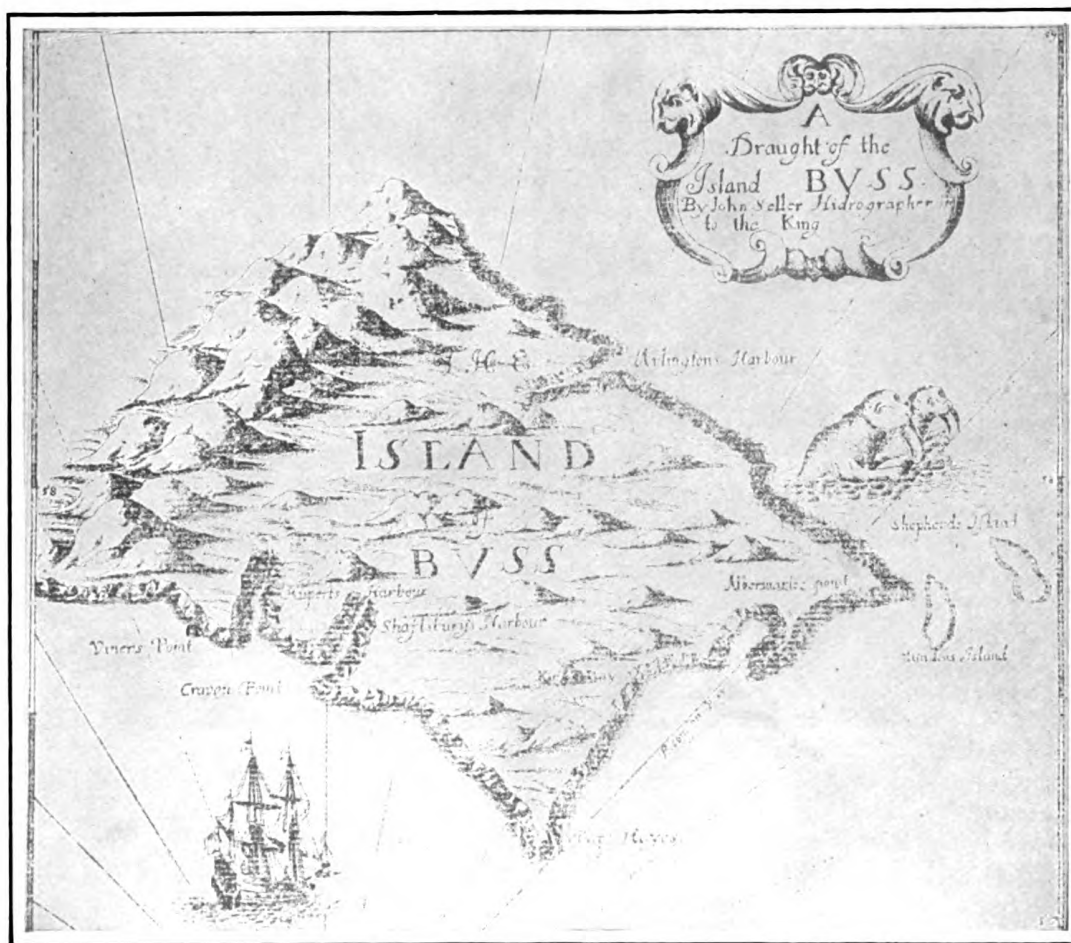


FIG. V.—THE ISLAND OF BUSS

the Emperor of the Tuscaroras and agreed for my ransom and the men that were with me, and paid it the next day." Morgan and his companions were taken to the Doeg Indian territory, where he stayed with them four months and preached in Welsh to them three times a week. This is a sample of the stories told of these Welsh Indians. One tribe of them came south from Arctic America, to which somehow the descendants of the Madoc immigrants had spread. Welsh translations of the Bible on old parchments were found among some of the tribes, evidently believed to have been introduced by the enterprising Madoc. But I need not pile up samples of the kind of evidence adduced, descending to the most minute details, to prove that Welsh-speaking Indians

were to be found over most of the United States. In the end they seem to have been run down to the Upper Missouri River, and several expeditions were sent out to that quarter to discover these persistent survivals of the Madoc immigrants centuries before. Among others, a pious young Welshman, John Evans, was sent out in 1790 to explore the whole of the Missouri, in order to discover these Indianized Welshmen. He himself was quite convinced of their existence. He seems to have surveyed and mapped the Missouri for 1800 miles, taking two years to do it, but was unable to meet with any Welsh-speaking Indians, and came to the conclusion that there was no such people in existence. But except, perhaps, for the fervid Welshman, the famous government expedition under Lewis and Clarke, which thoroughly explored the

Missouri basin in 1804-6, set the whole question at rest: had there been any trace of Welsh influence in any part of this great area it could not have escaped the detection of such well-trained and careful observers. But even after the Lewis and Clarke expedition, patriotic Welshmen refused to be convinced, and the story broke out again and again in fresh versions of the old forms; and no doubt even to this day there are many natives

of the little kingdom who conscientiously believe that Columbus was an overrated man, and that, leaving the Norsemen out of account, Madoc was the only true discoverer of the New World.

But, indeed, Madoc is not the only pre-Columbian discoverer of America whose claims are seriously treated by certain historians of transatlantic ex-

ploration. A French work, in two volumes, was published so late as the second half of the nineteenth century to prove that from the remotest period there was a continuous stream of voyagers from the ubiquitous Phœnicians downwards who found their way westwards across the broad Atlantic. But it is hardly necessary in this short article to deal seriously with this unrecorded stream of migration of Phœnicians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, French, across the Atlantic.

Before dismissing the claims that have been brought forward for the pre-Norse discovery of America, on behalf of various people, let me refer briefly to the story of St. Brandon, one of many Irish legends, in which a wonderful web of conjecture has been founded by certain imaginative historians of discovery. The

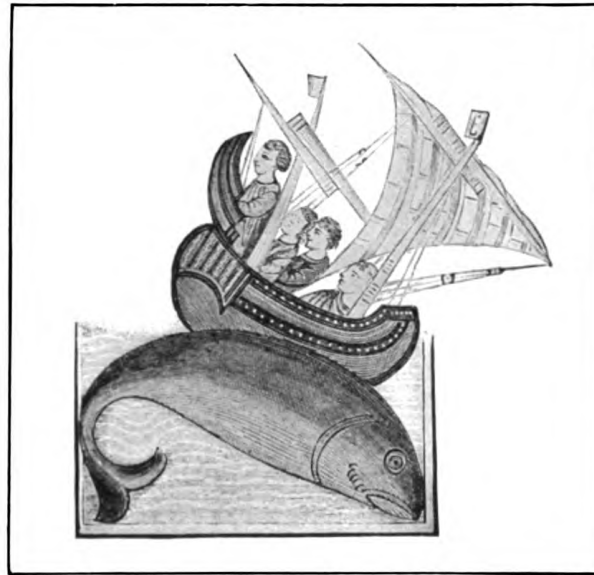
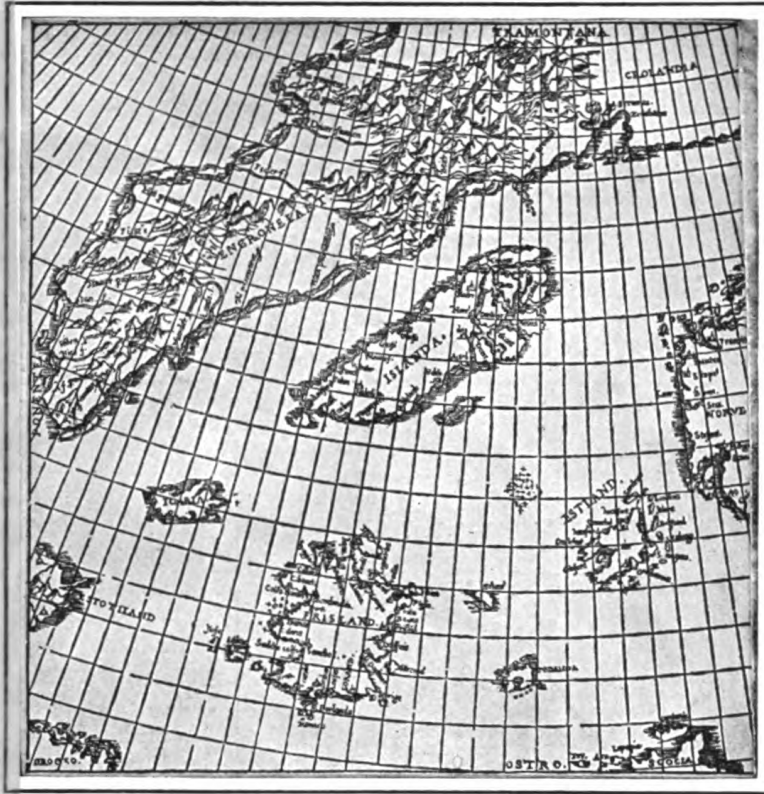


FIG. VI.—ST. BRANDON AND THE WHALE



to be the Azores. St. Brandon and his companions voyaged thus for five years, meeting with many strange adventures, but always returning to the Paradise of Birds. Finally an angel bade them return to Ireland, taking with them samples of the fruits and stones of the Paradise of Saints. After his return St. Brandon died, full of sanctity, at the age of ninety-eight.

Such in brief is the legend of St. Brandon. All we can affirm with any confidence is that there was in all probability such an Irish saint.

Space forbids me to enter into the plausible story of the brothers Zeni, who are credited with the most exciting adventures in the fourteenth century, ranging from the northwest of Europe to Greenland and America. The Zeni map is studded with their phantom islands (Fig. VII.). There is no doubt that the whole story was "faked" from Olaus Magnus and other writers of the sixteenth century. The map was not copied, as alleged, from old maps in the Zeni archives, but compiled from other maps of various dates.

A volume could be written on fictitious travels and phantom lands that have obtained more or less vogue during the long ages since man began his wanderings over the lands and seas of the globe. No doubt many changes have taken place in the relation of oceans and islands and continents during even the human period. These changes it is for the geologist and the geographer to discover from the record of the rocks.

# The Noble Family of Beaupertuys

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

MY friend Beaupertuys of Paris had a gentle but persistent mania for medieval things. His little, handsome house on the Avenue d'Iéna, before which intelligent passers-by were in the habit of stopping to admire the foliation of its Florid Gothic architecture, was filled with curiosities of faded and eccentric beauty. His favorite room was, above all, marvellously tintured with the quaint aroma of dusty centuries—a dim, rich place of exquisitely artistic discomfortableness, in which we, with modern clothes, committed undoubtedly a profanation. But yet, as I thought of this while sitting with him there one evening, I noticed that, after all, any emphatically jarring note must come from me alone. For he, now that I thought to examine him in this antique setting, seemed curiously little out of place. His constant, yet hitherto vague, oddity had here become something definite. Truly, as though for a long time he had been furtively cultivating such a thing, there was almost a dry, medieval smack about him. And when I pleasantly assured him of this, and saw him immediately blush from satisfaction, then I appreciated the astonishing extent of his queer predilection. That he was flattered to have me find in him this pervading medieval flavor argued for some quite emphatic predisposing impulse. Hinting at this, I drew from him a little enigmatic smile of real artistic quality, so admirably suggestive was it of something obsolete. And finally, with the glance of one who has decided to reward rare appreciation, he began to tell me, by way of answering my hint with indirection, the story of the noble family of Beaupertuys.

One afternoon, not quite five hundred years ago, a pretty milliner went out to take a walk in Paris, with no more serious thought than of creating a little flattering commotion.

I wish that I could show her to you as she must have been: with towering, snowy head-gear decked with floating veils; with tight and trailing gown, powdered with curious devices; with tiny, tantalizing, pointed, curled-up shoes; with a brave bogus jewel strung across her forehead,—with all the countless little odd touches, such as those that would have made up, for you, her charming strangeness. I am sure she herself looked wonderfully neat and sweet and amiable; that she went ever so discreetly, but all the more dangerously on that account; that she distracted notice from any small shabbiness of her appurtenances just with an air, an indefinable effective air—an inimitable, thoroughly Parisian air. I am convinced that as she trod the narrow cobbly street, behind their leaded window-panes shopkeepers' wives turned up their noses; apprentices leaned perilously from rickety casements, scuffling for a vantage-point; roguish tradesmen came sneaking to dingy doorways, wreathed in experimental smirks; pedestrian priests pulled up agape, jolted violently from their proper meditations; even the gutter dogs paused in their rubbish-scratching and gently and discreetly wagged their tails. I am persuaded that she was capable of inciting all this agitation; for if she were not, then I should have no more to say.

Not quite five hundred years ago a pretty milliner walked out in Paris! A trivial performance? On the contrary, almost anything might have resulted from it. Anything! The noble family of Beaupertuys was founded on it!

Well, this pretty, agitating milliner tripped through the streets, up and down at random, glancing, staring, shrugging, smiling to herself, having no more than a woman's pleasant, harmless time. She looked intently at other women's fashions and secretly made little faces over them; she pretended not to look at inlaid steel

on horseback, but nevertheless saw it all very well. She hovered before shops, priced some gay pastry and a pair of pinchbeck earrings, fingered a length of damask with the dissatisfaction of a duchess, smiled into three mirrors and a breastplate, stared at the *Epistolæ Familiæ* of Messire Petrarca, upside down, and snubbed the bookseller's daughter. She tiptoed—good girl—into a church, dim, cool, and fragrant, bowed low toward the golden murk of the lighted chancel, crossed herself a score of times, and accepted a drop of holy water from a tall, shadowy worshipper, who tried to squeeze her hand. She came out tossing her head, threw a penny upon the steps for the cripples to fight for, gazed and sighed at a gold necklace on a stout neck, left the shops behind, started to cut through an alley to get to more, and in the alley came face to face with a jolly-cheeked, green-legged student. The student stopped, stared, whistled, looked all around, looked frightened, looked resolute, advanced with a rush, and kissed her. She slapped his face.

A stranger, who had been following with suspicious stealth at a distance—was it the shadowy hand-squeezer from the church?—came galloping down the alley, clatter-clatter, inflamed with virtuous or jealous indignation. Unable to stop in time, he careened into the student, who clutched him desperately; consequently they sprawled together on the ground. Then suddenly, all sense jolted from them and mutual terror arousing frenzied desperation, their comedy turned tragic. Out flashed the student's tuck and the stranger's dagger together; hands snatched at wrists; the dagger got loose; the student squealed, gave a great flop, and lay flat, with as little to say for himself as a king at his funeral. The pretty milliner, clapping her hands to her cheeks with a shuddering scream, turned and ran all the way home.

But instantly, in the alley, as though from the chinks between the cobbles, sprang up a tangle of loose-jawed amateurs. They ringed the body round, jostling and grunting, grappling and wheezing; stale trimmings were torn; dogs yelped underfoot; urchins wriggled and bored about among scuffling legs. All mouths went to work: together they

made a fine chorus. "Ha! Ha! Hey! Heu! Hi! Ho! Fetch a priest! Fetch water! Fetch a sheet! Fetch a feather! Who is he? Aha, these students! Aie, my skirt, villain! My eye, madame, my eye! I saw it from a window! I was standing just yonder! It was this way! No, it was this way! No! Yes! Ah, poor young man! Ah, poor, pretty chick! What did she do then? Her husband, was it, the wretch? Alas! Alas! Pick him up! Let him be! Pah! Pui! Puh! Air! Air! Air! Thieves! Thieves! My purse is gone!" And so on.

At length, from sheer exhaustion, they were reduced to a resemblance of order. The noisiest yelled themselves into command; they ripped a shutter from a window and stretched the student on it. Seized with a contagion of officious sentiment, they set out, a clacking torrent, floating the shutter shoulder-high, to hale the victim home—wherever that might be.

In the exciting novelty of their performance they were inclined to slight their object; emotion superseded reason; they made a pageant of the business. They marched from street to street, crossed bridges, paraded through church porches, gaining and welcoming recruits, arousing everywhere unbounded admiration. Orators among them declaimed the story of the tragedy, which grew on glib tongues till it had become an amazing epic on a martyrdom for love—the student himself would have been dazzled by it. The shutter-carriers were frequently relieved by newcomers, eager for the honor. The tired ex-bearers lagged, and drifted for refreshment into wine-shops on the line of march. The complexion of the accompanying crowd began to change: some became footsore or satiated with excitement, and ambled back; others remembered errands and posted off about them; more began to doubt the wisdom of being too closely identified with crime and fled from it. Finally, in a diminutive, dirty square, embellished with a greasy gallows, the depleted escort, lacking directions, set down their burden. And there, all at once, they discovered that whoever had set out with it, they at least were all disinterested strangers to the body.

While they were standing around it, looking at it with sheepish disfavor, as





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

SUDDENLY THEIR COMEDY TURNED TRAGIC



though it had the joke on them, a new-comer appeared. He came rigged out with a neat little hat, like a sugar-loaf, with puffed, patched sleeves, with one leg violet and one cerulean, and wine-spots down his vest. He stopped short, cocked a keen eye, sank into contemplation, winked rapidly, as one who considers: "Here is a lucky throw! What should there be in it for me?" Finding the answer somewhere, he became spry, bustling, direct, competent,—Messire Deus ex Machina himself. "Pick him up," said he, like a man who knows his mind—which awed the bewildered mourners. "Up, up! With a devil, up! Forward! To the College of Prelles!"

They arrived finally before the College of Prelles—a shabby and mousy old rattle-trap, infested, as every one used to know, by a species of student than which there was none more improvident, cheerful, convivial, naughty, knowing, quick-witted, quick-tempered, devilish, and dangerous in all the High Quarter of Paris. When the cortège came limping along, these hopeful youths were inside in large numbers, sitting on bunches of straw and listening with one ear to their masters, who were telling them how to get on in the world by deciphering constellations and retaining in mind the rigmaroles of Aristotle. But, holy Rocamadour! When they looked through the windows and saw their truant mate—for such, indeed, he was—stretched on a shutter, all dabbled and still, they gushed out into the street with so ferocious a mien that the mourners let go their burden in mid-air, took to their heels, and fled all ways, screaming denials of complicity. One alone stayed—he of the vivid legs—and received the charge in a well-chosen pose.

This capable person, about whom the students swarmed with half-drawn tucks as though they would carve and eat him up for a penny, calmed all with a look of vast intelligence, assumed a confidential and important air, lifted his eyebrows, tapped his nose, and said:

"A goldsmith's clerk, Odet Gossouyn by name, has done this deed." Saying which, while every one was telling every one else and trying to peek at the body, he disappeared, without any one seeing him do so.

As for the students, they paid very

little attention to that, but began running about, in doors and out, scurrying, clustering, separating, scrambling together in wriggling masses, like a principality of ants stirred up with a stick. They dismissed their masters, shut up their college, got clubs, flails, cart poles, and table legs, and set out for the University Church of the Matelins, bearing their stark companion ahead on his shutter. "Haro! Haro!" they bawled, and flourished their weapons about in a way to give chills to a Charlemagne. They came into the church, set down the shutter in the nave, and stuck it full of lighted candles. This done, they scuffled out into the street, found themselves two hundred strong, chose their captains, and formed their van, battle, and rear. Then, licking their lips, they marched off for the Goldsmiths' Quarter.

There, appearing without the shortest warning, they rolled across the Little Bridge with a sudden thunder of feet and voices, and came raging into the narrow gully of goldsmiths' shops. In less time than it takes a dog to snap up a fly, that place was racked with a hideous clamor: of crashing and splintering, screaming and howling—a battalion of mothy, mangy Visigoths let loose could not have done more. "Vindicta! Vindicta!" bellowed the students of Prelles, hitting heads right and left, tearing clothes, smashing windows and doors, and throwing the bedding and furniture into the street. Through a fog of feathers they chased the pale artisans around and about and up to their roofs, and every one was a possible Odet Gossouyn. A sacked town would have looked more tidy and tranquil.

Meanwhile some one had carried the news to the sergeants of the police. These doughty watchdogs put down their quart pots and cards in disgust, braced on their steel sallads and pectorals, and came clanking out, a brave and shining sight, with the Ship of the City emblazoned across their chests to reassure all honest men. "The police!" yelled students in windows, at the first blink of the helmets, and all left off wrecking to welcome them.

Then, from casements, roof-gutters, and alley-mouths came whistling bricks and crocks to crash on head-pieces and shoulder-plates. The police huddled, lost

their heads, and rushed in for blood; steel bills flicked into doorways and some came out red. At that a student, wheezing with rage, got away and off at top speed for the University Quarter.

Gasping, he came among the polyglot colleges with a scant mouthful of Latin: "Prelles is beset in the goldsmiths' street! Two are dead at the hands of the sergeants! Out! Out! Spread the word! Gather in Maubert Square!"

The University, knowing its ancient rights, woke up like a tiger whose tail has been tied in a knot. Some ran to the farthest colleges on the Heights, sticking their heads into wine-shops and stews as they went, beating up stragglers from wisdom. Some roused the Picardy Nation and some the German; others the Normandy Nation, and more the Italians and Spaniards. The shabby College of Montagut came to the rendezvous first, in frenzied state, with their grimy banner in front, which promised a bad time for some one. The College of Bons Enfants had raided a butcher's stall on the way, and they marched to the stirring music of cleavers and marrow-bones. Came tramping the colleges of Mignon, of Maistre Gervais, of Cambray, of Denemarche, of Laon, of Ave Maria, and two or three dozen more. They all packed themselves into Maubert Square, till they strained and cracked its surrounding houses and cloisters; the hot air quivered above like the breath of a furnace, and the shouts blew the weathercocks every which way. At last they set out by five streets for the battle. And presently the Poor Capettes of Montagut came on the fleeing and battered students of Prelles, hard pressed by the police. "Ah-h-h!" cried the Montaguts, at this villainous, illegitimate sight, and charged, bending their banner and shouting commands in the language of Julius Cæsar. To be brief, in half an hour all the police in Paris were out, the fighting rolled along both sides of the river, countless thieves were loose and doing good business everywhere, and some one chancing to think of the Jews, the Ghetto was safely sacked with great profit.

While all this was going on, there was in the city, as it happened, a good part of the best nobility of France, not to mention Bourgoigne, drawn there by some

contortions of politics in Savoy, Lorraine, and such extraneous places, and waiting for his Majesty the King, who was coming presently from Plessis-les-Tours to tickle every one's ear with a whisper. Among these high gentlemen was the old Duke of Bourbon, who chanced just then to be sitting in his hotel, making wet rings on a table and listening disconsolately to a traveller from marvellous parts who discoursed of the Gay Knowledge obtaining among the enchanted ladies of inaccessible Alamo-de. While so, word was brought to the Duke that all the rabble of Paris were, as it seemed, belaboring one another. At that he pricked up his ears like an old destrier, was pleased, called for a palfrey, and rode out with his friends to enjoy the spectacle.

Riding through that water-rimmed quarter called the Isle of the City—where, as you know, were the noble hotels, the palaces, and the richest churches—the Duke of Bourbon came to the fringe of the mob, which had been pushed backward, across the bridges, into these streets of the aristocracy. The road was blocked by the curious and disabled—tattered, sweaty, bloody, and soiled; and over the heads came drifting the din of distant conflict. Into this press squeezed the Duke of Bourbon, his grooms crying "Way! Way!" and beating valiantly with their reins people who could not move. But, as luck would have it, just when they were all finely wedged fast, and able to go neither forward nor back, a young man overhead in a window of the Hôtel Bourgoigne saw some usurer or other in the midst of the crowd, and—thinking to clear up his debts in a minute—aimed a water-jug at him. The jug missed the usurer by a mile or less, broke on the head of the Duke of Bourbon, and knocked him upside down under his horse. "Treason!" yelled all the Bourbons, looking up at the Hôtel Bourgoigne in terror. They scooped up their Duke, clawed a way out, and presently brought him home at a gallop,—he lolling and wobbling all over his horse, and not knowing whether he was in a saddle or under a table. Immediately all his hotel knew that the Duke of Bourgoigne had tried to murder their Duke of Bourbon.

Consequently, without so much as stop-



ping to part their hair, all the Duke of Bourbon's young men put on steel shirts under their clothes, and prowled out, in twos and threes, to stalk Bourguignons. Whenever they found one, gaping about with no more thought of danger than a homely old lady in church, they fell upon him, with a howl of "Treason!" and trimmed and minced him famously. The Duke of Bourgoigne, coming grandly home from viewing the riot, was informed that his people were being cut up right and left by the Duke of Bourbon.

You may believe that this stout, black, blazing old town-burner was not long in saying something. "Ha! Body and Blood! Trumpets! Arms! Horses! Bring me my German harness! Death! Death!" Little pink pages came bounding, like misemployed cupids, and clapped on his panoply: padding and gouchets, steel skirts and body-plates, pauldrons and brassards, and gantlets and helmet—in which they locked up his glaring old face like a piece of red beef in a meat-safe. Down in the courtyard they hoisted him into an ivory saddle, and after him all his men, whose lances stuck up like a forest. Out they poured into the street, shouting: "Hau! Hau! Havoc on Bourbon!" and made for the enemy's hotel.

But the Duke of Bourbon, up and about again, with a towel around his head, got wind of all this. Firmly believing the whole affair to be of the other's contriving, he stirred his old stumps, called out his soldiers and gentlemen, and borrowed handfuls of men-at-arms right and left. Midway in Glaitigny Street—whose windows were choked with those screaming young ladies for whom Glaitigny Street used to be famous—the two parties met in a terrible splinter of lances.

Pretty deeds were done there without elbow-room: a young demoiseau of Navarre, shouting "Bigorre!" got three ruffians at once on one spear, which astonished them beyond measure; the Duke of Bourgoigne, cavorting about with an axe, popped somebody's head into a third-story window. But as for the Duke of Bourgoigne, all of his foes flew at him for choice: his axe-haft was chopped through; he was pounded all over until he rang like an anvil. Then he found out that he had come to the party with

only a quarter as many guests as the Bourbons. Little wonder for that, for by this time every one of importance upon the Isle of the City who had ever so paltry a grudge against him was thereabouts, in a fidget to worm into the mellay and have at him.

So, observing this and that, while he was dodging blows, he saw that if he was to get out in one piece it was time to be at it. "Bourgoigne! Follow me!" he cried, and with a clever plunge, broke through his enemies and got off. But they, being warmed up and unwilling to cool off too quickly, followed him hard, raining blows on his horse's rump. He was swept past his own hotel, up one street, down another, across the Nostre Dame Bridge, through a zigzag of frowzy alleys, and out of the Saint-Germain Gate, which they slammed shut after him. In fact, by keeping his legs from under him, they rushed the old rascal clean out of Paris.

When they saw with amazement how much they had done, the Bourbons and all their allies were sure they had saved the kingdom of France from some exquisite peril. They became stately, and took on the weighty manners of the custodians of a country; they sent off to close all the gates, and manned the walls. Their hirelings grinned down, touched their noses, and twiddled their fingers at the Duke of Bourgoigne, who was sitting his foundered charger outside, half-way in and half-way out of an apoplexy.

But if they thought he was the one to remain where they put him, they were poorly acquainted with him. "What! Villainous, mawkish traitors! Shall they shut the door on me and make faces at a Duke of Bourgoigne, of Braibant, of Limbourg, of Luxembourg,—at a Count of Flandre, of Artoiz, of Hainaut, of Hollande, of Zeelande, of Namur,—at a Marquis of the Holy Empire and What-not? Ha! By the cowardly bowels of their patron, Messire Judas Iscariot, not they!"

What then? He pounded off to the next gate, and got to it before they could close it. There he spoiled the wall of four cannon, with enough powder and shot to blow up a palace, and dragged them out into the lanes of the faubourg, where he planted them. He routed out



all the poor, pinched, cringing people who lived under the walls, and set them to throwing up redoubts, scarps, and bastions, under pain of getting what they were always being threatened with by some one. The city's parapets were by this time black with spectators, many of whom, seeing in these sinister preparations a good reason why it would be healthier outside the city than in it, began slipping down the face of the wall like water over a dam. About five thousand wan persons came out of Paris and stood over behind the Duke of Bourgoigne's artillery in meek attitudes. His camp, to tell the truth, began to look from a distance like the populous purlieu of a beleaguered city. At any rate, the Bourbons and their friends stopped grinning.

But the Duke of Bourgoigne had scarcely begun as yet. "I know what rusty old fox has put them up to this," says he, chewing his fingers. "But I am not so easily gobbled down as a strawberry tart. Hennequin! Salomon! Auf-froid! Ride for Bourgoigne; rouse all my castles; fetch me my army! Estienne! Godefroi! Guilhem! Off for England, sail or swim; show this ring to Eduart; look wise, wink and beckon. Are you gone? Good! Now, then, let us have a proper salvo!"

The Bourguignons, among whom was a ghostly, sheet-wound Arabian skilled in artillery practice, got to work with the cannon and fired all four at the walls, bursting no more than one. The first shot went nowhere—that is, it was never heard from. The second ploughed up the lane and splashed into the fosse, disturbing the ducks. The third took off the weather-vane on the steeple of Nostre Dame. The fourth went through a stained-glass window and smashed five pretty pillars in the church of Saint-Pierre-au-Beufs, just as those inside were sweetly singing:

"Mater, ora Filium  
Ut post hoc exitium  
Nobis donet gadium  
Beatorum omnium!"

Every one inside rushed out on the porch, expecting to find Gabriel there. When the Bishop of Paris, who was at home, learned what the matter was, he

broke his desk in two, frightened the cat up the chimney, ordered all the churches closed, declared an interdict, and sent off to the Pope for the excommunication of the Duke of Bourgoigne. As for that great man, he was stalking magnificently among his cannon, when a garlicky, bow-legged stranger, all in fluted steel, pock-marked, broken-nosed, and lacking an eye, appeared at his elbow.

"Honored sir," said this one, "behold an accomplished condottiere, late of the kingdom of Naples, who has in Paris a hundred lancioti, in good armor, free from all prejudice. You need them. I offer them. What am I bid?"

"Fifty crowns a day," said the Duke—a famous business man in such trafficking.

"O Dio! Then I must go to Bourbon!"

"Fifty crowns."

"Oh!"

"Fifty."

"Oh—well, well. What shall we begin with?"

"First, as you are inside, to the Hôtel Bourbon. Pull it down."

"Corpo di sangue e sanguinaccio! Noble patron, consider it pulled down."

In an hour this is what was the matter with Paris: The Duke of Bourgoigne, having sent home for one army and to England for another, was throwing stone cannon-balls into the city. The Duke of Bourbon was on the walls, throwing cannon-balls out into the faubourg. The Italian condottieri, faithfully striving to earn their pay, were pulling down a hotel, but, unfortunately, it was the wrong hotel—it was a neat little hotel which belonged to the King. The University and the police, in a drizzle of dust and plaster from wrecked houses, were reeling and gasping out the end of their riot. So there was lurid, raucous war afoot inside and out, between city and schools, dukes and foreign nations; an interdict was in being and an excommunication toward. . . . As for the green-legged student stretched out on his shutter, all his candles had guttered out, and the nave where he lay was dark and lonely and cold for some strange old woman who knelt near by and wept because he was young. And as for the pretty milliner, she was in bed, with a

wet handkerchief and a red nose, bemoaning her fatal beauty.

It was just at this point that the King arrived in Paris, and it was high time.

He came in an old drab cloak, on a gentle, lop-eared mule, with his barber, his provost, his Moorish astrologer, a bishop or two, and a paltry string of Scotch archers. He slipped in modestly through a quiet gate, got into his palace, seated himself in a big carved chair with the air of a meek old merchant arrived at his shop, and began to chirp quietly: "Go here. Go there. Run yonder. Call So-and-so. Fetch me Such-and-such." All his servants, spies, and agents ran unostentatiously in and out and all over the city, prying, probing, judging, noting. And before an active girl could have told three persons, all Paris knew that the King had come.

Then, just as a congregation of mice who have been frisking and bickering and spoiling everything stop, frozen all in their tracks, when they see the cat in the doorway, so all Paris stopped stock-still between two blows, suddenly stricken, through fear, with common sense. The Bourbons and the Bourguignons concluded their din forthwith, with anxious faces; the colleges went hurriedly back, with what legs they still had, to their quarter; the police staggered off to their towers and chatelets in a serious frame of mind. As to the condottieri,—all at once long, glittering rivers of franc-archers began to flow into Paris and trickle everywhere; they came upon the Italians—who had half the roof off the hotel by then—engulfed them, trussed them up, and filled a jail with them.

Then, all being ready, the King called or had brought to the palace the Dukes of Bourgoigne and Bourbon, with all their dependents, the condottiere captain, the Bishop of Paris, the heads of the colleges, the captains of the police and the chief of the goldsmiths' guild. There had not been so many sheepish faces herded together in one flock for many a day.

The King sat curled up in his chair, in a hall hung with old banners, with all his sombre court behind him, and all around a wall of hequebutters, whose lighted matches smelled villainously in guilty noses. In the body of the palace stood, still steaming from their various

nefarious employments, all the mice, at whom the King smiled ever so catlike.

When all were there, "Now," said he, in a small, dry voice, "we shall hear first the grievances of our cousins of Bourgoigne and Bourbon, and then all the rest, in the order of their quality."

So, one after the other, all had their say, and each aired his grievance—the worst in the world. When they were all done sawing the air and crying their wrongs, said the King, "Now I shall tell you, one and all, the truth of the whole matter."

With which—so sprackly and knowingly had his people been at work—he proceeds to trace the whole business back from end to beginning: from the Italians back to the Duke of Bourgoigne, from Bourgoigne back to Bourbon, from Bourbon back to the young man in the window during the riot, from the riot at the eruption of the University back to the killing of two students by the police in the Goldsmiths' Quarter, from that back to the rising of the College of Prelles, and from that back to the knifing of a green-legged student in an alley by one Odet Gossouyn, so called, a goldsmith's clerk.

"So, my children," said the King, "this teaches us to maintain a mental equilibrium, or, as Messire Q. Publius Fracassus, of Rome, has it somewhere in his erudite cackle: '*Sic stabilitas mentis in diversis ventis.*'" Every one looked as chopfallen as though he had walked to the palace asleep and waked up there in his nightshirt.

"But," barks the King, suddenly sitting up and putting on such a face that every one jumps about a foot high, "however that may be, I see my city of Paris, through your insanity, knocked about, broken in, assaulted, ravished, and spoiled—a prey to sobbing, frenzied madmen. She cries, Haro! She holds up piteously her broken belt. Shall she lie so? Par la Pâque-Dieu! I will show you, from first to last, what the price is for the violation of my good town!"

Every one sucked in his breath, and in the silence it was easy enough to hear the carpenters out in the street nimbly knocking together some gallows. Then the King, pointing at the Duke of Bourgoigne a long, quivering finger-nail, resumed:

"As for you, I know all your tricks; get you to the devil out of my country with all your people—except your mustard-faced Arabian marksman, your bloody captain of horse, and that young green ape who threw the jug from your window. Are those three here? Good. Take them outside, provost, and let them dance the high brangle. Ha! Cousin of Bourbon, with your senile boggings at mischief! Off with you to the tail of my kingdom, and there count the hairs on your head until I forget this business. But as for your young, ambushing, treason-bellowing cutthroats—Provost! Provost! Are you there? Hang them, and good riddance. Where is the Bishop of Paris? What! An interdict? What! You will shame my city at Rome? Horrible extravagance of passion! You shall repair this day's damage to all the churches in Paris out of your privy pocket. Is that the Italian yonder? Ah, mutilated, mutilating, palace-wrecking Hun! Hang him. Are his copartners in felony all fast? Hang them. Where are the heads of the University? Silence! Silence! No windy rhetoric here! Fifty ringleaders of your colleges are taken. Fifty furious ringleaders in devastation! Provost! Hang them. Where are the captains of the police? Hey, you have killed students against the law. Bad servants, bungling servants! I must get others. Hang them. Wait—the Jewry is in this, too. Ah, furtive, greedy, curly wretches! Hang twenty representative Jews. Now we are drawing to the end of the tangle. Where is Odet Gossouyn, the goldsmith's clerk? Is he seized? Is he here? Thrust him forward."

Odét Gossouyn, the goldsmith's clerk, was dragged forward on his knee-caps. Far from being, as might have been expected, tall and shadowy, or of that impetuous and jealous complexion appropriate in hand-squeezers and brawlers, he was astonishingly short and stout, and no farmer's market-ass could have looked more docile or bewildered. No matter.

"So," said the King, "here we are, eh, at the beginning? Secret, deceptive-looking villain! Hang him." Odét Gossouyn was whirled outside and draped on a gallows before he had time to say as much as thank you.

The King sank back in his chair,

mopping his brow, and rested royally. But some one whispered in his ear, "Sire, there is still one more."

"Who?" cried the King, bouncing up again in his seat.

"The milliner, on whose account the student was stabbed, the College of Prelles aroused, the Goldsmiths' Quarter sacked, the police called out, the University stirred up, the Duke of Bourbon injured—"

"Enough, enough!" snapped the King. "Why, all the hideous blame piles up on her! Drag the hussy here. I will make this a lesson to all the eye-rolling, skirt-switching trollops in Paris! Come, Come!"

"Sire," said the miraculously gifted provost, "this instant. I have her at the door."

Then, like a sunbeam, through the gloomy press of dismal hequebutters, peaked courtiers, and exhausted hangmen, came floating timidly the pretty milliner and knelt before the King.

Ah, if you could have seen her as she was—with her face, beneath its snowy linen crown and drifting veils, blanched by fear and fine flour to the radiance of a lovely, silvery moon; with her young breast in tumult under her tight, soft-colored gown; with her smooth, long fingers clasped in a little pink knot under her satin chin! Adorable creature! Intoxicating pose! The King glared down at her.

"Ha-rumph!" said he, loudly, and then, fascinated by her eyelashes—which swept her cheeks—said, not so loudly: "You are the—"

"Alas! Sire," quoth she, and a tear, a pearl of grief, exquisitely ran down beside her little nose.

"Ha-rumph!" repeated the King, for lack of other words, being occupied with his eyes. In that big, crowded room you could have heard a fly washing his face.

And then, little by little, the King's sour countenance of state broke up unwillingly into a thousand small humps and wrinkles. And in the midst of these hovered uncertainly a little, evanescent, gaillard smile.

"Oy," began he, rustily, in that tenderer language of the South, getting his vocal machinery of gallantry in order. "Oy, Donna." . . .

Well, she became Madame Nicole de Beaupertuys, if you care to remember who that was.

When he had told me everything, my friend Beaupertuys of Paris softly arose and went to a little shrinelike piece of furniture against the wall, carved, painted, and gilded in antique fashion, its decorations all tarnished and faded out by age. Before it he stood reverently for a moment, and then, with a gusty sigh, as though of adoration, opened its chiselled doors. Inside them was a marvellously clever portrait, very, very old—so old and clever that as though from another century the face looked out through a fine film of time and seemed alive. My friend Beaupertuys, with an

expression of vast self-satisfaction, turned and faced me, in a certain pose, beside that other face. The latter had, to place it indisputably in the past, the glimmering collar of the Golden Fleece, the rusty, historic, peaked cap drawn down in front, and was surrounded by dim Lilies of France. But in the nose or eyes or mouth, whether from strange coincidence or mimicry, there was a certain indescribable resemblance. . . . When I said good night I felt my hand-shake to be much less familiar, my bow more ceremonious, my whole farewell more profound. I went away gingerly, on tiptoe, as it were,—as one who, enjoying royalty's tremendous condescensions, with humble gratitude for them steals smugly from the Presence.

## Garden of the Rose

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

HER soul is like a garden fair  
Where many pleasant blossoms grow;  
But, though I sometimes enter there,  
There is a path I do not know.

The way I go to find it, lies  
Through dewy beds of violet.  
They mark the portals of her eyes  
Where modesty and truth are set.

And back of these a hedge is placed—  
A hedge of lilies, tall and white;  
These are her maiden thoughts, so chaste  
I almost tremble in their sight.

But blushing through them, and above,  
Half-hid, but stirring to unfold,  
I spy the roses of her love—  
And so again I grow more bold.

Thus, half in prayer, I seek and wait  
To find the secret path that goes  
Up from the lily-guarded gate  
To her heart's garden of the rose.

# The New Microbe Inoculation

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—VIII

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

A DROP of human blood illustrates as well as any other substance the illimitable profundity of Nature. This is not so apparent to the eye of sense as it is to the eye of the mind. To the eye of sense, even when aided by the highest powers of the microscope, a drop of blood spreads itself out on the glass slide somewhat as in Fig. 1. There is the colorless watery liquid of the blood called the plasma, and suspended in this plasma there lie multitudes of little bodies that may be divided roughly into three kinds. Most prominent are the *red blood-corpuscles*, little buttonlike discs, of which there exist about 5,000,000 to the cubic millimetre; then there are the *white blood-corpuscles*, or *leucocytes*, little masses of protoplasm that have the power to change their shape and to move from place to place, and that look marvellously like the organism called the amoeba that lives in muddy water; and, finally, there are the tiny bodies called *blood-platelets*. All these bodies, that to the eye of sense are hardly more than points, expand under the eye of the mind to worlds—worlds of “wingy mysteries and airy subtleties” that daze a man to study, and that are yet plainly of absolute importance to his life and welfare.

Thus, in the colorless watery plasma of the blood there exist numerous substances that compared with their infinitesimal quantities are almost infinitely powerful for good or evil. In demonstration of this, one, only, out of these many interesting substances shall be taken as the subject-matter of this paper—the *opsonins*.

What, then, is an *opsonin*? The best

way to define an opsonin is just to prove that there is such a thing; for its existence can only be proved by its properties, and its properties will comprise the definition. The little demonstration opens with the white blood-corpuscles, or leucocytes (Fig. 2). These bodies are shapeless masses of protoplasm that exist to the number of some 6000 to 8000 in every cubic millimetre of blood. In their function they are scavengers, for wherever in the body there is an invasion of certain kinds of microbes, to that point flock these white blood-corpuscles to do battle with the invading host. In this contest the body is a “fenced field of battle”; if the white blood-corpuscles can engulf the microbes faster than they multiply, then there is an end to the microbes; if the contrary is true, then there is an end not only to the white blood-corpuscles but to that particular *homo sapiens* that contains them. All this is true not only in the body, but in a test-tube; for if a mixture of blood and microbes be kept at a blood-heat for fifteen minutes, a microscopic examination will show that the microbes have been devoured by the white blood-corpuscles (Fig. 3). This has, indeed, been known for many a day, but always coupled with a certain assumption. This assumption was that the “gobbling” power of the white blood-corpuscles depended, to speak naïvely, on their appetite; it seemed natural to suppose this. But only yesterday, so to speak, there has come about certain knowledge that makes untenable this idea. We have shown in Fig. 3 that the white blood-corpuscles do devour microbes; we have now to see why. The following experiments are due to



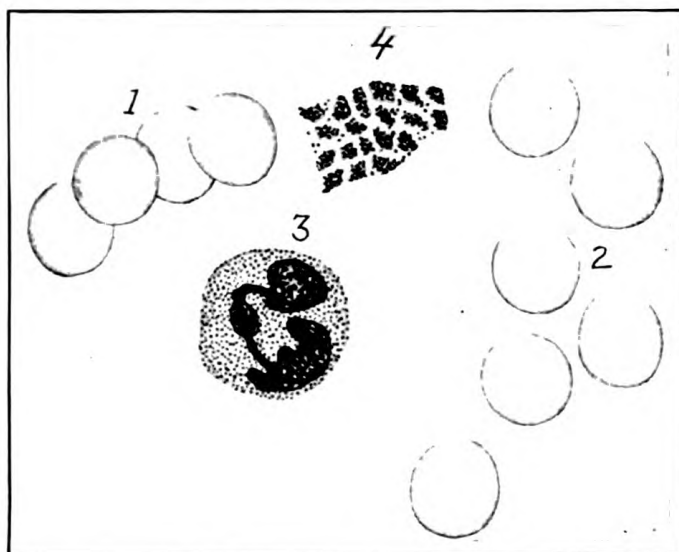


FIG. 1.—A GROUP OF CELLS FROM NORMAL HUMAN BLOOD

- 1 Red blood-corpuscles in rouleau formation
- 2 Red blood-corpuscles, surface view
- 3 Polynuclear leucocytes, or white blood-corpuscles
- 4 A group of blood-platelets

Wright and Douglas, to whom, practically, the honor of the discovery belongs:

Experiment 1: The white blood-corpuscles separated from the blood are transferred to a little salt solution, in which they are washed and washed, thoroughly and exhaustively, until they are pure and wholly free from every trace of the blood-plasma in which they originally lay. When, now, these washed white corpuscles are mixed with bacteria—those, for example, in (a) Fig. 4—and the mixture is subsequently heated in the incubator to a blood-heat, a microscopic examination shows that *nothing happens*; the corpuscles and the bacteria lie side by side like the lion and the lamb (Fig. 5). This surprising result, apparently so at variance with what we have said above, is explained in Experiment 2: If, now, to the mixture of these washed blood-corpuscles and microbes there be added some of the liquid blood-plasma, something very decidedly happens. It is pictured in Fig. 6; the picture is similar to Fig. 5, except that the microbes are all *inside* the corpuscles; there has

been a process of benevolent assimilation by which they have been absorbed into the corpora-tion of the corpuscle.

Therefore, because of these experiments showing that the presence of the liquid plasma or serum is necessary, it is plain not only that the white blood-corpuscles cannot of themselves devour microbes, but that there must be something, some substance, in the blood liquid which does one of two things: (1) Either it must stimulate the corpuscles to devour the microbes, or (2) it must prepare the microbes so that they are fit to be devoured.

Which is the proper explanation appears in Experiment 3: If the mi-

crobes be previously incubated with some of the serum and then washed free of every trace of it, the washed corpuscles will devour them with avidity. This something in the blood liquid, then, acts not by stimulating the corpuscles to devour the microbes, but by preparing the microbes

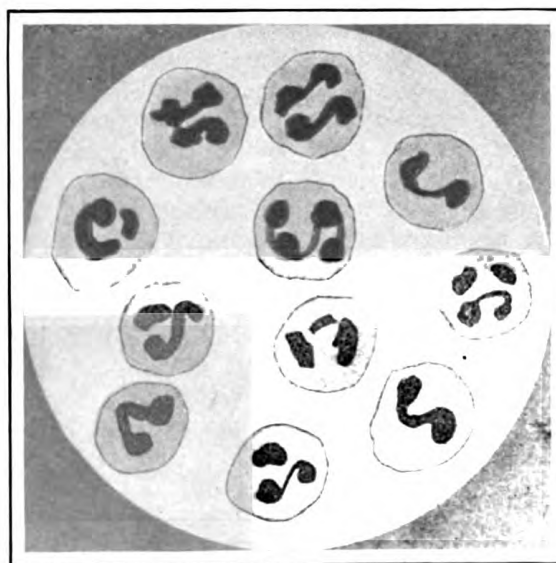


FIG. 2.—POLYNUCLEAR WHITE BLOOD-CORPUSCLES—THE SCAVENGERS OF THE BLOOD  
Magnified 1500 times

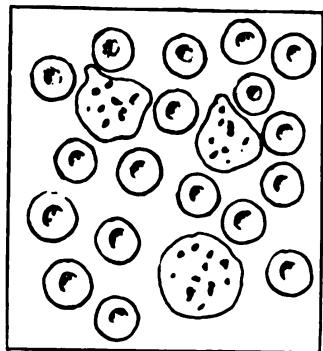


FIG. 3.—The larger bodies are white blood-corpuscles, in the substance of which may be seen the dotlike microbes which have been devoured.

to be devoured—by apparently making them *piquant* to the corpuscles. Because of this, this substance has been named *opsonin*, from *opsono*, “I prepare the banquet.” Its definition is apparent in its properties: An opsonin is a substance occurring in the liquid blood-plasma that renders microbes susceptible of being taken up by corpuscles.

The whole opsonin content of the blood is destroyed by heating the blood serum to 65° Centigrade. This is shown by the fact that if the microbes are incubated with serum which has, previously, been heated to such a point the corpuscles will have nothing to do with them. If, on the other hand, the microbes be first of all incubated with the serum at the regular blood-heat and then heated to 65°, the corpuscles *will* devour them. The last two facts, taken together, teach us not only that an opsonin, since it has a definite decomposing-point, must be a definite substance, but that its relation to microbes must be one of chemical union. From the definition of opsonin it becomes apparent that the white blood - corpuscles can have nothing to do with the proportionate number of microbes they can devour; since it all depends on the sauce, the corpuscles must be an indifferent or a constant factor. This turns out to

be a fact. So long as the blood serum of one individual man be taken, and so long as the same suspension of microbes be employed, it makes no difference whether the corpuscles be taken from that man or his neighbor, or even a dog; they devour the same proportionate number of microbes.

Now, since a microbic infection in man generally spells disease, since the corpuscles are an indifferent factor, and since for the particular diseases with which we are here concerned the sole defence in the body lies in its opsonin, the discovery of such a substance has a capital practical importance that altogether transcends its intellectual interest. It is for this reason that we have been so careful to describe these experiments, in order to secure for the reader some real comprehension of the validity of the work. The immensely important question, then, is, “what has an opsonin to do with the contraction or the cure of disease?”

On proceeding farther into the subject the next important facts appear in these: First, the opsonic content in any one normal man does not vary much from day to day or during the day; next, the opsonin withdrawn from the body in the blood retains its activity practically unimpaired for days; and, finally, the opsonic activity for any one kind of microbe in all normal healthy men is approximately the same. These facts, taken together, permit the investigator to determine whether a man has, or has not, the requisite quantity of opsonin in him for the combating of disease. This is done by finding the *opsonic index*, the heart-centre of the opsonin philosophy.

It is desired to measure the quantity

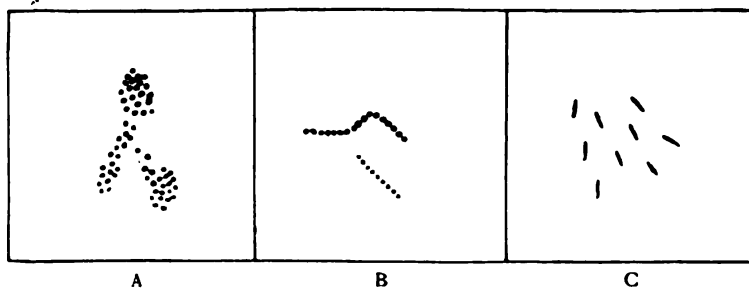


FIG. 4.—VARIOUS FORMS OF MICROBES

A. Microbes in groups: Staphylococci

B. Microbes in chains: Streptococci

C. Microbes as rods: bacilli

Magnified about 1000 times

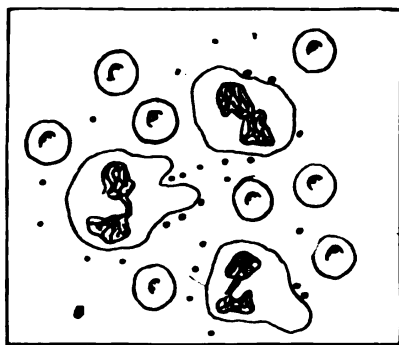


FIG. 5.—Red and white blood-corpuscles, and Staphylococci, all stained with a blue dye. Note that all the Staphylococci are *outside* the white corpuscles. This is because the microbes have not been acted upon by opsonins. Magnified about 1000 times

of opsonin present in the blood of a man who is ill with a specific disease, let us say that disease which so afflicted the man from the land of Uz—boils. To accomplish this, the investigator first mixes his own normal plasma with equal quantities of washed white corpuscles and an emulsion of living microbes of the species called *Staphylococcus pyogenes*, the specific cause of boils. Subsequent observation under the microscope shows him that under the influence of his normal plasma many of the microbes lie engulfed in the white corpuscles.

The number of microbes engulfed by, say, fifty corpuscles is counted. Let us suppose that the number is 400; then the average number of microbes devoured by one corpuscle of normal blood is  $\frac{400}{50}$ , or 8. A precisely similar determination is now made with the patient's blood, and this very, very important fact drops out that, as a rule, the average number of microbes devoured per corpuscle under the influence of *his* opsonin is less than that of the normal man. It is, let us say, four. The two figures 4 and 8 thus constitute a comparison between the quantity of protective opsonin in the blood of a diseased person who is suffering from a *Staphylococcus* infection—namely, boils—and the blood of a normal man. In this specific example the ratio is 4:8 or 0.5:1. When, then, it is said that a man has an opsonic index of 0.5 to *Staphylococcus* it means that his blood has but half the quantity of opsonin essential for combating a *Staphylococcal* infection. Moreover, it seems not at all improbable, in

fact very probable, that this deficiency is antecedent to the infection, or, in other words, that it makes the infection possible. The opsonic index is a numerical estimation of the fighting strength of the body.

There now remains another important question: Is there one opsonin only, or more than one? It is easily possible to answer this by determining this opsonic index. Thus, with the patient considered above, while his opsonic index towards the *Staphylococcus* microbe is only 0.5, towards the microbe called *Bacillus tuberculosis* his index is practically the same as that of the investigator. Again, with a girl suffering from localized tuberculosis—say facial lupus or tubercular sores on the hand—while her opsonic index towards *Bacillus tuberculosis* is only 0.2, towards the *Staphylococcus* microbe it is as high as that of other people. There is more than one opsonin, then, and each disease which is combated in the body by opsonins has its own specific one. For this reason the title of this paper has been pluralized into *opsonins*. Again, are there opsonins for all diseases, for “all frailties that besiege all kinds of blood”? By no means; for certain diseases the body rests upon wholly different means of protection—say the antitoxins; though it may be said that more and more diseases are being continually drawn into the opsonic fold. So far as diseases caused by *Staphylococcus pyogenes* are concerned, diseases such as furunculosis, acne, and sycosis, or those other diseases caused by *Bacillus tuberculosis*, there can be no doubt but that they stake their existence against an opsonic combat.

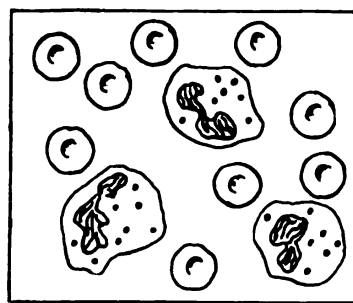


FIG. 6.—Similar to Fig 5, except that the microbes are all *inside* the white corpuscles. These microbes have been taken up by the corpuscles because they have been acted upon by opsonins. Magnified about 1000 times

The all-important problem now presents itself: In the case of any unfortunate person suffering from these diseases, how can this deficiency in a particular opsonin be remedied?

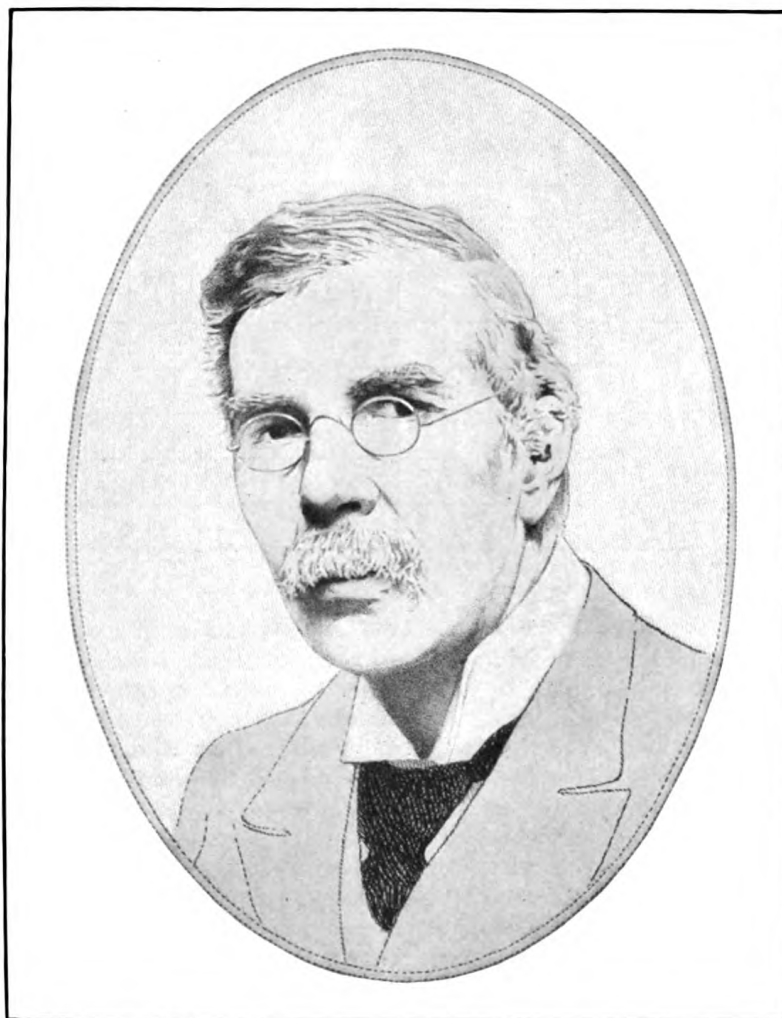
This was the great problem for Professor Wright, and he has apparently solved it by the renascence of a discredited method which, illuminated by his own genius, now bids fair to become one of the most valuable assets in medicine. In a word, he inoculates the patient with an appropriate dose of the dead micro-organisms which when alive are responsible for the infective process; for example, dead *Staphylococcus* microbes to combat boils and acne, dead *pneumococcus* microbes to combat localized *pneumococcus* infection, dead tuberculosis microbes to combat localized tuberculosis.

The reason for this treatment and for the phenomena that are afterwards observed seems to depend on two facts. First is this, that the opsonin in the blood will unite with the dead innocuous microbes as well as with the living vicious ones; next, the disappearance of opsonin, through union with the dead microbes, stimulates the body-cells not only to the production of more, but of much more—an *excess* of—opsonin. This is quite in accordance with the general protective methods of the body. For example, in the case of antitoxin, the injection of diphtheria toxin into the body of a horse stimulates the horse not only to produce antitoxin but an excess of antitoxin, so that by progressive inoculation the amount of antitoxin may be built up to such an extent that the horse will withstand enormous doses of diphtheria; there is therefore nothing peculiar in this stimulating power of the microbe to produce the materials of its own destruction. In this connection it may be asked, why is it, then, since the microbe is "hoist with its own petard," that it ever gets a foothold in the body? The answer is that in normal people such microbes do not get this foothold, but that in certain other people there is lacking a quality of opsonin-producing power; then, too, when the microbes do win entrance they have a way of ensconcing themselves within a fortalice of protective material, or of erecting barricades of destroyed tissue, so that corpuscles and opsonins together

find difficulty or impossibility in man-handling them.

In practice, the man is inoculated subcutaneously with a standardized emulsion of dead microbes; thus, we read of Wright inoculating a patient with 2,000,000,000 dead *Staphylococci*, or of one of his students inoculating another patient with 2,000,000 dead *pneumococci*, and it may seem that it would be quite an undertaking to count so many. The matter, however, is not so difficult as it looks. We have said that normal blood contains about 5,000,000 red blood-corpuscles to the cubic millimetre; why not, then, mix equal quantities of blood and microbes and, under the microscope, count the proportionate number of each? In every cubic centimetre, then, of his microbe emulsion the investigator knows the microbic content.

The phenomena that follow the injection are of transcendent interest and importance. Let the reader remember that at any day after the injection, or any minute of the day, the investigator, with the practice of an insignificant phlebotomy, may determine the amount of protective opsonin in the blood of his patient. Now the first effect of this injection is to *decrease* the amount of this protective opsonin. This is quite reasonable from what has been said above; the dead microbes unite with the opsonin and decrease its quantity; this period of decreased opsonic activity is called the *negative phase*. During this period, however, the body flies to the rescue with the production of more, and much more; so that day after day the opsonic content creeps up, until the quantity becomes not only normal but considerably above normal; this second period is known as the phase of *flow and reflow*. Following this phase comes the phase of *high tide*, during which the body maintains this abnormally high amount of opsonin. Finally, there comes the *ebb phase*, during which the quantity of opsonin progressively declines. It will pay the interested reader to give a careful scrutiny to the accompanying diagram illustrative of these factors in the case of one particular patient (Fig. 7). He will there see that the first inoculation carries the opsonic index down to 0.75 in one day, from which point and time it rises to 1.25 on the sixth



PROFESSOR A. E. WRIGHT  
The discoverer of opsonins

day. This high tide it maintains for two days, when it begins to ebb. Between the tenth and eleventh days, however, after the index has decreased to normal, a second inoculation is given, which is followed by a much slighter negative phase, and a subsequent rise, on the fourteenth day, of the opsonic index to the extreme height of 1.35.

As an illustration of this method of treatment, it is interesting to read of a case of "boils" reported by Wright and Douglas to the Royal Society.

"The patient was a medical man who had suffered from boils almost continuously for four years. His opsonic index was 0.6 to *Staphylococcus pyogenes*. Wright inoculated him with 2,000,000,000

dead *Staphylococci*. On the day following, there was a diminution of the quantity of opsonins. From this point, however, there was a steady rise in opsonic power from day to day, until an index of 1.4 was reached. While the opsonic power was still high, another inoculation was given, which resulted first in a negative phase, then a rapid increase to a high tide of opsonic power equal to twice the normal. The clinical result was eminently satisfactory. After several weeks of treatment the boils quite disappeared."

*The man was cured.* For infections due to this specific microbe, infections such as the humiliating acne, etc., the vast amount of literature which has flowed from the laboratories of Wright,



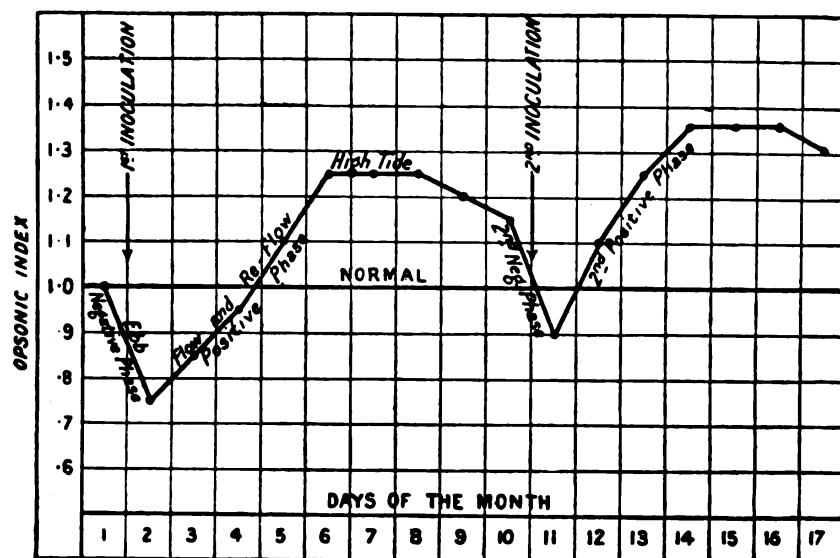


FIG. 7.—DIAGRAM OF OPSONIC CURVE—VARYING AS A RESULT OF INOCULATION

and his students, and his verifying colleagues, shows that it may be said with a high degree of certainty that such diseases may be cured by this method. Of course, the word "cured" is a dangerous one in this connection, because a sufficient time has not elapsed since the initiation of this treatment to eliminate the possibilities of a relapse. Then again, to this statement there must be added the words *exceptis exceptiendis*, for an occasional too obstinate case has been encountered.

But for tuberculosis? For *localized* tuberculosis, whether of the bones or joints or skin, the method of treatment is the same, substituting for the Staphylococcus microbes an emulsion of the triturated dead bodies of *Bacillus tuberculosis*. This statement recalls what has been said above, that Wright's treatment is the renaissance of an old discredited method. And so it is, for these triturated tuberculosis bacilli are neither more nor less than the old tuberculin of Koch, about which the world got so excited some sixteen years ago.

Koch's method failed, and often promoted rather than checked the disease, because, owing to the fact that the requisite knowledge did not exist, it could not be intelligently applied. For one thing, the dose prescribed was enormously too great, and, through the union of the opsonin with the dead tubercular substance, terri-

bly reduced the patient's powers of resistance to the living infection within him; the actual weight of tuberculosis substance administered as a dose under Wright's treatment is the almost infinitesimal quantity of one one-thousandth of a milligram! Then, too, nothing was known either about opsonins, the opsonic index, or the negative phase, and it will be plain to the reader, to take the most maleficent example possible, that a reinoculation during the negative phase would still further increase the negative phase, and that this, if continued, would drive the body's resistance to zero. It is vitally important in this treatment to watch day by day the body's opsonic index and to reinoculate in accordance with its teaching. As a result of the intelligent application of this method, many successful cases have now been recorded, representative of almost every manifestation of localized tuberculosis. Accompanying this statement there must go, however, with still greater emphasis, *exceptis exceptiendis*.

But this is the *localized disease*. What about *systemic* tuberculosis, phthisis, consumption? Would that it were not so, but the fact cannot be blinked that it is another matter. This is shown in the opsonic index of pulmonary consumptives. Early cases, advanced cases that have had a complete rest in bed for a time, and sanatorium "cures" show a low or lowered opsonic index; but advanced cases

under ordinary conditions show an index that is high or fluctuating. This peculiarity in consumptives finds a natural explanation in the apparent fact that the patient is continually inoculating himself with the products of his own disease—with his own tuberculin. His life thus consists of a succession of positive and negative phases and his opsonic index shuttlecocks from high to low. Since the physician cannot regulate the amount of bacterial substance absorbed from the patient's own focus of infection, he may only be adding to the danger by inoculating the tuberculin. This extraordinary variation of the opsonic index in the case of established pulmonary tuberculosis is shown by Wright in the citation of two phthisical patients whose indices had never been lower than 1. They took part in a dance; both became ill; and their indexes declined to 0.12 and 0.33 respectively; the index of another phthisical patient which had always been over 1 fell as a result of overwork to 0.2.

While, therefore, it is of course possible that tuberculin may be the ultimate panacea for the great white plague, it does by no means seem so to-day; at any rate, from a review of recent tuberculin literature, at taking the responsibility of a more optimistic judgment the writer balks. But if tuberculin cannot be justifiably alleged as a cure for established phthisis, this knowledge of opsonins, and their relation to tuberculosis, has a value that seems almost incalculable in the diagnosis of the disease in the early stages. In this connection Dr. Wright says:

"(1) Where a series of measurements of the opsonic index of the blood is persistently low, it may be inferred, in the case where there is evidence of a localized bacterial infection which suggests tuberculosis, that the infection is tuberculous in character.

"(2) Where repeated examination reveals a persistently normal opsonic index, the diagnosis of tuberculosis may with probability be excluded.

"(3) Where there is revealed by a series of blood examinations a constantly fluctuating opsonic index, the presence of active tuberculosis may be inferred.

"(4) Where there is only a single blood examination—if this is low, tuberculosis, either localized or systematic, may be in-

ferred. If the index is high, systematic tuberculosis infection which is active, or has recently been active, may be inferred. If it is normal or nearly normal, neither a negative nor positive conclusion is warranted."

Remembering, then, that this man Wright and his work are together a product of the ultimate science and training of our day, if a man has a daughter over whom the doctors shake their heads, "There are no microbes—but we do not know—it is not unlikely—we are inclined to think—that it is incipient tuberculosis"—surely it would be wise, it would be helpful, to have this opsonic index intelligently taken. But to get it *intelligently* taken is the serious difficulty. Wright's laboratories in London are crowded with students from every quarter of the civilized world—from Russia and Sweden to Hindustan and Japan—but it takes time to provide men adequately trained. Some of the great hospitals in this country have already taken steps to inform themselves by bringing over from London one of Wright's assistants to demonstrate his methods, and they are, doubtless, by this time more or less prepared. Not adequately prepared, for therein lies one great practical difficulty; the determination of an opsonic index takes more than an hour, and to spare this time, short though it seems, is of serious difficulty to an overworked hospital. Still, the General Hospital of the city of Toronto has deemed it advisable, even at this early stage of the discovery, to establish within its gates a department of opsonin inoculation, and has appointed as director of this department Dr. G. W. Ross, one of Professor Wright's most brilliant students. One of the great houses concerned with the manufacture of pharmaceutical preparations has already sent over to England, to study under Professor Wright, a member of its own staff; for with the establishment of this method of treatment there will fall upon these manufacturers the duty of providing for physicians the dead microbic inoculating material.

On every side it is seen that the attitude of the educated and intelligent part of the medical profession towards this opsonic philosophy is one of waiting, of suspended judgment, and of extreme respect.

# Habersham's Kate

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

STANDING in his cabin door, on the cheek of Nigger Head, Habersham could drop a rifle-ball into Tennessee—and sometimes did, just for the fun of it, when the corn whiskey was singing through his veins. A stone's throw away yawned Leifert Gorge, a thousand feet deep, crystal clear to its bottom at noon, purple at twilight, and of a morning spewing up swirling, twisted banners of mist, as from a goblin caldron below. To the south, league on league, stretched Peachtree Valley, up which one could watch the thunderstorms marching like an army of giants, their frowning brows diademed with lightning, and their huge bulk swathed in streaming robes of rain.

From this point one glimpsed the lovely valley between two promontories, like a fair and dimpled bosom behind a loose corsage. Once upon a time, long years before, when he had first fled from that civilization in which he had proved a failure, Habersham's studious gray eyes daily turned to this scene. But now his eyes were watery; and often, very often, so glassy as to convert the prospect into a mere blur; and his small, shapely, womanish hands—moulded by nature, it would seem, for the pen or the brush rather than the rifle and the plough—were beginning to shake, even at their familiar task of tilting jug into tin cup.

As he now leaned against the cabin, his two daughters appeared in the steep path, returning from a call on their nearest neighbor half a mile below. Both were black as ravens and of a striking comeliness. But Judith, the elder, was plump, with a leisurely step, and a complacent, half-sensual face. Kate was as compact and clean-cut as a sparrow-hawk; and, judging from her sensitive lips and nose, she was as passionate and tempestuous as the mountain storms amid which she had been bred.

She halted near her father's chair.

"Pap, air you goin' to hoe that cawn to-day or air you *not*?" she demanded, imperiously, but half affectionately.

"One or t'other, baby," answered Habersham, calmly, with his forefinger in the bowl of his clay pipe.

Judith laughed half contemptuously and passed into the house; but Kate eyed her delinquent sire with all the sternness which a seventeen-year-old girl can muster.

"If you don't make a cawn crap this season, pap, your baby goes barefooted this winter."

Habersham took a reflective puff. "Lemme see your foot-gear, hon."

Kate instantly hoisted a narrow, shapely, but shabbily shod foot to the paternal knee.

"Your best?"

"My best and only."

"I'll hoe, babe—the fust thing to-morrow mawnin'."

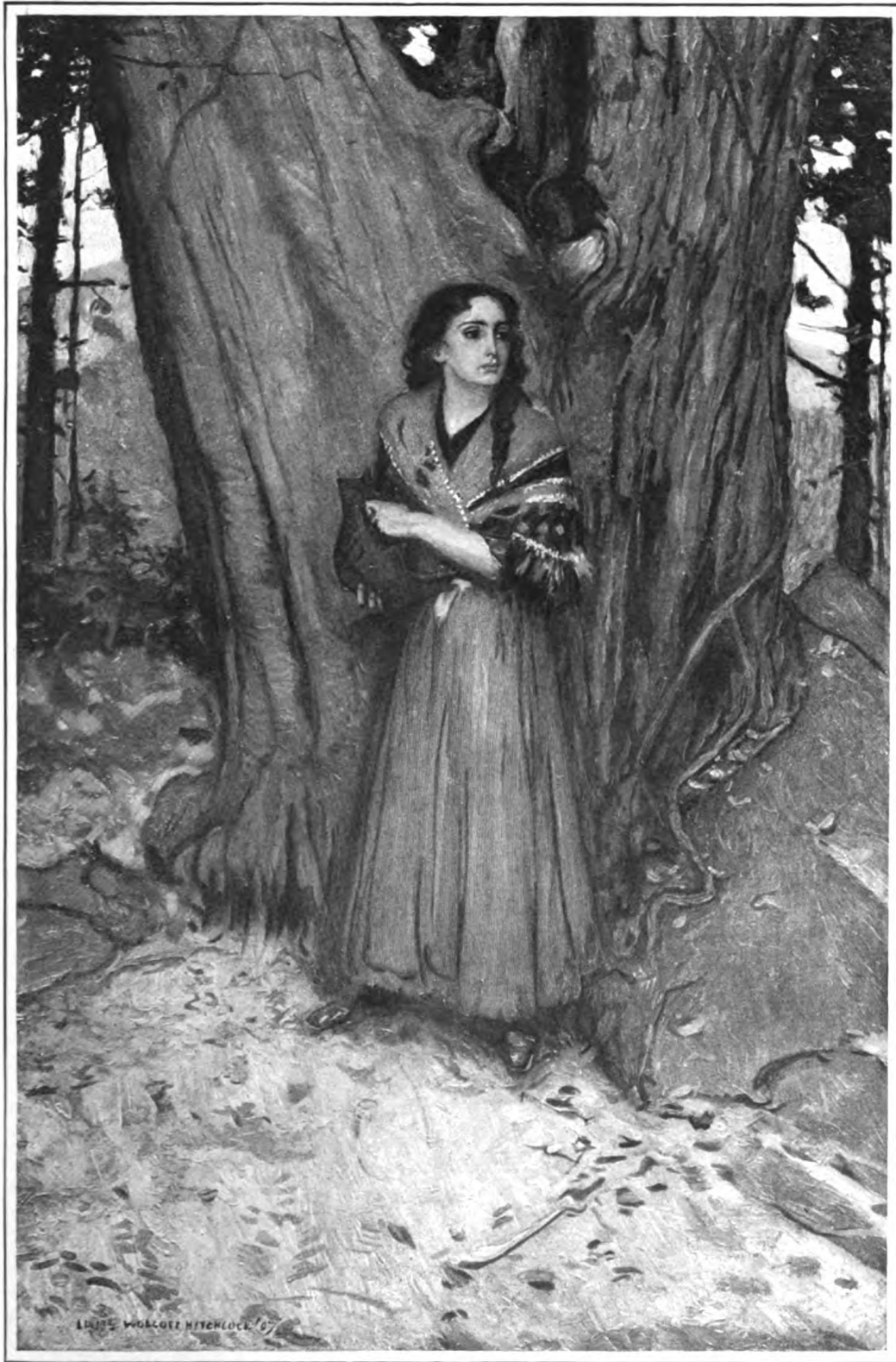
"Hoe to-day, pap—hoe ten rows to-day," she pleaded.

Habersham hesitated. He had just enough moonshine in him to produce a delicious languor, and he was loath to dissipate it at the end of a hoe-handle.

"Hon, I'll hoe to-day if you'll do sunthin' fer me. Will you?"

"Tell me first."

"Babe, I'll hoe if you'll quit keepin' kempany with Bark Swinton. Promise me you won't go up on the mounting no more to see him. He's a good feller, I know; but sence he killed Blue Kemper he's had to hole up in the mounting like a ground-hawg. And—though I hate to say it, honey—them Kempers will git him, sooner or later, sure. They's five of 'em left yet, not countin' the old man, and *he* kin still singe a squirrel's whiskers at eighty yards. Bark can't never come back to the neighborhood no more. He dassent even sneak down hyere to see you no



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

LADEN WITH THE FOOD, SHE CONTINUED UP THE MOUNTAIN

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more, sence they got to layin' fer him so clost. You have to go to see him. You oughtn't to do that. Ladies hadn't oughter go a-co'tin'. 'Tain't nice. People will talk. Will you promise, baby?"

Kate's thin red lips curled in a scornful smile. "Pap, you mean all right. But you needn't hoe no cawn to-day—or to-morrow—or ever, if that's your price."

She passed into the house. The old man tranquilly fumbled for a match. "A good 'eal like her mammy in some ways," he murmured to himself.

The Habersham sisters did not live in exemplary amity. Kate resented Judith's assumption of authority, and Judith was jealous of Kate's popularity among the young men. She lacked Kate's biting wit in a quarrel, but, as an offset, she had acquired an almost diabolical skill in dropping sparks into her sister's gunpowdery temper. Hence explosions were frequent.

For their call this afternoon, Kate had purchased the coveted privilege of wearing Judith's breastpin by promising to darn Judith's stockings. She kept her promise, as always; but when Judith inspected the hasty job the next day, after dinner, her wrath flamed. She returned to the kitchen for the purpose of imparting her sentiments to her shiftless sister, but was just in time to see Kate's willowy figure disappear in a thicket of spruce a hundred yards up the mountainside.

"Goin' a-co'tin'?" sung out Judith, tauntingly.

Kate instantly reappeared, and came bounding down the steep incline like a mountain-sheep, until with a final leap she landed at the kitchen door. She was pale and shaken with passion.

"Jude," she gasped, fiercely, "if you ever call out agin like that to me, with them Kempers, for all you know, a-layin' in the bresh waitin' to track me to Bark—if you ever do that agin I'll *kill* you. Because *that's* what they'd do to Bark."

For the second or third time in her life, Judith was afraid of her sister. "I never thought about the Kempers," she answered, apologetically.

"You think the next time," admonished Kate, ominously.

She started off again, but this time in the opposite direction, by way of the front

door. After following the rude wood-road for a quarter of a mile, she struck into the forest and circled back and up until she reached a hollow tree containing a chunk of bacon and one of her father's old hats half full of eggs. Laden with these, she continued in an indirect, meandering course up the mountain, through beds of moss ankle-deep and thickets of hazel which slashed viciously at her face, and over beds of broken rock—to the still further demoralization of her only pair of shoes. Occasionally she crossed a gully on a fallen tree, and once she fearlessly scaled a narrow ledge where a single false step would have dashed her to death. But it was a common feat with her, and no thought of peril crossed her mind.

Her progress was almost noiseless; yet, at intervals, she paused for as long as five minutes, standing motionless, with her spare breast rising and falling from her exertions, but bending an ear as alert as a wood-mouse's for any sound of pursuit.

The sun was still an hour high when she reached the eastern flank of Nigger Head, but the rugged ravine into which she shortly turned was already swathed in twilight. She had not proceeded far, though, after whistling a whippoorwill call, before her eyes brightened at sight of a little fire under an overhanging rock. There were other evidences of a human presence, such as a coffee-pot, a pile of roasting-ears, and two dead squirrels swinging from a limb. But Kate had sat by the fire for ten minutes before Bark Swinton, with his rifle in the hollow of his arm, stepped from a neighboring thicket. Unsleeping vigilance was now the price of his life. At the sound of his sweetheart's warning bird-call he had slipped into cover, and did not emerge again until certain that no enemy had dogged her steps.

She kissed him eagerly, almost ecstatically, and her lithe form clung to his for a moment. But this single demonstration over, she set to getting supper as calmly and systematically as a housewife of many years. She husked half a dozen of the roasting-ears—one for herself, five for Bark. She drew his frying-pan from a fissure in the rock, inspected it critically, and sent him to a neighbor-



ing spring for water. By the time he got back she had dressed the squirrels—as a surprise, for this was his work.

Bark Swinton did not look the part of a hunted man whose flame of being might be snuffed out at any moment from ambush, and whose home was little better than the lair of a catamount. He who conquers the fear of death also conquers, by the same magnificent stroke, all the fears of life. As he lay on a mat of hemlock boughs, propping his head with his forearm and watching his sweetheart's nimble movements, a broad grin illuminated his thin, boyish features. He was happy. No cozy fireside with glowing backlog and steaming kettle, and perchance a cradle in the corner, could have given him a keener sense of domesticity.

When the coffee had come to a boil and the squirrels had turned a golden brown and the corn was emitting a delicious aroma, they sat down, cross-legged, on the clean rock, with the viands between them. As Bark filled his stomach Kate filled his almost equally hungry ears with neighborhood doings. Nothing was too trivial to be reported, not even Barney Blake's purchase of a new jack-knife down at the Notch. Bark wanted to know how much it cost, how many blades it had, and whether the handle was wood or horn.

"I know the knife," said he, with a laugh. "And it's a good one. But Barney never paid no dollar fer it. Man-lake offered it to me, once, fer sixty cents. But I didn't have the sixty." And again he laughed.

But after supper, when his pipe was going, his spirits seemed to subside and the conversation flagged. Kate was quite content without talk; as with him, so with her—just to be near was enough. But after a little she discerned something amiss.

"What makes you so still, dear?" she asked.

He smiled reassuringly, but the smile was a little forced. "I was thinkin', honey. Honey, I got one thing to tell you and one thing to ask you." He paused, with a grave, half-troubled face, and took a puff or two. "Honey, I killed Baird Kemper this afternoon about three o'clock."

Spill enough blood and it becomes as cheap as rain-water. Make the rifle the

arbiter of justice, and its decrees are accepted in the same faith as those of the most venerable chancellor in the land. Swinton's tender listener did not recoil or cry out in horror. She simply turned pale and looked at him with startled eyes.

"Have they found your hiding-place?"

"No. I had drapped down to the valley to glean them roastin'-ears, thinkin' you might come up to-night. I was jest crossin' the road north of Sam Burt's, when Baird riz up in a patch of cow-peas and took a plug at me. He creased me there." He pushed back his long, black hair and exposed a narrow, straight red mark across his temple. "It guv me a bad headache. I got it yet."

Kate crept to his side, and laying her lips to the burnt place, began to cry softly. "You promised me you wouldn't go down agin."

"To the Notch, honeykin," he protested. "And I ain't went since. But ef you don't want me to I won't even go down to the valley no more. It gits powerful lonesome up hyere sometimes, though. Sometimes I want to screech, jest to hear somethin'. Sometimes I *do* screech, though 'tain't right fer a man in hidin'." He paused, stroked her cheek, and pulled hard at his pipe. "What I wanted to *ask* you, Kate, was this. Mebbe you'll be surprised. Kate, will you marry me now, without makin' me wait till I kin come down to the neighborhood agin?"

She did not lift her head from his shoulder, and she was silent so long that the hope died out of his face. "And keep house in a cave?" she asked, so quietly that his waiting heart leaped.

"Yes—in a cave. Why not? Why, a cave's warmer than any house," he ran on, eagerly, "and I know one that's as dry as powder. You'd love that cave, honey; it's a sweetener, and so big you kin stand up in it. No winders to wash and no floors to scrub. Wouldn't you like that? But," he added, more calmly, "we could build a shack if you'd sooner. Only a shack's more dangerous. It's easier to find."

Again Kate was silent, with her black eyes fixed upon the fire. His proposition had startled her; at the same time it had fired her daring imagination. How

much, after all, was he asking her to give up? Did not the Bible say that a dinner of herbs and contentment therewith was better than a stalled ox? At home she had neither contentment nor the ox. There was her father, to be sure, whom she loved and who loved her in his way. But nothing, not even her marriage to Bark Swinton, could worry him long. A few extra pulls at his omnipresent jug and his equilibrium would be restored. Yet—and this prolonged her silence—to marry an outlaw was a bold thing to do. It would make an outlaw of herself, socially, and her feminine nature shrank from outraging public opinion.

"What would people say, Bark?" she asked, finally.

"Nothin' wuss than they're sayin' about *me*, I reckon—and you know I didn't pick this quarrel. People air jest as liable to talk about you when you're right as when you're wrong. But I wasn't thinkin' about people; I was thinkin' about *us*. It will take me some time to kill the Kempers off"—she shivered in his arms—"and I can't go down till I do. Or till they kill me, in which case I'll go down in a wooden overcoat, which ain't a proper bridegroom suit."

"Don't, don't!" she whispered.

"Tain't the lonesomeness hyere I care fer especially. And I ain't afeard of *them*. If they git a bead on me they'll do fer me what I done fer Baird to-day—and he never knew what struck him. But if they only winged me and I crawled off to a thicket, but without stren'th to forage— You sec, if you and me was married, and I didn't turn up at our cave at night you'd look me up."

He bent his earnest eyes down to hers, and she divined the thing that oppressed him—not death, but the degradation, the squalor, of starving, like a broken-backed rabbit, and rotting in a bush. In the face of this feeling, how mean, how contemptible, was her thought of what people would say! She tightened her grasp on his hand, but before she could speak, he continued, apologetically:

"I jest thought, honey, that if *you* was up hyere and *I* was down yander and I loved you as I do—"

But she threw herself upon his bosom and stopped his speech with her hot lips.

"Don't you dare!" she panted. "You know—you know I love you! And you know I'll marry you!"

They named the day—the following Saturday, and this was Tuesday. Kate was to get the license late in the afternoon on Saturday, in order t'at the secret might not leak out and get to any of the Kempers' ears. She would invite the preacher to supper that night, and at twelve o'clock the groom would steal down the mountain and claim his bride.

To avoid exposing him unnecessarily, Kate usually insisted on leaving the rendezvous as she came, alone. But tonight, claiming an indulgence in honor of the occasion, Bark accompanied her two-thirds of the way home. She was perfectly fearless, but when he kissed her good-by she flung her arms around his neck, to his surprise, and trembled violently.

"Oh, Bark, I'm afeard of Baird's ghost!" she whimpered.

"His ghost don't carry no gun, which *he* did," answered Bark, practically. "Howsomever, I'll take you clean home." And despite her frantic entreaties—for on all the mountain no more dangerous spot existed for him than the vicinity of Habersham's house—he led her to her door.

She waited anxiously on the step until, from far above, in the silent night, there floated down the weird call of a whippoorwill, three times repeated. Then she entered the house, undressed in the dark, and slipped into bed beside her sister as lightly as a bird returns to its nest. Her care was not to awaken Judith, in which case there would be forthcoming, in all probability, a lecture on the disgracefulness of these nocturnal trysts. In her present tender, high-strung mood, Kate could hardly have borne a scolding.

The lecture came in the morning at breakfast. But Kate was so docile, so non-resistant, that Judith finally paused suspiciously.

"If you air through," then said Kate, sweetly, but with a triumphant flash of her eye, "I'll tell you something. Me and Bark air going to be married—next Saturday—in this house—at twelve o'clock at night."

There was no parrying such a tremendous blow as this. Judith sat speech-

less. Old Habersham hastily left the table, lit his pipe outside, and swore feebly and ineffectively to himself for fifteen minutes. Then he began to chuckle, for he could never maintain anger long against his baby.

"The way she put Jude out o' business was sure a caution!" he murmured, hilariously. "And I don't know, anyway, that it's anybody's business who she marries but her own."

One of the religious revivals which periodically sweep the Nigger Head settlements, like a fiery, chastening cloud, was at this time in progress at Mount Moriah Church, some two miles from the Habershams'. That night the sisters, although as indifferent to church observances as a pair of Hunnish princesses, walked down to the meeting. The mountaineers, craving an event in their almost eventless lives, and hungry for even simple contact with their kind, had been flocking to the church for weeks from miles around. Thin, flat-breasted women, whose strength appeared hardly sufficient for their daily drudgery, came on foot with a baby in their arms, and one or two youngsters perchance clinging to their skirts. The men usually came by themselves, and frequently as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. The explanation of the last two facts was found in the multiplicity of jugs secreted in the second growth which bordered the clearing, and in the number of flat-topped stumps which could be impressed into service as card-tables. All evidence of this, however, vanished when the evangelist hove in sight.

The Habersham girls arrived in time for the last half-hour of this social session. The flirtatious Judith soon had half a dozen young bucks around her; but Kate, usually the brighter star of the two, remained in the background, pre-occupied and grave. Her thoughts were far above, among the thick pines, to which she occasionally lifted her eyes.

There was just one person present to whom she paid any attention. The evangelist, who was moving about and shaking hands with everybody, was curiously repellent to her. He was a giant in size, with great hairy hands and sunken blue eyes, ordinarily as dull as

a fish's, but which Kate had seen ablaze with an almost uncanny incandescence. In him she had instantly recognized an antagonistic force—something opposed to all her practices and principles. He was a celibate, and she fancied that he could ruthlessly grind a woman's heart beneath his heel; so that in his presence the image of that other man up on the mountain, of whom she had been cuddling tender thoughts in her breast all day, seemed to grow dim, to recede into the summit's mist, to become a mere phantom. Hence when the evangelist, spying the sisters with his cavernous but all-seeing eyes—having been tipped off, no doubt, as to their woful spiritual condition—came forward and shook hands, Kate's knees actually shook; and as soon as she could do it undetected she vigorously wiped his clammy touch from her palm. Judith, on the other hand, looked him calmly in the eye and, when he murmured something about the welfare of her soul, snickered impudently.

Yet profoundly as he had affected Kate in the open air, his personality seemed to double or treble its power upon his entering the pulpit. Outside he was an equal, here he was master. His smile fell off like a mask, and he became the stern, unrelenting prophet of a wrathful God. Standing with one arm on the battered old Bible, he gravely watched the crowd file in, the men surrendering their weapons at the door, the women storing their sleeping babes under the pews or in the aisles—for seats were at a premium—and the dogs being kicked out or driven into inconspicuous corners. Then, when all was still—and his dominating eyes hastened the moment—he gave out a hymn.

"I want every man, woman, and child in the house to join in singing this hymn. If I see a pair of motionless lips, I'll assume that the party wants to sing a solo, and I'll give him a chance to do it by inviting him out."

Everybody sang. A dozen hymns were galloped through in rapid succession, waxing louder each time, until the windows fairly shook. By this time the congregation was warmed up. Then the evangelist, himself warmed by having beaten time with arms and body and shouted the initial word of each chorus

before anybody else could take it, launched out on his harangue. Again the master manipulator of men, with an upward fling of his long arms, started a familiar, sonorous hymn; but quickly leaving the singing to the congregation, he shouted at intervals, with melodramatic effect: "Amen! Halleluliah! Praise the Lamb! Another soul snatched from hell! Another knot in the devil's tail!" When he ended, there was a perfect babel of shouts, groans, and cries for mercy, interlarded with the squalls of frightened babies and the barking of excited dogs.

Kate, as high-strung as any wild thing of the woods, suffered keenly. She felt no conviction of sin, but she was oppressed, stunned, stricken with a hysterical fear. The despairing cries of one woman in particular cut her to the heart, and the sight of an old man laid out on the platform, in the deathlike, cataleptic trance called the "power," fairly froze her blood. She glanced appealingly at her sister. Judith's face was as impassive as an Indian's, and her cold blue eyes betrayed no stronger emotion than curiosity, tinged with contempt. Then once more came the commanding voice, loud and clear, like the trump of Gabriel, rising above all the demoniac noise:

"Is there another? Is there another? Is there not one more here who will drink of the blood of the Lamb before the cup is taken from his lips forever?—for you may die to-night. The gates of heaven are open, the admission is only a confession of sin. Come before they close, and the angel, from a turret of gold, calls out, 'Too late! Too late!' Is there not a woman here whose heart troubleth her, whose soul cries out against her flesh? None? None? My friends, yesterday a man was killed, a soul was hurled into eternity without one instant in which to cleanse itself for meeting its Maker. You know the slain, you know the slayer. Are you all guiltless? Have none of you, for the sake of a fleshly love, succored the murderer and made yourself a party to the crime? If so, come and wash the blood from your hands, before it is too late—too late—too late!"

Every one knew at whom this shot was aimed, and a hundred pairs of eyes were

instantly fastened on Kate—quite half of them in sympathy. A curious obsession was upon her. She saw nothing but the evangelist's accusing eyes, magnified to the dimension of saucers; heard nothing but his sepulchral "Too late! Too late!" Quite unconsciously she arose.

"Set down, you fool!" commanded Judith, in an angry whisper, plucking her sister's skirt.

But Kate neither heard nor felt, and with bowed head and alabaster face walked slowly down the aisle. The altar had long since been filled and the approaches thereto choked with kneeling penitents. But the evangelist, recognizing this last brand from the burning as no mere piece of foxwood glowing with a heatless fire, leaped from the platform and with arms and voice unceremoniously cleared a place for her. Then turning the meeting over to an assistant, he knelt at the fair mourner's side and labored with her long and earnestly.

Sleep was long in coming to Kate that night. She lay on her back for hours, motionless and soundless, with wide, shining eyes, which occasionally overflowed with tears. At times it seemed as if she *must* throw herself upon Judith's bosom and relieve herself of the upward-rushing sobs. But, clenching her hands over her convulsively lifting breast, she stoically waited for the pain to pass. Along toward morning she fell into a troubled sleep.

The next day Judith felt pretty certain that Bark Swinton had lost his sweetheart. Kate said nothing, however, and went about her work as usual. Her occasional wet eyes and trembling lips were the only outward signs of the volcanic disturbance within. Likewise the next day. But by Saturday noon Judith had concluded that she was entitled to a declaration of her sister's intentions, and to that end she used a little art.

"Do you want me to bake your cake, Sis?" she asked.

"There'll be no cake, Judy—and no wedding." Kate's voice was gentle, but the wild light in her eyes touched Judith.

"Marry Bark, if you want to, Kate. Don't let that lantern-jawed sky-pilot skeer you out."

"He didn't try to skeer me, Judy.

He just asked me to give Bark up. Not for my sake, nor even for Christ's sake alone, but for *his* sake—to save *him* from hell."

Judith was sceptical, and was about to assail the preacher's logic, when Kate, with an uncontrollable sob, ran out of the room.

Yet that night she awaited Bark's coming with a strange apathy. She had thought and thought and thought until her brain was numb. The justification of her course was not exactly plain to herself; how could she hope to make it plain to him? There was, therefore, just one thing to do—announce the fact, bow before the storm of grief or wrath which would follow, and let events take their course. What that course was made little difference to her now. Should Bark try to kill her, she would make no resistance.

She sat by the kitchen fire, for the mountain nights were cool, even at this season. But a little before twelve she slipped out to the back door-step. A bridegroom would be on time, if not ahead of it!

But he was not on time, strangely enough. Half past twelve—one—half past one! The suspense became unbearable. What but sickness or death could have detained him to-night? The image of a dead man, lying on his back, with his face up to the starlight, tortured her weary mind, until at last she threw a light shawl over her shoulders and started up the mountain. The preacher and all his words were far from her now. Bark was in trouble.

Quaking at every log or stump which resembled a prostrate man, she circled and climbed for an hour and a half, until she reached Bark's ravine. No camp-fire greeted her eyes this time, and she had expected none. The ashes, moreover, were cold and damp, as if several days old. More ominous still was a grouse which hung from the limb which Bark jokingly called his "ice-box." The bird was already beginning to smell, and Kate's hands grew as cold as its stiff, dead toes.

Where, in all the square miles of forest-clad Nigger Head, should she look for him? There was a great rock, an infinitesimal part of the Nigger's nose, on which Bark loved to lie and sun himself, with the lizards, while he watched the

clouds, like fleecy cattle grazing in the turquoise meadows of the sky. Kate had sat there once with him, and she had seen the old bald eagle which had bred in the mountain for many years pass by, far, far below, on his return from the distant valley, where a lamb could occasionally be picked up for the hungry ones at home. Thither she now bent her steps. But when she had clambered to the top, breaking her finger-nails, between haste and darkness, his body was not there. And more than his body she did not now expect to find.

While she stood in uncertainty as to her next move, the first gray light of dawn began to wash the heavens. She waited till it had percolated through the tree-tops and made visible the aisles of the forest, and then started off again—heavily and aimlessly. But she had gone scarcely two hundred yards when a form—though all that she saw was the white face—seemed to rise out of the ground before her, as if a grave were giving up its dead. She screamed in terror, for the face was Bark's; but he waved his hand and called out to her reassuringly.

"Honey, it's only me! Don't be afeard. I knowed you'd come, as sure as there's a God in heaven."

She could not speak, but in answer to her questioning eyes he swept away the moss and leaves which yet half buried him, and held up his right leg. Clinging to the ankle, with the tenacity of a giant crab, was a steel bear-trap; and attached to the trap was a log-chain which, half concealed by leaves, led to a huge staple in an adjoining tree.

"I couldn't pull myself away from this pleasant spot, honey, even to go down the mounting and git married," observed Bark, facetiously, evidently with the intention of breaking the spell which held her.

But she could not smile, and her horrified eyes leaped from his wan face to his swollen foot and back again. Yet, when he added, still gayly, "Air you studyin' whether to loose sich a keerless lover or not?" she sprang forward with a little cry of self-reproach.

The trap had defied its victim's efforts to release himself from the fact that with his free foot he could depress only one of the two powerful springs; and he





"I'LL BE THAR," SHE SAID, FERVENTLY

could do this only from an upright position, which prevented his tying the spring down and easing the pressure on his captured leg. With an assistant, however, even a frail girl, the problem was simplified. After making a noose of the sling-strap of his gun, Bark bent his knee so that the trap rested flat upon the

ground. Under his direction, Kate then knelt upon one of the springs; and as it slowly receded under her combined weight and the grip of one hand, she tightened the slip-noose to retain the advantage she had gained. When the recalcitrant steel was at last overcome and securely bound down, she cut off the free

end of the strap, and with it Bark made a second noose for the other spring. Then, when it too had been rendered harmless, Kate, with shrinking fingers, took hold of the now relaxed jaws of the ugly man-catcher. As the cruel teeth, under her gentle manipulation, released him, she shuddered and glanced pityingly into her lover's face. He had fainted.

Cool enough now, under responsibility, she swiftly removed her muslin petticoat, tore it into strips for bandages, ran to a rivulet a hundred yards away, and filled her sweetheart's hat with water. She sprinkled his face until he opened his eyes, and then washed the wound and bound it up. This done, she sat down beside him, and taking him in her arms, she almost fiercely pressed his head to her breast and laid her cheek upon his matted hair, so horribly like a dead man's. Meanwhile the tears ran freely down her face.

But Bark was soon himself again—at least his talk was evidently designed to make her think so.

"I stepped into that thar thing Wednesday mawnin'," he explained, and he could feel her heart throb, for this was Sunday morning. "I took it that the Kempers had sot it fer me, and that's why I buried myself. Not seein' me, you understand, honey, when they come to look for their game, they would nachally come on up to make sure that no coon or anything had sprung the trap. That would be my chance. If there was only one, I counted on risin' up quick and gittin' him sure. If there was two, I had a fair chance of gittin' 'em both, takin' 'em by surprise that way. If there was three, I thought I *might*—one chance in ten—git 'em all. I wanted to make my funeral just as expensive as possible."

"But they didn't come, darling! Mebbe they didn't set it, after all."

"No, they didn't come," he answered, with a hoarse, unnatural laugh. "Shoot-in' me, honey, even from behind a tree, when I'm fast in a b'ar-trap, is attended with more or less resk. I reckon they decided that if they'd caught me they'd jest let me die and rot. It was safer."

"Poor boy! Nothing to eat for four days!" she murmured, pityingly.

"Oh, I've et! Fer fear they'd come,

I laid in the hole mostly all day Wednesday. But early Thursday mawnin' I foraged some. That chain's ten foot long. That give me a twenty-foot circle. That mawnin' I found three mushrooms, forty-three chinquapins, and three common acorns. And on Friday I had a feast. I had a squirrel!" He laughed at her incredulous look. "Yes; I heerd him early, but it took me about two hours to call him up. Then, after he got hyere, I knowed there wasn't any use to shoot him unless he'd fall in reach. So I had to wait till he got on my tree. Honey, I waited five hours, gittin' hungrier every minute! He'd come and go, come, and go, foragin' for hisself. But he was so cur'us, it appeared, to find out what that thing was down there in the leaves that kept a-barkin' that he couldn't give it up. Then finally he hops on my tree, and runs out on that limb yander, a-whiskin' his tail, and peepin' over the edge, and a-barkin'. Then the girl hyere"—glancing at his rifle—"done a little barkin' herself. I bored him through the head—that was all I could see—and that squirrel just rolled off the limb and fell plump in my lap. Then I made a fire out o' leaves and moss and cooked him. Leastways I het him through. Can't say he was done to a turn, like them of yours, last time you was up, honey."

She hugged him again. To get him to a place of safety and then speed down the mountain for food was the next thing to do. Yet not quite the next.

"Dearie, if I marry you, will you move over to *Tennessee*, and quit killin' folks, or givin' them a chance to kill you?"

"Why, honey, what put that in your head?"

"Will you?"

The mountaineer loves his mountain as a beast loves its lair. Hunt him even, and he, like the stag, will circle upon his trail until he returns to the cover from which he started. Bark was silent a moment; then he smiled.

"I reckon I will, honey, if you're so sot on it. I reckon it don't make no difference to me where I live, Ca'lina or *Tennessee*, as long as you're thar."

"I'll be thar," said she, fervently.

# The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE RECOIL

IT was a great day in the Moslem year. The Mahmal, or sacred carpet, was leaving Cairo on its long pilgrimage of thirty-seven days to Mecca and Mahomet's tomb. Great guns boomed from the Citadel, as the gorgeous procession, forming itself beneath the Mokattam Hills, began its slow march to where, seated in the shade of an ornate pavilion, Prince Kaïd awaited its approach to pay devout homage. Thousands looked down at the scene from the ramparts of the Citadel, from the overhanging cliffs, and from the tops of the houses that hung on the ledges of rock rising abruptly from the level ground, to which the last of the famed Mamelukes leaped to their destruction.

Now to Prince Kaïd's ears there came from hundreds of hoarse throats the cry, "Allah! Allah! May thy journey be with safety to Arafat," mingling with the harsh music of the fifes and drums.

Kaïd looked upon the scene with drawn face and lowering brows. His retinue watched him with alarm. A whisper had gone about that, two nights before, the Effendina had sent in haste for a famous Italian physician lately come to Cairo, and that since his visit Kaïd had been sullen and depressed. It was also the gossip of the bazaars that he had suddenly shown favor to those of the Royal House and to other reactionaries who had been enemies to the influence of Claridge Pasha. This rumor had been followed by an official proclamation that no Europeans or Christians would be admitted to the ceremony of the Sacred Carpet.

Thus it was that Kaïd looked out on a vast multitude of Moslems, in which not one European face showed, and from lip to lip there passed the word, "Har-

rik—Harrik—remember Harrik! Kaïd turns from the infidel."

They crowded near the great pavilion—as near as the mounted Nubians would permit—to see Kaïd's face; while he, with eyes wandering over the vast assemblage, was lost in dark reflections. For a year he had struggled against a growing conviction that some obscure disease was sapping his strength. He had hid it from every one, until, at last, distress and pain had overcome him. The verdict of the Italian expert was that possible, but by no means certain, cure might come from an operation, which must be delayed for a month or more.

Suddenly, the world had grown unfamiliar to him; he saw it from afar; but his subconscious self involuntarily registered impressions, and he moved mechanically through the ceremonies and duties of the immediate present. Thrown back upon himself, to fight his own fight, with the instinct of primary life his mind involuntarily drew for refuge to the habits and predispositions of youth; and for two days he had shut himself away from the activities with which David and Nahoum were associated. Being deeply engaged with the details of the expedition to the Soudan, David had not gone to the Palace; and he was unaware of the turn which things had taken. But his enemies had passed the word that Claridge Pasha's day was ending; this vast crowd stirred with fierce piety, and a dangerous ardor moved the performers in the religious drama unfolding under the booming guns.

Three times, with slow and stately steps, the procession wound in a circle in the great square before it approached the pavilion where the Effendina sat, the splendid camels carrying the embroidered tent where the Carpet rested and that which bore the Emir of

the Pilgrims, caparisoned with red cloth, moving gracefully like ships at sea. Naked swordsmen, with upright and shining blades, were followed by men on camels bearing kettle-drums. After them came Arab riders with fresh green branches fastened to the saddles like plumes, while others carried flags and banners emblazoned with texts and symbols. Troops of horsemen in white woollen cloaks, sheiks and Bedouins with flowing robes and huge turbans, religious chiefs of the great sects, imperturbable and statuesque, were in strange contrast to the shouting dervishes and camel-drivers and eager pilgrims. These shrilled their approval of the Mother of the Cats, who, in the midst of her feline brood, moved with mysterious gestures among them, and of the half-naked sheik who would follow the Sacred Carpet across the desert to Mecca, rolling his head from side to side for unnumbered hours and days.

At last the great camel with its sacred burden stopped in front of Kaïd for his prayer and blessing. As he held the tassels, lifted the gold-fringed curtain, and invoked Allah's blessing, a half-naked sheik ran forward, and raising his hands high above his head, said shrilly, "Kaïd, Kaïd, hearken!"

Rough hands caught him away, but Kaïd commanded them to desist, and the man called a blessing on him, and cried aloud:

"Listen, O Kaïd, son of the stars and the light of day. God hath exalted thee. Thou art the Egyptian of all the Egyptians. In thy hand is power. But thou art mortal even as I. Behold, O Kaïd, in the hour that I was born thou wast born, I in the dust without thy palace wall; thou amid the splendid things. But thy star is my star. Behold, as God ordains, the Tree of Life was shaken on the night when all men pray and cry aloud to God—even the Night of the Falling Leaves. And I watched the leaves falling; and I saw my leaf, and it was withered, but only a little withered, and so I live yet a little. But I looked for thy leaf, thou who wert born in that moment when I waked to the world. I looked long, but I found no leaf, neither green nor withered. But I looked again upon my leaf, and then I saw that thy

name now was also upon my leaf, and that it was neither green nor withered, but was a leaf that drooped as when an evil wind has passed and drunk its life. Listen, O Kaïd! Upon the tomb of Mahomet I will set my lips, and it may be that the leaf of my life will come fresh and green again. But thou—wilt thou not come also with me to the lord Mahomet's tomb? Or"—he paused and raised his voice—"or wilt thou stay and lay thy lips upon the cross of the infidel? Wilt thou—"

He could say no more, for suddenly Kaïd's face, which had worn an abashed and troubled look, now darkened with anger. He made a gesture, and in an instant the man was gagged and bound and was being hurried away to his death, while an awed and sullen silence fell upon the crowd. Kaïd suddenly became aware of this change of feeling, and looked round him. Presently his old prudence and subtilty came back, his face cleared a little, and he called aloud, "Unloose the man, and let him come to me." An instant after, the man was on his knees, silent before him.

"What is thy name?" Kaïd asked.

"Kaïd Ibrahim, Effendina," was the reply.

"Thou hast misinterpreted thy dream, Kaïd," answered the Effendina. "The drooping leaf was token of the danger in which thy life should be, and my name upon thy leaf was token that I should save thee from death. Behold, I save thee. *Inshallah*, go in peace. There is no God but God, and the cross is the sign of a false prophet. Thou art mad. God give thee a new mind. Go."

The man was presently lost in the sweltering, half-frenzied crowd; but he had done his work, and his words rang in the ears of Kaïd as he rode away.

A few hours afterwards, bitter and rebellious, murmuring to himself, Kaïd sat in a darkened room of his Nile palace beyond the city. So few years on the throne, so young, so much on which to lay the hand of pleasure, so many millions to command; and yet the slave at his door had a surer hold on life and all its joy and lures than he, Prince Kaïd, ruler of Egypt! There was on him that barbaric despair which has taken dread-

ful toll of life for the decree of destiny. Across the record of this day, as across the history of many an Eastern and pagan tyrant, was written, "He would not die alone." That the world should go on when he was gone, that men should buy and sell and laugh and drink, and flaunt it in the sun, while he, Prince Kaïd, would be done with it all—

He was roused by the rustling of a robe. Before him stood the Arab physician, Sharif Bey, who had been in his father's house and his own for a lifetime. It was many a year since his ministrations to Kaïd had ceased; but he had remained on in the Palace, doing service to those who received him, and—it was said by the evil-tongued—granting certificates of death out of harmony with dark facts, a sinister and useful figure. His beard was white, his face was friendly, almost benevolent, but his eyes had a light caught from no celestial flame.

His look was confident now, as his eyes bent on Kaïd. He had lived long, he had seen much, he had heard of the peril that had been foreshadowed by the infidel physician; and, by a sure instinct, he knew that his own opportunity had come. He knew that Kaïd would snatch at any offered comfort, would cherish any alleviating lie, would steal back from science and civilization and the modern palace to the superstition of the fellah's hut. Were not all men alike when the neboot of Fate struck them down into the terrible loneliness of doom, numbing their minds? Luck would be with him that offered first succor in that dark hour. Sharif had come at the right moment for Sharif.

Kaïd looked at him with dull yet anxious eyes. "Did I not command that none should enter?" he asked presently, in a thick voice.

"Am I not thy physician, Effendina, to whom be the undying years? When the Effendina is sick, shall I not heal? Have I not waited like a dog at thy door these many years, till that the time would come when none could heal thee save Sharif?"

"What canst thou give me?"

"What the infidel physician gave thee not—I can give thee hope. Hast thou done well, oh, Effendina, to turn from

thine own people—did not thine own father, and did not Mehemet Ali, live to a good age? Who were their physicians? My father and I, and my father's father, and his father's father."

"Thou canst cure me altogether?" asked Kaïd, hesitatingly.

"If thou hast faith in one of thine own race. Will the infidel love thee as do we, who are thy children and thy brothers, who are to thee as a nail driven in the wall, not to be moved? Thou shalt live—*Inshallah*, thou shalt have healing and length of days!"

He paused at a gesture from Kaïd, for a slave had entered and stood waiting.

"What dost thou here? Wert thou not commanded?" asked Kaïd.

"Effendina, Claridge Pasha is waiting," was the reply.

Kaïd frowned, hesitated; then, with a sudden resolve, made a gesture of dismissal to Sharif Bey, and nodded David's admittance to the slave.

As David entered, he passed Sharif Bey, and something in the look on the Arab physician's face—a secret malignancy and triumph—struck him strangely. And now a fresh anxiety and apprehension rose in his mind as he looked at Kaïd. The eye was heavy and gloomy, the face was clouded, the lips ever so ready to smile at him were sullen and smileless now. David stood still, waiting.

"I did not expect thee till to-morrow, excellency," said Kaïd, moodily, at last. "The business is urgent?"

"Effendina," said David, with every nerve at tension, yet with outward self-control, "I have to report—" he paused, agitated; then, in a firm voice, he told of the disaster which had befallen the cotton-mills.

As David spoke, Kaïd's face grew darker, his fingers fumbled vaguely with the linen of the loose white robe he wore. When the tale was finished he sat for a moment apparently stunned by the news, then he burst out fiercely:

"*Bismillah*, am I to hear only black words to-day? Hast thou naught to say but this—the fortune of Egypt burned to ashes!"

David held back the quick retort that came to his tongue.

"Half my fortune is in the ashes," he answered with dignity. "The rest came



from savings never made before by this government. Is the work less worthy in thy sight, Effendina, because it has been destroyed? Would thy life be less great and useful because a blow took thee from behind?"

Kaïd's face turned black. David had bruised an open wound.

"What is my life to thee—what is thy work to me?"

"Thy life is dear to Egypt, Effendina," urged David, soothingly, "and my labor for Egypt has been pleasant in thine eyes till now."

"Egypt cannot be saved against her will," was the sullen response. "What has come of the Western hand upon the Eastern plough?" His face grew blacker; his heart was feeding on itself.

"Thou, the friend of Egypt, hast come of it, Effendina."

"Harrik was right, Harrik was right," Kaïd answered, with stubborn gloom and anger. "Better to die in our own way, if we must die, than live in the way of another. Thou wouldst make of Egypt another England; thou wouldst civilize the Soudan—*bismillah*, it is folly!"

"That is not the way Mehemet Ali thought, nor Ibrahim. Nor dost thou think so, Effendina," David answered, gravely. "A dark spirit is on thee. Wouldst thou have me understand that what we have done together, thou and I, was ill done, that the old bad days were better?"

"Go back to thine own land," was the surly answer. "Nation after nation ravaged Egypt, sowed their legions here, but the Egyptian has lived them down. The faces of the fellaheen are the faces of Thothmes and Seti. Go back. Egypt will travel her own path. We are of the East; we are Moslem. What is right to you is wrong to us. Ye would make us over—give us cotton beds and wooden floors and fine flour of the mill, and cleanse the cholera-hut with disinfectants, but are these things all? How many of your civilized millions would die for their prophet Christ? Yet all Egypt would rise up from the mud floor, the dourha-field and the straw hut, and would come out to die for Mahomet and Allah—ay, as Harrik knew, as Harrik knew! Ye steal into corners, and hide behind the curtains of your beds to pray;

we pray where the hour of prayer finds us—in the street, in the market-place, where the house is building, the horse being shod, or the money-changers are. Ye hear the call of civilization, but we hear the Muezzin—"

He stopped short, and searched mechanically for his watch.

"It is the hour that the Muezzin calls," said David, gently, "it is almost sunset. Shall I open the windows that the call may come to us?" he added.

While Kaïd stared at him, his breast heaving with passion, David went to a window and opened the shutters wide.

The Palace faced the Nile, which showed like a tortuous band of blue and silver a mile or so away. Nothing lay between but the brown sand and here and there a handful of dark figures gliding towards the river, or a little train of camels making for the bare gray hills from the khiassas which had given them their desert-loads. The course of the Nile was marked by a wide fringe of palms showing blue and purple, friendly and ancient and solitary. Beyond the river and the palms lay the gray-brown desert, faintly touched with red. So clear was the sweet evening air that the irregular surface of the desert showed for a score of miles as plainly as though it were but a step away. Hummocks of sand—tombs and fallen monuments—gave a feeling as of forgotten and buried peoples; and the two vast pyramids of Sakkarah stood up in the plaintive glow of the evening skies, majestic and solemn, faithful to the dissolved and absorbed races that had built them. Curtains of mauve and saffron-red were hung behind them, and through a break of cloud fringing the horizon a yellow glow poured, to touch the tips of the pyramids with poignant splendor. But farther over to the right, where Cairo lay, there hung a bluish mist, palpable and delicate, out of which emerged the vast pyramid of Cheops; and beside it the smiling inscrutable Sphinx faced the changeless centuries. Beyond the pyramids the mist deepened into a vast deep cloud of blue and purple which seemed the end to some mystic highway untravelled by the sons of men.

Suddenly there swept over David a wave of feeling such as had passed over Kaïd, though of a different nature.

Those who had built the pyramids were gone, Cheops and Thothmes and Amen-hotep and Chehren and the rest. There had been reformers in those lost races; one age had sought to better the last, one man had toiled to save—yet there only remained offensive bundles of mummied flesh and bone and a handful of relics in tombs fifty centuries old. Was it all, then, futile? Did it matter, then, whether one man labored or a race aspired?

Only for a moment these thoughts passed through his mind; and then, as the glow through the broken cloud on the opposite horizon suddenly faded, and veils of melancholy fell over the desert and the river and the palms, there rose a call sweetly shrill, undoubtingly insistent. Sunset had come, and, with it, the Muezzin's call to prayer from the minaret of a mosque hard by.

David was conscious of a movement behind him—that Kaïd was praying with hands uplifted; and out on the sands between the window and the river he saw kneeling figures here and there, saw the camel-drivers halt their trains, and face the East with hands uplifted. The call went on—“*Lā'ilāha illa-llāh!*”

It called David, too. The force and searching energy and fire in it stole through his veins, and drove from him the sense of futility and despondency which had so deeply added to his trouble. There was something for him, too, in that which held infatuated the minds of so many millions.

A moment later Kaïd and he faced each other again.

“Effendina,” he said, “thou wilt not desert our work now!”

“Money—for this expedition? You have it?” Kaïd asked, ironically.

“I have but little money, and it must go to rebuild the mills, Effendina. I must have it of thee.”

“Let them remain in their ashes.”

“But thousands will have no work.”

“They had work before they were built, they will have work now that they are gone.”

“Effendina, I stayed in Egypt at thy request. The work is thy work. Wilt thou desert it?”

“The West lured me—by things that seemed: I know things as they are.”

“They will lure thee again to-morrow,”

said David, firmly, but with a weight on his spirit. His eyes sought and held Kaïd's. “It is too late to go back; we must go forward, or we shall loose the Soudan, and a Mahdi and his dervishes will be in Cairo in ten years.”

For an instant Kaïd was startled. The old look of energy and purpose leaped up into his eye; but it faded quickly again. If, as the Italian physician more than hinted, his life hung by a thread, did it matter whether the barbarian came to Cairo? That was the business of those who came after. If Sharif was right, and his life was saved, there would be time enough to set things right.

“I will not pour water on the sands to make an ocean,” he answered. “Will a ship sail on the Sahara? *Bismillah*, it is all a dream. Harrik was right. But dost thou think to do with me as thou didst with Harrik?” he sneered. “Is it in thy mind?”

David's patience broke down under the long provocation. “Know, then, Effendina,” he said, angrily, “that I am not thy subject, nor one beholden to thee, nor thy slave. Upon terms well understood, I have labored here. I have kept my obligations, and it is thy duty to keep thy obligations, though the hand of death were on thee. I know not what has poisoned thy mind and driven thee from reason and from justice. I know that, Prince Pasha of Egypt as thou art, thou art as bound to me as any fellah that agrees to shoe my horse or row my boat. Thy compact with me is a compact with England, and it shall be kept, if thou art an honest man. Thou mayst find thousands in Egypt who will serve thee at any price, and bear thee in any mood. I have but one price. It is well known to thee; and I will not be the target for thy black temper. This is not the middle ages. I am an Englishman, not a helot. The bond must be kept. Thou shalt not play fast and loose. Money must be found; the expedition must go. But if thy purpose is now Harrik's purpose, then Europe should know, and Egypt also should know. I have been thy right hand, Effendina; I will not be thy old shoe, to be cast aside at thy will.”

In all the days of his life, David had never flamed out as he did now. Passionate as his words were, however, his

manner was strangely quiet, but his white and glistening face and his burning eyes showed how deep was his anger.

As he spoke, Kaïd sank upon the divan. Never had he been challenged so. With his own people he had ever been used to cringing and abasement, and he had played the tyrant, and struck hard and cruelly, and he had been feared; but here, behind David's courteous attitude, there was a scathing arraignment of his conduct which took no count of consequence. In other circumstances his vanity would have shrunk under this whip of words, but his native reason and his quick humor would have justified David. In this black distemper possessing him, however, only outraged egotism prevailed. His hands clenched and unclenched, his lips were drawn back on his teeth in rage.

When David had finished, Kaïd suddenly got to his feet and took a step forward with a malediction, but a faintness seized him and he staggered back. When he raised his head again David was gone.

## CHAPTER XXX

### LACEY MOVES

IF there was one glistening bead of sweat on the bald pate of Lacey of Chicago there were a thousand; and the smile on his face was not less shining and unlimited. He burst into the rooms of the Palace where David had residence, calling, "*Oyez! Oyez! Pasha! Oh, Pasha of the Thousand Tails! Oyez! Oyez!*"

Getting no answer, he began to perform a dance round the room, which in modern days is known as the negro cakewalk. It was not dignified, but it would have been less dignified still performed by any other living man of forty-five, with a bald head and a waistband ten inches too large. Round the room three times he went, and then he dropped on a divan. He gasped, and mopped his face and forehead, leaving a little island of moisture on the top of his head untouched. After a moment, he gained breath and settled down a little.

"Are you coming to my party, O effendi?

There'll be high jinks, there'll be welcome, there'll be room;

For to-morrow we are pulling stakes for Shendy.

Are you coming to my party, O Nahoum?

"Say, I guess that's pretty good on the spur of the moment," he wheezed, and taking his inseparable note-book from his pocket, wrote the impromptu down. "I guess she'll like that—it rings spontaneous. She'll be tickled, tickled to death, when she knows what's behind it." He repeated it with gusto. "She'll dote on it," he added—the person to whom he referred being the sister of the American Consul, the little widow, "cute as she can be," of whom he had written to Hylda in the letter which had brought a crisis in her life. As he returned the note-book back to his pocket a door opened and Mohammed Hassan slid forward into the room, and stood still, impassive and gloomy, as he met the gay look of the other. Lacey beckoned him dramatically, and said grotesquely:

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so—"

A sort of scornful patience was in Mohammed's look, but he came nearer and waited.

"Squat on the ground, and smile a smile of mirth, Mohammed," Lacey said, riotously. "'For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be Queen o' the May!'"

Mohammed's face grew resentful. "O effendi, shall the camel-driver laugh when the camels are lost in the khamsin, and the water-bottle is empty?"

"Certainly not, O son of the spreading palm; but this is not a desert, nor a gaudy caravan. This is a feast of all angels. This is the day when Nahoum the Nefarious is to be buckled up like a belt, and ridden in the ring. Where is the Pasha, the only Pasha? Quick!"

"He is gone, effendi! Like a mist on the face of the running water, so was his face; like eyes that did not see, so was his look. 'Peace be to thee, Mohammed, thou art faithful as Zaida,' he said, and he mounted and rode into the desert. I ran after till he was come to the edge of the desert, but he sent me back, saying that I must wait for thee; and this word I was to say, that Prince Kaïd had turned his face darkly from him, and that the finger of Sharif—"

"That fanatical old quack—Harrik's friend!"

"—And the finger of Sharif was on his

pulse. But the end of all was in the hands of God."

"Oh yes, exactly, the finger of Sharif on his pulse! The old story—the return to the mother's milk, throwing back to all the Pharaohs. Well, what then?" he added, cheerfully, his smile breaking out again. "Where has he gone, our Pasha?"

"To Ebn Ezra Bey at the Coptic Monastery by the Etl Tree, where your prophet Christ slept when a child."

Lacey hummed to himself meditatively, smiling the while. "A sort of last powwow—Rome before the fall. Everything wrong, eh! Kaïd turned fanatic, Nahoum on the tiles watching for David Pasha to fall, things trembling for want of hard cash. That's it, isn't it, Mohammed?"

Mohammed nodded, but his look was now alert, and less sombre. He had caught at something vital and confident in Lacey's tone. He drew nearer, and listened closely.

"Well, now, my gentle gazelle, listen unto me," continued Lacey. He suddenly leaned forward, and spoke in subdued but rapid tones. "Now, Mohammed, once upon a time there was an American man, with a shock of red hair, and a nature like a spring-lock. He went down to Mexico, with a million or two of his own money got honestly by an undisputed will from an undisputed father—you don't understand that, but it doesn't matter—and with a few millions of other people's money, for to gamble in mines and railways and banks and steamship companies—all to do with Mexico what the Saadat has tried to do in Egypt with less money; but not for the love of Allah, same as him. This American was going to conquer like Cortez, but his name was Thomas Tilman Lacey, and he had a lot of gall. After years of earnest effort, he lost his hair and the millions of the Infatuated Conquistadores. And by and by he came to Cairo with a thimbleful of income, and began to live again. There was a war going on in his own country, but he thought that one out of forty millions would not be strictly missed. So he stayed in Egypt; and the tale of his days in Egypt, is it not written with a neboot of dom-wood in the book of Mohammed Hassan the scribe?"

He paused and beamed upon the watchful Hassan, who, if he did not understand all that had been said, was in no difficulty as to the drift and meaning of the story.

"Yes, effendi," he said impatiently. "It is a long ride to the Etl Tree, and the day is far spent!"

"*Inshallah!* You shall hear, my turtle-dove. One day there came to Cairo, in great haste, a man from Mexico, looking for the foolish one called T. T. Lacey, bearing glad news. And the man from Mexico blew his trumpet, and straightway T. T. Lacey fell down dismayed, for the trumpet said that a million which had been lost in Mexico was returned, with a small flock of other millions; for a mine, in which it was sunk, had burst forth with a stony stream of silver. And behold! Thomas Tilman Lacey, the despised waster of his patrimony and of other people's treasure, is now, O son of the fig-flower, richer than Kaïd Pasha and all his eunuchs!"

Suddenly Mohammed Hassan leaned forward, then backward, and, after the fashion of desert folk, gave a shrill, sweet ululation that seemed to fill the Palace.

"Say, that's A1," Lacey said, when Mohammed's voice sank to a whisper of wild harmony. "Yes, you can lick my boots, my noble sheikh of Manfaloot," he added, as Mohammed Hassan caught his feet and bent his head upon them. "I wanted to do something like that myself. Kiss 'em, honey; it'll do you good."

After a moment, Mohammed drew back and squatted before him in an attitude of peace and satisfaction. "The Saadat—you will help him? You will give him money?"

"Let's put it in this way, Mohammed; I'll invest it in the cotton-mills that have burned down, and I'll invest it in an expedition out of which I expect to get something worth while—concessions for mines and railways, et cetera." He winked a round, blue eye. "Business is business, and the way to get at the Saadat is to talk business; but you can make up your mind that—

To-morrow we are pulling stakes for Shendy."

"By the Prophet Abraham, but the news is great news," said Mohammed, with a grin. "But the Effendina?"

"Well, I'll try and square the Effendina," said Lacey. "Perhaps the days of backsheesh aren't done in Egypt, after all."

"And Nahoum Pasha, effendi?" asked Mohammed, with a sinister look.

"Well, we'll try and square him, too, but in another way!"

"The money, it is in Egypt?" queried Mohammed, whose idea was that money to be real must be seen.

"Something that's as handy and as marketable," answered Lacey. "I can raise half a million to-morrow; and that will do a lot of what we want. . . . How long will it take to ride to the Monastery?"

Mohammed told him.

Lacey was about to leave the room, when he heard a voice outside. "Nahoum," he said, and sat down again on the divan. "He has come to see the Saadat, I suppose; but it 'll do him good to see me, perhaps. Open the sluices, Mohammed."

Yes, Nahoum would be glad to see Lacey effendi, since Claridge Pasha was not in Cairo. It was business in which the effendi might be useful. When would Claridge Pasha return? If, then, the effendi expected to see his Excellency before his return to Cairo, perhaps he would convey a message. He could not urge his presence on his Excellency, since he had not been honored with any communication or instructions since yesterday.

"Well, that's good-mannered, anyhow, Pasha," said Lacey, with cheerful nonchalance. "People don't always know when they're wanted or not wanted."

Nahoum looked at him closely and guardedly. Lacey had an air of serenity not in keeping with the present position, when David's star was declining.

Nahoum sighed and sat down. "Things have grown worse since yesterday," he said. "Prince Kaïd took the news badly." He shook his head. "He has not the gift of perfect friendship. That is a Christian characteristic; the Moslem does not possess it. It was too strong to last, maybe—my poor beloved friend, his Excellency."

"Oh, I bet it will last all right," rejoined Lacey, coolly. "Prince Kaïd has got

a touch of jaundice, I guess. He knows a thing when he finds it, even if he hasn't the gift of 'perfect friendship,' same as Christians like you and me. But even you and me don't push our perfections too far—I haven't noticed your going out of your way to do things for your 'poor beloved friend, his Excellency'!"

"I have given him time, energy, experience—money."

Lacey nodded. "True—and I've often wondered why, when I've seen the things you didn't give, and the things you took away."

Nahoum's eyes half closed. Lacey was getting to close quarters with his suspicions and allusions; but it was not his cue to resent them yet.

"I had come now to offer him help; to advance him enough to carry through his expedition."

"Well, that sounds generous, but I guess he would get on without it, Pasha. He would not want to be under any more obligations to you."

"He is without money. He must be helped."

"Just so."

"He cannot go to the treasury, and Prince Kaïd has refused. Why should he decline help from his friend and fellow worker?"

Suddenly Lacey changed his tactics. He had caught a look in Nahoum's eyes which gave him a new thought.

"Well, if you've any proposition, Pasha, I'll take it to him; I'll be seeing him to-night."

"I can give him fifty thousand pounds."

"It isn't enough to save the situation, Pasha."

"It will help him over the first zareba."

"Are there any conditions?"

"There are no conditions, effendi."

"And interest?"

"There would be no interest in money."

"Other considerations?"

"Yes, other considerations, effendi."

"If they were granted, would there be enough still in the stocking to help him over a second zareba—or a third, perhaps?"

"That would be possible, even likely, I think. Of course we speak in confidence, effendi."

"The confidence of the 'perfect friendship.'"



"There may be difficulty, because his Excellency is sensitive; but it is the only way to help him. I can get the money from but one source; and to get it involves an agreement."

"You think his Excellency would not just jump at it—that it might hurt some of his prejudices, eh?"

"So, effendi."

"And me—where am I in it, Pasha?"

"Thou hast great influence with the Saadat."

"I am his servant—I don't meddle with his prejudices, Pasha."

"But if it were for his own good, to save his work here."

Lacey yawned almost ostentatiously. "I guess if he can't save it himself, it can't be saved—not even when you reach out the hand of perfect friendship! You've been reaching out a long time, Pasha, and it didn't save the steamer or the cotton-mills; and it didn't save us when we were down by Sobat a while ago, and you sent Halim Bey down to teach us to be patient. We got out of that nasty corner by sleight of hand, but not your sleight of hand, Pasha. Your hand is a quick hand, but a sharp eye can see the trick, and then it's no good, not worth a button!"

There was something savage behind Nahoum's eyes, but they did not show it; they blinked with earnest kindness and interest. The time would come when Lacey would go as his master should go, and the occasion was not far off now; but it must not be forced. Besides, was this fat, amorous-looking factotum of Claridge Pasha's as Spartan-minded as his master? Would he be superior to the lure of gold? He would see. He spoke seriously, with apparent solicitude.

"Thou dost not understand, effendi. Claridge Pasha must have money. Prestige is everything in Egypt—it is everything to Kaïd. If Claridge Pasha rides on as though nothing has happened—and money is the only horse that can carry him—Kaïd will not interfere, and his black mood may pass; but any halting now, and the game is done, effendi."

"And you want the game to go on right bad, don't you, Pasha! Well, I guess you're right. Money is the only winner in this race. He's got to have money, sure. How much can you raise?"

Oh yes, you told me. Well, I don't think it's enough; he's got to have three times that; and if he can't get it from the government, or from Kaïd, it's a bad lookout. What's the bargain you have in your mind?"

"That the slave-trade continue, effendi."

Lacey did not wink, but he had a shock of surprise. On the instant he saw the trap—for Claridge Pasha and for himself.

"He would not do it—not for money, Pasha."

"He would not be doing it for money. The time is not ripe for it; it is too dangerous. There is a time for all things. If he will but wait."

"I wouldn't like to be the man that 'd name the thing to him. As you say, he's got his prejudices. They're stronger than in most men."

"It need not be named to him. Thou canst accept the money for him, and when thou art in the Soudan, and he is going to do it, thou canst prevent it."

"Tell him that I've taken the money and that he's used it, and he oughtn't to go back on the bargain I made for him? So that he'll be bound by what I did?"

"It is the best way, effendi."

"He'd be annoyed," said Lacey, with a patient sigh.

"Ah, he has a great soul; but sometimes he forgets that expediency is the true policy."

"Yet he's done a lot of things without it. He's never failed in what he set out to do. What he's done has been kicked over, but he's done it all right, somehow, at last."

"He will not be able to do this, effendi, except with my help—and thine."

"He's had quite a lot of things almost finished, too," said Lacey, reflectively, "and then a hand reached out in the dark and cut the wires—cut them when he was sleeping, and he didn't know; cut them when he was waking, and he wouldn't understand; cut them under his own eyes, and he wouldn't see; because the hand that cut them was the hand of the 'perfect friend'!"

He got slowly to his feet, as a cloud of color drew over Nahoum's face, and his eyes darkened with astonishment and anger. Lacey put his hands in his

pockets and waited till Nahoum also rose to his feet. Then he gathered Nahoum's eyes to his, and said with drawling scorn:

"So you thought I didn't understand! You thought I'd got a brain like a peanut, and wouldn't drop onto your game or the trap you've set! You'd advance money—got from the slave-dealers to prevent the slave-trade being stopped. If Claridge Pasha took it and used it, he could never stop the slave-trade. If I took it and used it for him on the same terms, he couldn't stop the slave-trade. If either of us did it, he'd be discredited forever—though he might know no more about the bargain than a babe unborn. And if I took it and didn't tell him, or he didn't stand by the bargain I made and did prohibit slave-dealing, nothing 'd stop the tribes till they marched into Cairo. He's been safe so far because they believed in him, and because he'd rather die a million deaths than go crooked. Say, I've been among the Dagos before—down in Mexico—and I'm on to you. I've been on to you for a good while; though there was nothing I could spot certain; but now I've got you, and I'll break the 'perfect friendship' or I'll eat my shirt! I'll—"

He paused, realizing the crisis in which David was moving, and that perils were thick around their footsteps. But even as he thought of them, he remembered David's own frank, fearless audacity in danger and difficulty, and he threw discretion to the winds. He flung his flag wide, and believed with a belief as daring as David's that all would be well.

"Well, what wilt thou do?" asked Nahoum, with a cool and deadly menace. "Thou wilt need to do it quick, because, if it is a challenge, within forty-eight hours Claridge Pasha and thyself will be gone from Egypt—or I shall be in the Nile!"

"I'll take my chances, Pasha," answered Lacey, with equal coolness. "You think you'll win. It's not the first time I've had to tackle men like you—they've got the breed in Mexico. They beat me there, but I learned the game, and I've learned a lot from you, too. I never knew what your game is here. I only know that Claridge Pasha saved your life, and got you started again with Kaïd.

I only know that you called yourself a Christian, and worked on him till he believed in you, and Hell might crackle round you, but he'd believe till he saw your contract signed with the Devil—and then he'd think the signature forged. But he's got to know now. We are not going out of Egypt, though you may be going to the Nile; but we are going to the Soudan, and with Kaïd's blessing, too. You've put up the bluff, and I take it. Be sure you've got Kaïd solid, for, if you haven't, he'll be glad to know where you keep the money you got from the slave-dealers!"

Nahoum shrugged his shoulders. "Who has seen the money? Where is the proof? Kaïd would know my reasons. It is not the first time virtue has been tested in Egypt, or the first time that it has fallen."

In spite of himself Lacey laughed. "Say, that's worthy of a great Christian intellect. You are a bright particular star, Pasha. I take it back. They'd learn a lot from you in Mexico. But the only trouble with lying is, that the demand becomes so great you can't keep all the cards in your head, and then the one you forget does you. The man that isn't lying has the pull in the long run. You are out against us, Pasha, and we'll see how we stand in forty-eight hours. You have some cards up your sleeve, I suppose; but—well, I'm taking you on. I'm taking you on with a lot of joy, and some sorrow, too, for we might have pulled off a big thing together, you and Claridge Pasha, with me to hold the stirrups. Now it's got to be war. You've made it so. It's a pity, for when we grip it 'll be a heavy fall."

"For a poor man thou hast a proud stomach, effendi."

"Well, I'll admit the stomach, Pasha. It's proud; and it's strong, too; it's stood a lot in Egypt; it's standing a lot to-day."

"We will ease the strain, perhaps," said Nahoum. Then he made a perfunctory salutation and walked briskly from the room.

Mohammed Hassan crept in, a malicious grin on his face. Danger and conflict were as meat and drink to him.

"Effendi, God hath given thee a wasp's sting to thy tongue. It is well. He hath Mizraim; the Saadat hath thee and me."

"There's the Effendina," said Lacey, reflectively.

"Thou saidst thou wouldst 'square' him, effendi."

"I say a lot," answered Lacey, rather ruefully. "Come, Mohammed, the Saadat first, and the sooner the better."

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE STRUGGLE IN THE DESERT

*"And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations."*

ON the clear, still evening air the words rang out over the desert, sonorous, imposingly peaceful. As the notes of the verse died away the answer came from other voices in deep, appealing antiphonal:

*"He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."*

Beyond the limits of the Monastery there was not a sign of life; neither beast nor bird, nor blade of grass, nor any green thing; only the perfect immemorial blue, in the East a vast misty moon, striving in vain to offer light which the earth as yet rejected for the brooding radiance of the descending sun. But at the great door of the Monastery there grew a stately palm, and near by an ancient acacia-tree; and beyond the stone chapel a garden of struggling shrubs and green things, with one rose-tree which, despite neglect, scattered its pink leaves from year to year upon the loam, since no man gathered bud or blossom.

The triumphant call of the *Magnificat*, however beautiful, seemed strangely out of place in this lonely island in a sea of sand. It was the song of a bannered army, marching over the battle-field with conquering voices, and swords as yet unsheathed and red, carrying the spoils of conquest behind the laurelled captain of the host. The crumbling and ancient walls were surrounded by a moat which a stranger's foot crossed hardly from moon to moon, which the desert wayfarer sought rarely, since it was out of the track of caravans, and because alms there were none, and food was scant in the refectory of this Coptic brotherhood. It was scarce five hours' ride from the

Palace of the Prince Pasha; but it might have been a thousand miles away, so profoundly separate was it from the world of vital things and deeds of men. As the chant rang out, confident, majestic, and serene, carried by voices of power and shrill sweetness which only the desert and the East can produce, it might have seemed to any watcher of this scene and listener to this pæan that this Monastery was all that remained of some ancient kingdom of brimming active cities, now lying beneath the obliterating sand, itself the monument and memorial of a breath of mercy of the Destroyer, the last refuge of the few surviving faithful captains of a departed greatness. Hidden by the gray, massive walls, built as it were to resist the onset of a ravaging foe, the swelling voices might well have been those of some ancient order of valiant knights, of crusaders whose banners hung above them, the *réclame* of their deeds. But they were voices and voices only; for they who sang were as unkempt and forceless and unresisting as the lonely walls which shut them in from the vital, insistent soul of the desert.

Desolation? The desert was not desolate. Its face was bare and burning, it slaked no man's thirst, gave no man food, save where scattered oases were like the breasts of a vast mother eluding the aching lips of her parched children. But the soul of the desert was living and inspiring, beating with vitality. It was life that burned like flame, if the water-skin was dry and the date-bag empty it smothered and destroyed; but it was life; and to those who ventured into its embrace, obeying the conditions of the sharp adventure, it gave what neither sea, nor immeasurable green plain, nor high mountain, nor verdant valley could give—a consuming sense of power that found its way to the innermost recesses of being. Out upon the vast sea of sand, where the descending sun was spreading a note of incandescent color, there floated the grateful words:

*"He remembering His servant hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham, and his seed forever."*

Then the antiphonal ceased; and together the voices of all within the place swelled out in the *Gloria* and the *Amen*,

and seemed to pass away in ever-receding vibrations upon the desert, till it was lost in the comforting sunset.

As the last note died away, a voice from beneath the palm-tree near the door, deeper than any that had come from within, said, reverently, "*Ameen—Ameen!*"

He who spoke was a man well over sixty years, with a gray beard, lofty benign forehead, and the eyes of a scholar and a dreamer. As he uttered the words of spiritual assent, alike to the Moslem and the Christian religion, he rose to his feet, showing the figure of a man of action, alert, well knit, authoritative. Presently he turned towards the East and stretched a robe upon the ground, and with stately beauty of gesture he spread out his hands, standing for a moment in the attitude of aspiration. Then, kneeling, he touched his turbaned head to the ground three times, and as the sun drew down behind the sharp, bright line of sand that marked the horizon, he prayed devoutly and long. It was Ebn Ezra Bey.

Moslem though he was, he had visited this monastery many times, to study the ancient Christian books which lay in disordered heaps in an ill-kept chamber, books which predated the Hegira, and were as near to the life of the Early Church of Christ as the Scriptures themselves—or were so reputed. Student and pious Moslem as he was, renowned at El Azhar and at every Moslem university in the Eastern world, he swore by the name of Christ as by that of Abraham, Isaac, and all the prophets, though to him Mahomet was the last expression of Heaven's will to mankind. At first received at the Monastery with unconcealed aversion, and not without danger to himself, he had at last won to him the fanatical monks, who in spirit kept this ancient foundation as rigid to their faith as though it were in medieval times. And though their discipline was lax, and their daily duties orderless, this was Oriental rather than degenerate. Here Ebn Ezra had stayed for days at a time in the past, not without some religious scandal, long since forgotten.

His prayers ended, he rose up slowly, once more spread out his hands in ascription, and was about to enter the Monastery, when, glancing towards the

west, he saw a horseman approaching. An instinct told Ebn Ezra who it was before he could clearly distinguish the figure, and his face lighted with a gentle and expectant smile. Then his look changed.

"He is in trouble," he said. "As it was with his uncle in Damascus, so will it be with him. *Malaish*, we are in the hands of God!"

The hand that David laid in Ebn Ezra's was hot and nervous, the eyes that drank in the friendship of the face which had seen two Claridges emptying out their lives in the East were burning and famished by long fasting of the spirit, forced abstinence from the pleasures of success and fruition—haunting, desiring eyes, where flamed a spirit which consumed the body and the indomitable mind. The lips, however, had their old trick of smiling, though the smile which greeted Ebn Ezra Bey had a melancholy which touched the desert-worn, life-spent old Arab as he had not been touched since a smile, just like this, flashed up at him from the weather-stained, dying face of quaint Benn Claridge in a street of Damascus. The natural duplicity of the Oriental had been abashed and inactive before the simple and astounding honesty of these two Quaker folk.

He saw crisis written on every feature of the face before him. Yet the scanty meal they ate with the monks in the ancient room was enlivened by the eager yet quiet questioning of David, to whom the monks responded with more spirit than had been often seen in this arid retreat. The single torch that spluttered from the wall as they drank their coffee lighted up faces as strange, withdrawn, and unconsciously secretive as ever gathered to greet a guest. Dim tales had reached them of this Christian reformer and administrator, scraps of legend from stray camel-drivers, a letter from the Patriarch commanding them to pray blessings on his labors—who could tell what advantage might not come to the Coptic Church through him, a Christian! In any case, prayer for him was putting them on the safe side, would entitle them to some share in his success, if it came. On the dull, torpid faces, light seemed struggling to live for a moment, as

David talked. It was as though something in their meagre lives which belonged to undeveloped feelings was fighting for existence and vitality—a light struggling to break through murky veils of inexperience.

Later, in the still night, however—still, though air vibrated everywhere, as though the desert breathed an ether which was to fill men's veins with that which quieted the fret and fever of life's disillusionings and forgeries and failures—David's speech with Ebn Ezra Bey had none of that human interrogation and searching explanation which was characteristic of him. If, as it seems ever in the desert, an invisible host of beings, once mortal, now immortal but suspensive and understanding, listened to the tale he unfolded, some glow of pity must have possessed them; for it was an Iliad of herculean struggle against absolute disaster and apprehension as to the future, *Cedipus* overcome by events too strong for soul to bear. And yet, as the stars wheeled on, and the moon stole to the zenith, majestic and slow, Ebn Ezra offered to his troubled friend only the philosophy of the predestinarian, mingled with the calm of the stoic. But something antagonistic to his own dejection, to the Moslem's fatalism, emerged from his own altruism, to nerve him to hope and effort still. His unconquerable optimism rose determinedly to the surface, even as he summed up and related the forces working against him.

"They have all come at once," he said; "all the activities opposing me, just as though they had all been started long ago at different points, with a fixed course to run, and to meet and give me a fall in the hour when I could least resist. You call it Fate. I call it what it proves itself to be. But here it is a hub of danger and trouble, and the spokes of disaster are flying to it from all over the compass, to make the wheel that will grind me; and all the old troop of Palace intriguers and despoilers are waiting to heat the tire and fasten it on. Kaïd has involved himself in loans which press, in foolish experiments in industry without due care; and now from ill health and bad temper comes a reaction towards the old sinister rule when the

Prince shuts his eyes and his agents ruin and destroy. Three nations who have intrigued against my work see their chance, and are at Kaïd's elbow. The fate of the Soudan is in the balance. It is all the shake of a feather which way it goes. I can save it if I go; but, just as I am ready, my mills burn down, my treasury dries up, Kaïd turns his back on me, and I see the toil of years swept away in a night. Thee sees it is terrible, friend?"

Ebn Ezra looked at him seriously and sadly for a moment, and then said: "Is it given one man to do all? If many men had done these things, then there had been one blow for each. Now all falls on thee, Saadat. Is it the will of God that one man should fling the lance, fire the cannon, dig the trenches, gather food for the army, drive the horses on to battle, and bury the dead? Canst thou do all?"

David's eyes brightened to the challenge. "There was the work to do, and there were not the many to do it. My hand was ready; the call came; I answered. I plunged into the river of work alone."

"Thou didst not know the strength of the currents, the eddies and the whirlpools, the hidden rocks—and the shore is far off, Saadat."

"It is not so far that if I could but get breath to gather strength I should reach the land in time. Money—ah, but enough for this expedition! That over, order, quiet yonder, my own chosen men as governors, and I could"—he pointed towards the southern horizon—"and I could plant my foot in Cairo, and from the centre control the great machinery—with Kaïd's help; and God's help. A quarter of a million, and Kaïd's hand behind me, and the boat would lunge free of the sand-banks and churn on, and churn on! . . . Friend," he added, with the winning insistence that few found it possible to resist, "if all be well, and we go thither, wilt thou become the governor-general yonder? With thee to rule justly where there is most need of justice, the end would be sure—if it be the will of God."

Ebn Ezra Bey sat for a moment looking into the worn, eager face, indistinct in the moonlight, then answered slowly: "I am seventy, and the years smite hard as they pass, and there or here, it little



matters when I go, as I must go; and whether it be to bend the lance or bear the flag before thee, or rule a Mudiriah, what does it matter! I will go with thee," he added, hastily; "but it is better thou shouldst not go. Within the last three days I have word from the south. All that thou hast done there is in danger now. There is unrest and a vexed spirit abroad. The word for revolt has passed from tribe to tribe. A tongue hath spoken, and a hand has signalled"—his voice lowered—"and I think I know the tongue and the hand!" He paused; then, as David did not speak, continued: "Thou, who art wise in most things, dost decline to seek for thy foe in him who eateth from the same dish with thee. Only when it is too late thou wilt defend thyself and all who keep faith with thee."

David's forehead clouded. "Nahoum, thou dost mean Nahoum! But thou dost not understand—and there is no proof."

"As a camel knows the coming storm while yet the sky is clear, by that which the eye does not see, so do I feel Nahoum. The evils thou hast suffered, Saadat, are from his hand, if from any hand in Egypt—" Suddenly he leaned over and touched David's arm. "Saadat, it is of no avail. There is none in Egypt that desires good; thy task is too great. All men will deceive thee; if not now, yet in time. If Kaïd favors thee once more, and if it is made possible for thee to go to the Soudan, yet I pray thee to stay here. Better be smitten here, where thou canst get help from thine own country, if need be, than yonder, where they but wait to spoil thy work and kill thee. Thou art young; wilt thou throw thy life away? Art thou not needed here as there? For me, it is nothing whether it be now or in a few benumbing years; but for thee—is there no one whom thou lovest so well that thou wouldst not shelter thy life to spare that life sorrow? Is there none that thou lovest so, and that loves thee to mortal sorrow, if thou goest without care to thy end too soon?"

As a warm wind suddenly sweeps across the cool air of a summer evening for an instant, suffocating and unnerving, so Ebn Ezra's last words swept across

David's spirit. His breath came quicker, his eyes half closed. "*Is there none that thou lovest so, and that loves thee to mortal sorrow, if—*"

As a hand secretly and swiftly slips the lever that opens the sluice-gates of a dyke, while the watchman turns away for a moment to look at the fields which the waters enrich and the homes of poor folk whom the gates defend, so, in a moment, when off his guard, worn with watching and fending, as it were, Ebn Ezra had sprung the lever, and a flood of feeling swept over David, drowned him in its impulse and pent-up force.

"*Is there none that thou lovest so—*"

Of what use had been all his struggle and his pain since that last day in Hamley—his dark fighting days in the desert with Lacey and Mohammed Hassan, and his handful of faithful followers, hemmed in by dangers, the sands swarming with Arabs who feathered now to his safety, now to his doom, and his heart had hungered for what it was denied, while he had denied it with a will that would not be conquered. Wasted by toil and fever and the tension of danger and the care of others dependent on him, he had also fought a foe which was ever at his elbow, ever whispered its comfort and seduction in his ear, the insidious and peace-giving, exalting opiate that had tided him over some black places, and then had sought for mastery of him when he was back again in the world of normal business and duty, where it appealed not as a medicine but as a perilous luxury. And fighting this foe, which had a voice so soothing, and words like the sound of murmuring waters, and a hand cool and comforting leading him into gardens of stillness and passive being, where he could no more hear the clangor and vexing noises of a world that angered and agonized, there had been the lure of another passion of the heart, which was perilously dear to contemplate at too short a range. Eyes that were beautiful, and their beauty was not for him; a spirit that was bright and glowing, but the brightness and the glow might not renew his days; a mind that rose to meet the inspiring air that blew from the sky which curved above the ideals of those who weave the enchanted carpet of the world's good,

and he must not seek to wing his way with it above the mists of low desires and sordid aims. Ah, if he might but feel the stir and striving of another heart beside his in the upward flight! It was hard to fight alone. Alone he was, for only to *one* may the inner doors, the doors within doors, be opened—only to one so dear that all else is everlastingly distant may the true tale of the life beneath life be told. And it was not for him—nothing of this; not even the thought of it; for to think of it was to desire it, and to desire it was to reach out towards it; and to reach out towards it was the end of all. There had been moments of abandonment to the alluring dream, such as when he wrote the verses which Lacey had sent to Hylda from the desert; but they were few. Oft-repeated, they would have filled him with an agitated melancholy impossible to be borne in the life which must be his.

So it had been. The deeper into life and its labors and experiences he had gone, the greater had been his temptations, born of two passions, one of the body and its craving, the other of the heart and its desires: and he had fought on—towards the morning.

*"Is there none that thou lovest so, and that loves thee to mortal sorrow, if thou goest without care to thy end too soon?"* The desert, the dark monastery, the acacia-tree, the ancient palm, the ruinous garden, disappeared. He only saw a face which smiled at him, as it had done by the brazier in the garden at Cairo that night when she and Nahoum and himself and Mizraim had met in the room of his house by the Ezbekieh gardens, and she had gone out to her old life in England, and he had taken up the burden of the East—that long six years ago. His head dropped in his hands, and all that was beneath the Quaker life he had led so many years, packed under the crust of form and habit, and regulated thought, and controlled emotion, broke forth now, and had its way with him.

From the first question, the eye of his soul blinded with tears, he turned away staggering and self-reproachful, only to face the other—*"And that loves thee to mortal sorrow, if thou goest without care to thy end too soon."* It was a thought he had never let himself dwell on for an

instant in all the days since they had last met. He had driven it back to its covert, even before he could recognize its face. It was disloyal to her, an offence against all that she was, an affront to his manhood to let the thought have place in his mind even for one swift moment. She was Lord Eglington's wife—there could be no sharing of soul and mind and body and the exquisite devotion of a life too dear for thought. Nothing that she was to Eglington could be shared with another, not for an hour, not by one act of impulse, not through one gust of emotion; or else she must be less, she that might have been, if there had been no Eglington, if—

A sharp exclamation of pain broke from him, and as one crying out in one's sleep wakes himself, so the sharp cry of his misery woke him from the trance of memory that had been upon him, and he slowly became conscious of Ebn Ezra standing before him. Their eyes met, and Ebn Ezra spoke:

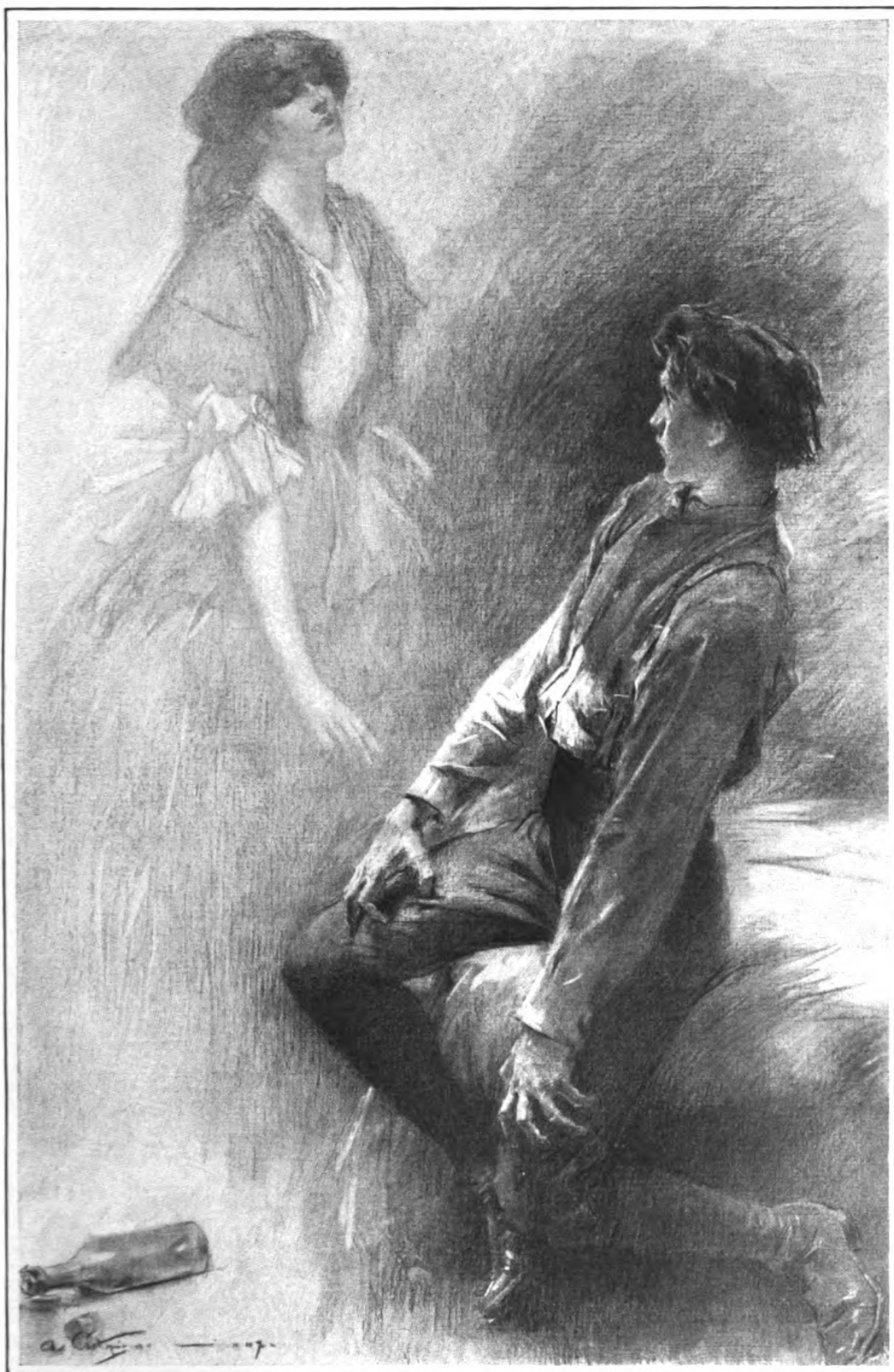
"The will of Allah be thy will, Saadat. If it be to go to the Soudan, I am thine; if it be to stay, I am thy servant and thy brother. But whether it be life or death, thou must sleep, for the young are like water without sleep. Thou canst not live in strength nor die with fortitude without it. For the old, *malaish*, old age is between a sleeping and a waking. Come, Saadat! Forget not, thou must ride again to Cairo at dawn."

David got slowly to his feet and turned towards the Monastery. The figure of a monk stood in the doorway with a torch to light him to his sleep.

He turned to Ebn Ezra again. "Does thee think that I have aught of his courage—my Uncle Benn? Thou knowest me—shall I face it out as did he?"

"Saadat," the old man answered, pointing, "yonder acacia—that was he, of goodly shade, quick to grow and short to live; but thou art as this date-palm, which giveth food to the hungry, and liveth through generations. Peace be upon thee," he added at the doorway, as the torch flickered towards the room where David was to lie.

"And upon thee, peace," answered David, gently, and followed the smoky light to an inner chamber.



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SUDDENLY HE HEARD A VOICE SAY, "SPEAK—SPEAK TO ME!"



The room in which David found himself was lofty and large, but was furnished with only a rough wooden bed, a rug and a brazier. Left alone, he sat down on the edge of the bed, and for a few moments his mind strayed almost vaguely from one object to another. From two windows far up in the wall the moonlight streamed in, making bars of light aslant the darkness. Not a sound broke the stillness. Yet to his sensitive nerves the air seemed tingling with sensation; stirring with unseen activities. Even more than in the air without, the spirit of the desert seemed here the more insistent in its piercing vitality because it was shut in by four stone walls. Mechanically he took off his coat, and was about to fold and lay it on the rug beside the bed, when something hard in one of the pockets knocked against his knee. Searching, he found and drew forth a small bottle which for many a month past had lain in the drawer of a table where he had placed it on his return from the Soudan. It was an evil spirit which sent this small phial to his hand at a moment when he had paid out of the full treasury of his strength and will its accumulated deposit, leaving him with a balance on which no heavy draft could be made. His pulse quickened, then his body stiffened with the effort at self-control. Who placed this evil elixir in his pocket? What any enemy of his work had done was nothing to what might be achieved by the secret foe who had placed this anodyne within his reach at this the most critical moment of his life. He remembered the last time he had used it—in the desert: two days of forgetfulness to the world, when it all moved by him, the swarming Arabs, the train of camels, the loads of ivory, and the mane-tossing Arab horses, the sluggish river, the slimy crocodile on the sand-banks, the vultures hovering above unburied carcasses, the kourbash descending on shining black shoulders, corrugating bare brown bodies into cloven skin and lacerated flesh, a fight between champions of two tribes who clashed and smote and struggled and rained blows, and, both mortally wounded, still writhed in last conflict upon the ground—and Mohammed Hassan ever at the tent door or by his side,

towering, watchful, sullen to all faces without, smiling to his own, or with dog-like look waiting for any motion of his hand or any word. . . . Ah! Mohammed Hassan, it was he! Mohammed had put this phial in his pocket. His bitter secret was not hidden from Mohammed Hassan. And this was an act of supreme devotion—to put at his hand the lulling, inspiring draught. Did Mohammed Hassan know what it meant—the sin of it, the temptation, the terrible joy, the blessed quiet: and then, the agonizing remorse, the withering self-hatred and torturing penitence? No, Mohammed only knew that when the Saadat was gone beyond his strength, when the sleepless nights and feverish days came in the past, in their great troubles, when men were dying and only the Saadat could save, that this cordial lifted him out of misery and storm into calm. Yet Mohammed must have divined that it was a thing against which his soul revolted, or he would have given it to him openly. In the heart and mind of the giant murderer, however, must have been the thought that now when trouble was upon his master again, trouble which might end all, this supreme destroyer of pain and dark memory, and present misery, would give him the comfort he needed—and that he would take it!

If he had not seen it, this sudden craving would not have seized him, this eager beguiling, this soothing benevolence. Yet here it was in his hand; and even as it lay in his cold fingers—how cold they were, and his head how burning!—the desire for it surged up in him. And, as though the thing itself had the magical power to summon up his troubles, that it might offer the apathy and stimulus in one—even as it lured him, his dangers, his anxieties, the black uncertainties massed, multiplied and aggressive rose before him, buffeted him, caught at his throat, dragged down his shoulders, clutched at his heart.

Now, with a cry of agony, he threw the phial on the ground, and sinking on the bed, buried his face in his hands and moaned, and fought for freedom from the cords tightening round him. It was for him to realize now how deep are the depths to which the human soul can sink even while laboring to climb. Once more



the sense of awful futility was on him: of wasted toil and blenched force, veins of energy drained of their blood, hope smitten in the way, and every dear dream shattered. Was it, then, all ended? Was his work indeed fallen, and all his love undone? Was his own redemption made impossible? He had offered up his life to this land to atone for a life taken when she—when *she* first looked up with eyes of gratitude, eyes that haunted him! Was it, then, unacceptable? Was it that the "labor and the wounds were vain"? Was it so that he must turn his back upon this long, heart-breaking but beloved work, this panacea for his soul, without which he could not pay the price of blood?

Go back to England—to Hamley? Go to some other land, and there begin again another such a work? Were there not vast fields of human effort, effort such as his, where he could ease the sorrow of living by the joy of a divine altruism? Go back to Hamley? Ah, no, a million times, no! That life was dead; it was a cycle of years behind him. There could be no return. He was in a maelstrom of agony, his veins were afire, his lips were parched. He sprang from his bed, knelt down, and felt for the little phial he had flung aside. After a moment his hand caught it, clutched it. . . . But even at the crest of the wave of temptation words that he had heard one night in Hamley, that last night of all, flashed into his mind—the words of old Luke Claridge's prayer, "*And if a viper fasten on his hand, O Lord—*"

Suddenly he paused. That scene in the old meeting-house swam before his eyes, got into his brain. He remembered the words of his own prayer, and how he had then retreated upon the Power that gave him power, for a draught of the one true tincture which braced the heart to throw itself upon the spears of trial. And now the trial had come, and that which was in him as deep as being, the habit of youth, the mother-fibre and predisposition responded to the draught he had drunk then. As a body freed from the quivering, unrelenting grasp of an electric battery subsides into a cool quiet, so through his veins seemed to pass an ether which stilled the tumult, the dark desire to drink the potion in his hand and escape

into that irresponsible, artificial world, where he had before loosened his hold on life and activity.

The phial slipped from his fingers to the floor. He sank upon the side of the bed, and placing his hands on his knees, he whispered a few broken words that none on earth was meant to hear. Then he passed into a strange and moveless quiet, his mind passive and untroubled. Many a time in days gone by—far-off days—had he sat as he was doing now, feeling his mind pass into a soft, comforting quiet, absorbed in a sensation of existence, as it were between waking and sleeping, where doors opened to new experience and understanding, where the mind seemed to loose itself from the bonds of human necessity and find a freer air.

Now, as he sat as still as the stone in the walls around him, he was conscious of a vision forming itself before his eyes. At first it was indefinite, vague, without clear form, but at last it became a room dimly outlined, delicately veiled, as it were. Then it seemed, not that the mist cleared, but that his eyes became stronger, and saw through the delicate haze; and now the room became wholly visible. It was the room in which he had said good-bye to Hylda. As he gazed like one entranced, he saw a figure rise from a couch, pale, agitated, and beautiful, and come forward, as it were, towards him. But suddenly the mist closed in again upon the scene, a depth of darkness filled his eyes, but he heard a voice say, "*Speak—speak to me!*"

He rose slowly to his feet, and into the night he sent an answer to the call.

Would she hear? She had said in the past that she would speak to him so. Perhaps she had tried before. But now, indeed, at last he had heard and answered. Had she heard? Time might tell—if ever they met again. But how good and quiet and serene was the night now!

He composed himself to sleep, but as he lay waiting for that coverlet of forgetfulness to be drawn over him, he heard the sound of bells soft and clear. Just such bells he had heard upon the common at Hamley. Was it, then, the outcome of his vision, a sweet hallucination? He leaned upon his elbow and listened.

## CHAPTER XXXII

## FORTY STRIPES SAVE ONE

THE bells that rang were not the bells of Hamley; they were part of no vision or hallucination, and they drew David out of his chamber into the night. A little group of three stood sharply silhouetted against the moonlight, and towering above them was the spare, commanding form of Ebn Ezra Bey. Three camels crouched near, and beside them stood a Nubian lad singing to himself the song of the camel-driver:

"Fleet is thy foot: thou shalt rest by the  
etl tree;  
Water shalt thou drink from the blue-  
deep well;  
Allah send His gard'ner with the green  
bersim,  
For thy comfort, fleet one, by the etl tree.  
As the stars fly, have thy footsteps flown—  
Deep is the well, drink, and be still once  
more;  
Till the pursuing winds panting have  
found thee  
And, defeated, sink still beside thee—  
By the well and the etl tree."

For a moment David stood in the doorway listening to the low song of the camel-driver. Then he came forward. As he did so, one of the two who stood with Ebn Ezra moved towards the monastery door slowly. It was a monk with a face which, even in this dim light, showed a deathly weariness. The eyes looked straight before him, as though they saw nothing of the world, only a goal to make, an object to be accomplished. The look of the face went to David's heart—the kinship of pain was theirs.

"Peace be to thee," David said, gently, as the other passed him.

There was an instant's pause, and then the monk faced him with fingers uplifted. "The grace of God be upon thee, David," he said, and his eyes, drawn back from the world where they had been exploring, met the other's keenly. Then he wheeled and entered the monastery.

"The grace of God be upon thee, David!" How strange it sounded, this Christian blessing in response to his own Oriental greeting, out in this Eastern waste! His own name, too. It was as though he had been transported to the

ancient world where "Brethren" were so few that they called each other by their "Christian" names—even as they did in Hamley to-day! In Hamley to-day! He closed his eyes, a tremor running through his body; and then, with an effort which stilled him to peace again, he moved forward and was greeted by Ebn Ezra, from whom the third member of the little group had now drawn apart nearer to the acacia-tree, and was seated on a rock that jutted from the sand.

"What is it?" David asked.

"Wouldst thou not sleep, Saadat? Sleep is more to thee now than aught thou mayst hear from any man. To all thou art kind save thyself."

"I have rested," David answered, with a measured calmness, revealing to his friend the change which had come since they parted an hour before. They seated themselves under the palm-tree, and were silent for a moment, then Ebn Ezra said:

"These come from the Place of Lepers."

David started slightly. "Zaida?" he asked, with a sigh of pity.

"The monk who passed thee but now goes every year to the Place of Lepers with the caravan, for a brother of this order stays yonder with the afflicted, seeing no more the faces of this world which he has left behind. Afar off from each other they stand—as far as eye can see—and after the manner of their faith they pray to Allah, and he who has just left us finds a paper fastened with a stone upon the sand at a certain place where he waits, and he touches it not, but reads it as it lies, and having read, heaps sand upon it. And the message which the paper gives is for me."

"For thee? Hast thou there one who—?"

"There was one, my father's son, though we were of different mothers; and in other days—so many years ago, he did great wrong to me, and not to me alone,"—the gray head bowed in sorrow—"but to one dearer to me than life. I hated him and would have slain him, but the mind of Allah is not the mind of man; and he escaped me. Then he was stricken with leprosy, and was carried to the place from whence no leper returns. At first my heart rejoiced; then, at last, I forgave him, Saadat—was he not my father's son, and was *she* not gone to the

bosom of Allah, where there is peace? So I forgave and sorrowed for him—who shall say what miseries are those which, minute to minute, day after day, and year upon year, repeat themselves, till it is an endless flaying of the body and burning of the soul! And every year I send a message to him, and every year now this Christian monk—there is no Sheikh el Islam yonder—brings back the message which he finds written in the sand.”

“Surely thee is a good man,” said David, in a low voice. “And thee has had a message to-night?”

“The last that may come—God be praised, he goeth to his long home! It was written in his last hour. There was no hope; he is gone. And so, one more reason showeth why I should go where thou goest, Saadat.”

He cast his eyes toward the figure by the acacia-tree, his face clouded, and he pondered anxiously, looking at David the while. Twice he essayed to speak, but paused.

David’s eyes followed his look. “What is it? Who is he—yonder?”

The other rose to his feet. “Come and see, Saadat,” he replied. “Seeing, thou wilt know what to do.”

“Zaida—is it of Zaida?” David asked.

“The man will answer for himself, Saadat.”

Coming within a few feet of the figure crouched upon the rock, Ebn Ezra paused and stretched out a hand. “A moment, Saadat. Dost thou not see, dost thou not recognize him?”

David intently studied the figure, which seemed unconscious of their presence. The shoulders were stooping and relaxed as though from great fatigue, but David could see that the figure was that of a tall man. The head was averted, but a rough beard covered the face, and in the light of the fire one hand that clutched it showed long and skinny and yellow and cruel. The hand fascinated David’s eyes. Where had he seen it? It flashed upon him—a hand clutching a robe in a frenzy of fear in the courtyard of the blue tiles, in Kaïd’s palace—Achmet the ropemaker! . . . He drew back a step.

“Achmet,” he said in a low voice. The figure stirred, the hand dropped from the beard and clutched the knee; but the head

was not raised, the body remained crouching and listless.

“He escaped?” David said, turning to Ebn Ezra Bey.

“I know not by what means—a camel-driver bribed, perhaps, and a camel left for him. After the caravan had travelled a day’s journey he joined it. None knew what to do. He was not a leper, and he was armed!”

“Leave him with me,” said David.

Ebn Ezra hesitated. “He is armed; he was thy foe—”

“I am armed also,” David answered, enigmatically, and indicated by a gesture that he wished to be left alone. Ebn Ezra drew away towards the palm-tree, and stood at this distance watching anxiously, for he knew what dark passions seize upon the Oriental—and Achmet the ropemaker had many things for which to take vengeance.

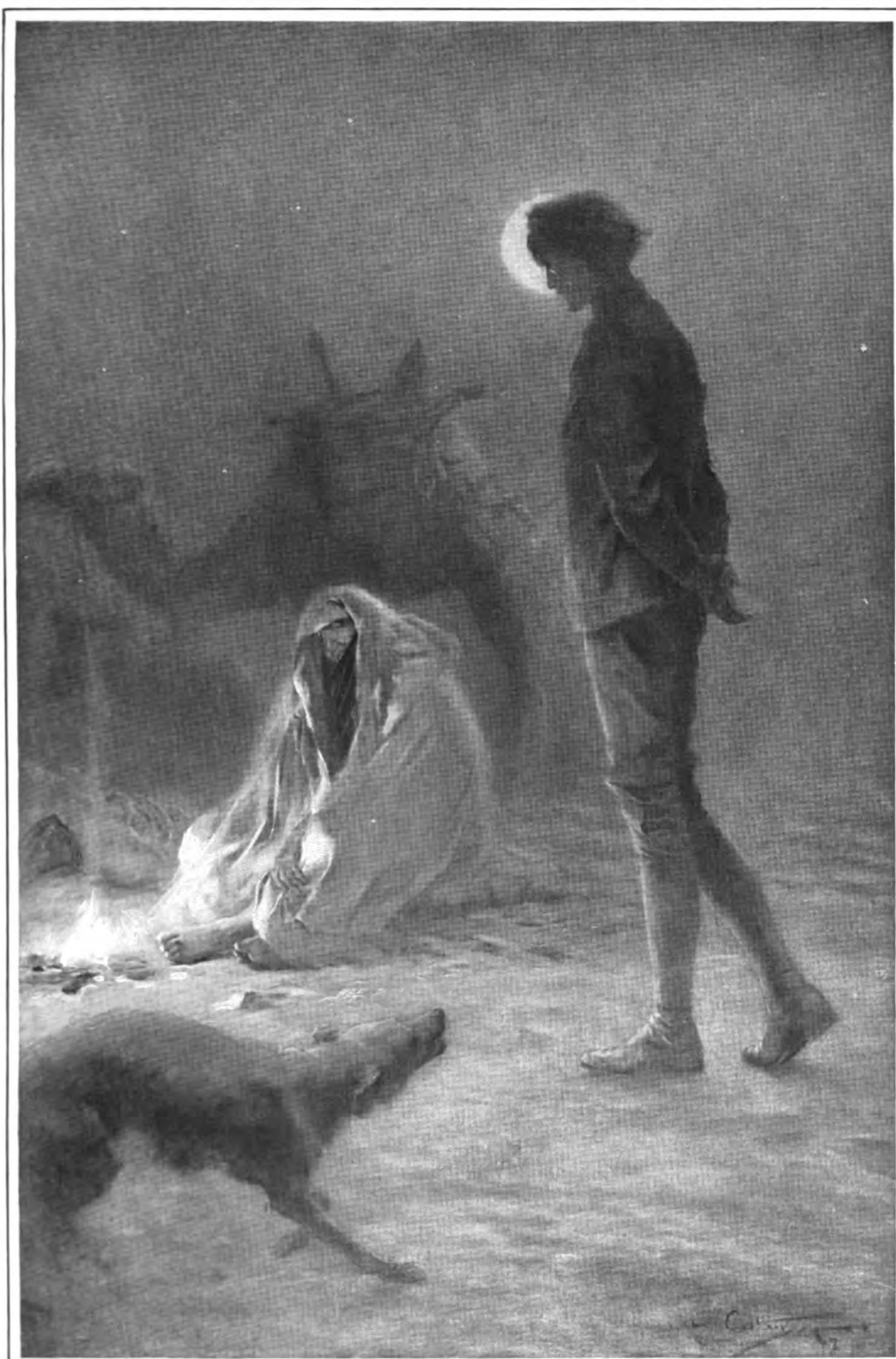
David stood for a moment, pondering, his eyes upon the deserter. “God greet thee as thou goest, and His goodness befriend thee,” he said evenly. There was silence, and no movement. “Rise and speak,” he said sternly. “Dost thou not hear? Rise, Achmet *Pasha*!”

Achmet *Pasha*! The head of the desolate wretch lifted, the eyes glared at David for an instant as though to see whether he was being mocked, and then the spare figure stretched itself and the outcast stood up. The old lank straightness was gone, the shoulders were bent, the head was thrust forward, as though the long habit of looking into dark places had bowed it out of all manhood.

“May grass spring under thy footstep, Saadat,” he said, in a thick voice, and salaamed awkwardly—he had been so long absent from life’s formularies.

“What dost thou here, *Pasha*?” asked David, formally. “Thy sentence had no limit.”

“I could not die there,” said the hollow voice, and the head sank farther forward. “Year after year I lived there, but I could not die among them. I was no leper; I am no leper. My penalty was my penalty, and I paid it to the full, piastre by piastre of my body and my mind. It was not one death, it was death every hour, every day I stayed. I had no brain. I could not think. Mummy-cloths were round my brain; but under-



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE EYES GLARED AT DAVID FOR AN INSTANT





neath the fire burned and would not die. There was the desert, but my limbs were like rushes. I had no will, and I could not flee. I was chained to the evil place. If I stayed it was death, if I went it was death."

"Thou art armed *now*," said David, suggestively.

Achmet laid a hand fiercely upon a dagger under his robe. "I hid it. I was afraid. I could not die—my hand was like a withered leaf; it could not strike; my heart poured out like water. Once I struck a leper, that he might strike and kill me; but he lay upon the ground and wept, for all his anger, which had been great, died in him at last. There was none other given to anger there. The leper has neither anger, nor mirth, nor violence, nor peace. It is all the black silent shame—and I was no leper."

"Why didst thou come—what is there but death for thee here, or anywhere thou goest! Kaïd's arm will find thee—a thousand hands wait to strike thee."

"I could not die there—Dost thou think that I repent?" he added with sudden fierceness. "Is it that would make me repent? Was I worse than thousands of others? I have come out to die—to fight and die. *Aiwa*, I have come to thee, whom I hated, because thou canst give me death as I desire it. My mother was an Arab slave from Senaar, and she was got by war, and all her people. War and fighting were their portion—as they ate, as they drank and slept. In the black years behind me among the Unclean, there was naught to fight—could one fight the dead, and the agony of death, and the poison of the agony! Life, it is done for me—am I not accursed? But to die fighting—ay, fighting for Egypt, since it must be, and fighting for thee, since it must be, to strike, and strike, and strike, and earn death! Must the dog, because he is a dog, die in the slime? Shall he not be driven from the village to die in the clean sand? . . . Saadat, who will see in me Achmet Pasha, who did with Egypt what he willed, and was swept away by the besom in thy hand? Is there in me aught of that Achmet that any should know?"

"None would know thee for that Achmet," answered David.

"I know, it matters not how—at last

a letter found me, and the way of escape—that thou goest again to the Soudan. There will be fighting there—"

"Not by my will," interrupted David.

"Then by the will of Sheitan the accursed; but there will be fighting—am I not an Arab, do I not know? Thou hast not conquered yet. Bid me go where thou wilt, do what thou wilt, so that I may be among the fighters, and in the battle forget what I have seen. Since I am unclean, and am denied the bosom of Allah, shall I not go as a warrior to Hell, where men will fear me? Speak, Saadat, canst thou deny me this?"

Nothing of repentance, so far as he knew, moved the dark soul; but, like some evil spirit, he would choose the way to his own doom, the place and the manner of it. A sullen, cruel, evil being, unyielding in his evil, unmoved by remorse—so far as he knew. Yet he would die fighting—and for Egypt—"and for thee, if it must be so. To strike, to strike, to strike, and earn death!" What he did not see, David saw—the glimmer of light that broke through the cloud of shame and evil and doom. Yonder in the Soudan more problems than one would be solved, more lives than one be put to the extreme test. He did not answer Achmet's question yet.

"Zaida—" he said in a low voice—the pathos of her doom had been a dark memory.

Achmet's voice dropped lower as he answered. "She lived till the day her sister died. I never saw her face; but I was set to bear each day to her door the food she ate and a balass of water; and I did according to my sentence. Yet I heard her voice. And once, at last, the day she died, she spoke to me, and said from inside the hut: 'Thy work is done, Achmet. Go in peace.' And that night she lay down on her sister's grave, her face turned upwards, and in the morning she was found dead upon it."

David's eyes were blinded with tears. "It was too long," he said at last, as though to himself.

"That day," continued Achmet, "there fell ill with leprosy the Christian priest from this place who had served in that black service so long; and then, a fire leapt up in me. Zaida was gone—I had brought food and a balass of water to

her door those many times; there was naught to do, since she was gone—"

Suddenly David took a step nearer to him and looked into the sullen and drooping eyes. "Thou shalt go with me, Achmet Pasha. I will do this unlawful act for thee. At daybreak I will give thee orders. Thou shalt join me far from here—if I go to the Soudan," he added, with a sudden remembrance of his position; and he turned away slowly.

After a moment, with muttered words, Achmet sank down upon the stone again, drew a cake of dourha from his inner robe, and began to eat.

The camel-boy had lighted a fire, and he sat beside it warming his hands at the blaze and still singing to himself:

"The bed of my love I will sprinkle with  
attar of roses,  
The face of my love I will touch with the  
balm—  
With the balm of the tree from the  
farthermost wood,  
From the wood without end, in the world  
without end.  
My love holds the cup to my lips, and I  
drink of the cup,  
And the attar of roses I sprinkle, will  
soothe like the evening dew,  
And the balm will be healing and sleep,  
and the cup I will drink,  
I will drink of the cup my love holds to  
my lips—"

David stood listening. What power was there in desert life that could make this poor camel-driver, at the end of a long day of weariness and toil and little food and drink, sing a song of content and cheerfulness? The little needed, the little granted, and no thought beyond—save the vision of one who waited in the hut by the onion-field! He gathered himself together and turned his mind to the scene through which he had just passed; and then to the interview he would have with Kaïd on the morrow. A few hours ago he had seen no way out of it all—he had had no real hope that Kaïd would turn to him again; but the last two hours had changed all that. Hope was alive in him. He had fought a desperate fight with himself, and he had conquered. Then had come Achmet unrepentant, degraded still, but with the spirit of Something glowing—Achmet to die for a cause, driven by that Something deep beneath the degradation and the cruelty and the crime. He had

hope, and, as the camel-driver's voice died away and he lay down with a sheepskin over him and went instantly to sleep, David drew to the fire and sat down beside it. Presently Ebn Ezra came to urge him to go to bed, but he would not. He had slept, he said; he had slept and rested, and the night was good—he would wait. Then the other brought rugs and blankets, and gave David some, and lay down beside the fire, and watched and waited for he knew not what. Ever and ever his eyes were on David, and far back under the acacia-tree Achmet slept as he had not slept since his doom fell on him.

At last Ebn Ezra Bey also slept; but David was awake with the night and the benevolent moon and the marching stars. The spirit of the desert was on him, filling him with its voiceless music. From the infinite stretches of sand to the south came the irresistible call of life, as soft as leaves in a garden of roses, as deep as the sea. This world was so still, yet there seemed a low, delicate humming, as of multitudinous looms at a distance so great that the ear but faintly caught it—the sound of the weavers of life and destiny and eternal love, the hands of the toilers of all the ages spinning and spinning on: and he was part of it, not abashed or dismayed because he was but one of the illimitable throng.

The hours wore on, but still he sat there, peace in all his heart, energy tingling softly through every vein, the wings of hope fluttering at his ear.

At length the morning came, and from the west, with the rising sun, came a traveller swiftly, making for where he was. The sleepers stirred round him and waked and rose. The little camp became alive. As the traveller neared the fresh-made fire David saw that it was Lacey. He went eagerly to meet him.

"Thee has news," he said. "I see it is so." He held Lacey's hand in his.

"Say, you are going on that expedition, Saadat. You wanted money. Will a quarter of a million do?"

David's eyes caught fire.

From the monastery there came the voices of the monks:

*"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.  
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-  
fore His presence with a song."*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Cruel Love

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I LOOKED from out my windows once  
And saw Love standing there;  
No cloak had he to cover him,  
His dimpled feet were bare,  
And fast and chill the snowflakes fell  
On his ambrosial hair.

He lifted up to mine a face  
Filled with celestial light;  
Fond, fond with pity grew my heart  
To see his hapless plight,  
And down I sped to offer him  
Warm shelter for the night:—

“Come in, come in, thou tender child,  
A wanderer from thine own!  
Hath all the world abandoned thee,  
That thou art thus alone!  
Come in, come in! that I straightway  
For others may atone!”

I took his icy hand in mine,—  
Why swifter throbbed each vein?  
Was it the impulse of my blood  
To ease his frozen pain?—  
Yet still his lips refused to smile,  
Still fell his tears like rain.

Bashful he seemed, as half inclined  
To shiver there apart:  
I led him closer to the fire,  
I drew him to my heart:  
Ah, cruel Love! my trustful breast  
He wounded with a dart!

Ah, cruel Love! He smiled at last—  
A wondrous smile to see!—  
And passing from my sheltering door  
With step alert and free,  
He took my warmth, my joy with him,—  
His tears he left to me!

# Decisive Battles of the Law

DRED SCOTT *VS.* SANFORD

THE UNCOVERING OF AN HISTORIC TRAIL

*BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

No legal controversy in the United States has equalled the Dred Scott case in point of historic interest, and yet, strangely enough, its origin has remained more or less a mystery. As early as 1858 the charge was made that it was a political conspiracy to obtain a decision favorable to the Slave Power by means of a trumped-up case prosecuted in bad faith and insincerely defended. This sinister accusation was promptly and authoritatively refuted at the time, but the ugly rumors and suspicions upon which it was based have persisted, in one form or another, to this day.

The more popular view of the litigation, however, presents it as the heroic struggle of an abused slave against a cruel master, and the historians have either adopted this romantic treatment or made no attempt to solve the secret of its origin.

Meanwhile, though half a century has elapsed, the questions as to how the case started, who the plaintiff and defendant really were, what forces were behind them, and what their motives were, have remained uninvestigated, and the complete story of this famous lawsuit, largely based upon documentary evidence, is here for the first time recorded.—EDITOR.

IN 1787 Mr. Nathan Dane, a Representative from Massachusetts, introduced an ordinance in Congress excluding slavery from the territory northwest of the Ohio, including the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and the measure was almost unanimously carried, the only vote against it being cast by a member from New York. This peaceful legislation, however, was fated to be the first and last evidence of harmony on the question of slavery. Indeed, the fierce struggle which menaced the existence of the nation for well-nigh eighty years thereafter may fairly be ascribed to its enactment, for the law had no sooner been placed upon the statute-books than its suspension was vigorously, but vainly, demanded by powerful factions under the leadership of the young Territorial Governor William Henry Harrison, and it was mainly under cover of this constant skirmishing that the lines of battle were formed in 1820 to decide another issue, much more vital to the South, namely, whether Missouri should be admitted to the Union as a free or a slave State.

By this time, however, the opposing hosts were so evenly matched that neither could drive the other from the field, and a deadlock resulting, the advocates of slavery resolved to encompass their end by diplomacy, for, in their opinion, political control of Missouri had become essential to their safety, and their fears were not unfounded. With five or more free States guaranteed by the Ordinance, and with abounding evidence of increasing population and prosperity in the North, it was obvious that the days of the South's supremacy in the national councils were numbered, unless the area of slavery could be enlarged, and of this imperious necessity came the Missouri Compromise, yielding the new State to slavery, but dedicating all the region north of it to freedom.

Neither side fully understood the terms of peace. To the slave-owners they meant an increased majority in the House and Senate, cheaply purchased by the concession of territory apparently unsuited to slavery. To the free-soilers they vindicated a principle, and presented at least a moral barrier to the further ag-

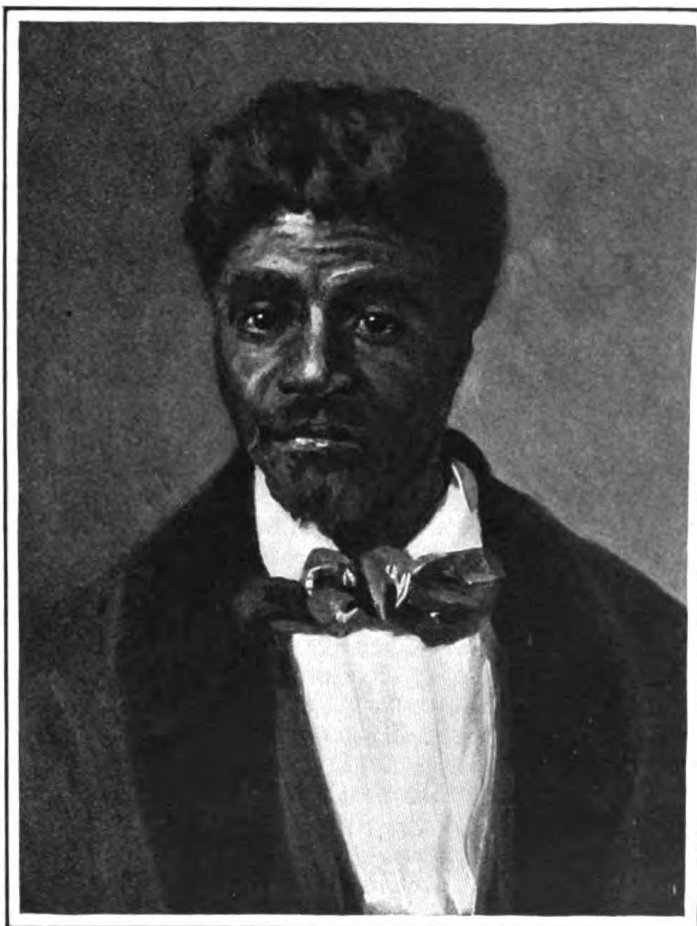
gressions of their opponents. It was not long, however, before explorers and travellers revealed the true nature of the territory consecrated to freedom, and realizing that new free States would soon be formed in the fertile region they had unwittingly yielded, the representatives of the slave power resolved to offset this danger by extending their dominion to the south. Of this came the Creek and Seminole wars, the admission of Florida, the American colonization of Texas and its declaration of independence, the resulting war with Mexico, the cession and forced sale of a vast domain from the vanquished enemy, and the annexation of Texas, with the significant provision that four States might be carved out of its generous area.

It was impossible for the opponents of slavery to control this course of events. Military victories and patriotic pride in the extension of the national boundaries at the expense of a foreign foe obscured the real issue. Certainly the eagerness with which the free-Staters accepted the sop, that slavery should be excluded from all the annexed region lying north of the Missouri

Compromise line, is proof of their helplessness, for every acre of it lay south of that parallel, and the only value of this farcical concession was its tacit confirmation of the Missouri Compromise.

The full disadvantage of that political bargain, however, did not dawn upon the advocates of slavery until they discovered that even the vast territory wrested from Mexico would not long suffice to maintain them in power. Every State which was admitted from the Northwest meant two votes against slav-

ery in the Senate and decreasing power for its advocates in the House, and the admission of several such States was imminent. Unless, therefore, the Missouri Compromise could be set aside, it was only a question of time when the South would



DRED SCOTT

From an oil-painting owned by the Missouri Historical Society, St Louis

be ousted from power, for there was no further chance of extending the national borders; and realizing that they were again in danger of being surrounded, the proslavery men fought with skill and desperation to pierce their opponents' enfolding line. From such leaders as Reverdy Johnson and Alexander H. Stephens came assertions that if the North had determined to debar slavery from all the new Territories, the South could no longer remain in the Union, although they admitted the legal right of the ma-



jority in Congress to enact the necessary legislation and despaired of any appeal to the courts. Both these gentlemen were to change their opinions on the legal aspect of the situation before many years had passed, but meanwhile a convention of States discussing secession at Nashville, Tennessee, and other significant events lent so menacing an emphasis to their declarations, that even such a staunch opponent as Webster weakened in his resistance to the aggressions of slavery; and the compromises of 1850 involving the admission of California as a free State, the Territorial organization of Utah and New Mexico without the Wilmot Proviso interdicting slavery, the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, and the passage of the most drastic fugitive-slave law ever placed on the statute-books were effected.

Encouraged by this success and the election of their Presidential candidate, the slavery advocates pressed their advantage, and, massing their forces on the 25th of May, 1854, they penetrated the ranks of their disorganized opponents, and compelled the surrender of the Missouri Compromise. In the first flush of this stupendous triumph the cause of the victors seemed assured, for the repeal of the famous legislation opened the Northwest to slavery and practically nationalized their favorite institution. It was only for a moment, however that they were permitted to indulge this dream of security, for the North greeted the Repeal with a roar of indignation, and at the close of the fall elections in 1854 a new danger confronted the dominant party and threatened to turn its victory into defeat. When the Repeal was effected the Democrats had a majority of eighty-four in the House of Representatives, but the next election not only wiped out this comfortable margin, but left them in a minority of seventy-five. Concerted action on the part of their opponents meant nothing less, therefore, than the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and as long as this was even a possibility there was, to their thinking, no safety for the South. The situation was certainly perilous, for though their enemies were divided, the North was aroused as it had never been before, public opinion was rapidly crys-

tallizing, and the shrewd slavery campaigners realized that the advent of a leader would speedily organize the opposition and discipline it into an effective army. To forestall this contingency desperate efforts were made to acquire Cuba by hook or by crook and create more slave States out of that island, but all hope of securing such reinforcements was soon frustrated.

There was yet time, however, to steal a march on the antislavery forces and deliver a blow that would neutralize their efforts should they subsequently unite, and as the wily chiefs of the Democracy were casting about for a feasible plan of action, a strange chance afforded the very opportunity they were seeking.

Years before this crisis was reached, far away from the scene of conflict and scarcely within sound of its angry clamors, a little domestic drama had been unfolding which was destined to prove historic. In 1834 there arrived at Rock Island, a military post in Illinois, an army surgeon by the name of John Emerson, who brought with him from Missouri a negro about twenty-four years of age, called Dred Scott, born in Virginia, and formerly the property of Peter Blow, a distinguished citizen of that State. Dr. Emerson was subsequently transferred to Fort Snelling, in that part of Wisconsin Territory which later became Minnesota, and while there Dred Scott, with the consent of his master, married a negress known as Harriet, whom the surgeon had purchased from a certain Major Taliaferro. Of this marriage there were two children, Eliza, born on a Mississippi steamboat north of Missouri, and Lizzie, born at Jefferson Barracks, a United States army post in Missouri, and when Dr. Emerson returned to his home in St. Louis in 1838 he brought Scott and his family with him. Six years later the doctor died in Davenport, Iowa, leaving a will which was probated in that State, appointing his brother-in-law, John F. A. Sanford,\* one of his executors, and leav-

\* This name is incorrectly spelled "Sandford" in the U. S. Supreme Court Reports and other official documents. The writer has examined the original records of the Probate Courts in Davenport and St. Louis, but none of the papers make direct reference to any slaves owned by Dr. Emerson.

ing his property to his wife in trust for his daughter.

Dred Scott was about thirty-four years of age when Dr. Emerson died, and there is evidence that for a time he was kept at army posts, but in less than two years he and his family were returned to St. Louis, and Mrs. Emerson found herself confronted by an embarrassing situation. She did not want to own the slaves, and yet she could not sell them, for people of good standing did not market their negroes except as a punishment for grave offences, and her right to emancipate them was very questionable under the terms of her husband's will—all the property of the estate having been expressly left *in trust*. Possibly some solution of the difficulty might have been found, but there is no evidence that Mrs. Emerson attempted any, and within a short time she removed from Missouri to Massachusetts, abandoning Dred Scott to his own devices. Had he been a competent workman Scott might have employed his practical freedom to good advantage, but he was apparently a shiftless, incapable specimen of his race, and it was not long before he and his family became charges on the bounty of Taylor Blow, a son of his old-time master and the playmate of his childhood in Virginia. It may well be imagined that this situation was not pleasing to Mr. Blow, for the Scotts were not free, and supporting them was virtually taking care of somebody else's property—a thankless and ungrateful task. If they could be emancipated there might be some satisfaction in protecting them, but encouraging slaves to obtain their freedom was a very delicate matter, and it is not surprising that there is no direct proof that Blow brought Scott to the attention of Field and Hall, a well-known legal firm in St. Louis, though there is little doubt that he did so, with the idea of discovering some legal solution of the difficulty. Messrs. Field and Hall were only too willing to come to the rescue, for with all the facts before them they immediately saw an unusual opportunity to test the law on slavery—and another opportunity which was not to be neglected. Here was a slave who had not only been brought by his owner into Illinois, doubly protected against slavery by the Ordinance of 1787

and its own Constitution, but also into a territory where slavery was illegal under the Missouri Compromise and other Congressional legislation. Moreover, his marriage had been contracted on free soil and at least one of his children born beyond the jurisdiction of slavery. A better case for presenting the claim that the removal of slaves into free territory effected their emancipation could not well be imagined.

There is little likelihood, however, that it was this nice point of law or any humanitarian impulses that actuated the attorneys. Indeed, there is every indication that their motives were anything but disinterested, for the papers show that their main object was to pave the way for a suit against the Emerson estate for the twelve years' wages to which Scott would be entitled should the courts declare that he had been illegally held as a slave since 1834. Had it not been for this ulterior design it is highly improbable that the suit would ever have been defended.

Scott himself probably understood little or nothing about the matter, for he was wholly illiterate, and there is no evidence that he took any particular interest in it. During the fall of 1846, however, he signed his cross to a petition\* beginning a suit for his freedom by claiming damages for technical false imprisonment and assault and battery against his mistress, Irene Emerson, and it was this action, undoubtedly instigated by attorneys with mercenary motives, that led the way to a *cause célèbre*, destined to make history, and to prove one of the provocations of the Civil War.

Despite the ideal facts supporting their contentions, Messrs. Field and Hall soon met with a reverse, for at the April (1847) term of the Circuit Court the presiding judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant, but a

\* The writer's investigations have disclosed the fact that the original papers in this action have been removed from the court files. Diligent effort is now being made to recover them, but at this writing they have not been secured. The clerk's docket, however, and other records (including a second suit begun in 1847 against Dr. Emerson's heirs and subsequently abandoned), fairly demonstrate that the attorneys and the proceedings were as above stated. An action was also begun for Scott's wife, and damages to a considerable amount claimed for her and also for the children.

new trial was subsequently granted\* by another circuit judge, Alexander Hamilton by name, and in the second trial a verdict was recorded in favor of Scott. This result was not attained, however, until January, 1850, over three years after the litigation started, and the end was not even then in sight, for the Emerson estate immediately appealed to the Supreme Court of Missouri, and there the matter rested for over two years more. Scott's attorneys, however, could afford to take their time, for during all this period their client had been in the hands of the sheriff, that official having been ordered by the court to hire him out during the pendency of the action and account for his wages to the successful party on its determination, so his earnings were safely secured and there was no reason for haste. The costs, moreover, were guaranteed to the owner, in case she succeeded, by a bond which shows that Taylor Blow was behind the case, for the surety was his son-in-law, Joseph Charless.

It was March, 1852, six years after the action started *and two years before the Missouri Compromise was repealed*, that the Supreme Court took up the case of "Scott (a man of color) *vs.* Emerson," and a more unpropitious moment for the negro and his interested advisers cannot be imagined. Sectional disputes over the slavery question were raging fiercely throughout the country, but nowhere more bitterly than in Missouri, and the brief submitted by Lyman Decatur Norris, of the firm of Garland and Norris, for the defence, well reflects the spirit of the times. Slavery agitation he denounced "*as a species of Black Vomit that ever has and will, we hope, continue to carry unfledged statesmen and higher-law demagogues to the grave of political oblivion!*" and these gusty periods, interspersed with poetical quotations, so impressed the official reporter that he paid the writer the unusual compliment of printing his effusion in full. Nevertheless the document was not without legal authority, and its review of the existing precedents demonstrated that although Lord Mansfield's celebrated doctrine in the Somersett case had been generally ac-

cepted, to the effect that a slave who once set foot on free soil became emancipated, the status of such a freedman on his return to a slave country was still an open question in the United States.

The Supreme Court of Missouri, however, was in no mood to discuss nice questions of law, and by a vote of two to one it ruled against the plaintiff, Judge Scott remanding his namesake to slavery in an opinion more notable as a political tract than as a judicial utterance, and Judge Gamble dissenting in a similar spirit, both jurists displaying more temper than erudition.\*

With this angry clash between the highest judges in the State, Scott's case in the local courts ended, and under ordinary circumstances it would never have been heard of again, for it had no national significance whatsoever, and the only foundation of the vague stories which have ascribed its origin to the deep-laid schemes of slavery politicians is the fact that it was supported and kept in the courts for eight years by Taylor Blow, a pronounced sympathizer with the South.

At this juncture, however, politics or patriotism intervened, for one Chauvette E. La Beaume,† a lawyer related by marriage to Taylor Blow, approached Roswell M. Field,‡ one of the best-known lawyers in St. Louis, in regard to the case, advising him that Mrs. Emerson had in 1850 married Dr. Calvin C. Chaffee, a physician of Springfield, Massachusetts, and a member of Congress from that State. It was therefore possible to describe her as a resident of Massachusetts and allege that Scott was a citizen of Missouri, thus creating an issue between citizens of different States, which would carry the case into the Federal courts, and the new attorney recommended this course. To have his wife appear as a slave-owner, opposing a ne-

\* See 15 Mo. Reps., 557-9, which records plaintiff's counsel as D. B. Hill. This is evidently a misprint for D. N. Hall, junior partner of Field and Hall.

† Hitherto unpublished MS. letter from Field to Montgomery Blair in possession of writer through courtesy of Montgomery Blair, Esq. Le Beaume undoubtedly acted for Blow, who endeavored to conceal his interest in the case until it reached the Federal courts.

‡ No relation of the A. P. Field, of Field and Hall, the original attorneys.

\* Unsuccessful appeals were taken by the defendant from this order. See 11 Mo. Reps. 413.

Know all men by these presents that we  
 Dred Scott as principal and Taylor Blow  
 as sureties are held and firmly bound unto John  
 H. A. Sandford in the just and full sum of  
 Two hundred dollars to be paid to the said Sand-  
 ford his Executors administrators or assigns to  
 which payment we and truly to be made we  
 bind ourselves our heirs executors and admin-  
 istrators jointly and severally by these presents  
 sealed with our seals and dated this ~~Sixteenth~~  
 day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand  
 eight hundred and fifty four Whereas lately at  
 a Circuit Court of the United States in and  
 for the District of Missouri in a suit depend-  
 ing in said Court between Dred Scott plaintiff  
 and John H. A. Sandford Defendant judgment  
 was rendered against said Plaintiff and the  
 said Dred Scott having obtained a writ of Error  
 to reverse the judgment in the afore said  
 suit and a citation directed to the said Sand-  
 ford citing and admonishing him to be and  
 appear at a Supreme Court of the United States  
 to be holden at Washington on the first  
 Monday of December next Now the condition  
 of the above obligation is such that if the said  
 plaintiff Dred Scott shall prosecute his writ  
 of Error to effect and answer all damages and  
 cost which have accrued or may hereafter  
 accrue if he fail to make his plea good  
 then the above obligation to be void else to  
 remain in full force and virtue

Dred Scott  
 Taylor Blow

Witness my hand and seal  
 R. W. Wells

Seal  
 Seal

Facsimile of one of the papers in the Dred Scott case, showing that Scott made his mark; also that Taylor Blow was his bondsman.

gro's claim to freedom, would, however, have been extremely embarrassing to the Massachusetts doctor, who was personally and politically opposed to slavery, and there is every indication that to avoid this the nominal ownership of Scott and his family was transferred to Mrs. Chaffee's brother, John F. A. Sanford, a resident of New York. This move left the legal situation unchanged, and in November, 1853, six months before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Field instituted a new action for Scott in the United States Circuit Court for the District of Missouri.\*

The preliminary moves in this momentous litigation were quickly and quietly taken, and only a few weeks before the Missouri Compromise was set aside, a jury, under the instructions of the local Federal judge, rendered a verdict declaring Scott and his family the lawful property of the defendant, and Mr. Field immediately appealed to the Supreme Court at Washington.†

Up to this point there is no evidence that any political party was behind the suit, but not long after Mr. Field filed his appeal the anxious leaders of the South, alarmed by the clamor of their opponents for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, awoke to its political possibilities. Here was a case actually on the docket of the highest legal tribunal in which the Missouri Compromise was invoked to sustain the freedom of a negro who has resided in the territory which it had dedicated to freedom. What a grand chance to declare the Compromise and all similar restrictions against slavery unconstitutional! The existence of such a case was not only opportune for the slavery interests, but positively providential, and, properly handled, it bid fair

\* This action, No. 692 Circuit Court of the United States, District of Missouri, was brought November 2, 1853, for Scott, his wife and children, \$9000 damages being claimed in the complaint. The assault and imprisonment charged in this document were nominal rather than real, and the story that Scott was cruelly beaten by his master has no foundation. Taylor Blow openly became Scott's bondsman. Araba N. Crane, a native of Vermont, then a young lawyer in Mr. Field's office, actively assisted him in the case.

† This appeal was taken May 15, 1854. The Missouri Compromise was set aside May 25, 1854.

to place the enemy in their power, for if the Court could be induced to declare the famous Compromise unconstitutional, further agitation for restoring it would be utterly futile. A great opportunity lay before the South, and her able representatives lost no time in grasping it.

Meanwhile Mr. Field was perfecting his plans without the slightest suspicion that he was playing into his opponents' hands; and assuming, as he undoubtedly did, that the Supreme Court was free of political taint, there was nothing to put him on his guard, for the law was strongly in his favor. Doubtless he had considered the effect of an adverse decision, but there is proof\* that he believed, as Taylor Blow probably did, that it would be better for the country to have the vexed question of slavery restrictions decided contrary to his wishes than not to have it settled at all, and the legal precedents justified him in regarding the chances as in his favor. To the familiars of the Capitol, however, who remembered that five out of the nine judges were from slave States, and who knew the political leanings of every member of the bench, the die seemed already cast which was to seal slavery as a national institution, and the prospect must have rejoiced their hearts.

At this crisis the case practically passed out of the hands of Messrs. Garland and Norris, who had hitherto represented Scott's owners, and volunteer counsel of national reputation assumed complete control. In Missouri, United States Senator Henry S. Geyer, the unquestioned leader of the St. Louis bar, whose defeat of Thomas H. Benton had demonstrated his political importance, offered his services, and with him was associated Reverdy Johnson, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, a jurist known from one end of the country to the other. It was certainly strange that Johnson, who had previously declared his belief that it was hopeless to appeal to the courts against slavery restrictions, should have thrown himself into the breach; but the times had changed since the great advocate had despaired of judicial relief, and both he and Alexander

\* MS. letter of Field to Blair Dec. 24, 1854, hereafter quoted.



H. Stephens, who had shared his earlier views, and who was to prove a not unimportant factor in the result, doubtless understood the situation thoroughly.

Meanwhile Mr. Field had been searching for legal assistance, and on the 24th of December, 1854, he wrote Montgomery Blair, at Washington, as follows: "A year ago I was employed to bring a suit in favor of one Dred Scott, a black man held in slavery. . . . The question involved is the much-vexed one whether the removal by the master of his slave to Illinois or Wisconsin works an absolute emancipation. . . . If you or any other gentleman at W. should feel interest enough in the case to give it such attention as to bring it to a hearing and decision by the Court, the cause of humanity may perhaps be subserved; *at all events, a much-disputed question would be settled by the highest courts of the nation.* . . . It is so late on the docket that it will hardly be reached this term."\*

This letter not only sets at rest the oft-repeated stories that the litigation was instigated by the Blairs or their adherents, but demonstrates the motives of those who brought it to the attention of the Federal court.

Mr. Field's intimation that there would be ample time for the distinguished counsel to prepare himself for the contest proved well founded, for it was not until February 11, 1856, more than a year after his letter was written, that the case was argued,† and even then its importance was so little realized that the newspapers devoted scarcely any attention to it; and as time passed by without any decision by the Court, its existence was apparently forgotten.

It was not forgotten by the politicians, however, and the surrounding circumstances clearly indicate that they were already at the elbows of the judges, whispering in their ears. Certain it is that the judicial deliberations were suspiciously prolonged, and that any decision

\* From a hitherto unpublished letter courteously loaned to the writer by Montgomery Blair, Esq. The italics are the writer's.

† The Statement of Facts agreed upon between the attorneys as reported in 19 How. (U. S.) is inaccurate in many particulars touching Scott's history.

—especially one nationalizing slavery—would have been extremely embarrassing to the managers of Mr. Buchanan's pending campaign for the Presidency, the success of which was considered vital to Southern interests. Finally, on May 12, 1856, came the solemn announcement that certain technicalities raised by the pleadings required a reargument of the whole case, and another hearing was set for the December Term—when the Presidential contest would be safely out of the way.

A few days before the reargument Montgomery Blair called to his assistance George Ticknor Curtis,\* of Boston, brother of Justice Benjamin R. Curtis, and when, on December 15, 1856, the case was again reached, these two able lawyers presented it with masterly effect for the plaintiff, Reverdy Johnson and Senator Geyer again responding with equal force for the defence, each side occupying the attention of the Court for two entire days.

It would have been well for the bench had the judges listened to no other arguments than those presented to them in open court by the able advocates, and for a time it seemed as though the case would be disposed of in regular course. Almost immediately after the final argument it was taken up in the judges' private conference, and a majority voted to affirm the decision of the court below, Judge Nelson being assigned to write a brief opinion, which was to avoid all reference to the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of such restrictions as the Ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise, and merely commit the Court to an affirmation of the decision of the State court, treating the issues as local questions with which the Federal tribunal was not inclined to interfere.

Before Mr. Justice Nelson could prepare this opinion, however, the active agents of the slave power intervened. At dinners, receptions, and social functions of all sorts they waylaid the judges, adroitly importuning them to change their plan, flattering those whose vanity

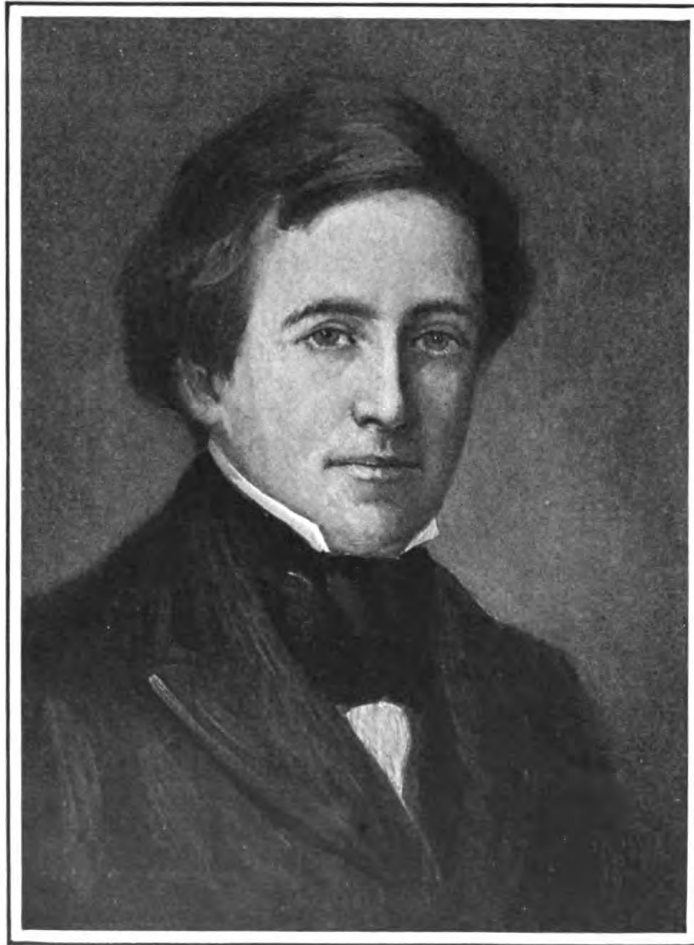
\* Mr. Blair previously attempted to retain other distinguished counsel, but none of them would serve. (Blair to Editor *National Intelligencer*, Dec. 24, 1856.)

gave the necessary opening, appealing to the ambition of others, and generally emphasizing the opportunity which lay before the Court to fulfil a public and patriotic duty by forever quieting a dis-

The most active and persistent of the emissaries who thus approached the jurists was undoubtedly Alexander H. Stephens, and his labors began fully six months before a decision was announced.

On December 15, 1856, he wrote to a friend as follows: "I have been urging all the influence I could bring to bear upon the Supreme Court to get them to postpone no longer the case in the Missouri Restriction, but to decide it," and that his influence was potent is demonstrated by a later letter in which he wrote: "The decision [of the Dred Scott case] will be a marked epoch in our history. From what I hear *sub rosa* it will be according to my own opinion on every point as abstract political questions. The restriction of 1820 will be declared unconstitutional. The judges are writing out their opinions . . . *seriatim*. The Chief Justice will give an elaborate one."

How an outsider came to be so intimately acquainted with what was happening in the secret conclaves of the judges has never been disclosed, but the information was accurate in every particular, and bears evidence of having been



JOHN F. A. SANFORD

From a painting owned by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Louisa Berthold Sanford of St Louis, widow of Benjamin Chouteau Sanford.

cussion injurious to the country's welfare. Declare all such restrictions against slavery as the Missouri Compromise unconstitutional, it was urged, and the North will acquiesce and the Union will be preserved. Avoid the issue, and the agitation will precipitate a national disaster. All of the judges were honest and conscientious, but some of them were far advanced in age, the political excitement was intense, and the pressure which was constantly brought to bear upon them was well calculated to disturb their judgment.

obtained at first hand, for shortly after Justice Nelson had been authorized to prepare his opinion another judicial conference had been held, at which it was decided to change the plan already agreed upon, and to meet the expectation of the public by passing directly upon the political issues involved. This, of course, meant nothing less than a declaration that Territorial restrictions against slavery were unlawful, and from the moment this step was decided upon all the judges were busy with their law-books and their

pens. Thus the time slipped by without any announcement from the Court, and it was not until the 4th of March, 1857, that an intimation reached the public of the Court's intentions. That intimation, however, came from a high authority, for President Buchanan in his inaugural referred to the issue of slavery in the Territories as a "judicial question which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled."

It is not remarkable that the Chief Magistrate of the nation should have been accurately informed of the Court's intentions, with Stephens and other insiders at his elbow, and two days after his inaugural prophecy the decision was officially announced declaring all slavery restrictions unconstitutional, six judges voluminously supporting Chief-Justice Taney's exhaustive opinion, and two bitterly opposing it.

For a time the public did not realize what had happened, but the Northern press quickly made the matter plain, and a storm of indignation followed. That seven judges, five of whom were from slave States, and all of whom were affiliated with the Democrats, should officiously decide the slavery issue for the whole country by forever nationalizing the institution, roused the free States to the point of fury. Nothing that had previously happened—not even the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—so clearly demonstrated the fixed determination of the slave power to coerce the North, and from that time forward public opinion in the free States rapidly solidified. Moreover, the unfortunate wording of the Chief Justice's opinion gave strong grounds for charging that he had announced the brutal doctrine that a negro "had no rights which a white man

was bound to respect," and this offensive sentence focussed the popular wrath upon him. Thousands of copies of his opinion were printed with those of the dissenting judges, Curtis and McLean, and scattered broadcast over the country. Seward openly denounced the Court, unjustly hinting at connivance with the Executive; Lincoln exposed its doctrines with remorseless logic; mass-meetings and newspapers attacked them in the North, while the whole South rang with applause; and in less than a fortnight Dred Scott had become a national character, and his suit for assault and battery a *cause célèbre*.

Eighteen months later it was still a leading issue in the great debate between Douglas and Lincoln, the latter using it with terrible effect against his adversary, and it was Douglas's refusal to abide by the decision in its entirety that in 1860 cost him the Democratic nomination, and hopelessly split the party.

Meanwhile Dr. Chaffee had quietly arranged for the transfer of Scott and his family to Taylor Blow, in order that their legal ownership might be vested in a resident of Missouri having power under the State laws to grant manumission, and in May, 1857, the four slaves were officially freed.

Neither of the parties in this great legal battle lived to see the war that followed it. John F. A. Sanford died almost directly after the decision, and Scott fell a victim to consumption on September 17, 1858, in St. Louis, his death being scarcely noted in the fierce political excitement then raging. But though he died in poverty and neglect, and the location of his grave is uncertain, the famous cause with which his name is linked will outlast any monument, and as a pawn in the great contest over slavery his fame is forever assured.



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# The Wedding Garment

BY ALICE BROWN

THE knight he came to heaven's gate,  
And entered straightway in.  
His garment was of shining ray,  
His forehead marked with sin.

Spirits came crowding, all amaze.  
"Where got you, knight," they said,  
"This garment glittering like the sun,  
The light about your head?"

"I know not," said the man-at-arms.  
"But when my soul awoke  
And lived again, entranced with life,  
It wore this shining cloak."

Then one arose and pointed out  
A maid at work near by,  
Tending the flowers of Paradise,  
That bloom, but never die.

A sinless maid, to service vowed,  
All humbly sweet and glad.  
"Behold, Sir Knight," he said, "by her  
Are you in heaven yclad.

"You did not love her on the earth;  
Yet that your spirit wears  
Was made for you while then she lived.  
She wove it from her prayers.

"She prayed for you at morn and even.  
'Lord, make him good!' she cried.  
Then said again: 'Lord, make him good!'  
For that her body died.

"So may you wear, this day of heaven  
That lasts uncounted years,  
The immortal garment she hath spun,  
And jewelled with her tears."

The knight went forward to the maid  
And stood at her right hand.  
"Sweetheart," he said, "I am to blame  
That did not understand.

"To see your soul, sweetheart," he said,  
"Surely I had to die.  
And fair it is as these same flowers  
That grow and bloom forbye."



# The Eve of Saint John

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

AS the Señor very well knows—being so learned in all such useful matters—there are occurrences on the Eve of the Feast of Saint John and on the Eve of the Feast of All Saints which are not in any human way to be accounted for. But perhaps the Señor may not have noticed that whereas on All Saints' Eve everything strange that happens is of a very hurtful and horrifying nature, the strange things which happen on Saint John's Eve always are of a pleasing and very often are of a helpful sort.

It is said, Señor, and I am convinced with truth, that the especial effort of this gentlemanly Saint on such occasions is toward relieving from their awkward and tiresome entanglements as many as possible of the company of captive souls: that is to say, the souls which have not been able to get away even to hell—much less to Purgatory or to heaven—but are tied fast to what remains of their dead bodies by some carnal longing or by some unconfessed and unatoned-for crime. That there are many such, scattered about over the world, of course is known generally; and as they must just stick fast in the spot where their carnal longing or their crime has tethered them—quite unable, without assistance, to get loose and so away to whatever may be in store for them elsewhere—it is clear that they must lead exceedingly dull and tedious lives. It is to these poor souls, in their dreary limbo, that Saint John so obligingly endeavors to bring comforting: going carefully to their several prison-places, and arranging matters so that during the time of his earthly ramble—that is to say, between sunset and cockcrow—every one of them can reveal himself to mortals, and can explain to everybody good-natured enough to take an interest in the matter what must be done to set him free.

Many and many a time, of course, nothing comes of the kind-hearted

Saint's plannings for their convenience. All depends upon whether in those few precious hours at their disposition—it is the shortest night in the whole year, the Señor will remember—there happens to come within talking-distance a mortal who will listen to them, and who will do for them what they need to have done; and as they usually are in quite out-of-the-way nooks and corners—in cellars, and wells, and lonely gardens, and so on—a very great many years may pass without the arrival of a mortal at the right time. Therefore the Señor will understand how pleased these poor captive souls must be when things do run smoothly—a mortal willing to listen to them, and polite enough to help them, coming along during that one short night in which they can talk to him—and they can use the chance that the good Saint John gives them to get themselves set free.

It is because there was such a freeing in this identical old house, Señor, that I am reminded of the matter; and it is pleasing to know that what the blessed Saint did on these premises—taking, moreover, an unusual amount of trouble about it—not only let loose a sentinel soul that had been wearily long on duty but brought great happiness to living persons still on earth. Here in Mexico, as the Señor knows, such happenings are less numerous nowadays than they were anciently; but that is a detail with which we need not now concern ourselves, since the events that I am going to tell about occurred some hundreds of years ago.

As is well known, Señor, the Conquistadores—the gentlemen who came from Spain to this country and conquered it, under the leadership of the Señor Cortés—were persons of great strength of will and of body; and it equally is known that they were not at all times precisely considerate of other people's comfort and convenience when



carrying out their own plans. The Señor Cortés himself, for example, caused the feet of the Señor Guatimotzin—who was the last king of the Aztecs, and a very worthy gentleman—to be burned quite away from his legs, and over a vexatiously slow fire, in order to make him tell where he had hidden his treasure. But as the Señor Guatimotzin preferred to have his feet cooked off to obliging the Spaniards, whom he disliked, by telling where his riches were hidden, nothing came of that piece of bad cruelty—and the treasure remains safely where the King put it until this day.

Naturally enough, Señor, the pattern that their brave King set them was not generally followed by the rich Aztec gentlemen who lived here at the time when the Spaniards arrived. Most of them concluded to give up their wealth, when driven into the corner where they had to choose between being partly cooked or keeping it; and many of them, also, were killed before they had a chance to hide anything away. And so, Señor, by one means or another the Señores Conquistadores made a great deal of money out of their conquest and became very rich men. Thereupon, their killings and their torturings being satisfactorily ended, they all built themselves large and elegant houses to take their ease in, and thereafter led commendably Christian lives.

This very house was one of the finest that was built at that period. The builder of it was the Captain Don Francisco Lerma: who was so ferocious a gentleman that even his own soldiers said of him—for all that he bore the name of the gentlest saint in the whole calendar—that he had neither heart nor bowels. But by his killings and his torturings he gained for himself a greater store of treasure than was gained by any two captains of all that conquering company: and so he was very much esteemed and respected in the later times when all the fighting was ended and they all were living, as I have said, in an orderly and properly religious way. Therefore, coming to be an aged gentleman, he died a most edifying Christian death: lying humbly on a mat, like the blessed Saint Francis his namesake, and very piously confessing as many as he could remember of his sins.

And then, Señor, there was much surprise everywhere: because nowhere—save for the furnishings of his splendid house—could even the smallest scrap of Don Francisco's great riches be found! An Alcalde of the court was put in charge of the matter—while search was made in Spain for an inheritor—and the Alcalde, not to lose time about it, had the whole inside of the house and the whole of the big garden dug up till the place looked like a cross between a mining-camp and a potato-field: and not even one single centavo came up out of the ground.

It was a nephew of Don Francisco's who came to take over that tantalizing piece of property. But it was a hard life that he led—and that was led by his descendants after him: and so things went on, shabbily and wearily, for a round hundred years.

And then, Señor, came the happy turn of fortune that I have to tell about: when the blessed Saint John, in his usual gentlemanly and good-natured way, took a hand in the matter—that gave Don Francisco's sinful soul (which, as the Señor of course understands, had been stuck fast beside the treasure that he had valued above his hopes of heaven) the chance to begin its very serious engagement in Purgatory; and that also brought happiness to two young loving hearts.

By that time, Señor, having been pinched out by poverty, there remained of all the starveling descendants of Don Francisco's nephew but one single living person: a most amiable and agreeable—and also, as the Señor will perceive later, a most shrewd—young gentleman, named Don Ramon Lerma y Rodriguez, who dwelt here in the old house with his excellent widowed mother, and was a little turned of two-and-twenty, and was a model of all the virtues that can be named in a long day.

Being so worthy a young gentleman, and having been brought up by his so excellent mother in a most Christian manner, Don Ramon did not grumble about his long days of digging and toiling; and as to his poverty—never having been used to anything else—it was not until the time of which I now am speaking that he ever fretted about it at all.

Then his fretting seized him suddenly and violently; and all because—as the Señor will guess without my telling him—he suddenly and violently fell in love.

Had Don Ramon seen fit to fall in love with one in his own class, the daughter of a gentleman with short purse and long lineage—as all of his house in Mexico had done, with the exception of its great founder who married the niece of the Viceroy—no doubt his affair might have gone smoothly. But that was as far from what he did as the earth is distant from the sun. Love, as the Señor knows, is not a passion that can be regulated—and the young lady upon whom Don Ramon had the temerity to set his affection was the only child and the sole heiress of Don Diego Portocarero y Almanza: who was a great merchant and a great mine-owner, with a seat in the council of the Viceroy, and a personage of such importance that when he went abroad he never was attended by a retinue of less than twenty men. Moreover, Doña Leonor herself, the young lady his daughter, was more beautiful than the moon and the stars put together, and every single one of the richest and most noble young gentlemen of the Capital was most crazily in love with her, and the opinion was held generally that there was not another young lady so rich and so virtuous and so amiable and so beautiful in all New Spain.

Among polite people, love-making in those days was carried on precisely as it is carried on in these days: that is to say, the custom was for a young gentleman who wished to win the heart of a young lady to walk to and fro before her barred window, or to stand at a convenient distance steadfastly gazing at it, and to make manifest by adoring glances—when he was so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of her—that unless she returned his affection he shortly would die.

For Don Ramon to join that throng of rich and noble young gentlemen almost was an impudence. Dressed in his very best—his clothes being furbished and made-over fineries remnant in an old guardaropa that had been stuffed full of superb costumes in the Conquistador's time—he looked more like a rusty caballero escaped from an antique picture than a living gentleman; and among the

young sprigs of fashion—going gallantly in their velvet caps and slashed silk doublets—he cut so poor a figure that, except to laugh at him, they did not concern themselves about him at all. But that was where they were short-sighted: because he was the very handsomest member of that whole company; and also, by reason of the odd clothes that he wore, he was the most conspicuous member of it—and so, being doubly distinguished from all the others, he won quickly Doña Leonor's closely attentive regard.

To win a lady's attention, Señor, of course is half the battle in love-making; and when the lady, going farther, suffers her attention to develop into interest, the other half of the battle is close to being won too. And that, in the case of Doña Leonor, was what happened. By means of a discreet old woman of her acquaintance, she made inquiries quietly concerning the handsomest and the shabbiest of all her many lovers: and so, presently, she came to know that he was Don Ramon Lerma, and of the house of the famous Conquistador, and heir to the great treasure which that fierce gentleman somewhere had left hidden, and poorer than poverty because he could not find the treasure, and blooded with the best blood of Spain. All of which, but especially the part about the hidden treasure—that he owned but did not possess; yet might find at any moment, and so be as rich as already he was noble—twisted him quite away from everything commonplace and at a stroke made him, and of course herself along with him, the centre of a real romance. Romance counts for a great deal with young ladies, Señor; and the romance of Don Ramon's case so worked upon Doña Leonor—being helped by his adoring looks which told how exceeding great was his love for her—that shortly her heart so slipped away into his keeping that all of her waking thoughts were given to him, and he also filled most of her dreams.

It was about midsummer, Señor, that things came to this happy pass in Don Ramon's wooing; and it was on the very eve of midsummer—which also is Saint John's Eve, as the Señor will remember—that he received certainly the blessed assurance of Doña Leonor's love.

Many worthy and interesting Spanish customs were observed in Spanish times here in Mexico; and it was because Don Ramon was of pure Spanish blood, and so held to the Spanish ways, that he followed one of these customs and bought a little clay image of the blessed Saint—from one of the many venders of such images—and carried it along with him when he went to take his post beneath Doña Leonor's window on that glad Saint John's Eve. Very likely, being so religious a young gentleman, he made a prayer to the good Saint for help in his love-venture; most certainly in buying the holy image he hoped to attract the Saint's favorable attention and to win his aid.

Don Ramon's piety and faith were rewarded, Señor, beyond his very highest hopes. A most wonderful and a most joyful thing happened. As he passed beneath Doña Leonor's grated window—in the glowing twilight of that longest of the whole year's evenings—there came fluttering downward from between the bars, to fall directly at his happy feet, an exquisitely perfect Castilian rose! With the precious rose that had brought him Doña Leonor's heart pressed close against his own heart, Señor, Don Ramon walked homeward with the feeling that he was treading on air.

Don Ramon never could tell clearly, Señor—because he himself did not know clearly—how the very wonderful and very pleasing things which happened that night began. The point from which his memory became certain was the moment when he found himself sitting straight up in his bed and saw a strong but soft light radiating from the little image—standing where he had placed it on a table at his bedside—of the blessed Saint John.

What was required of him, as he understood without knowing how his understanding was guided, was to arise from his bed and to take in his hand the glowing image. This he did reverently, but—being well acquainted with Saint John's reputation for benevolence—not at all fearfully: and immediately the glowing light that was about the image became a long bright ray that pointed to the door. That was a hint too plain to be mis-

taken: therefore he wrapped himself in his cloak—that his bare legs might not get chilly, and also to make himself more presentable in the Saint's company—and went to the door and opened it. Then the ray of light, continuing to point the way for him, marked a shimmering silvery path on the tiled pavement of the gallery toward the stairway; and then down the stairway; and then across the whole width of the patio to the door of the little room that is beside the passage leading to the garden—the place where now we keep the spades and rakes and hoes.

Anciently, that little room—the Señor will remember that it adjoins the great kitchen—was the larder; and the stone shelves on the walls of it, and the very big table—a solid block of stone—in the middle of it, then had been well laden with food. But at the time of which I now am speaking it had become a mere poke-hole for rubbish; and the only other thing in it beside the rubbish was the bad smell of musty dampness that is in it still.

Such a miserable place, Señor, seemed to be the very last that a Saint would take an interest in; but the ray of light from the holy image pointed past the partly open door straight into it: and so Don Ramon had no choice but to push the door back and to follow on after Saint John's guiding ray. Doing that same, however, was not an easy matter: because the door sagged from only one hinge heavily, and the rotted bottom of it clung so fast to the stone pavement that the whole of Don Ramon's strength was needed to move it, an inch at a time, until he had it so far open that he could squeeze his way into the room.

For my part, Señor, I think that he showed very great bravery in keeping on with such an adventure. By that time, of course, he was well aware that he was dealing with supernatural matters; and he also must have known that when he did get into the room—if by good luck he did not meet the devil himself there—he was pretty certain to encounter something so grisly that it well might freeze the very heart of him. I myself, Señor, should have gone no farther with such an investigation. I do not think that I should have gone so far.

But Don Ramon, as I have mentioned,



*Drawn by F. E. Schoonover*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HE FOUND HIMSELF SITTING STRAIGHT UP IN BED





was a gentleman of lionlike courage; and, also, no doubt he was sustained by the belief that Saint John was not the sort of person who would get him into a bad corner and then leave him to find his own way out of it. And so, when at last he got the door open, into that dismal and damp and ill-smelling place he went intrepidly: and the very minute that he was inside of it he was face to face—as the Señor, who knows how these matters are regulated, of course is expecting—with Don Francisco, the Conquistador!

The dead gentleman was seated, Señor, on a corner of the great stone block in the room's middle—Saint John obligingly blazed up so that everything could be seen clearly—with one foot on the block and his knee up and his arms cuddling it, and with the other leg hanging down and swinging easily; and his clothing, once of great magnificence, was so rotted to pieces that everywhere through the breaks and the rents of it showed most unpleasantly his damp and mouldy yellow bones. There was a curious creaking, and with it a little clicking sound, that Don Ramon at first could not account for; but presently found was caused by the play of Don Francisco's swinging mouldy knee-joint and by the rattling of the loose bones of his toes.

For a moment or so the two of them—Don Ramon guessing rightly who the spectre was; and Don Francisco, being a spirit, of course knowing who Don Ramon was—looked at each other with much interest; and then the Conquistador, speaking in a rusty voice that had a resentful note in it, said crossly: "Thou shouldst be whipped for thy tardiness! Why didst thou not come at least a hundred years ago?"

That was not a pleasant beginning, Señor—and as Don Ramon had come on the very instant that he knew he was wanted, and as whippings were not a form of punishment suited to a person of his condition, and as he was only twenty-two years old and so could not possibly have come a century earlier, he naturally felt that this speech of his dead relative's was excessively unreasonable and excessively rude. But, being a well-brought-up young gentleman, taught not

to talk back to his elders, he curbed his just irritation and made no reply to it. Nor did he say anything whatever: because, having no experience in conversing with spectres, he really did not know what to say. He felt that such common-places as wishing Don Francisco a good evening, and hoping that his health was satisfactory, could not be addressed appropriately to a tortured spirit loosely inhabiting a much-the-worse-for-wear skeleton; and he perceived that even the most guardedly polite inquiries as to the welfare of Don Francisco's soul would land him on very ticklish ground. And so, pocketing the affront that had been put upon him, he simply held his tongue.

As things turned out, however, Don Ramon had no need to try to make genteel conversation. Don Francisco was more than ready to do all the talking, and in a great hurry to get at it and to go on with it: because the night already was far spent; and he knew, of course, that unless he had everything clearly settled before cockcrow the whole matter would have to go over for at least another year. On top of that bad chance, moreover, was the worse one that Saint John, having given him one fair opportunity to make his peace with Heaven, might wash his hands of the whole matter and not give him another: and then he would be stuck fast where he was until the Day of Judgment—and would lose all the time before that date in getting to Purgatory to begin the course of scouring and scrubbing which could not well be finished, in the case of a soul so black as his was, in less than some thousands of years. Therefore Don Francisco—the mouldy knee-joint of his swinging leg creaking dismally, and his loose toe-bones rattling like castanets—did not give Don Ramon a chance to get in a word edgewise, but talked away as hard and as fast as ever he could talk.

Of course Don Francisco began, Señor, by telling much of what I have been telling; but he added—naturally knowing more about his own doings than I do—a great number of facts which I have not mentioned. Especially was he careful to describe minutely, and seemingly with a good deal of relish, his many cruelties and his numerous other mis-

cellaneous sins. Indeed, this part of his story was so long and so monotonous—he had shown little imagination in his wickednesses, Señor, and they were pretty much the same things over and over—that Don Ramon, whose legs were getting very chilly from sitting in that damp place on that cold stone block, found his narrative decidedly fastidious and began to get bored.

But Don Ramon's interest woke up in a hurry when Don Francisco at last got through with his sins and came to tell what his sinnings had won for him: which was so prodigious a treasure, he said, that it was big enough to cause contentions among kings! The whole of it, he added very gloomily, was buried beneath the great block of stone on which at that moment they both were sitting; and precisely because he so had disposed of it—giving his whole heart to hoarding his riches, and never a thought to his soul's welfare—had he been miserably sitting on that very cold stone through a long century, and would have to continue to sit there until his peace with Heaven was made.

By the time that this overlong story was ended, and they came to settling about the disposition of the family property, Don Ramon was entirely at his ease with the spectre; and, moreover—after hearing of the many sins which he had committed—had very little respect for him. Therefore he felt free to, and did, speak his mind out about what he considered to be Don Francisco's most unreasonable exaction: which was that not less than three-quarters of the treasure must be spent in securing the repose of his sinful soul. Avarice, Don Francisco very truly said, had been his besetting sin while alive, and he felt very sorry about it and wanted to set matters straight by exhibiting a superb liberality: wherefore one-quarter of his wealth must be spent in almsgiving; one-quarter in the building of a magnificent altar in the church of his patron, San Francisco; one-quarter in the perpetual celebration of masses for his soul's good before that altar; and the remaining quarter, in return for the trouble to which he would be put in attending to these matters, then would belong to Don Ramon—and Don Francisco said that Don Ramon ought to be very

much obliged to him for making such handsome terms.

Don Ramon answered—and for my part, Señor, I think that he was quite right about it—that such terms, so far from being handsome, were outrageously extortionate. Instead of three-quarters, one-quarter of the treasure, he declared—proportionally allotted to almsgiving and altar-building and mass-saying—was amply sufficient for all practical purposes, if only Don Francisco would have the common decency to spend a reasonable amount of time in atoning for his sins in Purgatory; and he farther declared that Don Francisco's selfish desire to waste the family money in hurrying himself through Purgatory to Paradise—seeing that he had all Eternity ahead of him, and there was no need for haste whatever—was proof that he still was the prey to his old-time vice of greed. One quarter must be the figure, Don Ramon said positively; one quarter, and not a centavo more!

As I have mentioned, Señor, Don Francisco was a most masterful gentleman and very much accustomed to having his own way. Naturally, Don Ramon's deliberate refusal to do his bidding put him in a great temper—and he therefore said hotly that the treasure was his own personal property, and that his orders as to the disposition of it must be obeyed; to which he added, a little less hotly, that what was required of Don Ramon was a pious duty, and to neglect it would land him in mortal sin.

Don Ramon, who was not by any means one to be browbeaten, replied shortly that in the matter of his sins, mortal or venial, he could manage very well without advice or assistance; but Don Francisco himself, he pointed out, was in such a sin-tangle that without assistance he could not possibly get out of it. His legs, he continued, were disagreeably cold and he was in a hurry to settle the matter and get back to bed again. Therefore he asked, peremptorily: Would, or would not, Don Francisco accept his terms?

To be talked to in that way, Señor, would have ruffled even the mildest of spectres; and it made the Conquistador—whose spectre was as far from being mild as possible—so shakingly angry that all



*Drawn by F. E. Schoonover*

THE TWO OF THEM LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WITH MUCH INTEREST



his mouldy joints made a horrid creaking, and there was a most unpleasant clatter caused by the rattling of all his little loose bones. What he said to Don Ramon really is not fit to be repeated—and he himself evidently was surprised by finding that Don Ramon took his abuse quite patiently, and even seemed to be both amused and pleased. But the fact of the matter was that Don Ramon—who, as I have mentioned, was a very acute young gentleman—saw his way to settling matters all in his own favor; and therefore was more than content that Don Francisco should waste precious time in uncivil vamping talk.

So the moments fled swiftly—it was late in the night, the Señor will remember, when the conversation between the two of them had its beginning—until the particular moment arrived for which Don Ramon had been waiting to put in his clincher. And he put it in by remarking, quite carelessly and coolly, that cockcrow would be along presently, and therefore it might be as well—he was thinking, he said politely, solely of Don Francisco's own convenience—that they should come to an agreement without wasting any more words. He was willing, he said, to show a liberal spirit, and he therefore would raise his offer from a quarter to a third. But not so much as one *peseta* beyond that figure would he go. If Don Francisco refused those terms for his salvation, that was the end of it. So far as he, Don Ramon, was concerned, he might stay where he was and be damned!

I do not think, Señor, that Don Ramon behaved nicely in using such language to a spectre much his senior. But some excuse may be made for him when we remember that sitting for so long in that bad-smelling moist cold place, and his legs not properly protected against the chill and dampness, could not but tend—when combined with Don Francisco's unreasonableness—to make his temper very brittle indeed.

As to the effect of his words on Don Francisco, it was as though an earthquake and a flood and a hurricane had all three come together at the moment when a powder-magazine exploded—and even that combination does not give an

adequate notion of Don Francisco's furious rage! For some moments his paroxysm of anger was so strong that his fleshless jaws merely clicked convulsively without ever a word coming out of them. Then he pulled himself together, and it was evident that he was about to say things to his young relative compared with which his previous very rude utterances would have been mere friendly pleasantries. But, after all, he did not say them—because at that moment there sounded from Doña María's poultry-yard, out in the garden, a warning rustle too ominous to be ignored!

Hearing that sound, Don Francisco knew that he was come to the very outer edge of his opportunity; that his bargain for his soul's saving must be concluded not in minutes but in seconds of time. Therefore he answered, so choking with wrath that his words came in jerks huskily: "Very well, then. One-third let it be, you—!"

Fortunately for Don Ramon's feelings, Señor, Don Francisco's remark was not completed. At that very instant, out in the poultry-yard, the cock crew!

In the thick darkness that fell upon them—for of course Saint John had to leave at cockcrow, taking his heavenly radiance along with him—Don Ramon heard for a moment a crackling and a creaking that he inferred were caused by Don Francisco's bones getting away in a hurry to the grave in which they belonged. Then came a still moment of black silence. And then, Señor, Don Ramon found himself—he never at all understood how that part of it happened—back in his own bed again; and on the table at his bedside was the holy image—that had worked all these pleasing wonders—lighted no longer by its glow from heaven but by the first gleam of the Midsummer Day sun!

Therefore, in due time, Don Ramon and Doña Leonor—thanks to what Saint John so amiably had done for them—most happily were married. As to how Don Francisco's soul got along in Purgatory, Señor, I never have heard mentioned—but here is the house that he built, still standing, to prove that in every particular this story is true.





THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH A SNOW-SQUALL OF BIRDS

## Life in a Bird Rookery

BY A. W. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

WE were spending a week on our estate on the loveliest river of the Ten Thousand Islands which we owned, from its bonneted head up among the white lilies of the Everglades, down through the labyrinthic bay that unites its two sections, to its mouth on the Gulf, which is modestly hidden from the outside world by a tiny key. We held it by no crude parchment title, warranting trouble about taxes, timber-thieves, squatters, and questions of drainage. Our rights were the natural ones of acquaintance, appreciation, and possession. No chart of the government, railroad map, or steamship folder ever came nearer than a bad guess at the

extent or course of our river, and you could count on the fingers of one hand the white men who could find their way to its source, even if placed within its mouth. No one else knows the local names, or the where and why of Little Tussock, Tussock Bay, Otter Point, The Meadows, Lime Camp, Tarpon Pool, Manatee Cove, or even The Nursery, where we spent that week, among fifteen thousand nests of squawking infants. When the anchor-chain of our boat ran out beside the rookery, the air was filled with a snow-squall of frightened birds. As the stern of the boat swung within fifty feet of the bank, where branches of sweet-bay, myrtle, custard-apple, and



TWO "LOUISIANAS" PERCHED ON A MANGROVE

mangrove were breaking beneath the weight of birds and nests, there was another flight; but the birds soon returned to their homes, and when, a few days later, we wanted to photograph them in the air, we couldn't frighten them from their nests. A single shot would have created a panic, but during our stay not a grain of powder was burned on the river, and upon this fact rested the purpose and pleasure of our visit. We lived upon our boat, sleeping on the cabin roof under the stars, soothed to slumber each night by the composite *chack, chack, chack* resulting from the mingled cries of a thousand birds of many species. The note changed at dawn, when the colony awoke to the duties

of the day, and from every home the bread-winners departed, with little farewell endearments that were intensely human, and set forth by twos, threes, dozens, and scores—the white ibis for the shrimps and fiddlers which his family prefers, the little blue heron for frogs, the big white for minnows, and the snake-bird for the bream and perch, which it regurgitates in chunks so big that it strains the rubber necks of its progeny to dispose of them. This unpleasant method of transfer becomes so instinctive in the young birds of a rookery that

when enemies threaten their nests they resort to it in surrender of their possessions as promptly as the passenger on a stage-coach empties his



HE TAUGHT THE BIRDS TO POSE

pocket in the presence of a road-agent. At dusk we watched the growing specks on the horizon as they became flocks of birds, returning from the Glades, the Gulf, the bays and rivers, within a radius of thirty miles. When the home of a returning bird was near us we could hear and almost understand the expressive inflections of the family conversation. Sometimes a bird returned with low-hanging broken leg, and we sorrowed at the thought of his days of suffering before the overlapped bones would knit firmly in response to Nature's surgery. Once a parent bird reached his home in the nest nearest us flying heavily, and so sorely stricken that he could scarcely cling to a branch beside the nest. The tones from that nest that night were sorrowful ones, and when in a few minutes the dying bird fell from the limb to the ground I wondered with sorrowful apprehension if I had ever been responsible for a tragedy like that. Day after day we paddled our canoe in the little sloughs around and through the rookery, and each day the birds grew tamer. The camera-man waded and climbed trees, cut poles and made long

legs for his camera, until he got the views he wanted of eggs and young birds, while the mother birds fussed around him and scolded at first, but sometimes came back to their nests before the work was finished. Nature worked daily miracles through these young birds. One day they were egg-shaped pouches of parchment, stuffed by their parents with lumps of dead fish, and in a few hours, by processes so rapid as to be almost visible, they had converted the offensive mass into living flesh and feathers, and in a few days evolved form and beauty from a chaos of corruption. When the camera-man wanted young birds that had graduated from their nests, they had to be chased through the swamp and followed up the trees, and our hunter-boy went up the latter like a squirrel and sloshed through mud and water like an otter, sometimes for a long distance, but he always brought back his bird, even if he had to cross deep sloughs to get him. He taught the birds he caught to pose by petting them and putting them on the branches chosen by the camera-man, and when they scrambled away, by catching them again, scolding them, stroking them.



"OLD MADAME CURLEW"

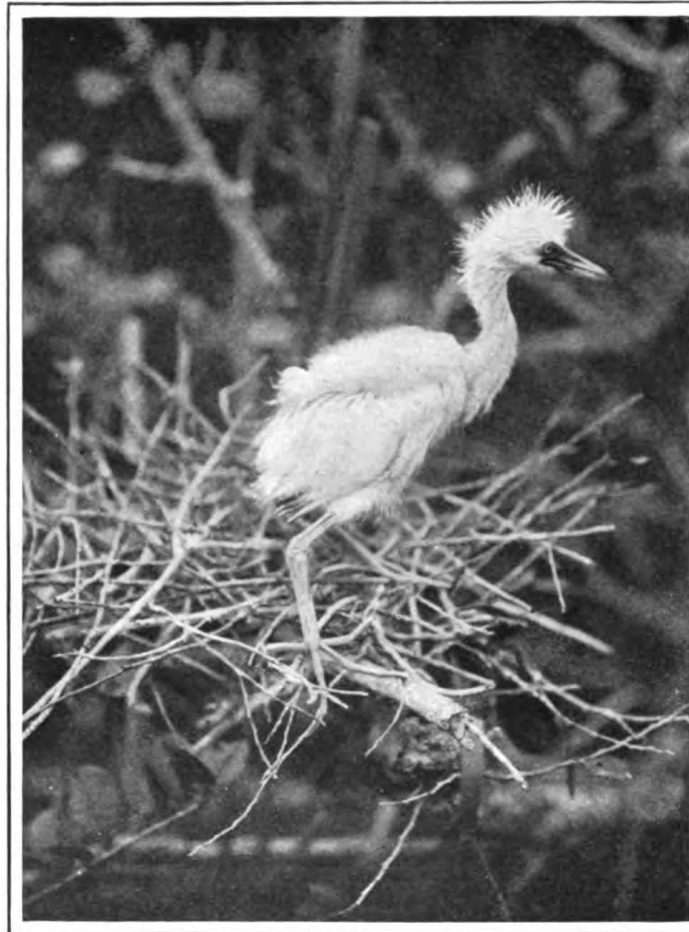


A PAIR OF YOUNG WATER-TURKEYS

The system never failed at the time, but when afterwards we paddled among the nests, certain vociferous young birds scrambled in haste from their homes to the tops of the tallest trees, and curlew matrons croaked from their nests, "Johnny can't pose to-day; he isn't feeling well." Birds too young to get away were very friendly, and from many nests our approach was hailed with cries of welcome, and mouths opened wide for the fish and frogs that often went with us. Mother birds, too, grew unfearful, and as we fed their babies, looked on with complacency if not gratitude. One snake-bird, or water-turkey, which on our first call dropped from her nest into the water in the clumsy fashion of her species, on our later visits merely stepped aside and viewed with approval our performance of

her duty. Her two youngsters used to stand on the extreme edge of the nest, with wide-opened bills extended for the delicacies we brought them, until one of them fell into the water, and when we tried to rescue him, gave a full-grown exhibition of the aquatic skill which was his inheritance. That night he disappeared, and we thought we knew the hawk that got him, but couldn't afford to destroy with a gun the confidence of our feathered cronies, even to avenge one of them. We were often sorely tempted in this direction. A hundred crows cawed from near-by trees, and when a nest was left unguarded a crow plunged swiftly down and flew away with an egg impaled upon his bill. I couldn't shoot the wretches at the time, but rejoice to remember that I murdered a few of their





A BABY BLUE LEAVING THE NEST

family subsequently, which, considering all things, was mighty illogical, but "some comforting." It was a sociable colony; and a curved-bill white ibis, locally called curlew, in a nest near us, used to talk to me in the most confidential way. Her voice was as ugly as she was beautiful, and when her little family chipped in I could never tell whether they were trying to whistle or shriek. I have heard that ibis matron, by her inflection of the final vowel of the single syllable "qua," convey connubial expressions of endearment, express maternal affection, and say "*Scat!*" to an encroaching youngster from another nest as she took him by his neck and chucked him overboard. I tried to learn her language, because I wanted to ask her,

among many other questions, why all her babies were black while she, herself, was pure white.

The phenomenon was so common that she couldn't have taken umbrage at the question, for the children of the little blue herons are all white, and the progeny of the slim, black snake-bird are blubbery, cream-colored goslings in appearance. The "*qua, qua*" of the heron could also be so varied in respect to the accent on the *a* that a cultivated member of that family could thereby announce his species to outsiders or maintain conversation at home. We had little chance here to study the egret, or long-white. The plume-hunters had visited the rookery ahead of us, and of fifteen thousand nests, not fifteen were



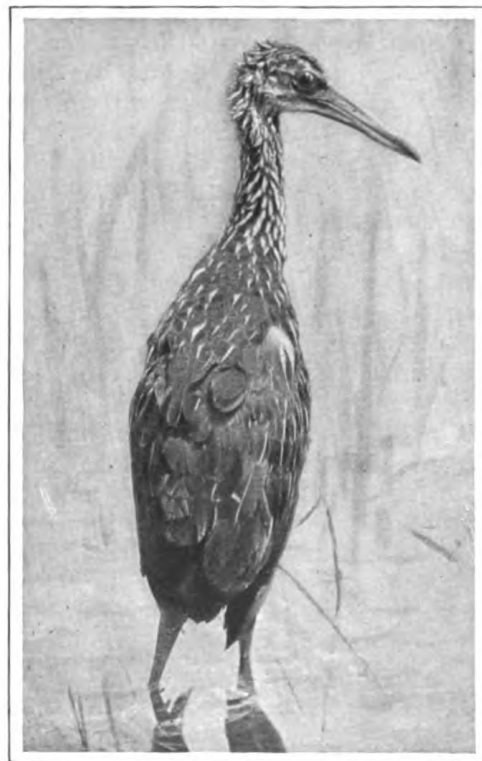


BABY BLUES A FEW DAYS OLD

occupied by these birds. I trust no reader of this article will wear the plume of the young long-white whose photograph is used to illustrate it. Two hundred yards from our boat, through a narrow slough, could be seen a submerged meadow, the beginning of the Everglades, over which we pushed our canoe to the near-by keys and saw birds and nests of other species. It was here that our hunter-boy pointed out to me a hawk, black and short of body, with some white feathers about the tail, saying, "There goes fifteen dollars," and looked reproachful when I shook my head.

We ran down a pair of young limpkins, or bitterns, in the Everglades, by superior tactics and the judicious combination of a canoe and three pairs of legs. While the hunter-boy was supervising their artistic education and persuading them to pose, the mother limpkin fluttered around with the same kind of broken wing that afflicts the ruffed grouse when she believes her brood in danger. The nursery had its visitors from the outside world. The fork-tailed kite, the most graceful of birds, swooped down and around in friendly fashion, scooping in an occasional tree-frog from a high branch without change of speed in its flight. Of nearly equal grace, man-o'-war hawks with royal dignity, floating high in air, sometimes circled slowly above the rookery in great numbers, as if warning the colony of the storm which their high soaring presaged. The busy little bee-bird, the kingbird of the North, and the shrill trill

of the kingfisher, repeated with each flight, carried my thoughts to the North Woods; and as I heard the evening cry of a chuck-will's-widow, I wished he could get a competent Northern whippoorwill to teach him to talk. There were other visitors, too, of ill omen—owls among the thickest leaves estimating with their big eyes the fatness of the baby birds, and black buzzards on hand for mischances of any sort, either to the bipeds with



WE FOUND A YOUNG LIMPIN IN THE GLADES



A LONG-TAILED "WHITE"—VICTIM OF THE PLUME-HUNTER

feathers or to those without. Tarpon leaped in the water around us; sometimes the round head of a wary otter appeared on its surface, with its bright eyes regarding us distrustfully; turtles were always in evidence, and alligators floated near, with one grave eye fixed suspiciously upon the intrusive craft and the other longingly directed upon choice morsels in near-by nests.

Once there shot past us a long Indian canoe, with an erect, barelegged, shirt-waisted Seminole at each end poling rapidly, with eyes fixed straight ahead, but absorbing every detail of our outfit. In the middle of the canoe sat a squaw with a dozen pounds of beads on her neck, partly compensated for by lack of costume elsewhere, holding a squab of a papoose, which turned beady eyes wonderingly upon us. The fly in our ointment was the need of keeping to windward of our wards. In other respects the week of our residence in the nursery was of unalloyed pleasure. There were events worth recording in every waking hour, and minor incidents

of interest filled up the minutes. Yet I now look back upon that bustling colony of beautiful birds with the sorrowful knowledge that it is doomed. The tourist-with-a-gun will destroy what the plume-hunter has left. Fathers seeking to educate their sons along manly lines will continue to provide them with cruising outfits and automatic weapons for the murder of innocents. I am happy to be able to quote from a splendid exception, who presented his son with a rifle, and said: "Don't shoot anything from your boat, and never kill a bird. Go out in the woods and earn the right to shoot a deer, bear, or panther by first finding him, and then if you kill him I'll be proud of you."

The network of rivers, chains of lakes, beautiful Everglades, and ten times Ten Thousand Islands of southern Florida will be all the year playgrounds of the coming generation. Their most conspicuous charm, which has departed, might be restored if the birds of Florida could secure the same protection as the beasts of the Yellowstone National Park.

# The Deacon's Whistle

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

"I S'POSE you heered Steve Manners is back agin, Marthy," said the caller, a little, dark woman, bristling with life and spirit, and alive to the tips of her hair. Steve Manners had once said of her that she would have been hung for a witch two hundred years ago.

"Yes," said Marthy, a long, lean woman, looking in her gray gingham like the shadow of some one else. "'A bird o' the air shell carry the voice an' that which hath wings shell tell the matter,' and ev'ry dog in town knows it, soon's he's come."

"Lemme see. It's mos' twenty year, ain't it, sence Steve fust come tellin' about w'at he called life? I was jes' startin' out tailorin' an' nussin'?"

"There didn't seem ter be a mite o' harm in the feller, though, as I rekerlek," said Marthy, smoothing down her soft gray hair with both hands.

"Wal, he jes' bewitched folks 'ith his talkin' an' his smilin' an' his singin'. He knowed all the songs 't ever was sung, an' his voice was like a bee in a flower—"

"An' them that he didn't set all by the ears fer gilt saloons an' dice-throwin' an' hoss-racin' hankered fer the wild Injin life an' the buffalo-hunts an' bear-fights he telled on."

"I guess he'd seen 'em all, Marthy. He was allus breakin' off work and a-trompin' up an' down. No, there warn't a mite o' harm ter him,—he was jes' a sorter travellin' minstrel show."

"Some of 'em what went off ter the city that fall never come back," said Marthy, her voice always as melancholy as the sighing of an autumn wind.

"He's reel interestin'. How many year is it sence Reuel follered him? Three? I thought it might be about three. An' no word fum him sence. W'at do ye s'pose he's a-doin' of?"

"Eatin' husks. 'St! There's his father a-settin' on the porch."

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"You don't think he heered? I guess I'll be goin'. I see Eunice ter meetin'." Sally added in a lower tone. "She's aged consider'ble. She's lookin' drettle peakid. She's a-goin' down inter a sickness or I don't know signs. Pretty creeter. Allus put me in mind of a flower,—one o' them flowers ye tech 'ith a pin an' they shet up."

"I guess happiness would bring her good looks back," said Marthy.

"Mebbe. But land! they're sech a shifless lot, them Dows. The wimmin never gits their work done till nex' day, an' the men never gits it done at all. I can see Jerry Dow now, a-plantin' ter-baccor an' yams an' pineapples in his garding 'stid o' corn an' cabbages. His thoughts is mostly off in the islands o' the sea. The monkey he got died arter a w'ile, but there's a parrot there, swears in Spanish enough ter make yer blood run cold. But Eunice hes ter take keer on it. Lor! he don't take keer o' nothin'!"

"He was jes' sech another as Steve Manners."

"With the vim left out, an' th' interest in his feller creeturs. Yes, ef it hedn't ben fer his limp he'd 'a' gone trompin' along 'ith Steve. 'Twould 'a' jes' suited him."

"How you talk!"

"Gospel truth. Wal, I for one wouldn't blame him. I've thought, many's the time," peering round to make sure no one heard, "that I'd like ter go the same road myself. You du git so pesky tired o' the same thin' day in an' day out. I never blamed Reuel a speck; excep' for leavin' Eunice."

"Leavin' Eunice!" cried the indignant Marthy, all her length of scant, clean gingham agitated. "And there's his father!"

"I guess his father's stood it. He's made o' flint, that man."

"Oh, you don't know him—you don't know him!"

"Marthy, you wouldn't recognize Old Harry if you was ter meet him! You'd find excuses for him. You allus did,—fer the boy thet was licked, an' fer the man thet did the lickin'. Fer Reuel, an' fer Reuel's father. You know Elder Perry dealt with Deacon Asher fer his hard feelin's w'en he tore the leaf 'ith the boy's name on't out'n the big Bible, an' out'n the hymn-book in the pew, an' said 'twarn't ter be spoke in his hearin'."

"Cert'in. An' he sent the Elder a bar'l o' cider and a two-year-old heifer, a little w'ile arterwards. Yes, he sez ter Elder: 'You can come between me an' my Heavenly Father. That's w'at yer for. But you can't come between me an' my son. Ef I had a son. But I ain't.' An' he ris up straight as George Washington. You'd never 'a' thought his heart was mos' broke. I mind the night now,—the buckwheat-field was all w'ite, an' low down there was a w'ite mist on the medders, an' there was a great moon,—an' the hull world seemed a-swimmin' in that w'iteness, and I felt as ef Reuel was drowned in it,—and I'd carried him in my heart sence his mother put him in my arms. And I see the Deacon bound ter everlastin' torment,—an' dear knows I'd 'a' saved him ef walkin' barefoot over corn-stubble 'd 'a' done it. But there! I can't talk about it," and the trembling voice trembled into silence.

"Wal, you ain't no call ter talk. You ain't never done so much talkin' as the mouse the owl was arter. And I guess I'll say good day, anyway. I'm goin' up ter Mis' Dow's. I'm afeard somebody's sick up there. I'll lay most anythin' it's Eunice,"—tying her bonnet-strings with a jerk.

"Yes, I see the wash warn't out."

"Lor! that ain't no sign there." And Marthy, looking after her gossip, saw not one but a dozen little figures crossing the brook and going up the hill, for her eyes were only two big tears. And then she turned and went about the buttered toast and picked fish for the Deacon. "Oh, I wonder w'at Reuel's got fer supper," she sighed, as she cut the custard pie.

Deacon Asher sat in the porch, the cat stretched along his knee. He had been reading the *Weekly Poulterer*; but it did not interest him; nothing interested him.

His hand had fallen; and as he gazed abroad over the fields through his big horn-bowed spectacles all things looked dark and dim and vague. His other hand lay upon the cat; not in a caress—merely as it were by accident. But the cat understood.

Within, Marthy's thin voice monotonously piped an old hymn—"As on some lonely building top the sparrow makes her moan"; but it piped to the spirit ditties of no tune, for consciously he did not know it. He heard above the burden a sweet young voice that sang at twilight to a baby crooning after it an indistinguishable sweetness. He heard a child's glad cry saluting the early sun; he heard a boy's clear clarion call as he drove the cattle over the hill on a misty morning, all the green world, the white air, washed with dew. And then the voice was a man's, low and tender, when he himself was burning up with a pneumonia. And he heard it again, low and contained, but full of wrath, the night Reuel walked with Eunice Dow and he came between them with a thrust. The girl was looking pindling last Sabbath. Three years make some alterations. Three years? Mighty! Three eternities!

Another music began to mingle with the Deacon's thoughts, clear as bird-singing, a singular reedy whistle that seemed to give both parts in one; a very different thing from Marthy's melancholy strain within,—a hymn tune, indeed, but a gay and lilting one full of runs and flourishes: "Come, my beloved, haste away." And then an alert and slender man, brown as a berry and wrinkled as a frozen apple, was coming up the field, carrying a long staff and followed by a yellow mongrel cur that, sitting down, threw back his head and began to howl, as if singing in sympathy rather with Marthy's tune than with his master's.

"That's my dog Bitters," said the man. "I named him Bitters fer the bark an' w'ine there is in him. Queer thin'," he went on, as he seated himself on the lower step of the porch, "but I can't wistle no higher'n I can sing. Useter think ef my voice gin eout, I'd hev the wistle lef'. But I guess they'll go ter-gether. Ain't much fun in livin' on arter ye've los' yer wistle,—excep' w'en ye've paid tew dear fer it. P'r'aps," he



DEACON ASHER HEARD THE VOICES OVER AGAIN

said, glancing up into the Deacon's face with a cheerful smile, "you've sometimes paid tew dear fer yourn."

The Deacon looked down as he might have looked on a little gnome or troll that had stepped from the brown furrow to his plough, as if he only half believed he were there, and so inferior a thing could be of no consequence. And he made no reply.

"A w'istle," said the other, "is one

thin' ter you, Square, an' mebbe another ter me. Fer me—ter fust—it meant freedom, jes' freedom. No school, no work, no shackles; an' I took ter the road. I done a job w'en I wanted ter, an' I dropped it where it was, w'en I wanted ter. There was times, cert'in, w'en I thought I'd like it diffrent. I'd settle down, I said; I'd hev a home, and a wife an' children there. Then I'd come back up here an' look at Sally Moss. My



lord! I was in chains! I was on fire! I lit out agin. I laid all night in the open pastur' unner the stars, like a part o' the old 'arth. I grabbed the truss an' swung in unner the trucks an' hed my long railroad rides, and enjoyed the resk as much as a hoss does goin' inter battle. I lived my life. And I found it good. No, I ain't ever paid tew dear fer my w'istle,—though w'en I see Sally Moss a-risin' the hill jes' now, light as a bubble, I felt as ef p'r'aps I hed. P'r'aps I ain't come ter payin' yet,—though I've hed chilblains an' rheumatiz an' gone hungry. Anyways, I've hed my way. But I guess 'tain't jes' the same 'ith you, Deacon," said the man, scratching Bitters's back with the end of his staff. "Your w'istle was ter hev your own way tew. Ter hev it ef the sky fell. Yes, sir, w'ile you be a-settin' up yer rights as a father, an' all the rest, ye've ben a-murderin' a man, body an' soul, an' that man yer own son!"

Deacon Asher put down the cat, who had for some time been the size of two cats as she watched Bitters; and he rose without looking at this thing again, and went into the house, and shut the door behind him.

Perhaps it was the moonlight pouring into the Deacon's room that hindered his slumber that night. Usually sleeping the sleep of the just and the weary as soon as his stout muscles relaxed their tension, now his pillow seemed full of thorns. He thought Marthy never would go to bed; the whippoorwills over in the cranberry-swamp were like imps of darkness; and then the ticking of the friendly old clock in the kitchen, when all the house lay in dead silence, was like the accusing voice of a judge. His mind was in as much disquiet as his body. It was not merely that he had been insulted by a ribald tramp who whistled hymn tunes as if for dancing in a barn; but, like a poisonous breath clouding a clear draught, doubts of the sturdy virtue that had been his pride rose within him, and tremors, whether of shame or fear, filled him with unrest. When by and by he dreamed, perhaps it was the beating of his angry heart that made the low thud, thud in his ears, like the rocking of the small wooden cradle that he remembered a light foot swinging in

time to a sound half song, half just a happy murmur, all presently resolving itself now into the chorus of bird-singing at the dawn.

The day was breaking through the dusk of dawn with a dewy flush that made it seem as if earth and air with all their winds and sweetness were just new-born. The Deacon would have time to mow a good bit of the near field, which he had reserved to himself, before milking and the chores. He flung his scythe across his shoulder and strode on. He had some dim wonder if heaven itself were anything fairer than this hour; but a thought as dim behind it told him there could be no heaven without love,—and who in all the universe held any love for him! Possibly—it was a new thought to the Deacon, and a staggering one—he did not deserve to be loved. He knew very well that there had been no love in his heart for God or man in the blackness of these three long desert years. It had been bad enough when his wife was taken—the tender brooding dove; but he had submitted after a time,—he had his boy. And then the Deacon stifled a convulsive sigh and shifted his scythe and went on. He paused at last, somewhat dismayed to see that the wind and rain of a midnight shower had lodged the grass, and then his thoughts were arrested by the sight of a little figure running in his direction and waving her arms wildly.

It was Sally Moss. "Oh, Deacon, Deacon Asher!" she was crying. "Come here, come over here an' help her. It's the Dows' little Jersey 't Eunice bought, an' the dogs were worryin' her calf, an' she got the calf behind her, an' now they're pullin' her down. Elder's dog an' your Bose an' Steve Manners's Bitters. She's got atween them an' her calf an' so they're a-tacklin' her!"

The Deacon was a man of might in thew and sinew; he caught hold of the handles of his scythe more firmly and ran along with her as she turned, till they came upon the scene of struggle; and he gave Bose a kick that threw him out yelping, and with both hands and a will laid the flat of his blade across Bitters's back, and sent the Elder's dog after Bose, and let the harassed cow go free.

"I was a-settin' up 'ith Eunice Dow,—



"WUNST YOU PUT A W'ITE ROSE IN MY HAIR"

she's fearful sick," said Sally, catching her breath and her eyes sparkling. "She's down 'ith a real bad spell o' fever,—I knowed she was fittin' fer it Sabbath, an' I fixed thin's so's I could be on hand. I do'no' ef she'll git over it or unner it, but she will ef cold water can du it!" But the Deacon had snapped his fingers for Bose, and was stalking off to his mowing. The whole world had turned on him with fury lately.

"Wal," she said, "I guess I'll make ye hark afore I git thru 'ith ye!"

Sally might not have been so posi-

tive if she had not known that where Bitters was Steve Manners was not likely to be far away, and if she had not, in fact, seen him plodding up the hill with his staff—the Dows' house being one of his stages. Sometimes, where it is a question of keeping one's balance, a thread that would not bear the weight of a spider, if one can but touch it, gives support.

"Come, Bitters," called his master. "We've got consider'ble of a stunt ter-day,"—and then his gay whistle stopped short, and he saw what had happened.

"Bitters!" he cried, sharply, dropping his staff, and bounding up the slope and throwing himself on the wet grass beside the dog. "What is it?" he cried. "What's the matter? Oh, Bitters, you're all I got! Don't say you're a-goin' back on me now! How come ye so? What in sin should I du 'thout you, Bitters!" The stump of a yellow tail stirred feebly. "Why, Bitters boy!" Steve cried, his voice breaking.

"Steve," said Sally, her own voice quavering, while she twisted her fingers till they hurt, "I'm sorry I throwed you down that time."

"Oh, that's no matter," Steve answered, frankly. "Jes' tell me how in time did this happen? Here, you see w'at's the matter! I can't. Why, sir, Bitters is ben the same ter me as wife an' child and all that, and ef Bitters is ter die—" He laid his head on the dog's neck. "Don't ye leave me, Bitters," he whispered, chokingly. "I—I couldn't stand that." The dog raised his head a trifle and lapped his master's face, and Steve's voice broke down in a loud sob.

"Here," said Sally. "He's a-comin' reoun'. Deacon jes' sorter stunned him. That's all. He was a-pullin' down Euny's cow all right. You want'er git even 'ith the Deacon? Then you leave Bitters here ter me, an' you go down an' find Reuel. Eunice said she'd die afore she'd merry him, 'ith the Deacon so sot; an' you tell him she's a-dyin'. P'r'aps that 'll fetch him."

"An' leave Bitters?" cried Steve, rising. "Not if I know it. Bitters and I've seen trouble tergether, but we've allus sheered it and allus will—won't we, ol' dog?"

Bitters struggled to his feet, shook himself, and gave a short and sharp reply.

"Wait, till I git him a bite o' suth-in'!" said Sally, running up to the house that sat on its lonely hill, gray and dreary in the full morning light. But when she would have returned, Steve and Bitters were gone, whether Steve carried the dog or he followed; only a cheerful strain in the distance seemed to say that all was right.

Mrs. Dow was in the kitchen. "I ain't got any merlasses fer the coffee, Sally," she said. "An' the ceow's ben

so put about she won't give down no milk ter-day. I do'no' w'at we'll du."

"We'll play we like it jes' 's 'tis," said Sally. "Jerry with Eunice? Quiet there," listening a moment. "Then I guess I'll dry my feet, though I do'no's you'd ketch cold in summer dew. Remember w'en we washed our faces in June dew fer the freckles? W'at fools gels be!"

Up-stairs, Jerry was bending over the sick girl. "Don't ye know me, Euny?" he was whimpering. "Euny, don't ye know me? Can't ye speak ter me?"

"Pa—dear," she said, after a moment's silence, as if called back from a great distance.

"Ye ain't goin' fer ter die an' leave us, Euny, be ye? I do'no' w'at ma 'n' me 'd du. You jes' make up yer mind ye won't. Makin' up yer mind's a gre't thin'."

It was apparently too great a thing for the girl to do. Awake now, she was murmuring again excitedly, tossing her head from side to side, and presently calling out with strange incoherent cries. Sally, coming in, swiftly and silently, seized the father by the shoulder, and, in spite of his limp, whirled him out of the room. "You ain't got sense enough ter scare an owl!" she exclaimed outside the door. "Jes' 's we'd got her quiet! Now you go fer the doctor, double-quick, an' then see ter thet cow! Lord! ef I'd merried you, Jerry Dow, I'd made a man o' ye!"

"Wal, ye didn't!" said the turning worm.

Sally went back, and let the bright breeze into the room, and bathed the girl's face with cold water, and found another pillow, and smoothed the sheets.

"Yes, Reuel," sighed the sick girl, "it's a lovely night. I can smell the sweetbrier fum the swamp clear here. Oh, ma, I can't bear the smell o' that sweetbrier! Throw it in the fire, won't ye? W'at we got sech a hot fire for ter-day? Why, Reuel!" and her voice mounted higher and her words came more quickly. "you know there's nobody in all the worl'— Oh, yes, I du, I du! But I can't leave 'em. I can't leave poor ol' pa. They couldn't git along er tall. You mustn't ask me. They don't hev any sort of a good time—oh, yes, I du, 'ith you a-comin', an' you a-carin' fer me

—oh, I don't want anythin' better. Wunst you put a w'ite rose in my hair. You said my hair was like corn silk— Oh, Reuel, Reuel, where be ye? Where you gone? I can't see, I can't hear, the world's all black. Oh, Deacon Asher! Oh, he's off—it's my fault—folks ses—  
oh, folks ses  
he's gone ter  
the bad! He  
couldn't — no,  
he couldn't!  
But if he did,  
I sent him,  
and Deacon  
Asher sent  
him! Oh, I  
shouldn't think  
you would—  
you was all  
the world to  
me, Reuel,  
Reuel—” And  
as the broken  
sentences be-  
came more and  
more rapid and  
indistinct, Sal-  
ly began to  
think of cut-  
ting off the  
corn-silk hair.

The fever was higher the next day, and the delirium wilder, an unceasing low mutter, only one word in it, her lover's name, being now and again distinguishable. But by nightfall the strength was gone, and the sufferer lay in stupor or in deep sleep—it was not easy for the good country doctor to say which.

The nightfall had purpled into a dewy dusk, with the stars hanging out of it large as lamps, and the air full of wandering scents from the spice-bush, the

balm, and the white roses, when the latch of the kitchen door lifted and a young man stepped in quickly.

“How's Eunice?” he whispered, hoarsely. “Is she alive? Tell me! Is she alive? It's me, Mr. Dow. Steve told me—good God, sir, she ain't—”



“SHE'S SECH A YOUNG THING!”

“I don't know,” said Jerry, without stirring, where he sat with his head against the bricks of the big oven. “Mebbe she is, mebbe she isn't. They keep me eout. W'en ye hear the cheers scrape back overhead, you'll know cer-

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*Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett*

*Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth*

**THE DEACON AND REUEL WENT IN TOGETHER**

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



t'in. I'm a-listenin'. W'en it ain't no use ter keep still, folks don't keep still any more. She's all the gal I got," and the voice went babbling on wearily.

But the young man had already bounded up the stairs, noiseless as a cat, and was at the door of the room overhead, was in the room, was on his knees by the bed where the slender form lay shrunken and pitiful among the pillows.

Sally sat at the bed's head, erect, sparkling with nervous force, watching for the enemy she fought in the dark; but Mrs. Dow, worn out with grief and terror and fatigue, had dropped her head upon the quilt at the foot of the other side and slept profoundly. Perhaps an hour passed, while he still knelt there. Then Sally leaned forward and touched him with the tip of her finger. The girl had begun to stir. She touched him again before he lifted his haggard face. And with that she pointed at the window, and the blossoming branch looking in there. He stared at her wonderingly a moment, and then, through some unknown intuition, her meaning flashed upon him. He moved silently to the window and tore off spray after spray of the roses, and stripped them of their thorns, and shook them dry of dew, and brought them back and laid them in the hollow of the sick girl's arm, and in a few minutes their pungent perfume filled the small bare room.

Presently the rich sweet breath penetrated the girl's consciousness, and, as if she were aware of their atmosphere, she opened her eyes and saw Reuel, and a heavenly smile kindled her face to its old beauty, before she lapsed back into the semi-stupor.

"Now," said Sally, "we gotter fight! You go down-stairs, Reuel, quick metre. Wake up, Mis' Dow! It's time ter hyper. Rub her feet, w'ile I git the brandy. Three o'clock to-night 'll tell the story!"

Lyra and the great constellations wheeled slowly overhead, while Reuel walked up and down, up and down the path between the hollyhocks all night. At every turn in his walk he looked up with a sinking heart and a dull horror at the window's faint glimmer. And suddenly he fell on his knees; he didn't dare pray, he only murmured over and over: "She's sech a young thing! She never done

wrong in her born days. She loves to live. Oh, Christ! She loves to live!"

The morning star hung like a great jewel melting into the gold-gray of the sky. But Reuel saw nothing of it; he saw a little dark figure flying down the path like a witch on a broomstick. "It's all right!" Sally was exclaiming, as soon as she was near enough to be heard just under her breath. "No!" putting a hand like a grip of steel on Reuel's arm. "Not on yer life! Ye can't see her yit. I wouldn't let you fer a farm."

Reuel stood a moment, bewildered, half stunned. And then his face quivered, the tears gushed out. "Oh!" he cried. "Oh, I want my father!"

Deacon Asher was standing on his porch, drinking in the deliciousness of the morning without knowing it. "It's a great haying-day," he said. "Great." But there was no satisfaction in the thought or in the tone. He looked across the wide fields, billowing with shadows of sailing clouds, and up at the bare and lonely little house on the hill where his enemy was in trouble. And then he saw some one dashing down the hill, across the brook, and up the long slope leading to his door. A pang, half like a tender reminiscence, half like a fresh and angry sting, struck through him like a shudder. And the next moment, the Deacon had sprung down the steps, and was plunging with leaps and bounds to throw his mighty arms about the boy who flung himself upon his breast.

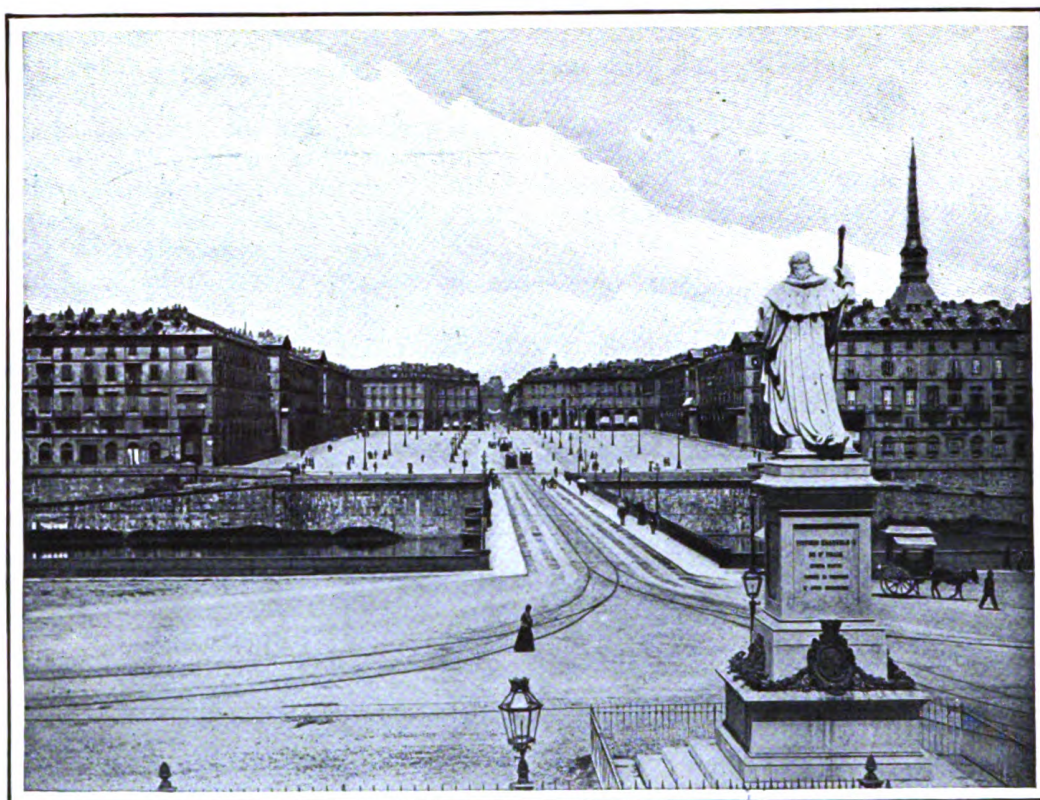
"Oh, she's goin' ter live, father! She's goin' ter live!" cried Reuel.

"My son! My son!" the Deacon answered, clasping him close and closer.

Marthy was at the window, the flashing of the sun on the milk-pans reflected in the tears on her face like a glory. "This won't never du," she said, flicking off the tears with her fingers as she went to the door. "I'll be havin' 'em both down on my han's. Reuel, that you?" she said, lowering the key at once. "Wal, come right in. The coffee's spilin'."

"Father," said Reuel, standing with his head bowed, "I done wrong."

"We'll both on us do right, boy," said the Deacon. And they went in together.



PLAZA VICTOR EMMANUEL

## First Glimpses of Diplomatic Society

II

BY MADAME DE BUNSEN, *née* WADDINGTON

"TURIN, April 2, 1857.

"I HAVE just had a long visit from Count Stackelberg—the first time I ever received a gentleman alone! I like him, as indeed I like all the Russians here; they are particularly agreeable. The Countess Stackelberg is a Parisian, very young and pretty; I have not seen her yet.

"I am beginning to like going out here well enough now; I know a good many people, and the variety amuses me. I am on the best terms with the whole Spanish legation, with all the Russians, and with a choice of French and English. Sir James Hudson never deigns to go out but on official occasions. Lord de Burgh does patronize society a little—he was asking himself the other evening why he had gone to Mme. de Collobiano's. 'I thought these people would amuse me,

but they don't.' The 'liebenswürdige Chef' accuses me of often joining the young unmarried ladies, and I quite allow that I find it a relief after much talking to the Dowagers. Mr. Brassier is my great amusement; he is paternal, and he gives me a great deal of good advice, as to whom I ought to be on good terms with, and what people are dangerous, etc. He comes up, lays his hand on his heart, then shakes hands and sits down for a little chat. His first question generally is, 'Où est votre Tyran?' and when I have pointed out C.,\* 'Ah, c'est vrai, vous ne sortez pas sans Tyran.' He went to see Mme. Uebel the other day, penetrated into her room, 'et s'est fait montrer le poupon.' She

\* C: in this correspondence always refers to my husband, Carl von Bunsen.

is receiving already to-day, being a very strong-minded woman, but C. says he won't see the 'poupon'; it makes him feel ill.

"At last I have seen Mme. Uebel, who had been receiving the whole world. She is nice-looking and had on a gorgeous dressing - gown. The 'poupon' was brought in, whereat C. walked straight off to the chimney-piece. Mr. Uebel looks as melancholy at home as abroad; he went to fetch the baby, but otherwise took no part in the proceedings."

"April 4.

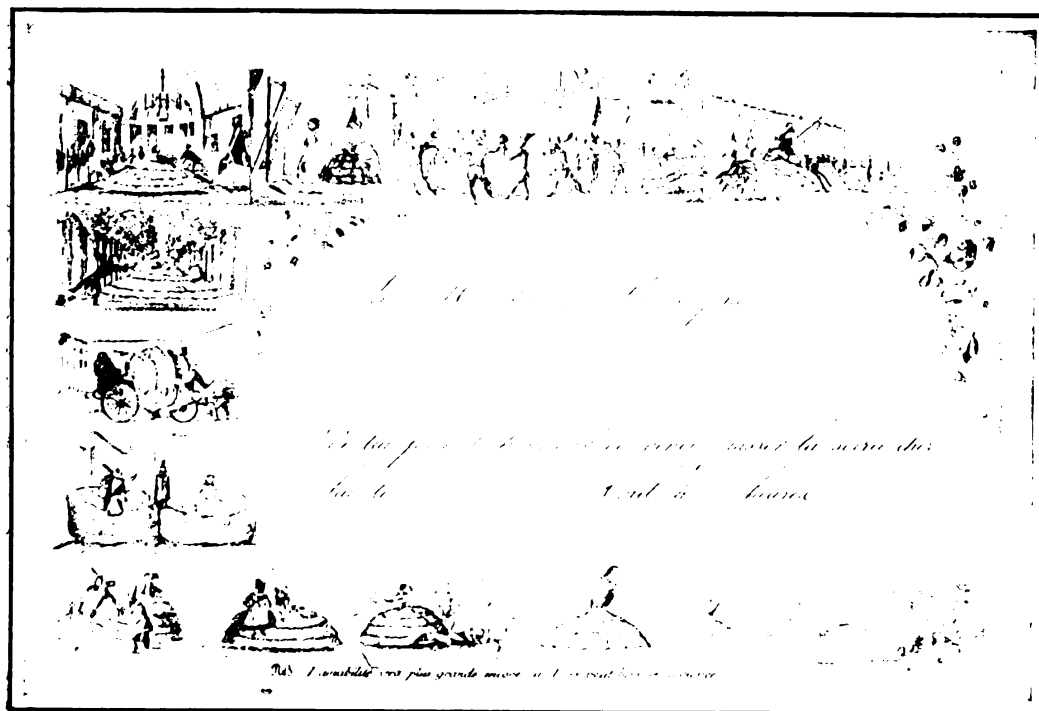
"I have taken very much to a little Comtesse D., whom I saw at Brassier's. She is a great exception here, friendly and young. I called on her, and she has promised to come and see me. I should like to make friends with her. After to-morrow we are to move into our new apartment. I am afraid it will be a dreadful day. We intend having our meals from the restaurant, for some time at any rate. Afterwards I may perhaps make an attempt with my big cookery-book, but, as M. de St.-Ferriol says, 'avec la meilleure théorie en fait de cuisine on aboutit à des résultats détestables; soyez sûre, Madame, qu'un peu

d'expérience vaut mieux que tous les livres du monde.'"

"April 9.

"Here I am, writing 'chez moi' for the first time! We got through our déménagement very well yesterday, and much enjoyed making use of our own sheets, towels, silver, etc. Our apartment is charming, much nicer than we had any idea of. My room is very large and lofty, and contains a beautiful bed with the couronne de Marquise and initials of the Spinolas. All the rooms are in a row, opening into each other, with balconies and French windows, and a broad passage at the back.

"The Chief's ball is to take place on the 22d; he is in a great state about it. C. has been writing all the invitations, which was no small task, as there are upwards of 500. Brassier has designed a card for them which has met with a good deal of disapproval, as it is said to be a criticism or a caricature on crinolines, and there is some ground for the opinion. It is all surrounded by small figures in enormous crinolines; one lady is quite slim in her stays and petticoats, waiting for hers; others are overflowing carriages, etc., and in another



CRINOLINE INVITATION-CARD DESIGNED BY BRASSIER FOR THE GREAT BALL



two harlequins are actually sawing off some of the superabundant 'ampleur.' The Chief vows he meant no disrespect to crinolines or to the ladies who patronize them—what he *did* intend is not easy to understand; meantime these cards

avec lesquelles nous ne sommes pas en rapport,' at least so Mr. Uebel declares."

"TURIN, April 20, 1857.

"We have taken a cook, who has entered on his functions to-day. He was under-cook at the Duc de Gramont's, and is said to be quite good. We are glad to have him, on the whole; for the people at the restaurant *would* put garlic in the dishes, which was distressing.

"Oh! I must not forget to say that my little Comtesse D. has come at last. We had both made various unsuccessful attempts to get to each other, and she seems most willing to be friends. The Chief has given me instructions for the ball. I am to go on Wednesday at three to see all his arrangements. He asked me if I had a costume. 'Ah! non, je sais, vous êtes tout en blanc comme une colombe!' I suppose Mme. Uebel



THE KING OF SARDINIA

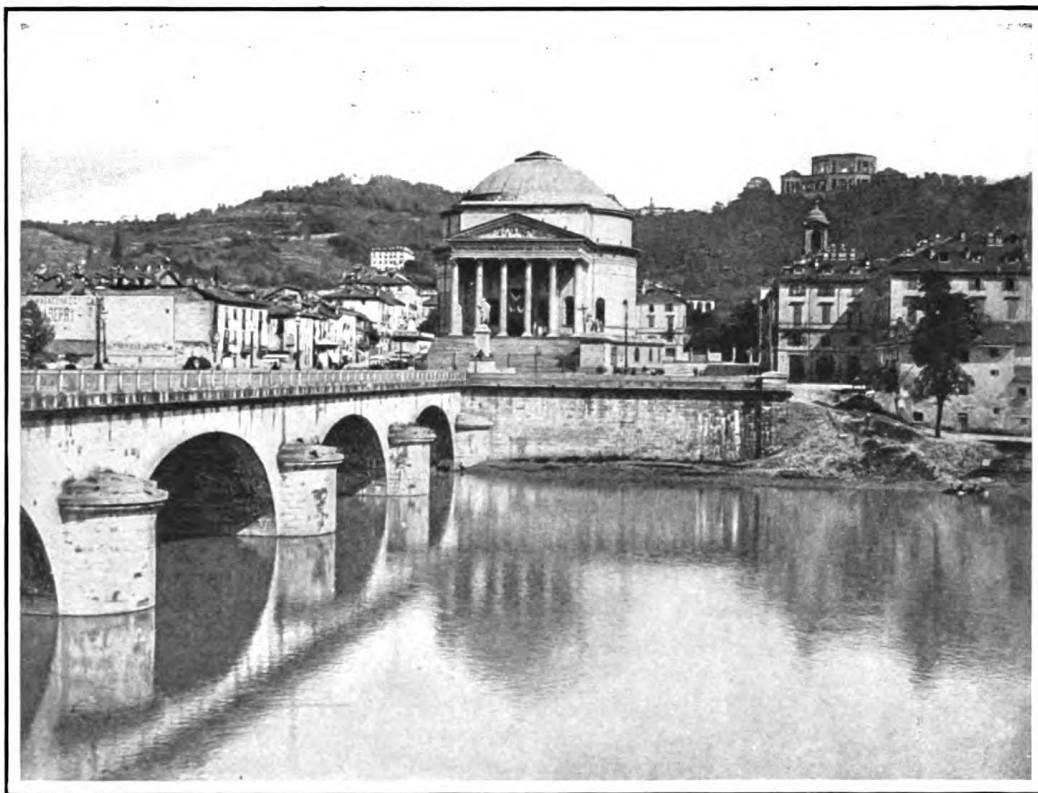
have raised quite a storm, and some of the élégantes vow they will not go near his ball. I suppose he will pacify them."

"April 14.

"On Easter Sunday we went again to the Italian service. M. Meille's sermon was very striking; it seems he is quite the great man among the Vaudois. It is a discovery for me, finding that I can understand him, and makes the greatest difference, for really Mr. B. was beyond endurance. The other day he prayed for 'les puissances avec lesquelles nous sommes en rapport, et les puissances

told him. She is to wear her bridal dress, too, 'montante,' she comes at nine and goes home at midnight, to look after the 'poupon,' I suppose, and then returns again. She is a wonderful woman!

"At present the cook seems a decided acquisition. We quite regret having to eat our dinners alone, they are so good and so prettily served up. I am afraid he will lead us into expense by tempting us to ask people, but after our experience of the Italian cuisine it is a great relief. I go over the menu very gravely with him every day, but feel decidedly out of my depth, and, except mildly sug-



TURIN BRIDGE OVER THE PO, AND CHURCH OF GRAN MADRE DI DIO

gesting that we like potatoes occasionally, make no remark.

"The Chief is in an awful state of mind about his ball. He wants a maid who can dress hair. I represented to him that ladies generally dressed their hair before going out. No matter; accidents might happen. My German would be of no good. Then it occurred to C. to offer Clemence,\* who is now restored to health and was most anxious to see the ball. As there is another woman there, she will hardly be wanted, and can come away early. The one thing Brassier wanted to know was could she dress hair. Of course she could, a Frenchwoman—straight from Paris! So the poor Chief was deluded, and she is to go. She is quite charmed. The Chief was, it seems, to-day in the Chancellerie, nailing draperies to the wall with his own hand, while all the people who came on business were going in and out, C. assuring them quite seriously that he would represent their cases to Son Excellence.

\* My mother's maid, who had accompanied me on our wedding-tour.

S. E. was out, unfortunately, etc., etc. There is a dreadful amount of humbug always going on. Did I tell you the Chief is to give us a dog? It is quite a puppy yet, and only opened its eyes to-day. It has been moved out of the way of the ball, and C. pays it a visit every day, but I have not seen it yet."

"April 23.

"At last the ball is over! I went by appointment yesterday to see the preparations. The Chief, backed by his two secretaries, was surveying the rooms, 'chibouque en main.' He gave me his arm and showed me all the arrangements. The tent which had been put up for the ladies was really very pretty, with every imaginable convenience and a row of little bouquets all round, which Brassier had pinned on himself and got a crick in his back in so doing. When we had looked at everything, we went to see the little dogs, who are charming, with very snub noses and just able to squeak. Finally he seated me on a sofa in his own bedroom (formerly C.'s), for he has opened



the whole apartment. It is a most convenient one for such occasions, as all the rooms open into each other, with a large central one, where the dancing is to be.

"For the ball I had on my wedding-dress cut low, which looked '*prächtigt*' with its three flounces of lace. I had a very good man to dress my hair, who has been with Felix both in Paris and in London, and was quite rejoiced to handle roses from Nattier once more. I had on my diamond brooch and other ornaments, and C. said several times it was *very neat*; farther than that he never goes. We arrived a few minutes after the Duchesse, unluckily, owing to a difference in the clocks. Brassier, however, met us at the door and gave me my bouquet—pink camellias and heliotrope. It was very heavy, but smelt very sweet. Mme. Uebel had the same, and the Duchesse a beautiful one of white camellias and violets. Mme. Uebel arrived a few minutes afterwards, looking very nice, all in white '*en robe montante*.' It was distinctly understood that the Duchesse received, for which I was most thankful. When Prince Charles came I had all the honor and glory of receiving for Brassier, and I am quite content with that. I had a long talk with Rustem Bey, who is very clever and gentlemanly. He has a secretary, a bey also, who installed himself on a sofa from the very first moment of his arrival, and as far as I could see never spoke to any one, but sat on, on different sofas, looking as if a chibouk would have made him happier.

"Finally, when I had talked with my little Comtesse D., who, by the way, has some splendid diamonds, with the Pallacini, whose lace and jewels were more wonderful than ever, exchanged a few words with others, bowed to more, waltzed with Mr. Uebel, and eaten a certain amount of sandwiches, I began to feel very tired, and was charmed when C. informed me, about two, that the carriage was there. We departed forthwith, despite of remonstrances. '*Comment, Madame, vous permettez à ce tyran de vous emmener comme cela?*' C. does, I believe, pass for a kind of Bluebeard in this respect. As the people here cannot understand that I should ever get tired of their delightful society, they throw all the blame upon him. He has, for-

tunately, a well-established reputation of '*sauvagerie*.' We sent to the legation this morning for letters as usual, and the answer was that the post had come, '*mais que S. E. ne se leverait qu'à deux heures*.' Poor Excellenz! I wonder at what hour he went to bed.

"I think Clemence will give you an odd account of what *she* saw. It seems that her services were much more required than I had any idea of, and that she and the other women were almost constantly employed.

"All the Piedmontese dance amongst themselves, each lady with her admirer. You can hardly exchange a word with a woman of any pretensions in society, at a ball or party. When you meet them in the day, they all say, '*A ce soir, n'est-ce pas? nous nous rencontrons chez*'—whoever the person is who happens to be receiving, but when you get there they haven't time even to look at you, so busy are they marshalling their court—ten to twelve men round a sofa sometimes, and so anxiously watching that no rival should lure away one of them from their allegiance or get together a greater number!"

"May 3.

"I went to-day to my Comtesse D., who receives on Sunday. She lives in one of the finest palaces here, and has a nice apartment rather high up. She has old furniture, and the drawing-room is very handsome, all the frames of the tall mirrors, the woodwork of the chairs, etc., being silver instead of gilt. It is peculiar, but looks well. She was very nice, as usual, but when one pays visits on Sunday, one constantly meets the same people, who are making the same round as oneself; here were again Souza and Rustem Bey with his secretary (the one who sat on a sofa all through Brassier's ball, and who never says '*nothing to nobody*'). They went soon, and I hoped to have my friend to myself, but a very tall Piedmontese kept his ground, and was determined, as I perceived after a time, to outstay me. She talked in French to me, then in Piedmontese to him, in the way they have here. It was not in the least necessary, as he proved occasionally that he could speak French perfectly. It was no use going on in this sort of way, so I came home, and was well

laughed at by C. when I related my experiences. It seems that the Comtesse D. and the tall Count are well known to be great friends, and must have wished me anywhere for spoiling their tête-à-tête. Somehow I don't feel as if I should go there soon again!"

"May 10.

"This is the grand day of the Statuto, the celebration of the Constitution granted to the country by Carlo Alberto in 1848. There were plenty of other constitutions proclaimed in Italy at that time, but none of them have lasted, and it is only in Piedmont that the engagements then made have been loyally observed and maintained and where the people really enjoy the benefits of liberty. The poor Vaudois owe to the Statuto all the peace and independence they enjoy, and came to Turin on one of these celebrations, six hundred strong, with their pastors at their head, to express their gratitude to the King. To begin with, I saw C. depart in uniform—a sight I always enjoy—and then went off myself with Benz to Mr. Saurin's lodging on the great 'place' Victor Emmanuel by the Po. There is a bridge over the Po at one end of it, and on the other side the Church of the Gran Madre di Dio, with a great flight of steps leading up to it. On these steps an altar is erected and mass is said. The great square was full of troops, all the balconies hung with draperies and filled with ladies; by way of decorations there were immense baskets of lilac on pedestals placed about. All the corps diplomatique and the ministers were grouped on the long flight of steps leading up to the church. The sight was very fine, as the King on horseback, followed by a few aides-de-camp, came riding down the square, all the bands striking up the 'Marcia Reale' and the troops presenting arms. He crossed the bridge slowly and stopped his horse at the foot of the steps before the church. Then mass began, and I should have liked to look on and enjoy the sight, which was splendid, despite of the want of sunshine, for the day was gray and dark, but Mrs. Erskine, who was with me, was in a hurry to go to the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, where we were to see the review, and I did not like to

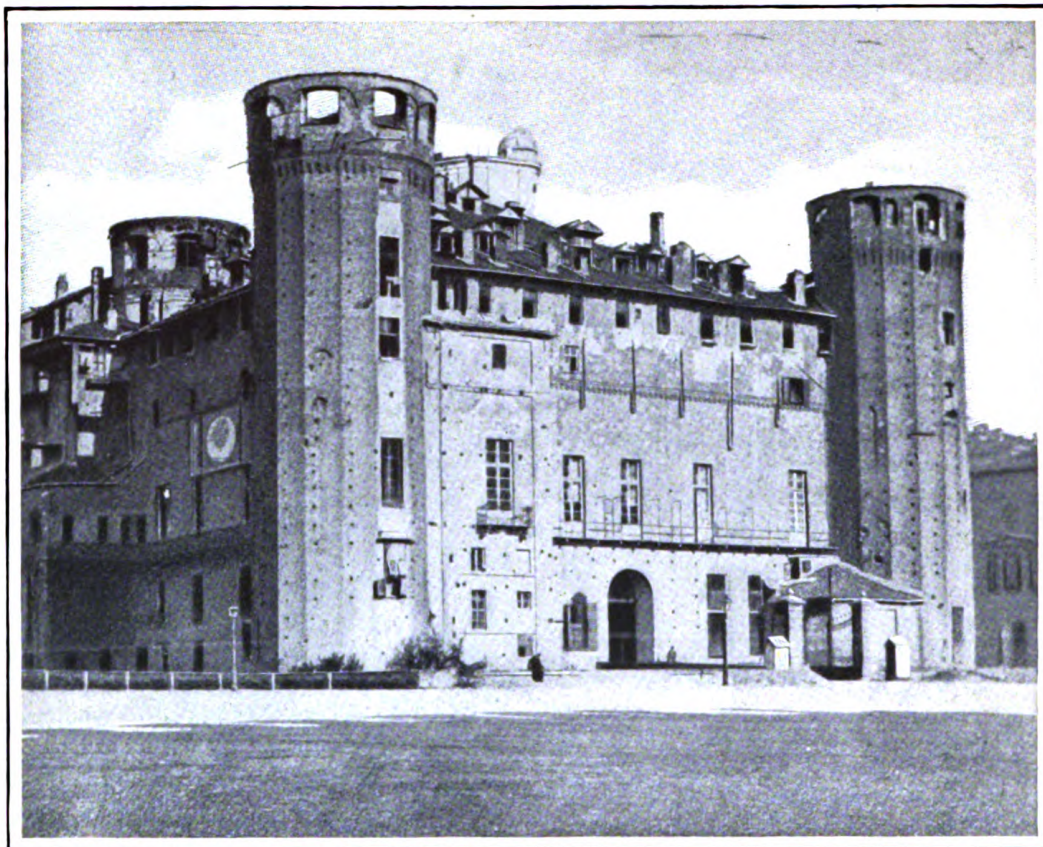
leave her. So I quitted with regret the beautiful balcony hung with red silk, which we had all to ourselves. By the time we got to the Ministère it had begun to rain, but there was an awning over



CAMILLE DE CAVOUR

the balconies, which were all hung with old tapestries, so that it did not matter much. The place Château is almost the only picturesque bit in all Turin. There is an old building in the middle, formerly a gateway of the town, afterwards the palace of Madame Royale, the Regent. It is much defaced, but still has towers, a moat full of bright-green shrubs, and a general air of antiquity about it. The picture-gallery, where I go and draw, is there, and the Senate sits there. It stands right in the middle of the square with its moat and bridge, and all round are the regular lines of handsome comparatively modern buildings, the King's Palace, various ministères, the Reggio, etc., with arcades below. The King placed himself, with his back to the old Château, exactly opposite to us, while the troops marched past before him. He is not





REAR VIEW OF PALAIS MADAME

handsome, but better-looking than his portraits. La Marmora was at his side. Unfortunately it rained hard all the time the troops were passing, after which came deputations of all sorts. Meantime the gentlemen of the corps diplomatique came dropping in from the mass at the Gran Madre di Dio, some gorgeous with stars and embroidery, others in plain clothes, having gone home to change; amongst the latest was C., of course. M. de Castro looked very magnificent, and the Turk was so grand that I was quite proud of shaking hands with him. Amongst the ladies, Mme. de Stackelberg shone preeminent, tall and handsome, with a kind of noble, imperious beauty. The Duchesse, kind and good-natured as usual, never makes much show. Cavour was doing the honors very amiably in a much-embroidered coat. His round, good-natured face and spectacles, as well as his short, stout figure, always seem to me slightly disappointing. It does not answer somehow to one's idea

of a great Italian statesman. He always makes me most gracious bows, however, whenever I meet him in the street, which I do frequently, as we do not live far from the Casa Cavour. M. de Stackelberg was there; I like him very much since a long visit he paid to me.

Cavour's niece, the Comtesse Alfieri, did the honors at the ministère. She makes the most wonderful curtsies I ever saw, really going down into the floor and coming up again in a most surprising manner."

"May 11.

"On returning from Cavour's, we had some luncheon to strengthen us for the races, which were expected to last long past our dinner-hour. I put on the lilac muslin with the three flounces, which we bought in Paris, and my white China crape shawl. The rain had ceased after the review, and carriages were pouring in from all directions towards the Place d'Armes, where the races were to be. We

arrived in good time, got good places, and prepared to enjoy the sight, when the rain, which one would think had stopped on purpose to tempt people out, began to pour in torrents. The tent under which we sat was soon wet through, and in some places collected the water and let it fall in regular streams upon the unfortunates below. Alas for the beautiful new bonnets, the beauteous spring dresses! Umbrellas were put up in all directions, but they barely sufficed to protect the bonnets; the crinolines the ladies here wear stretched far beyond their shelter. Two horses ran in the midst of it all, in the mud and pelting storm. Then there was a long interval. People were looking for their carriages, most of them in vain. Meanwhile we were wonderfully lucky. As soon as he saw the rain did not give over, C. went, without much hope, to see if he could find the carriage. Benz was waiting, had it quite near, and we drove off, to the envy of

many, no doubt. In the evening we went to see the illuminations, which were very pretty despite the rain. There were things like great plants with huge bell-like red flowers, managed partly in colored glass, partly in gas, which were quite new to me. If they had all been lighted, they must have looked magnificent, but many were kept for this evening. To-day the sun is shining brilliantly, there are more races, but too early for C. to take me, I suspect. We illuminated last night, as we were told it was proper and even prudent, as there have been cases known of windows being broken when not lighted up. We had fourteen grease-pots to each balcony. We have such lovely flowers—the cook, when he goes early to market, brings back tremendous bunches of lilies-of-the-valley for three or four sous. The room is almost too much perfumed by them. Then we have our window full of plants.”

## From Zone to Zone

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

UPON the night a stillness creeps:  
The sleuthlike mists all stealthily  
Close in on wide untamed deeps,  
Imprisoning the sea.

Through vaporous abysses gleam  
Mysterious worlds that faint and fall:  
The stars die silently, and all  
Is breathless as a dream.

Then scaling heaven quite alone  
The souls of men beatified,  
Triumphant rise from zone to zone:  
'Tis long since they have died.

'Tis long since they have died: Ah me!  
In their initiatory years  
Perchance they wandered wearily:  
The angels heard their tears.

But now from heaven to heaven no cry:  
And none may call their passing, death:  
Yet while they pass—through all the sky  
The hushed worlds hold their breath.

# Bread Eaten in Secret

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

IT is difficult for even the most subtly agile of moralists to append the *quod erat demonstrandum* to this record of the final solution of Susan Apthorpe's emotional complexities. Twist the tale as one will, there is no point at which he can say: "Here was the great mistake; here she had indubitable choice. Had she but turned in this direction the outcome would have been utterly different." Chance, blind and cruel, played so large a rôle in the shaping of events; and temperament, as capricious, as uncontrollable, as chance, walked hand in hand with it. Even the mysteries among which the little drama came to its culmination were, perhaps, but Susan's fancies grown all-victorious.

Susan was twenty-two, and a normal young woman as young women go, when she met Hardaker. She was not a beauty, but she had charm—laughter, whimsy, wit of an uncertain, fine, feminine flavor, imagination. The impulsiveness of her youth was tempered with something of the poise of a woman of the world. Left an orphan, and not an heiress, before the end of her first decade, she had early learned something of the arts of concealment, of apparent subserviency, of simulated self-forgetfulness—arts whose practice is necessitated by a shifting residence among semi-indifferent relatives. Her tact, however, never degenerated into hypocrisy; she was, at bottom, too affectionate not to be willing to pay, in helpfulness and entertainment, for the haphazard care and shelter she received. But from the time when the child first perceived that the world had not been constructed for her—a fact which orphaned children recognize many years before their fellows—she had made a little world of her own, in which she ruled, a kind and lovely young princess. She emerged from it cheerfully enough at the call of the actual, and her guardians never had cause even to describe

her as "dreamy," so immediate was her return.

Hardaker, at the time they met, was in the zenith of his social popularity, though he had not yet won complete recognition as an artist. He was, perhaps, forty; but he had carried into this beginning of middle age all the slim, strong grace of body which had made him the most picturesque wrestler of his day in college. His was the classic regularity of feature which Susan lacked. Only his mouth, less full, with less of that sensuous joyousness which we call pagan than the Greek type, laid a modern impress upon his face. It was almost thin-lipped, aristocratic, its native austerity converted into something which in repose resembled cruelty, as is often the way when a man of predominant intellect is deliberately a pleasure-seeker.

No one of the group assembled at Cedarholm, the Willis Apthorpe suburban place, expected Hardaker to be seriously interested in Susan, for whom the Willis Apthorpes were dutifully providing that season. When it became evident that the young woman held his attention for more than the evening or two for which the least fascinating of Susan's sex might hope to hold it, Mrs. Willis conscientiously did her utmost for her husband's cousin. She recalled to the girl the discrepancy in their ages, warned her that Hardaker was not of the marrying type, and related enough of the story of his successes with women to indicate that these were matters of notoriety rather than of fair renown. Susan received the information with the right degree of worldly, familiar indifference, tempered with a little youthful disgust.

"I don't think we need worry, Willis," said Mrs. Willis that night. "Susan has a good deal of the coquette in her make-up. I doubt if she'll ever be very hard hit. And I think I succeeded in making her see that he will be a drab, uninter-



esting person of fifty when she is in the very flower of her young matronhood. If once you can make a girl connect a man with gruel and porous plasters, she's safe enough."

While the astute Mrs. Willis reasoned thus, Susan lay in the darkness, her soft mouth pressed against her forearm on the pillow. He had kissed it when she had extended her hand for a friendly good-night. His kiss against her cool, firm flesh was not warmer than that of her own lips caressing what his touch had made so rapturously dear.

She knew, even while she summoned before her closed eyes the look which had burned in his, that her cousin's wife had told her the truth about Hardaker. But for the hour she elected to forget it, to live in her own familiar kingdom of make-believe. In the morning she would issue into the real world and conduct herself as was seemly. To-night she would dream a splendid, thrilling dream.

For once she found it difficult to separate her two realms. Into her jealously cherished blindness of the night the bitter truth would flash its illuminations—he was a man who only played at love; into the daytime clearness of her perceptions some golden memory of her dream would drift, filling her laughing eyes with sudden warmth and tenderness, breaking the cool smile upon her lips into the sigh of happy reverie. Hardaker, not in the secret of her moods, was puzzled, piqued, fascinated, almost to the undoing of his plans. In a month, half their acquaintances began to wonder if he was, by a miracle, in earnest. When, at the end of the second month, he departed abruptly for Europe, there were as many willing to award her the palm for consummate coquetry as to add her name to the monotonous list of his victims. Only she knew that he had gone without asking her to marry him, and only he knew that he had gone lest he most imprudently might. In his creed, an artist's only excuse for marriage was the increase of his leisure or opportunity for work.

During her deliberate yielding to the intoxication of her dream, Susan had nursed the delusion that she discounted the pain of awakening by anticipating it. She found, however, that the real pangs were not so easily evaded. When

he had gone, she longed for him as intensely as if she had expected, like the village maiden of familiar tragedy, to keep him forever; she missed his protestations of love—protestations made in a myriad ways—as if she had received them with full belief. It seemed to her that her hand was parched for the touch of his, that her eyes ached physically for the sight of his.

In her outward manner of life there was no change. She continued to occupy herself in a manner befitting a semidependent young woman of many social gifts but no remunerative talents. She fitted herself with graceful adaptability into several households, being in turn the glittering lure or the effective background for her hostess—here an excellent listener, there a humorous talker; here a skilful maker-over of old garments, there a sufficiently grateful recipient of new ones. Once, in the early period of her desolation, she had tried to make a useful career for herself and had dabbled in philanthropy after the fashion of the broken-hearted of her sex. But Susan's genius was not of the helping-hand variety. She soon withdrew from pursuits alien to her temperament and returned to her own sphere as an adornment of society and a subjugator of man.

In the latter profession she had the wonderful success that attends a native fitness for an undertaking. She liked—she could not help liking—the task of charming. Her inner conviction that she herself was proof against hurt lent, perhaps, an added zest to the sport. She advanced gayly, radiantly, to the duel when she saw an opponent worthy her skill; the sword-play, the passes, the poses, the fire from striking steel, delighted her. She felt that she wore an invisible armor, and sometimes the knowledge of her impregnability made her kind to her fellow fencer and sometimes it filled her with a brilliant recklessness of execution.

But whether she was making an abortive, pathetic attempt to be of use in the world, or whether she was visiting relatives in the country or relatives in town, or whether she was perverting her ardor, her wit, her sentiment, to the tinsel uses of flirtation—whatever her outward life, her outward activities, innerly she thought of herself as James Hardaker's

creature. She acknowledged it to herself with a sort of fierce pride in her abasement. She fostered the feeling. It made for her the secret life she had always had since her childhood.

The mere sight of his name in the papers always stopped her heart for the fraction of a second. Each success of his which the paragraphs recounted—and in these years the steps of his approach to his preeminent greatness were magnificent strides which all might mark—started it beating again with the heavy stroke of pride. She admitted his weaknesses, his cruelties, and brushed them aside. Thank Heaven, she said to herself, she had wasted her love upon a man, a great man, a power! False, inconstant, pleasure-seeking, was he? Ah, but he was great! Some women poured their love, their life's devotion, at the feet of poor, inefficient creatures whose moral weakness was redeemed by no strength of intellect, no beauty of artistic achievement. Thank Heaven, she had not been so base, so senseless, a groveller as these!

So six years had passed, and gradually the savor of her meaningless triumphs was growing stale against her palate. She was tormented by a sudden doubt of the nicety of her amusement of all these years; she consoled herself with the reflection that vulgarity of manner was universally conceded to be impossible to an Apthorpe; but was it possible to give dignity to a pursuit so innately trivial and vulgar as flirtation? Moreover, she was no longer able to pass at will into a world dominated by Hardaker. One day, when the trance eluded and defied her, a quick fear made her pale—a fear that she was not essentially different from the other women of her generation—no more fervent in loving, no more blindly loyal. It sickened her. She had had her vanity through the long time of her separation from Hardaker, a deeper vanity than the critics of her flirtations could have understood. It had been to believe herself a woman the intensity and constancy of whose love were boundless, a woman capable of an epic sentiment which only the accident of time and caste denied an epic expression.

The disdain for her amusements, the doubt of the endurance of her love for

Hardaker, coincided with the appearance of young Willitson upon her horizon. She saw him first one afternoon at the country club, a big, broad-shouldered, boyish figure. He stood before the fireplace and he was quoting some one to the effect that the capacity for a great passion is as rare as the capacity to compose a great opera. He had had the cold color that an autumn walk brings, she remembered, and she had liked his laugh as he had overthrown some sentimentalist with his bit of philosophy. She herself had thrilled with the consciousness of her secret genius. She had glanced up toward the speaker and had felt the blood mount girlishly to her face beneath the unexpected searching of his gray eyes. It was as though, in an idle conversation concerning poets, some one had divined a hidden gift of song. And yet, it was after that talk that she began to torment herself with the fear that her great song was merely doggerel, after all. She closed her eyes and summoned Hardaker's face. She struggled to wrest from unwilling memory the blueness of his eyes; but blue was a mere word in her mind, not a color, not a living light, as of old. She recalled words—they left her unthrilled. She reminded herself of twilights—sunsets, scenes set for romance, with Hardaker close to her, his hand touching hers, his face, beautiful and eager, bending toward her. But the scenes vanished before their message reached her heart. She was left in the darkness with the memory of young Willitson's divining scrutiny of her.

That young Willitson had soon attached himself rather conspicuously to Susan's train was a matter commented upon by her relatives with the cheerful frankness common to families. Some of them averred that he was a boy, little likely to stir a real ardor in a woman who had so long played with fire. Some said that it would be a shame if she trifled with him after her custom, despoiling him of the morning freshness of his emotions merely to feed an insatiable vanity. Willis Apthorpe expounded a more hopeful theory to his wife.

"Did you ever notice Willitson's jaw?" he asked. "That fresh color of his blinds one to the cut of his face, rather. But you look at him the next time you see

him. If he wants Susan, he'll get her. I'll wager you three to one that in five years you'll see her and a pair of young ones driving meekly down to the station to meet him when he comes out from the city in the afternoon. She'll quote his sayings and warm his slippers and humbly wait for him to finish the newspaper before interrupting him—provided he wants it. You mark my words."

"I'm sure I hope so," sighed Mrs. Willis. "But you know, dear, Susan has never seemed quite the same to me since the Hardaker affair."

"Hardaker? Nonsense!" Willis was emphatic rather than argumentative.

"But really—"

"But really," interrupted her husband conclusively, "the whole trouble with Susan is that she hasn't met men. Now young Willitson's a man though he's only a boy. He's going to love like a man and win his woman like a man, and marry and go out and do a man's work in the world. He isn't going to sit around turning phrases about his emotions. And that's the kind of man Susan needs and wants and is waiting for—you'll see."

"I'm sure I hope so," his wife sighed again, some presentiment upon her that so sane and fair a destiny was not for her cousin, despite that cousin's compelling and appealing charm.

Meantime young Willitson made it evident to all observers that he held Susan in extravagant admiration. He laughed at her witticisms, watched her changeable face by the evening together, condoned her ignorance of practical affairs—Willitson himself was rather phenomenal in objective knowledge,—humored her caprices after the indulgent manner of the strong, not the ingratiating manner of the weak.

"He's too nice to be spoiled," Susan told herself as she did up her hair one evening, after she had been off for a splendid, swinging, stinging walk with him through the wind and the driving mist. She was trying to explain to herself why she had held her hand from flirtation with him. Her face looked back at her out of the mirror, glowing, smiling, young-eyed—such a face as she had not seen there for years. "Much too nice," she said again, more emphatically, "and very, very much too young."

Too young! She sighed. Had she offered up her youth on the altar of an unreality? How old was the boy—two, three years younger than she was? He might as well be a decade younger, she felt; he might as well be in the nursery! Ten years and she would be faded, withered, burned out, not to be thrilled even by the thought of the great, secret romance of her youth; ten years and he, the boy, would still be in the vigor and glory of life. A chill went creeping up to her heart. Out of the mirror, which had so often framed her memory of Hardaker's face, Willitson's eyes seemed to look forth at her, laughing, commanding her to put away recollections and anticipations, commanding her to—

"It couldn't be, it couldn't be," she told herself vehemently. "If that other was not real and eternal, then nothing can be real and eternal on God's earth—or I am not the kind that may feel real things. I will not be that other kind. I will keep my love, I will keep it."

She walked down-stairs to find young Willitson in his favorite attitude before the hall fire. He was talking politics with Willis, but he broke off to watch her as she came down. She passed him coldly, listened with a careful indifference as he explained how Mrs. Apthorpe, meeting him at the gate, had been so jolly as to ask him to come back to dinner just as he was.

"Very nice, I'm sure," said Susan, rudely. He looked surprised, and almost hurt for half a second. The ruddy color faded a little from his face, and suddenly the firmness of his jaw became his most prominent facial characteristic. His gray eyes studied her. Then with a slight gesture of accepting her manner, he sauntered across the drawing-room to Mrs. Apthorpe. Susan felt chidden and ashamed. Like a child who is conscious of having misbehaved, she exerted herself at dinner to efface the impression of her wilfulness. But Willitson did not lose the air of a man who merely defers explanation and punishment to a fitting season.

When he was about to leave the house, it came.

"You promised to go with me to see those pictures of Lwein's," he said.

"Yes," answered Susan, docilely. "Is his exhibition on yet?"

"It opens to-morrow. Can you go then?"

Susan smiled and said that she could, without even the pretence of consulting a mental engagement-book.

"Won't you come in early and go to luncheon with me?"

"That will be delightful," said Susan.

"I'm not so sure you'll think so afterwards," he announced. "Very well, then. I'll meet the train that gets in a few minutes before one—the twelve-seven, isn't it?"

Susan's "yes" was unsteady. She was not going to be able to dominate the situation, to keep this downright person from downright utterance and demand—that she felt. But was she going to be able even to control herself, to hold fast to her dream before the vigorous, splendid sunshine he would let into her heart? The premonition of vanquishment shook her.

It was not a joy to her to find herself again on the verge of love. It discredited her past, it mocked her, it disgraced her in her own eyes. A good wife could scarcely feel more shame at the stirring of a vagrant emotion than Susan at the approach of a fresh passion in herself. Her long infatuation for Hardaker was, in her mind, redeemed from folly, ennobled, set among heroic sentiments, by its endurance, its subsistence upon pure imagination. That had been the badge of its sincerity, had marked it no spurious metal. That another emotion should have power to crowd it from her heart debased it and derided her.

She was not a religious woman, but that night she found herself upon her knees, her arms flung across her bed, her face hidden. She formulated no prayer, but all her being besought that her heart might be faithful to its fruitless dream.

As though in answer to her, her broken sleep held dreams of Hardaker, smiling, tender, triumphant. She awoke, strengthened against the boy. To be sure, she counted the hours until they were to meet, but she told herself that her impatience was the burning desire to say what must be said, to end the situation, to strangle the new feeling that struggled for life in her heart, while it was still quiescent.

The train loitered and lagged. She

grew almost feverish. She trembled, and hated herself that she could not tell whether it was an old recollection of Hardaker or the memory of Willitson's good-night that thrilled her. She was suddenly afraid to meet the boy's eyes again. Why had she said that she would come, would see him?

And here the malignant fairy that had not been invited to Susan's christening took part in her destiny, or some power as wantonly cruel. To quiet her nerves, she leaned over and took from an empty chair opposite hers a morning paper flung there by some one leaving the train. Her eyes idly roamed up and down the columns. She was unconscious of a word, until there stood out clearly, as though in some raised and curious type for the blind, a paragraph cabled from Florence. "American Sculptor Marries Heiress," it read. The day before, in the Italian city, James Hardaker had taken to wife the only daughter of an ex-ambassador whose chief fitness for his office had been the possession of a fortune larger than those of the monarchs to whose courts he had been accredited.

Jealousy, that outlives love and simulates passion, that stirs the slight embers of a trivial emotion to a sudden final burst of flame, sprang up in Susan. Often as she had prepared herself for the announcement of Hardaker's marriage, the reality found her totally unready. It was as though some new substance had been thrown among the inchoate uncertainties of her heart and had crystallized them. She burned with misery and jealousy. Therefore she loved Hardaker. Therefore she had no feeling at all for Willitson. So, if she had been capable of defining herself, she would have described her emotions.

As she met Willitson in the station, the unnatural, hard brilliance of her eyes, so unlike their customary liquid radiance, the harsh red line of her mouth, the furious rose that burned upon her creamy skin—all these gave him a minute's uneasiness. But he refused to listen to their warning; he had determined that day to settle for all time the question of his relation to Susan. Last night he had been deliriously sure that the settlement would be what he desired. To-day he would not let the doubt born of her

strange, abrupt manner, her tense, excited face, deter him.

They were not far advanced at the pretence of luncheon when he spoke.

"You know what I want to say to you, don't you?"

The thought of hurting him was not distasteful to Susan in the mood in which she was, though usually she was all exquisite, illogical, feminine tenderness for the pain that she could see.

"I suppose I do," she answered curtly. He studied her with an air of grave surprise for a moment.

"Your manner when you came down to dinner last night," he began, "was so unlike your manner when you came home from our walk, and your manner at dinner so unlike either, that I was puzzled. I am not a subtle person like some of your friends." He half smiled. "I don't care for riddles. I don't want to waste time wondering where I stand with you, and guessing what you mean by this gesture and what by that smile, and whether I have offended you or not. I want to know—to know—how you feel about me."

She was regarding him with hard eyes and a satiric pressure of the lips. His gaze did not falter beneath the irony of her glance.

"Of course," he went on, "this is not a fitting time or place for this conversation. But you see you never treated me capriciously or coquettishly until last night, and my one idea was to have the thing cleared up at the earliest possible second. Susan—I'm pretty madly in love with you. I want your love, I want you, more than I have ever wanted anything in the world. Have I any chance at all?"

He bent forward slightly, his face pale, his eyes shining with suspense. The waiter, hovering near with a chafing-dish upon a tray, discerningly withdrew a few feet.

It seemed to Susan that it would relieve the intolerable, throbbing agony of her own pain if she could wound as deeply. Still satiric and hard, she looked at him.

"You have not the least chance in the world," she replied, with a soft, concise brutality. He drew a sharp breath, settled back in his chair and nodded toward the bearer of the chafing-dish. That

functionary, regulating an alcohol flame, removing a cover, disclosing the bubbling contents of the pan as though he revealed the riches of a jewel-case, making passes across the table with plate and fork, mercifully hid the two from each other for a few seconds. When he had once more withdrawn, Susan stole a half-frightened glance at Willitson. Her cruelty had spent itself, after the feminine fashion, in one blow.

"I—I am very sorry," she whispered.

"You are not at all to blame," he told her courteously. "You must not reproach yourself in the least." The formality of his manner was not to her liking.

"You do not understand," she said.

"I am afraid I understand quite clearly all that concerns me.—Shall we have a French dressing with the alligator-pears or a—"

"I don't care what we have with our pears or whether we have pears, or anything," cried Susan, tempestuous, despite the softness of her voice. "You are angry. You think I did this for—my vanity's sake. Oh yes, you do!"—as he made a slight gesture of dissent. "You despise me for a coquette. Every one does—"

"I love you," he interrupted her. "I wanted you for my wife. If you had cared for me you would not have coquetted any more. But you have said you don't, and, if you'll forgive my selfish concern for my own feelings, it's damnable painful for me to talk about it just now. You know I told you I wasn't an amateur psychologist."

But Susan did not want to drop the subject. The relentless egotism of grief, the passion for speech, for outpouring of soul, were upon her.

"You are angry with me," she persisted. "Ah, don't be. Pity me. Can't you see I'm wretched? Can't you see I'm tortured, crucified? Don't I know all about love and pain?"

Her voice broke in self-pity. Willitson leaned forward, forgetting himself.

"You poor girl, you poor child!"

"Don't be too sorry for me," she said in her turn. "I ought to be used to it. It's six—it's nearly seven years now."

"Is he blind or an ass?"

"He's married."



In the silence that fell upon them the waiter removed plates, brought cups. Willitson looked long and searchingly at her. The innocent melancholy of her expression—a sort of confession of ignorance—banished whatever ugly thought had sprung to life at her last words. Resolution gathered in his eyes.

"Listen," he said. His hand fell upon hers, nervously tearing at a leaf upon the table. "Listen. You're awfully young, after all. You're romantic—silly, dear heart, like a sixteen-year-old about a *matinée* hero. No, you mustn't be angry with me yet. You must listen. You've been fostering something unreal, playing, pretending. Let me teach you the truth. Give me a chance. Why, hang it all, I'm not a fool. You could care for me—I've seen it. Dear love, your eyes—either you've deliberately let them lie to me or you have cared—a little. Only last night—"

But the message from Florence had blotted out last night for Susan.

"I may have thought at one time that I could forget him and care for you," she said. "But I do not wish to. I did not wish to. Real or unreal, it's all there is in the world for me. I'd rather remember his hand-clasp than—than feel your kiss," she cried recklessly. "The memory of him, once in a year, is dearer company for me than you, all of you, love and sympathy and talk and laugh, every day. I'd rather be the woman who loves him hopelessly, never seeing him, forgotten by him, than the best-loved wife in all the world."

"That is all romantic nonsense, Susan," replied Willitson. "To cherish passionately what can have no fruition is morbid, hysterical, false. I'll make you see that some day."

"Romantic, morbid, hysterical, whatever it is, it is my life," she asseverated.

"But it shall not be your life, Susan. Listen to me. You shall love me yet. I will make it the one object of existence to make you forget this—this moonshine. And I'll succeed."

"You never will. I shall not see you, hear from you, hold any communication with you, if you will not respect my feeling. Oh, you do not realize it."

"I realize it better than you do. I am a man. And I mean to win you. I

wouldn't fight you, dearest, if I had any real rival, any man who could offer you love and happiness. But as it is—you'll see. Oh, you sha'n't be able to evade me." He laughed. "If you refuse to see me I'll haunt you with my astral body; I'll impress myself upon the light and you'll never see any one else but me! If you won't hear me I'll make the winds my messengers. I'm talking like a drunken fool, am I not? But it only means that I'm not going to give you up to an illusion—that I'm never going to give you up. Do you hear me, Susan—I'm going to win you, for your happiness and my own!"

The boyish rhapsody and daring restored Susan somewhat to herself. She smiled faintly.

"Ah," she said, "you are very young."

"So I have all the more years to persuade you to be happy and all the more years to love you in," he answered, smiling a little also.

They went out into the gusty brightness of the March day. The violence of Susan's mood had passed, but it had left her tired.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we'll skip the pictures. I'm—I'm tired. I'll go home at once."

"But I do mind—most dreadfully."

"Nevertheless, I must go home. Get me a cab, if you will, and send me to the station. I—I think I'm too old for scenes."

"I want you to forget the scene," he rejoined earnestly. "I want you to come and see pictures with me in just a commonplace, every-day fashion. And I won't even tell you"—his eyes were mirthful and daring—"how we'll go jog-trotting to picture shows together all our life!"

She frowned and shook her head in quick impatience. "Let me go with you to the station, at any rate," he begged.

"No. I want to be alone."

"Ah, but remember how I'm not going to let you escape me in that way," he laughed. "At least to-night I may—"

"No, no, not to-night," she cried nervously, forestalling his request.

"But I may call you up on the telephone and learn that you have recovered from the—scene?" He could not have explained his own buoyancy; but hope—



*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg*

"REMEMBER," HE WHISPERED, "I AM GOING TO WIN"



certainly—flooded his heart as he looked at her. The conquering mood of the night before was again upon him. He shut the carriage door upon her, and before he turned to give directions to the driver, he leaned in through its lowered window.

"Remember," he whispered, "I am going to win out. And you will be as glad as I."

Before anything more articulate than a blush could answer his confident prediction, the carriage began to move, and she looked out to see him standing, bare-headed, young, triumphant, in the bright light. And that vision of him remained with her all the afternoon, contending with the older one and—though she would not yet admit it—overthrowing it.

Late in the day she found herself in the library on the second floor of her cousin's house. The windows commanded a sweep of the high, sloping lawn, the bare trees, the broad road outside the grounds, and the ice-cluttered river beyond. Susan told herself that she was there to see the brief crimson fires die down behind the farther shore. But she knew in her heart that it was to watch for a swinging figure that sometimes strode up from the station in the twilight. Willitson had for home, besides his club in town, his sister's house beyond the Willis Apthorpe place. He would go there to-night, Susan argued; or could he have meant to telephone from the city? Ah, there he came through the enfolding dusk! No, it was Willis, turning in at his own drive. How ridiculous a blunder—to mistake Willis's middle-aged strength of outline for the swinging, youthful leanness of the boy! Then she remembered his boast—his promise—his threat—that she should come to see him in every vision her eyes beheld. She laughed in a flurry of shame and gladness that already his words began to be true.

Nervously, expectantly, she occupied herself after dinner. She paced the rooms aimlessly, she played snatches of melody. She had been hurt, she had fed her heart upon folly, she had nourished herself upon mists—and now, what balm, what tenderness, were to be hers! She looked at her cousins. There had been no guests, the younger children were

asleep in the nursery, the older ones busy in the schoolroom with their books. Willis read in middle-aged comfort and Caroline pricked at a piece of fine linen with a needle. It was very sweet. Warmth and peace and the security of wedded love—how beautiful and blessed they were! Her fingers made a sudden discord at the piano.—Did she mean, then, without a further struggle, to yield to the domination of this new love, to yield to this new lover?

The telephone on Willis's desk in the library rang sharply. She turned, half starting to her feet. But Willis moved toward the instrument. She waited, unsure, trembling, to be summoned to it. Their talk would be, of course, non-committal, but—

"My God! what are you saying, Baird? It can't be true." That was what Willis was shouting in a high, hoarse voice. Lena Baird was Arthur Willitson's sister. From head to foot Susan was instantly cold, stiff, tense.

"Yes, yes. Of course. I'll come at once."

Caroline had stopped her embroidery and was staring at her husband, aghast at the horror and hurry of his tones. Susan was still sitting, perfectly motionless, at the piano.

"God! this is awful," shuddered Willis, stumbling up from the desk and crossing the room. "There's been an explosion. Baird has heard that young Willitson—the hospital telephoned. It seems Arthur had some memoranda with Baird's address—"

"For Heaven's sake, Willis!" Caroline was strident with fear and impatience. "Tell it straight. What is it?"

"Young Willitson's dead—killed in an explosion on Duane Street this afternoon. The hospital authorities have telephoned to Baird. He wants me to go in town with him. Identification—"

Then he became aware of Susan, tall and ghastly white, by his side.

"I do not believe a single word of it," she said woodenly, and, with that expression of unbelief upon her lips, fell forward into Willis's arms in a dead faint.

The steep slope to the river was garlanded with the pale green and rosy white of the later spring-time when Susan

looked forth again at evenfall. She was stretched in a long chair, a rug across her knees, her hands folded weakly in her lap. For weeks she had been lying in bed—not sick with tangible disease, not suffering keen pangs, but inert, indifferent, deadened to feeling.

Finally the spell broke. The doctor said that Miss Apthorpe had happily escaped with a brief attack of nervous prostration, and that now, with due care, with a cautious avoidance of excitements, with gentle stimulations of interest, with electricity and massage and tonics, her vigorous constitution would finally reassert itself. Then he went away and wrote a convincing paper upon the penalties exacted by nature from society women for gambling and automobile racing.

And Susan lay at the library window, looking idly down the billowy, blossoming slope to the broad road, where now and then the flash of varnish or the gleam of metal proclaimed the passing of equipages. Faintly she enjoyed the tender colors of the hillside. She still dwelt in the nebulous region where pain and joy are no more real than those are real men and women who pass and repass in a mirror at the end of a great hall.

The west grew softly, celestially bright with pink and primrose and lilac. The carriages rolled closer. Dark figures of pedestrians strode by the low wall at the foot of the hill. The frequent trains were bringing the men home from the city.

Along the road came some one swingingly. He seemed straight and tall and lithe. Something caught roughly at Susan's heart. A hand snatched at the veil which had enwrapped her. She leaned forward, her lips parted, her eyes starry, her whole face transfigured. The man paused at the gate, turned in, resolved himself to Willis's stalwart proportions. She gave a great cry and threw herself backward in her chair. There was no longer any shield of misty forgetfulness between her and the agony of realization.

So she came quite back to life and its cruelty of loneliness. She never even said to herself that she had loved Arthur Willitson, and that in the loss of him, the loss of life with him, she had tasted what was for her the supreme bitterness. She was done with telling herself what her emotions were, done with cherishing

them, with defying them, with all forms of playing with them.

Yet, unsought by her—beyond, indeed, any human power of seeking—the visionary life she had always maintained began to reassert itself. Dreams such as she had tried to compel in the old days came to her now unbidden. At first it was only in the twilights, under the shadow of a tree or under the flickering of a street lamp, that some familiar trick of shoulder or of stride, some turn of the neck or free motion of the arm, would make her heart stand still for the space of a quivering eyelash and then bound madly on. By and by the hallucination, that was no hallucination, grew more frequent. Arthur was dead, dead in the great glory of life, dead—ah, the misery of it!—because she had not granted such a little, trivial wish one sunny, blustery day—she knew it. That knowledge was the core of existence to her. Yet, constantly, men walked with his tread, bent their heads as he had done, sprang, ran—simulated all his vigorous, supple motions. Never the man close beside her, never the one who brushed her skirts on the sidewalk, but always the one just turning the far corner, just alighting from the next carriage, the next car, just closing the door of his house behind him. And her eyes, charged with lasting sorrow, came at last to be always longingly fixed on the distances.

Nor was that all. The first time she had answered the telephone after her recovery from her illness—repressing a shudder as she lifted the receiver from the hook—that day the "hello" which had greeted her had been familiar, buoyant, young—the very tones that had prophesied to her joy and the fulfilment of destiny. Her answer had been a whisper. And then a commonplace voice had pronounced a commonplace message and her fluttering heart had dropped, a piece of lead in her breast.

The next time she had been called to the telephone, she went with tremulous expectancy. If only she might have her half-second of delusion that was no delusion! She gave the signal in a low, eager voice, and her blood, for an instant still in her veins, leaped at the answer. Again the "hello" was Willitson's own—ringing, assured, alive, alive, alive! And





*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg*

HER SHINING EYES TOOK NO NOTE OF THEM



though the next word shattered into a thousand bits the sought-for joy, nevertheless, for one immeasurable heart-beat, Arthur's very tones had broken against her ears.

So it went on. He appeared to her—no glimmering wraith at twilight, no chilling presence in the pearly grayness of the dawn, but in the half-glimpsed grace and strength of other men, in half-heard calls from the distance, in a passing laugh, in a boatman's voice upon the water at sunset. None knew of her obsession. None guessed what her far-gazing eyes sought or for what she listened, with an ethereal light of hope upon her face. They said that she seemed like a woman living in a dream, but they did not guess how truly they spoke.

The days had slid into weeks and the weeks into months, until a year was nearly past. Willis and Caroline, coming home across the snowy lawn from some neighborly gathering one night, were talking of their cousin with that deeper, more protective tenderness they had felt for her since her retirement from the world. They were asking themselves how she might be again brought to the life of every day; they were talking of the wonder of her smile, asking themselves what hope shone through her transparent beauty like a light through a fragile lamp.

They unlocked the door and stepped into the soft warmth and luxury of the hall. The tall clock by the stairway chimed some late hour. Then the telephone-bell in the library rang loudly, demanding. They heard the gentle trailing of Susan's dress to the desk. Then they caught each other's hands in quick, instinctive affright.

For the trembling melody of her greeting had been followed by a full-throated cry of rapture. "Arthur, Arthur!" she called; and then: "Yes, yes. I know; I'll come."

As swiftly as a moonbeam glides into a room she had come into the hall, in front of her cousins. She did not speak to them; her shining eyes took no note of them. She unfastened the door so silently, so swiftly, that she seemed rather to pass through it than to unlock it.

"See who was calling up—ask Central. I'll follow Susan," whispered Willis,

bounding to the door. He was out upon the broad, stone steps in an instant, but already the slight figure before him was speeding half-way down the white lawn. He ran, he called, but she made no sign of having heard. On she sped, suddenly flinging her arms wide in a gesture of most loving welcome, of most glad surrender, as she neared the wall.

He came rushing back, alone, white-faced, in a few minutes.

"I must have help," he said. "She—she fell—or—fainted—at the wall. I—It's over, dearest. Who was it telephoned?"

"Central said," whispered Caroline, her grieved, horrified eyes upon her husband's, her voice unvarying—"Central says that our house had not been called this evening?"

"But," protested Willis, while the servants began to gather in response to his ring—"but we heard."

"Yes," whispered Caroline; "I told Central so. She said that she could not understand—that she had not rung us up at all."

They looked at each other, wide-eyed, stupefied, their lips parted, their breath coming in brief gulps. Then Willis turned from his wife and gave his commands to the servants. The little group moved down the white lawn to where the snow at the foot of the garden was darkened by a long, inert figure.

There was a sleigh jingling ironically along the road beyond the wall. At sight of those bent over the relaxed form on the ground, and of the lanterns incongruously yellow in the white night, at sound of a hysterical maid weeping and of tense orders given, the vehicle drew to a standstill. A man leaped from the back seat.

"This is the Apthorpe place, is it not?" he began. Willis turned dully toward the intruder, and the man spoke again. "It is, of course—Apthorpe, don't you remember me? Hardaker? Is there some trouble?"

He stepped nearer the burden that the men had lifted, and looked on Susan's face.

"My God!" he said very quietly. And then: "I've been thinking of her all the evening. We've been at the club with—What does it all mean, Apthorpe?"

# The Movements of Tendrils

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

THERE are two classes of plants which are incited by man's presence to describe certain definite movements. One class, the sensitive-plants, retract their leaflets as we approach them as if they resented any attempt at closer intimacy, while the other class, comprising all those vines which develop climbing organs called tendrils, will reach out toward us if we place our hands in contact with them, and will even use a finger as a support to climb upon. We know that these tendrils will wind just as readily about a twig or a grass stem, but as one feels these sensitive strands multiply their encircling coils about one's fingers, there almost seems to be established between us and the vegetable world a more intimate relationship than has ever existed before.

Tendrils are indeed capable of exhibiting faculties and going through evolutions more wonderful perhaps than many of us realize. It is only after we have seen them at work, testing with their sensitive tips the objects they come in contact with, apparently considering their suitability as a support and then accept-

ing or rejecting them, as the case may be—it is only then that we realize how justly they have been called the “brains of plant life.”

The thoroughness with which these wandering tips explore their surroundings is illustrated by an instance I observed in a grape-vine tendril. A cherry branch, whose leaves had been variously punctured and scalloped by insects, hung near the tendril, and a particular leaf had just one small hole in its blade, not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. So careful had been the exploration of the leaf's surface that this one small hole had been discovered by the tendril, which had thrust itself nearly three inches through the opening.

The rapidity of motion is also surprising, particularly if the tip is stroked a few times to arouse its latent powers. A tendril of the star-cucumber so treated began to curl about my fingers in ten seconds, and in one minute a complete revolution had been made. This is much more rapid than its movements un-hastened by friction, for a pencil so hung as to come lightly in contact with such

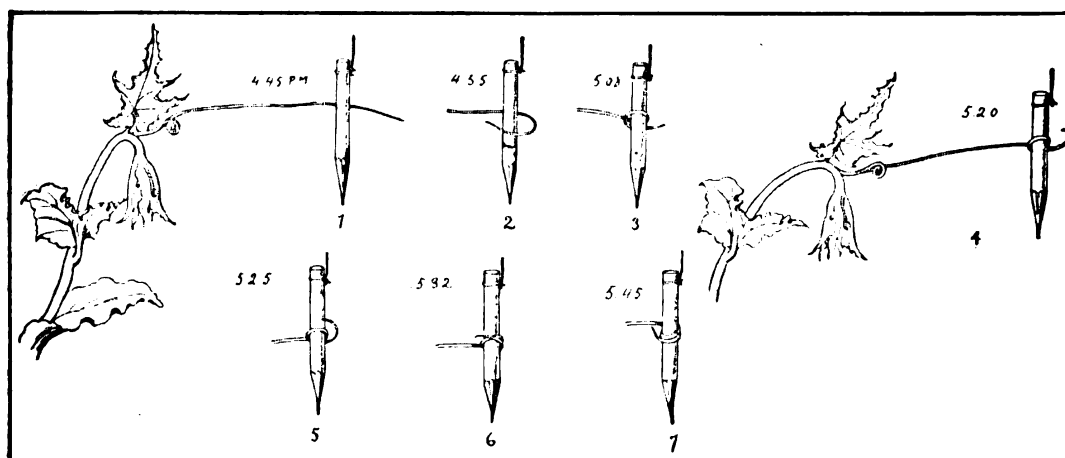


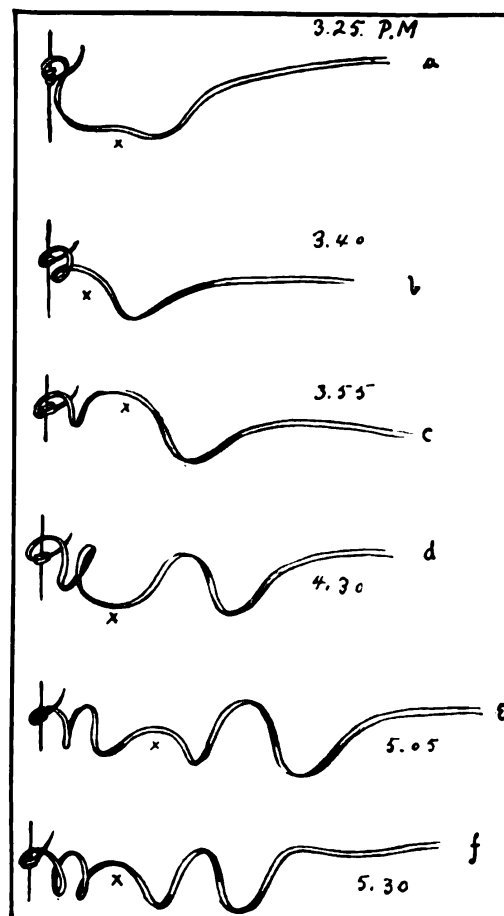
FIG. 1.—A pencil is brought in contact with a pumpkin-vine tendril to discover how an object is grasped and the rapidity of movement. The larger figures give the order of the pictures, and the small figures indicate the hour and minute at which each sketch was made. They show that the tendril required just one hour to complete the double grasp which is illustrated in figure 7.



a tendril was not encircled until nine minutes had elapsed. These star-cucumber tendrils are exquisitely sensitive, and so responsive to the softest contact that they may be seen grasping single strands of spiders' web which had happened to brush against them and so aroused them to action.

As a test of the manner and rate of motion of a pumpkin-vine tendril, a pencil was hung against it, near the extremity (Fig. 1). Hardly had the sensitive surface felt the contact before a response was visible in the free extremity, which swung slowly round in a wide loop, while the tip gradually curled inward to complete the circle, as shown in figure 2. The tip continued to swing round, passed beneath and close to the main shaft of the tendril where it touched the pencil, and by its still steadily advancing movement succeeded in tightening the now finished coil. This stage took twenty-three minutes to develop, as shown in figure 3, and then the free extremity with its short remaining piece of tendril essayed the making of another coil. I prepared to watch the process intently, but after a moment or two it became evident that the coiling motion had entirely ceased. In thinking it over afterwards, I was inclined to believe that the tendril had become aware as soon as I that not enough winding length remained to complete the second coil, and consequently its need had been made known to the vine; or, at least, that as a result of the stimulus exerted on the tendril by the pencil the vine was prompted to share in its movement, for I now saw that the vine had been gradually leaning forward toward the pencil (figure 4; compare the inclination of the end of the vine with figure 1). The tendril exerted no pull, for the pencil hung plumb all the while; it was, in appearance, a voluntary inclination of the vine's extremity. This, of course, produced a slack in the tendril, and this slack was taken up by the coil already formed, as it worked itself slowly forward about the pencil's circumference and so added this new winding material to the free extremity. The tip now moved forward again, hugging the pencil, and by a slight upward inclination succeeded in laying its flattened body snugly and firmly

against the coil already formed (figure 6). Once again, however, before this second coil was completed the material became exhausted, winding motion ceased as before, the vine inclined itself still farther,



Development of the coiled spire in a bur-cucumber tendril. The figures indicate the hour and minute at each stage of the coiling process.

and the length so given was taken up by the slowly revolving coils until the tip was free to move forward and complete the grasp it had originally designed. The finished work is illustrated in figure 7, and shows that just one hour had elapsed since the pencil and tendril were brought in contact.

This rate of movement was slow as compared with the formation of similar coils by the bur, or star, cucumber, the wild vine which trails its graceful leaves so plentifully over fences and refuse-heaps throughout the summer. The tendrils of this vine will com-



plete a double revolution about a slender support like a twig or grass stem in twenty or twenty-five minutes. From these tendrils the series of sketches were made which show how the spiral coil of

Certain cases have been noted where there were several series of these alternating spirals on one tendril, but usually there is merely a half-and-half arrangement.

In the first sketch we see the tendril

tightly grasping a grass stem and contorting itself so as to make a sort of reversed loop near the point of attachment; then at a place marked X a broad bent portion develops and swings slowly and gradually downward. This bent portion, which we might liken to the crank-handle on the middle of a shaft, continues to swing downward, then back and upward, as at b, over toward us and downward again, completing one revolution. As it does this the tendril is coiled on either side—in one direction on this side and in the opposite direction on the other. The sketches trace the continued cranklike motion of the bent portion X and the consequent formation of the spirals on either side; until, in two hours' time, the tendril appears as at f, already taking on the appearance of the characteristic coiled spire. Of course, as the spiral develops and the coils tighten, this cranklike portion will appear as the little straight section which always appears between the two series of coils.

By such remarkable means do the vines embower the tall trees with their draperies and hang their clustered fruits from lofty branches. They have been lifted there by



TENDRILS OF THE BUR-CUCUMBER (*Sicyos angulatus*)

the tendril is formed, that watch-spring-like conformation which is begun only after the grasp upon the support has become secure. When a tendril sometimes coils itself without grasping a support, the coil is all in one direction; but whenever the tendril has grasped an object the true spiral is formed and has this distinctive peculiarity: it turns in one direction for half its length and in the other direction for the remaining half.

slow advances. First, there is the almost intelligent inspection by the soft wandering tips and the slow grasp of the proved support; then, the careful and orderly duplication of the additional coils about it to make the hold secure; and last, that wonderful spiral contraction, twisted in this way and in that, by which the vine is drawn upward step by step, nearer and nearer the lofty station toward which it is destined by nature to aspire.

# From the Veranda

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

IN the one anxious glance Mrs. Van Eyck gave her, she decided that her niece by marriage had never looked better, borne herself better or been better gowned. There was indeed something that elicited her admiration as well as her surprise in the tranquillity with which Dorothea paced onward before a hotel veranda which had become one eye, even though her advance was made between a double shield composed of a husband on one side and a golden-haired cherub of three years on the other.

"Clever," breathed Harding Barrett, "to bring the kid along; *that's* her innings anyhow."

Mrs. Van Eyck did not answer; she was regarding with a suppressed hostility the rows of chairs on the veranda.

"All occupied—at this hour; I call it *indecent!*" she observed in undertone to Barrett. "Every soul in the place is simply *waiting* to see them."

"Well, we're waiting ourselves, aren't we?" Barrett replied with a glint of humor.

"I intend Dorothea shall feel she has at least one friend in the field."

"Two, please," amended Barrett. "And I shall back Dorothea to win; Lance is not a fool either."

"You can never predict when any man will become one," returned Mrs. Van Eyck. "His folly was something colossal before."

"Ah,—that *was* before—Dorothea."

"Dorothea," Mrs. Van Eyck responded warmly, "is quite perfect," adding instantly, "Poor child!"

Barrett raised his eyebrows.

"H-m,—I have never thought Dorothea quite so simple as you do."

"Well, at any rate, she is simple compared with Joanna Warner; there's nothing simple about *her*, unless Europe has changed her."

"It would take more than Europe to change Joanna Warner; except, of

course, now she's a celebrity, *then* she wasn't."

"She is not the only one," said Mrs. Van Eyck with slight emphasis, and her glance returned, as if by suggestion, to the chairs.

That her nephew's private affairs should be matter of public interest was, in fact, a part of the penalty attaching to that greatness which she least of all would have been willing to have him miss; yet as his kinswoman and as mere woman she bore a grudge against its instruments. Had Lancelot Van Eyck been a less distinguished figure (his aunt did not add, even mentally, "or Joanna Warner"), interest in what Lancelot's wife would do under fire must have been greatly abridged.

Apparently Dorothea intended to do nothing at all, unless it was casually to exhibit a charming family group, and this was nothing more than she had done consistently for four years past, wherever she happened to be. Thanks to their business association (for Dorothea ranked as one of her husband's best "interior decorators"), Lancelot and she were seldom separated. Lancelot averred that she had the finest color-sense of her day, a statement his aunt always received with the indulgence due to its source.

But even she admitted that Dorothea's gowns were poems.

"She looks a little pale."

Mrs. Van Eyck raised a gold-mounted lorgnette and turned it with quiet direction upon the neighboring chair from which the remark had its origin.

"*She*, at least, is not pale," was her satisfied comment to Barrett, as she dropped the instrument of torture, its work accomplished, and resumed her gaze after the receding trio. It was in time to overtake them at the psychological moment, precisely that in which a woman's figure, tall, and trailing black lace behind it, stepped from the hotel entrance di-

rectly across their path. The veranda rustled audibly. It recognized the returned diva—Joanna Warner.

And the veranda—Mrs. Van Eyck suddenly become a helpless component part of it—could witness Lancelot's *empressé* forward start, his eager grasp of the diva's hand, and his presentation of her to his wife. There followed the subtle sliding together of feminine palms, the beam of cordiality, the rippling smile, the murmured word, which make up feminine greeting anywhere,—and the hands fell apart. The veranda sat back and breathed again.

"Well played," commented Barrett, very low. "What did I say?"

"*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*" Mrs. Van Eyck raised her chin an inch higher. "I never doubted Dorothea's *courage*,—nor her tact."

"For that matter,—the other didn't do so badly," suggested Barrett impartially. "While as for Lance—"

"Oh, what *does* it matter about *him*!" exclaimed his aunt, and Barrett pulled his mustache over a purely masculine smile.

His companion was leaning slightly forward in the intensity of her expectation, as she appraised the advancing group. Lancelot had taken the little chap in his arms, and the ladies were conversing together. Their manner was cordial.

"But not *too* cordial," observed Mrs. Van Eyck, with the critical discrimination of the connoisseur. "They are not *overdoing* it, thank goodness!"

"They play a great game," Barrett admitted approvingly.

Mrs. Van Eyck rose, with a long breath.

"It's all very well," she murmured to Barrett, with a glance of temporary triumph down the chairs. "But the question is—can she keep it up?" She left Barrett impaled upon the thorn of that vague doubt, even though he loyally sent after her retreating figure the assurance:

"She can."

It was twelve hours before he had an opportunity to make that assurance good; it came then as, on his way from and Mrs. Van Eyck's way towards the breakfast-room, he stooped to pick up her handkerchief.

"Well—she *is* keeping it up; they are going out to drive together."

Mrs. Van Eyck raised two eyebrows of surprise; Barrett surveyed her with ill-disguised triumph.

"Who would have thought Dorothea had it in her!" She added reflectively, "But it would be a great mistake to appear to avoid her."

"Avoid her?—she is *pursuing* her," remarked Barrett with open enjoyment a few hours later, as they encountered on the porch. "Ever since they came from driving they have been walking together, and she has had Miss Warner's seat changed to their table."

Mrs. Van Eyck frowned.

"She protests too much,—the invariable fault of simplicity."

"Simplicity!" echoed Barrett.

"Simplicity *and* courage," said Mrs. Van Eyck firmly. "Well,—so long as he doesn't walk with her!" She added darkly, as she left Barrett, "That will be the next thing."

"The next thing," observed Barrett plaintively, as he dropped into the vacant chair beside her, in the antedinner hour, and under cover this time of a dropped magazine, "has happened; he is walking with her."

Mrs. Van Eyck rose so abruptly that the recovered magazine skipped; she walked the entire breadth of the veranda in her annoyance.

"It is the same old story," she said icily, accepting without a word of thanks the magazine which Barrett, who had patiently followed, offered her. "There are never any variations." She fixed Barrett with an eye which accused his participation as man or observer indifferently, and, as the first, he rose to an instinctive defensive.

"Well,—she has brought it on herself."

"In trying to stave it off,—poor child!" Mrs. Van Eyck added irrelevantly, "It only remains now for her to sing."

She stopped abruptly, aware of the advancing pair, so mutually absorbed that they passed without apparent consciousness of the groups which drew aside only to gaze after. It was not every day that the hotel had two celebrities to gaze at.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, walk on!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Eyck, with a groan of exasperation. "Don't let *us* seem to be noticing."

Her eyes, however, met Barrett's in frank and unguarded dismay over Dorothea's vacant place at table, later. Lancelot and Miss Warner were there, keeping up a low-toned conversation of what Mrs. Van Eyck felt to be an indecent animation.

"She should have come down,—even if she had to *crawl!*" she said to Barrett, in an indignant aside.

"I would have staked anything she *would*," Barrett returned, crestfallen.

Mrs. Van Eyck leaned over and addressed her nephew pointedly.

"Is Dorothea ill?"

"She has a headache," answered Lancelot, with the brief start of a person aroused. "She went too far with Miss Warner this morning."

"I can believe *that*," said Mrs. Van Eyck, in another aside. Aloud she asked, "Shall I go up and sit with her?"

Lancelot, fathoms deep already in his conversation, looked up as if only half comprehending his aunt's suggestion; what he saw in her eyes furnished an immediate explanation, and a sparkle came into his own.

"On no account; Dorothea prefers to be alone. Besides," he threw in the heartening information, "she's coming down presently—to hear Miss Warner sing."

Barrett felt a distinct emotion of pity for Mrs. Van Eyck, as she silently pushed back her chair. It was lost only in the stronger solution of the same feeling inspired in him, as they came out on the veranda, by the sight of Dorothea, in evening dress, leaning languidly against the railing, with bright eyes and red cheeks. "Unnaturally red," whispered one lady behind Mrs. Van Eyck's back, not knowing it was furnished with ears.

"My dear Dorothea," exclaimed Mrs. Van Eyck instantly, aloud and cheerfully, "how well you are looking,—in spite of that wretched headache!"

"It is *only* a wretched headache," replied Dorothea. "Yes, it aches still a little, thank you," with a rueful smile at Barrett, who was internally saying things more forcible than suited to publication. "But I couldn't miss the chance of hearing Miss Warner sing. You are not going to disappoint me, are you?" She turned prettily to Joanna, who had come up with Lancelot.

Joanna Warner looked down at her a moment.

"Not if I can help it." She cast a second look at the assembled throng hovering on the line of retreat and approach. "Don't let me disturb anybody,—or drive anybody away," she said with an enigmatical smile, as she put a hand through Dorothea's arm and led her away.

Mrs. Van Eyck and Barrett found themselves borne on a wave of movement towards the long room where Joanna Warner was already seated before the grand piano, with Dorothea beside her and Lancelot leaning on his wife's chair.

"What shall I sing?" they heard Miss Warner ask lightly, running her hands over the keyboard and glancing nonchalantly about her, with the large composure born of facing audiences.

"Anything!"—they also caught Dorothea's reply, and her swift upward glance at her husband. "What does she like to sing?—*you* know."

But the rest was lost in the rustling of Mrs. Van Eyck's hurriedly unfurled fan.

"A false note!" she murmured to Barrett behind it; "but there!—the child is magnificent!"

So, Barrett found himself admitting, with his inconvenient masculine tendency towards fairness, was Joanna. She sat at the piano like a conscious queen. Glancing from her to Dorothea's white quietness, he fiercely begrudged the artist her triumph,—but that was before she began to sing. Whoever else might be guilty of false notes, Joanna Warner made none. It was a great voice to which they listened—so great that Barrett presently forgot to watch for the fine byplay of drama, in his own emotion,—he forgot to notice Lancelot—he even forgot Dorothea. It was a great voice manipulated by a great artist, and she dealt out to them greatly such a programme as her managers frequently pleaded for in vain. It left behind it a silence which every one tacitly waited for some one else to break.

It was Dorothea who broke it; with no effort to conceal her emotion, she went forward and took Miss Warner's hand.

"There are some things," she said simply, "for which there are no thanks."

Miss Warner, her eyes dilated with the

curious autointoxication of the artist, looked vaguely back at Dorothea for a moment, then her expression changed. She smiled, rose quickly, including in bow the applauding room, and putting her arm through Dorothea's this time, walked through the open casement to the moonlighted corridor beyond.

In the general rising and rustling and relaxing of tension which followed, Mrs. Van Eyck's complex emotions found expression in a simple phrase:

"My poor Dorothea!"

"Why 'poor'?" asked Barrett. "Honors are fully easy, I think." He added irrepressibly, "But—do you call *that* simple?"

"I call it simply *heroic*," answered Mrs. Van Eyck with final and tragic decision.

Outside, in a dark corner of the veranda, Dorothea was sitting comfortably on the railing, her back against a post and her eyes with what her husband called their "near-sighted look" hunting among the purple spaces of the stars.

"Isn't she splendid—beautiful—exciting!" Dorothea was exclaiming. "First the plans—and then the voice—no wonder my head aches! 'Jasper first, the second sapphire, next chalcedony; the rest in order, last—an amethyst!'—We'll make it that and more!"

"As for the plans," Lancelot responded, "it's only Joanna's old dream come true; she used to plan that music-palace when she was a struggling student and I an impossibly impecunious architect."

"What good times you must have had!" said Dorothea. "And that makes me think," she added absently, still with that far near-sighted gaze,—“did you tell me—or did Aunt Emmeline—or did I only dream there was some romance between you once? There ought to have been, if there wasn't;—why do you laugh?"

For Lancelot had thrown back his head in a silent laugh of intense enjoyment.

"You may call it that," he said. He looked at her with delight.

"Oh, poor Aunt Emmeline!" he murmured.

## Invocation

BY MARY VICARIO

ANGEL, Night! Come close! My weary form  
With your star-beauteous draperies enfold!  
Lay firmly on my hot, day-wrinkled brow  
Your palms, compassionate and cold.

Untwine the discontented, tangled thoughts;  
Show to my eyes the steady, blinding light  
Of the All-Spirit! Teach my tired heart  
To rest in Love's unchanging might!

Help me to find the calm that buries self  
And frees the soul to regions pure and high;  
Teach me the inner loveliness of life  
And how sublime it is to die!

Warn me,—while waiting on that sacred hour  
For which I breathe,—to live so that my best  
Alone survives! But now,—just now—dear Night,  
Give me your kiss of Rest!



# The Unforgivable

BY MARIE MANNING

SHE pronounced the name of the station in so low a voice that the ticket-seller demanded her errand in the elaborately honeyed tones that his neighbor in the adjoining window called his "God-give-me-patience voice." It was reserved for ladies of undoubted sensibility travelling alone, and it was, artistically speaking, a distinct triumph. In the mean time the comet of humanity wriggling impatiently in her wake glared its opinion at the object of the delay. The railroad station presented its accustomed early-morning panorama of frantic activity. It all seemed so strange to her, though she had taken this identical journey so many times before that she might have been expected to be reasonably familiar with the simple routine of travel involved in these bi-monthly pilgrimages. Yet when she found herself in the train, in possession of her ticket, correct change, and slowly returning faculties, she never failed of a naïve commendation of herself as an expert traveller.

There was about her a pleasing quality of belated youth that had in its very unexpectedness something of the charm of a wild rose blooming bravely under a hedge in late autumn. The eyes were those of a woman who had looked at the world through the windows of her home,—the trustfulness of a child was in them. There was an air of furtive holiday-making about this journey, manifest in the searching glance at fellow passengers and her timid satisfaction that they were all strangers to her. There could be no doubt that the errand was pleasant, in spite of the fear of fellow travellers and her hesitation in giving to the ticket-seller the name of the town where the big prison was situated—hesitation lest any portion of that comet wriggling in her wake should recognize and speak to her pityingly. She could scarcely bring herself to pronounce the hateful name of

the place, but she had not flinched at names more dreadful than this at the trial, as she sat beside him during the weeks of interminable legal processes—sat beside him and held his hand.

She remembered, in the nightmare of that first day in court, while the lawyers wrangled over the admission of a jury, and the crowd gaped, and the reporters stared and scribbled and stared and scribbled again, and the "artists" sketched their every change of position,—she remembered, through the anguish of that seemingly evil dream, something he had said to her during the first days of their engagement.

"Janet," he said, "you'd have a good hand to hold if the ship went down." And the ship had gone down, and hers had been a good hand to hold, though when he had said it, it seemed but the extravagant talk of lovers. Their ship had seemed as steady as the ship of state. Richard Austin was the third in descent from the founder of the great banking firm, and she had been the prettiest girl of the season, with a dowry worthy of a daughter of the house whose name she bore,—yet, in spite of these things the ship had gone down, and she had held his hand when the breakers had closed over them. The real nature of the trial she had never understood. Such portions of it as she had been able to grasp, beyond the frightful pantomime of curious staring faces and vulgar indignities, had seemed a species of persecution: people had lost money in stocks, and her husband had been made to bear the brunt of it.

It had come to an end at last, the great legal battle that had involved other names as distinguished as her husband's, and he had received a sentence of ten years in the penitentiary, and she had left the court-room the wife of a convict, a woman no longer young, and with her way to make in the world. There had

not been a dollar left of either her own or her husband's money, and yet Janet had not been wholly cast down. The blind unreasoning quality of her love could, even in this crisis, grasp something of consolation. With a desperate faith in him hugged to her heart, was it not a thousand times better than if he had died an honored citizen, with columns of obituary notices and a bishop and two clergymen to bury him? They had ruined his life, they had broken his heart, they had heaped calumny upon him, but he was still hers to love—it was a thousand times better than it might have been.

The calamity had become even a medium of impassiveness, by reason of which long-buried sorrows slept more easily. She could think now with something approaching calmness of the death of her children—a sorrow whose empty ache had called to Heaven for explanation all these years. What would their verdict have been? Would they have accepted him as she had been willing to accept him?

So Janet had taken her grim measure of consolation, and begun all over again at an age when beginnings are painful enterprises. It was inconceivable that such a woman—a sheaf of timid fibres and feminine prejudices—should essay to spread an independent wing along distinctively modern flights. In the days of plenty she had bent her needle toward exquisite fancies, rather guiltily, perhaps, as a bit of self-indulgence, but now it was to furnish the means toward the end—to her the tremendous end of keeping herself, and of putting by something for the time when Richard should come back and they could have a little house in the country where no one knew them. There had not been a single vain regret over the loss of her position. To her the tragedy lay not in the loss of superfluity, but in the cruel misconception of Richard.

"No, the seat is not taken." Her mind so full of these things, she had not noticed that the train had stopped at a station, and that among the passengers one—a lady—was inquiring if she might share the seat. Janet made room for her, and the shuttle of her reflections be-

gan to slow with the intrusion of the stranger. It was part of her incomprehensible reticence, her absurd feminine philosophy, that these things were not to be thought of with a strange woman in the adjoining seat. There was about the intruder an affluent vitality, a wealth of color, of shining braided hair, of downright pulsing health, that seemed almost to beat through the sombre simplicity of her attire and call attention to it in a higher key.

Janet, taking invoice of these things through discreetly reading eyes, resented them for she knew not what reason. She was never strong on reasons, but, as she had been accustomed to remark to Richard when he laughed at her instinctive judgments, she had no reason to quarrel with the deductions of her intuitions. The lady in widow's weeds was not young, no younger perhaps than Janet, but there was about her a rich blossoming maturity that would have perhaps given to youth, had youth been in Janet's place, something of the effect of an un-mellowed vintage. And Janet, turning her page, no word of which she had seen, wondered if a "nice woman" could look like that.

The sunshine that glanced past Janet and rested with blinding insistence on her neighbor was the cause of their speaking eventually. It was particularly irritating to Janet, but what could one do in decency but lower the blind? and the stranger had thanked her cordially—effusively, Janet thought—and begun the tentative pleasantries of travellers.

Janet, rather guiltily conscious of injustice, found herself trying to condone the stranger's appearance on the ground of a possible Continental ancestry; such vital magnificence she felt could most charitably be accounted for on that hypothesis. Her prejudices, however, were again in arms at the affability of the stranger, who seemed as bubbling over with amiable small talk as with health. Janet's replies were not conducive to further confidences.

The brakeman called the name of the station where the big prison was situated. Janet, who had gathered up her parcels preparatory to this announcement, noticed that the woman who had shared her seat was preceding her down the

aisle of the train and that the bundle she carried beneath her arm showed faintly yellow through its wrappings of tissue-paper. She looked down at her own bunch of jonquils to make sure that her neighbor had not taken her flowers by mistake.

Again the woman, unmistakably making her way toward Prison Hill, confronted Janet's consciousness as something menacing and personal. She asked herself if she would have been more gracious in the train had she guessed the bond between them. Bond? What bond could there be between her and this woman who went to visit— She lifted her eyes to the gray menacing pile. The woman lagged in her walk, but Janet passed her with lowered lids. A potential fraternity with this stranger was abhorrent to her.

It was raw March weather; a nipping wind swept down from the gray-walled building, whirled the dust into circling eddies, flung it in the faces of the women climbing the hill, and made off again to bluster round the stone walls. It was two days before Easter, but the cold had come back for a final grapple, and the numbed world had succumbed without a show of resistance. Yet here and there a little spear of green showed a timorous head above the frost-bound desolation of recalcitrant winter. Groups of men were working about the prison grounds, their striped clothing trenchantly visible as they labored beneath the watchful eyes of the guard.

It was not the regular day for visitors, and Janet, who had never before attempted to transgress the discipline by coming out of season, wondered if, after all, she would be able to accomplish her romantic errand of giving her husband a bunch of his favorite flowers on one of their own particular anniversaries. Failing this, she would pay a little visit to the warden's wife—that gentle lady of consolation whose kindly words and deeds will be long remembered—and leave the flowers, feeling sure that in some kindly mysterious fashion they would find their way to Richard's hand before nightfall. She had been waiting in the prison office about fifteen minutes when the warden entered.

"Haven't you seen your husband yet?

I sent word that it would be all right, though it's not visitors' day."

Janet stared her surprise at the permission already granted; she had not even sent her name to the warden, but the luck was too good to question; she flushed rosy as a girl.

"Now this must not lead you into transgressing regulations, Mrs. Austin," the warden smiled at her, "but as it's your first breach of discipline we'll be lenient. They're all coming in to dinner now; wait here with me."

As he spoke, her ear caught the sound of something strange, yet familiar, something she seemed to grasp from subconsciousness rather than actual acquaintance. With sinister monotony it grew in volume till the very daylight rang with its dull threatening shuffle. From every corner of the prison-yard writhed something striped and seemingly reptilian. She looked again and saw that the phenomenon had resolved itself into file after file of prisoners, each walking with a hand on the shoulder of the man who preceded him. Back and forth flashed the striped legs of the convicts, as with locked step the undulating line of linked bodies came nearer, like crawling leviathans. The staccato scuff, scuff, scuff of the sliding shuffle seemed to beat at the inner ear like some fever-bred delusion.

For the first time she realized to the uttermost extent the pitilessness of this scheme of expiation of which her husband was an atom, this hideous device of law and order that swallowed a man, gave him a number instead of a name, dressed him like a harlequin, and taught him a new fashion of walking, so that when he had served his term the honest citizen might take warning and give him a wide berth.

"Oh, I cannot see them, I cannot; take me away—" She grasped the warden's arm as the undulating striped lines converged with an intelligence grotesquely human toward the huge open doors of the refectory, where savors of food seemed to have enticed them. The warden called to a young man with papers under his arm who was crossing the prison-yard. "Here, Davis, take this lady to the library."

Janet turned to the clerk, her ap-

peal none the less desperate because it was mute.

"The lady who came with you is in the library; we'll go there." But Janet did not hear; she walked, almost ran, in advance of her escort, all her palpitating consciousness bent on escaping those locked lines.

The former banker had been made prison librarian after two years of incarceration had expired, partly as a reward of good conduct and partly because he had certain advantages along bookish lines. The position was regarded as the superlative of prison employment, and Janet had been proud out of all proportion when it had been given to him.

She was still listening subconsciously to the measured tread of the lock-step as she continued with the clerk through corridors and across stone-flagged pavements. Grated doors to the right and left rose in melancholy tiers to the roof. She had taken the wrappings from the jonquils, and their cool earthy fragrance came to her within the gray-walled prison as a thing out of season. There was no spring-time in this accursed place, no seasons but of despair and hope long deferred and bitterness and useless revolt.

The heavy oaken door swung in, noiselessly obedient to the key of the clerk; already the picture of Richard at his big desk piled with heaps of books had visualized itself as she stood for a moment within the lintel. He was there standing by the desk, and the woman who had shared the seat with her on the train was with him. They were talking together in an undertone; his right hand still held open the ledger, as if he had started up in surprise at her coming, and though there was not a hand's clasp between them, the unconscious unity of pose—the bending of his head to her upward look—was full of an understanding so intimate, so lacking in reserve, that Janet, grasping it all slowly through the medium of her numbed consciousness, felt what a colorless thing her whole relation to him had been in comparison.

He dropped the ledger and gave a little flick to the insolent dimple in the woman's chin—the flaunting dimple that had offended Janet's puritanical sense on the train. The woman bent her head and drew back with a gesture of challenging

coquetry, and saw the little delicate woman whose deliberate courtesy had stamped her proffered amenities with the stigma of vulgar affront. The strange woman cried out something inarticulate—Austin turned and saw his wife.

There was still on his face the grinning remnant of the smile with which he had turned at the woman's exclamation. A parody of mirth it was, as if death had seized a man laughing and puckered the muscles rigidly. A minute went by and another, and still they stood staring like a group of marionettes, helpless without the manipulator. Austin still in the clutch of the foolish grin,—the woman frantically contesting with the surge of startled pulses for some explanation of her presence,—Janet hearing again the sliding shuffle of the lock-step beat at her brain, driving it deeper and deeper into circles of pitiless understanding. A growing familiarity with their plight was beginning to rob it of its first terrors.

"Why don't you say something, make some explanation?" the woman of the train prompted Austin in nervous whispers, and then, as he continued to stare stupidly, she hurried forward with desperate glibness: "Mr. Austin—Dick and I are cousins—we've not seen each other since we were children—I've been in Europe for years. It's so strange that we should have come up together from New York,—I—was on the point of looking you up—" She flung forth her reel of lies, but her aim had been too desperately uncertain. Neither Austin nor his wife seemed to be listening; it was the woman's sudden burst of weeping that roused them from the stupor of the situation; between sobs she was begging Janet not to let it get into the papers.

Janet put her hand to her forehead with a gesture of great weariness. She looked at her bunch of jonquils uncertainly as she made ready to go; neither she nor her husband had spoken.

"Give them to me," he begged. Undeliberately her eyes strayed to the desk where another bunch of jonquils lay. "Give me your flowers, Janet." Again he begged. It was characteristic of his faith in her that he believed she would condone this, as she had overlooked the shame of his trial—refused, in fact, to

believe him guilty in the face of damning evidence—made light of their losses and a jest of her privations.

She laid the flowers on the desk beside the others. "Good-by," she said, simply. "I shall not come again."

His features pinched and whitened. "You are not going to fail me, Janet, after all these years! I shall not make this worse by trying to explain,—at least you are entitled to the truth."

It was a faint dry voice that answered: "Yes, I'm entitled to the truth, but you did not give it to me; it lay in wait for me and robbed me of what was left. I did not complain of what I thought was left, but it was not mine."

The little woman who spoke was strange to him. In all their years together he had not once heard her lay claim to the shadow of a right. The measure of her giving had overflowed in such abundance that it seemed she could put forth no title to happiness but that of sacrifice. There was about this changeling a something that could not be cajoled and hoodwinked. It had not the unwavering look of faith of the Janet that had fled; it looked at him with eyes that held the bitter knowledge of good and evil. He was still staring at the yellow blossoms on the desk when he realized she was gone.

Again Janet was in the train—the train that was speeding through a strange new world that lay in wait for her outside the prison walls. The rush and keenness of new impressions made her senses wince sharply, as the eyes of a sleeper confronted by a sudden light. Before to-day she had often wondered at the faces in a crowd—what had been their histories, what had wrought the masks of cunning, the lines of sordid hopelessness, in these stricken countenances. Now she knew—they had lived. The raw spring day was paling; lights began to twinkle in the windows of houses as the train rushed through hurrying twilight stretches. The twilight was presently blackened out by a wall of sooty tunnel, the muffled sound of the whistle in the closed train beat at her ears deafeningly, a sudden prolonged vibration, a series of shocks, another glimpse of the fading day as the car shot out of the tunnel, and the journey was over—the world had begun again for Janet.

A letter was awaiting her in one of the little glass-fronted mail-boxes that paralleled the sides of the vestibule of the flat-house in which she lived. Janet recognized the handwriting of her younger brother—the connection that she had relinquished with the greatest regret when her family, smarting under humiliation and fortunes crippled by Austin's failure, felt itself "only just" in bespeaking its ultimatum that she should break with him wholly, or no longer consider herself one of them. Jim was but a Sophomore in college then, and this was her first word from him in all these years. She let herself into her own apartment and lighted a lamp. Her gray cat came forward to greet her, stretching and yawning, making a display of pink curled tongue. The basket of fine sewing was still on the table—the very needle set in the stitch. What an eternity there had been since the sewing of that seam! She laid away her wraps with the precision of habit and broke the seal of her letter.

It related chiefly to an enclosure which she read twice before getting any definite grasp of its contents. In part it ran: "I shall not forget that you fought, bled, and seemed prepared to die with me during our late political battle, and I wish I were in a position to do more; but there are only so many buns on the plate, and there are a good many guests at this particular party. I know you've always wanted an Italian consulate—I've forgotten whether it's Etruscan tombs or Sienese art that's your particular King Charles head—but whichever it is, the President is willing to make the appointment in the neighborhood of the decapitated member. At the same time I cannot forget a talk we had long ago, in which you said the pardon of your sister's husband, entirely for her sake, was the thing you most desired. I wish it were possible for me to see that both these things are done for you; but again, like the anxious host, I'm reduced to counting buns and noses. I should be glad to hear of your choice as soon as you arrive at the decision—"

And Jim was sending her the Governor's letter that she might decide. His own rather subtly insinuated that perhaps her husband's pardon did not mean



the same thing to her now that it did at the conclusion of the trial. Considerations might have led her to question the wisdom of a reversal of matters as they now stood; however, it rested entirely in her own hands. The letter concluded with assurances of affection. Her brother had not written all these years, because he had not been in a position to help, but, now that he was, she must rely on him always.

Janet sat in the low chair by her sewing-table, hour after hour, with the letters in her hand. It was a grimly humorous fate that gave her the dispensing of justice at such a moment. For a long time there was no reason in the thoughts that thronged and clamored—only a sense of loss and shame and treachery.

Each phase of pitiless understanding was a wind buffeting her derelict consciousness. All night she drifted, a solitary soul on strange uncharted seas; at dawn the necessity of a decision became once more emphatic.

The letters did not affect the temper of the mood in which the happenings of the afternoon had plunged her. Beneath a white calmness of exterior her perceptions leaped and flamed, burning up old faiths and showing a clearer reading of much that she had been content to leave unread. At the time of the trial she had so hugged the question of her husband's innocence to her soul that it had rooted and thriven in the face of every adversity. Hers had been a triumphant blindness; in the end she could no longer see. He was innocent because of that most potent of feminine reasons—she "felt" it to be so.

Even now that her personal faith in him was dead, so deeply had this acquired conviction of his innocence taken root that she could still question the justice of the law when doubt no longer had the power to comfort. The pardon, then, as she understood it, was independent of guilt or innocence. Richard had been condemned to a term of years, half of which had been served. Her brother, by reason of political services, could have the remainder of the sentence commuted. At the moment of her discovery of Rich-

ard's unfaithfulness to her the power of pardon had been put into her hands; that was the question on which she must take issue. Her dazed faculties had at length succeeded in formulating a case; she strove to keep them to the point, to drive them back when they wandered in forlorn contemplation of her own melancholy fortunes.


"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." The words had been running in her head since the clock struck five and the gray face of the morning had begun to peer in at her window. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." And now the words had set themselves to the ticking of the clock and said themselves over and over with meaningless reiteration. Yes,—vengeance was not hers—again her thoughts strayed—"If I had only died without knowing— It was so little, Lord, that I wanted—only to believe in him." She pulled herself together by a desperate effort. There was less than an hour to write and mail her decision before the letters should be collected for the first post. If Richard was innocent, he ought to be granted the pardon; she should not withhold it if there was a reasonable doubt in her mind as to his freedom from guilt. She was at once wife, judge, and jury—no, she was no longer his wife; the one wish in her heart was that they might never meet again. If there was a reasonable doubt, he should have his liberty to go away—with the woman she had seen, perhaps. But that must not concern the upright judge, the impartial jury. It was Janet the woman who bent her head to beg for the strength that was not hers. "Lord," she prayed, with trembling lips, "all else has failed me; help me to keep faith with myself." Again her soul, a solitary voyager, sailed the uncharted sea, and there was no star in all the heavens, no twinkling light from passing ships. And still the woman prayed that the years of her living might be justified, prayed till she cried out, "Lord, I have not failed; I have kept faith with myself." There was the glow of the quickening east in her face as she rose and began the letter that asked for Richard Austin's pardon.

# The Secret

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

I HAVE a little brook in the deeps of my heart,  
What does it matter if the day be chill or clear?  
Colored like a tourmaline, and winged like a dart,  
Voiced like a nightingale, it sings all the year.

Small bright herbs on the banks of the stream,  
Moon-pale primroses and tapestries of fern;  
This is the reality, and life is just a dream—  
Iridescent bubble that the moon-tides turn.



## Editor's Easy Chair

ABOUT two months ago, on one of those fine days which the April of this year meanly grudged us, a poet, flown with the acceptance of a quarter-page lyric by the occupant of the Study next door, came into the place where the Easy Chair sat rapt in the music of the Elevated trains and the vision of the Brooklyn Bridge towers. "Era la stagione nella quale la rivestita terra, più che tutto l'altro anno, si mostra bella," he said, without other salutation, throwing his soft gray hat on a heap of magazines and newspapers in the corner, and finding what perch he could for himself on the window-sill.

"What is that?" he of the Easy Chair gruffly demanded; he knew, perfectly well, but he liked marring the bloom on a fellow creature's joy, by a show of savage ignorance.

"It's the divine beginning of Boccaccio's 'Fiammetta,' it is the very soul of spring; and it is so inalienably of Boccaccio's own time, and tongue, and sun, and air, that there is no turning it into the language of another period or climate. What would you find to thrill

you in, 'It was the season in which the reappareled earth, more than in all the other year, shows herself fair'? The rhythm is lost; the flow, sweet as the first runnings of the maple where the woodpecker has tapped it, stiffens into sugar, the liquid form is solidified into the cake adulterated with glucose, and sold for a cent as the pure Vermont product."

As he of the Easy Chair could not deny this, he laughed recklessly. "I understood what your passage from Boccaccio meant, and why you came in here praising spring in its words. You are happy because you have sold a poem, probably for more than it is worth. But why do you praise spring? What do you fellows do it for? You know perfectly well that it is the most capricious, the most treacherous, the most delusive, deadily, slatternly, down-at-heels, milk-maid-handed, season of the year, without decision of character or fixed principles, and with only the vaguest raw-girlish ideals, a red nose between crazy smiles and streaming eyes. If it did not come at the end of winter, when people are glad of any change, nobody could endure it, and

it would be cast neck and crop out of the calendar. Fancy spring coming at the end of summer! It would not be tolerated for a moment, with the contrast of its crude, formless beauty, and the ripe loveliness of August. Every satisfied sense of happiness, secure and established, would be insulted by its haphazard promises made only to be broken. 'Rather,' the outraged mortal would say, 'the last tender hours of autumn, the first deathful-thrilling snowfall, with all the thoughts of life wandering flakelike through the dim air: rather these than the recurrence of those impulses and pauses, those kisses frozen on the lips, those tender rays turning to the lash of sleet across the face of nature. No, the only advantage spring can claim over her sister seasons is her novelty, the only reason she can offer for being the spoiled child of the poets is that nobody but the poets could keep on fancying that there was any longer the least originality in her novelty.'

The poet attempted to speak, in the little stop he of the Easy Chair made for taking breath, but he was not suffered to do so.

"Every atom of originality has been drained from the novelty of spring 'in the process of the suns,' and science is rapidly depriving her even of novelty. What was once supposed to be the spring grass has been found to be nothing but the fall grass, with the green stealing back into the withered blades. As for the spring lamb which used to crop the spring grass, it is all now out of the cold-storage where the spring chicken and the new-laid eggs of yesteryear come from. It is said that there are no birds in last year's nests, but probably a careful examination would discover a plentiful hatch of nestlings which have hibernated in the habitations popularly supposed to be deserted the June before this. Early spring vegetables are in market throughout the twelvemonth, and spring flowers abound at the florists' in December and January. There is no reason why spring should not be absorbed into winter and summer by some such partition as took place politically in the case of Poland. Like that unhappy kingdom she has abused her independence, and become a molestation and discomfort to the an-

nual meteorology. As a season she is distinctly a failure, being neither one thing nor the other, neither hot nor cold, a very Laodicean. Her winds were once supposed to be very siccative, and peculiarly useful in drying the plaster in new houses; but now the contractors put in radiators as soon as the walls are up, and the work is done much better. As for the germinative force of her suns, in these days of intensive farming, when electricity is applied to the work once done by them, they can claim to have no virtue beyond the suns of July or August, which most seeds find effective enough. If spring were absorbed into summer, the heat of that season would be qualified, and its gentler warmth would be extended to autumn, which would be prolonged into the winter. The rigors of winter would be much abated, and the partition of spring among the other seasons would perform the mystic office of the Gulf Stream in ameliorating our climate, besides ridding us of a time of most tedious and annoying suspense. And what should we lose by it?"

The poet seemed not to be answering the Easy Chair directly, but only to be murmuring to himself, "Youth."

"Youth! Youth!" the Easy Chair repeated in exasperation. "And what is youth?"

"The best thing in the world."

"For whom is it the best thing?"

This question seemed to give the poet pause. "Well," he said finally, with a not very forcible smile, "for itself."

"Ah, there you are!" he of the Easy Chair exclaimed; but he could not help a forgiving laugh. "In a way, you are right. The world belongs to youth, and so it ought to be the best thing for itself in it. Youth is a very curious thing, and in that it is like spring, especially like the spring we have just been having, to our cost. It is the only period of life, as spring is the only season of the year, that has too much time on its hands. Yet it does not seem to waste time, as age does, as winter does; it keeps doing something all the while. The things it does are apparently very futile and superfluous, some of them, but in the end something has been accomplished. After a March of whimsical suns and snows, an April of quite fantastical

frosts and thaws, and a May, at least partially, of cold mists and parching winds, the flowers, which the florists have been forcing for the purpose, are blooming in the park; the grass is green wherever it has not had the roots trodden out of it, and a filmy foliage, like the soft foulard tissues which the young girls are wearing, drips from the trees. You can say it is all very painty, the verdure; too painty; but you cannot reject the picture because of this little mannerism of the painter. To be sure, you miss the sheeted snows, and the dreamy weft of leafless twigs against the hard blue sky. Still, now it has come, you cannot deny that the spring is pretty, or that the fashionable colors which it has introduced are charming. It is said that these are so charming that a woman of the worst taste cannot choose amiss among them. In spite of her taste her hat comes out a harmonic miracle; her gown, against all her endeavors, flows in an exquisite symphony of the tender audacities of tint with which nature mixes her palette; little notes of chiffon, of tulle, of feather, blow all about her. This is rather a medley of metaphors, to which several arts contribute, but you get my meaning?" In making this appeal, he of the Easy Chair saw in the fixed eye of the poet that remoteness of regard which denotes that your listener has been hearing very little of what you have been saying.

"Yes," the poet replied with a long breath, "you are right about that dreamy weft of leafless twigs against the hard blue sky; and I wonder if we quite do justice to the beauty of winter, of age, we poets, when we are so glad to have the spring come."

"I don't know about winter," he of the Easy Chair said, "but in an opera which the English Lord Chamberlain has suppressed, out of tenderness for an alliance not eventually or potentially to the advantage of these States, Mr. William Gilbert has done his duty to the decline of life, where he sings:

'There is beauty in extreme old age;  
There's a fascination frantic  
In a ruin that's romantic.'

Or, at least no one else has said so much for 'that time of life,' which another librettist has stigmatized as

'Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.'

"Yes, I know," the poet returned, clinging to the thread of thought on which he had cast himself loose. "But I believe a great deal more could be said for age by the poets if they really tried. I am not satisfied of Mr. Gilbert's earnestness in the passage you quote from the *Mikado*, and I prefer Shakespeare's 'bare ruined choirs.' I don't know but I prefer the hard, unflattering portrait which Hamlet mockingly draws for Polonius, and there is something almost caressing in the notion of 'the lean and slippered pantaloons.' The worst of it is that we old fellows look so plain to one another; I dare say young people don't find us so bad. I can remember from my own youth that I thought old men, and especially old women, rather attractive. I am not sure that we elders realize the charm of a perfectly bald head, as it presents itself to the eye of youth. Yet, an infant's head is often quite bald."

"Yes, and so is an egg," the Easy Chairman retorted, "but there is not the same winning appeal in the baldness of the superannuated bird which has evolved from it—eagle or nightingale, parrot or—

Many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Tennyson has done his best in showing us venerable in his picture of—

—the Ionian father of the rest:  
A million wrinkles carved his silver skin,  
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast.

But who would not rather be Helen than Homer, her face launching a thousand ships and burning the topless towers of Ilium; fairer than the evening air and simply but effectively attired in the beauty of a thousand stars? What poet has ever said things like that of an old man, even of Methuselah?"

"Yes," the poet sighed. "I suppose you are partly right. Meteorology certainly has the advantage of humanity in some things. We cannot make much of age here, and hereafter we can only conceive of its being turned into youth. Fancy an eternity of senility!"

"No, I would rather not!" he of the Easy Chair returned sharply. "Besides,

it is you who are trying to make age out a tolerable, even a desirable thing."

"But I have given it up," the poet meekly replied. "The great thing would be some rearrangement of our mortal conditions so that once a year we could wake from our dream of winter, and find ourselves young. Not merely younger, but *young*—the genuine article. A tree can do that, and does it, every year, until after a hundred years, or three hundred, or a thousand, it dies. Why should not a man, or, much more importantly, a woman, do it? I think we are very much scanted in that respect."

"My dear fellow, if you begin fault-finding with creation, there will be no end to it. It might be answered that, in this case, you can walk about, and a tree cannot; you can call upon me, and a tree cannot. And other things. Come: the trees have not got it all their own way! Besides, imagine the discomforts of a human spring-time, blowing hot and blowing cold, freezing, thawing, raining and drouthing, and never being sure whether we are young or old, May or December. We should be such nuisances to one another that we should ask the gods to take back their gift, and you know very well they cannot."

"Our rejuvenescence would be a matter of temperament, not temperature," the poet said, searching the air hopefully for an idea. "I have noticed this spring that the isothermal line is as crooked as a railroad on the map of a rival. I have been down in New Hampshire since I saw you, and I found the spring temperamentally as far advanced there as here in New York. Of course not as far advanced as in Union Square, but quite as far as in Central Park. Between Boston and Portsmouth there were bits of railroad bank that were as green as the sward beside the Mall, and every now and then there was an enthusiastic maple in the wet lowlands that hung the air as full of color as any maple that reddened the flying landscape when I first got beyond the New York suburbs on my way north.

At Portsmouth the birds were singing the same songs as in the Park. I could not make out the slightest difference."

"With the same note of nervous apprehension in them?"

"I did not observe that. But they were spring songs, certainly."

"Then," the Easy Chairman said, "I would rather my winter were turned into summer, or early autumn, than spring, if there is going to be any change of the mortal conditions. I like settled weather, the calm of that time of life when the sins and follies have been committed, the passions burnt themselves out, and the ambitions frustrated so that they do not bother, the aspirations defeated, the hopes brought low. Then you have some comfort. This turmoil of vernal striving makes me tired."

"Yes, I see what you mean," the poet assented. "But you cannot have the seasons out of their order in the rearrangement of the mortal conditions. You must have spring and you must have summer before you can have autumn."

"Are those the terms? Then I say, winter at once! Winter is bad enough, but I would not go through spring again for any— In winter you can get away from the cold, with a good, warm book, or a sunny picture, or a cozy old song, or a new play; but in spring how will you escape the rawness if you have left off your flannels and let out the furnace? No, my dear friend, we could not stand going back to youth every year. The trees can, because they have been used to it from the beginning of time, but the men could not. Even the women—"

At this moment a beatific presence made itself sensible, and the Easy Chairman recognized the poet's Muse, who had come for him. The poet put the question to her. "Young?" she said. "Why, you and I are *always* young, silly boy! Get your hat, and come over to Long Island City with me, and see the pussy-willows along the railroad banks. The mosquitoes are beginning to sing in the ditches already."





## Editor's Study

THE desire for fame, as a motive to literary expression, seems to us hardly worth considering, though it is generally assumed to be the strongest incentive, and the noblest, provided it be an aspiration and not an ambition.

"The thoughts of the boy are long, long thoughts," and in this expansion of the youthful mind the prospect is as immense as the retrospect, and the future is thronged with as eminent personages, the creatures of his imagination, as the past is with those history has made him acquainted with. He is a part of this coming eminence, since it has no shape except in his own dreams, but the vista stretching out before him and his relation to it are as vague as his dreams are. What he is to meet is so different from what he feigns, after the fashion of the past, that whatever definite goal he may set before him is likely to vanish and the veil of his cherished vision to be broken the moment he enters upon his course.

No great writer has ever consciously striven for a deathless fame. Such a writer is wholly absorbed in his work. Any vague desire he may have hitherto nourished is displaced by a distinct vision of beauty and truth which eclipses every ulterior object, demanding only and imperatively its own embodiment. Like Horace, he must be able to say *exegi monumentum* before he exclaims *Non omnis moriar!*

It was in an essay showing the advantages of obscurity that Cowley said, "I love and commend a true, good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others." The writer's immortality is not his own concern, but that of his posterity. To the student of literature it is of interest because the conditions which determine it are inseparable from those which determine the evolution of literature itself.

We have reached a stage in this evolution—have reached it indeed at the very point in time where we now stand—in which the conditions affecting an author's prosperity with his present audience, as related to that which he may hope for with any possible audience of the future, challenge our attention. We are witnessing the culmination of a movement which began two centuries ago and which marked a distinct breach with antiquity. It was initiated with the advent of periodical literature in popular miscellanies, a literary transformation through the diversion of genius into new channels, new modes of expression. It had an earlier cradling, since it was really due to an audience which had expanded beyond the limits of that society of the erudite hitherto addressed by select authors—the society for which books like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was written, and which had fostered pedantry in the best writers, off the stage, ever since there had been any English writing.

The wider audience consisted, on the one hand, of the elegant and refined who, since the Restoration, had welcomed poets like Herrick and Butler—the author of "*Hudibras*"—and Gay and Prior, and, on the other, of the common people, for whom Bunyan had written, and who had been educated under non-conformist and democratic influences. This audience demanded a more familiar communication, and periodical literature, heralded by the already successful newspaper and bold pamphleteer, assumed that office. But in this undertaking the periodical was very soon surpassed by the novel of English society, which in its earliest examples, from the pen of Henry Fielding, was far less antique than Doctor Johnson's magazine essays, and which, in its familiar appeal and idiomatic speech, inherited from the *Spectator*. The novel was then something quite separate from the periodical; when they coalesced in the next century they together finally accomplished the

literary revolution which each had independently initiated.

The full effect of the transformation is apparent only in our own time, but, from the first establishment of ready channels for familiar communication between writers and a large body of readers, it is obvious that both writing and reading began to mean something different from what they had meant before. The real modernity of literature was then ushered in, and it has been developed along with that modernity of our life which has been intensified by the employment of steam and electricity for the annihilation of distance in space and time. The breach with antiquity was a departure, not from what we call the ancient and medieval world—it came too late for definition in those stereotyped terms—but from an old order of life as well as of literature in which the people were supinely participant but had no initiative, no voice but that of assent. This order had maintained itself long after the Renaissance, and for more than two centuries after the discovery of America. It was an aristocratic régime; class distinctions had the fixity of established types, marked by clearly visible external insignia; letters and the fine arts were under noble patronage; the social organization of every realm was consolidated by military discipline and, in every movement, impelled by arbitrary sovereignty, marched with processional regularity, as if keeping step to martial music: altogether a picturesque and impressive spectacle, in which monarchs and prelates and warriors shone with varied and conspicuous distinction. The harmony of the order itself was sustained, by whatever frequent and devastating conflicts the peace of the world was disturbed. Its stability survived those delimitations of empires which were forever transforming the map of Europe and Asia and America. The entire period of its existence was studded with Great Events, chiefly wars, and literature seemed mainly to be the reflection of these, from Homer's story of the siege of Troy to Addison's celebration of the Battle of Blenheim. The writers whose renown is bound up with the splendors they reflected were for the most part poets, who kept step with that old processional.

When the people began to have a voice in public affairs and a popular audience began to determine the course of literature, making its demands felt there, the ancient régime was doomed, and a writer's renown came to depend upon his partnership with his readers—with their thought and feeling—as to both his matter and manner. His predecessors had shared the glory of the great ones of the earth, and their fame was that of a like spectacular eminence. Whatever greatness they had in themselves was recognized only by the few who still could read them, but their names shone forever in the literary heavens, remote and unassailable.

Such popular audiences as there had been in the old régime were not made up of readers, were indeed illiterate, listeners and lookers-on at stage representations, at forensic displays, and at stately political or religious functions. Whatever argument or theme there was in these, something for the ear and the mind beyond the visible spectacle and pomp, was familiar, not in the intimate appeal, but as relating to myths, sentiments, typical ideas, held in common, and dramatically or symbolically illustrated. The popular participation was simply that of response, however ready and enthusiastic, to an outwardly imparted, traditional communication.

Now it was a mentally developed popular audience of readers, which compelled the participation of writers in its own world—a world which was growing away from mute dependency and becoming something on its own account. In eighteenth-century England it was a divided audience, a considerable part of which was still bound by old social traditions, and all of which, including even the non-conformist and democratic, was frankly conventional. But the very existence of such an audience was significant, connoting the beginning of a new era in literature, in which writers were divested of courtly attire and seen plain, submitting themselves to the estimate and near regard of a contemporary public.

Thus prose came into vogue and was developed at the expense of poetry. One hardly remembers the names of the poets-laureate of that period. The popular periodical reinforced as well as initiated

every characteristic feature of this prose development. It promoted the brokenness of literary structure, since brevity and variety were the necessary conditions of its existence and of its successful appeal to an audience demanding the short essay. We can understand why Burke was not a contributor to magazines, preferring to institute that massive year-book, the *Annual Register*, which he wrote himself and kept up from 1759 to 1788, finding through this medium full scope for the amplitude and elaboration of his splendid prose. But he had that intense interest in contemporaneous things which distinguishes the periodical, making it always the mirror of its time. The society novel, which in Fielding's time was far from brief, was wholly engaged in the portrayal of contemporary character and manners. The concentration of public attention upon affairs of the moment was a distinguishing feature of the century. The wit of Horace and the satire of Juvenal, revived in "Imitations," found their butts and victims near at hand.

The Romantic revival in the latter part of the century showed a strong tendency toward a reversion to older types, but it stopped short of antiquity, was more Gothic than it was, in a general sense, medieval in its inspiration, radically national, and, for the poets, was more Elizabethan than Gothic. The true character of the revival was apparent in the next century, after it had been relieved of its barbaric conceits, and Scott had indulged in his picturesque historical revels. Two more Great Events had in the mean time been added to those which thronged the historical retrospect, but radically different from most of these—the war of American Independence, and the French Revolution, with its Napoleonic sequel; and it was these more than Romanticism which inspired Byron and Wordsworth and the whole Lake School of poets. In the clearing up after the storm eighteenth-century conventionalism had disappeared.

The *laudatqr temporis acti*, always with us, forever protests against the passing of the picturesque. The breaking up of the antique seems to him a corruption in our life and litera-

ture, as to the purists new locutions indicate corruption in our language. It does not appear strange that an author as well versed in Elizabethan poetry as Charles Lamb was should have exclaimed: "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity." But Lamb and Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt were making a greater prose literature and for a wider, more eagerly postulant, and better educated audience than Johnson and Chesterfield were making a century earlier. Here too we find the periodical leading the way. It was the golden though brief period of the *London Magazine*; and *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Review* were in the buoyant youth of their remarkable careers. The next two generations were to witness the full fruition of Victorian literature in its few great poets and its many great novelists, and at the same time a marvellous expansion of industry and commerce, fatal to the old-time leisure, filling the towns with human drudges and with the dust and soot and noise of factories, and awakening the indignant protests of Ruskin and Carlyle.

Then it was, midway in the nineteenth century, that prose rioted in its triumph over poetry—being especially rampant in the two authors just mentioned—monopolizing all its charms, save that of the measured line; and some of the poets—notably Whitman and to some extent Browning—broke up the very mould of their own art, as if envious of the freedom enjoyed by the prose masters. This preeminence of "loosened speech" is more evident in our day than ever before. It is not that the age has become prosaic or mechanical or from any decay of imaginative powers. On the contrary, it is the imagination which has been cultivated, and in lines leading away from its old devices—lines of revolt against artifice of every sort, metrical, rhetorical, dramatic, or even epigrammatic. In breaking altogether with antiquity we at last break with tradition and behold the truth of our human life divested of masks—that is, we behold it in its own investment and not in the old clothes put upon it.

We have come, then, in this extreme emancipation, to that art "which nature makes." The communication between

writer and reader is not familiar through a symbolism traditionally imposed, but it has a new familiarity, made possible through the response of the developed sensibility of the reader to the creative faculty of the writer, so that the communication is immediate, as if in the light shared by both, flashed from the living truth itself. Only through that response is the disclosure completed. In this conjugation of minds in the world of the imagination, the participation of the audience is an indispensable factor, determining the prosperity of the writer, whose felicity is confined to such creative communication. The temple of fame is displaced by the house of life. The writer is remembered only so long as he is read. This has been true of authors for at least a hundred years. How different is their case as to perpetuity of fame from that of the great but seldom read authors from Homer to Pope!

In our characterization of the communication between the writer and reader of to-day as familiar, we have had in view the attitude which both have in common toward nature and human life—seeking a real comprehension of the truth in these. The old methods of mastery in literature have suffered no change save that determined by the sincerity of this quest. The world of man and nature is, as it ever must be, participant in every artistic communication and essential to its meaning—the harbor for all anchorages of the spirit. Objective embodiment is as necessary as ever; the accordant background, the atmosphere—every feature of a picture—but all for the psychical significance of the truth disclosed. The distinction of the new art from the old is that the world enters not as a contrived spectacle, and the picture exists for its reality, not for picturesqueness.

The more of the world there is in a story, or in an essay which is a genuine creation of the imagination, the greater the interest, since the truth of life has thus an ampler interpretation, in its natural complement, and the scope of human sympathy is enlarged. Other things being equal, it is upon a writer's knowledge of the world and his mastery of the art of faithfully communicating it that his influence and the extent of his recognition depend.

Science, therefore, within its limitations, which must always be narrower than those of literature, but which have been infinitely enlarged as compared with what they were in the eighteenth century, is a finer inspiration to the imaginative writer of our day than the most stirring of events ever could have been to his predecessors. What it was to Tennyson every reader of that poet knows. No other kind of knowledge has so impressed the minds of men with the conviction of the unity of all life and of a universal kinship which Wordsworth prophetically intimated. Science, with its limitations, not only yields real disclosures of the physical world, and thus confirms the quest of literature for truth in life, but has pursued its discoveries to the line of contact of the physical with the psychical, furnishing the imagination with luminous suggestions leading beyond nature's fixed cycles into the spiritual domain. It is not the materialism of science which could degrade literature, but a conventional materialism of our own unscientific fashioning.

Science is forever on the brink of some new mystery, and none of our old fables or fairy-tales can match its romances. The proverb that truth is stranger than fiction—that is, than contrived fiction—has a fresh meaning not thought of in its making. Imaginative fiction entertains this stranger truth—the truth of evil as well as of good—following it without fear or disdain, whatever veritable shape it may take and whithersoever it leads.

This new order of communication is not a logical presentment of exact or absolute truth. The illusion remains. Nature has its own prismatic refractions of light, through the rain-drops giving us the rainbow, and through the humid clouds the hues of the sunset sky. The illusions of life as presented in really great imaginative writing to-day are produced naturally, not artificially.

The prosperity of writers with readers of their own generation is no security for their hold upon posterity. In present conditions it would almost seem that the near regard is won at the expense of the future. It may be that hereafter each new generation must, because of its new and more exigent demands, have and cherish only its own authors.

## Editor's Drawer

# Maria's Burglar

BY S. T. STERN

HE is called Maria's burglar because I hired him on her account. As the children would say, he was not a "really" burglar. One glance at his gentle frankness, his serene respectability, must have convinced you of that fact beyond peradventure. Moreover, he was my daughter's *fiancé*, and no decent citizen, so far as I am aware, would suffer an avowed lawbreaker to remain in his household in that capacity.

Maria's burglarphobia exhibited its first symptoms the night we moved into our new home. We were sleeping for the first time under its roof. Hardly had I dozed off when I felt the gentle impact of Maria's fist on my ribs and the soft sibilance of her whisper in my ear. "Get up, John. There's some one on our roof." I raised my head and listened attentively. "There's no one there," I announced, definitively. Maria insisted there was; adding that there were two of them, and that one wore hob-nailed shoes. My query as to the size of the shoes met with no response. At last, to satisfy her, I arose and went to the little closet on the top floor which marks the entrance to our scuttle. In one hand I carried a lamp; in the other an unloaded revolver. Twice I called, "Who's there?" and twice was I answered only by the moaning of the wind as it swept along the chimney-tops. I did not raise the scuttle lid: time for that in the morning. Though fully regaled with the details of my expedition, Maria remained awake for at least four hours. She told me about it the next day.

In the morning we found an old felt hat on our roof. Maria gloated. Our neighbor's son claimed it later in the day, saying that he had drop-

ped it on our roof while playing on his own some weeks previously.

Our burglars next appeared on the front steps about four o'clock of a frosty winter's morning. From her trembling place under the blanket, Maria could almost distinguish the words of their conversation; something I failed to accomplish even though I stood for three whole minutes in the chilled vestibule with my ear at the front-door key-hole. That we arose the next morning to



TWICE I CALLED, "WHO'S THERE?"



find ourselves alive, our silverware intact, and our doors securely bolted, Maria was inclined to attribute to a renaissance of the age of miracles. After that we were besieged no less than three times a week; sometimes oftener.

"Maria," said I at last, "what is it about a burglar that you fear so abjectly? If one wants to get into our place, he'll get there, never fear. Whatever he takes will be replaced by the insurance people, anyway."

"And if he kills us where we lie, I presume *that* will be liquidated by the insurance people as well—if either of us is here to collect it." This in Maria's most sarcastic manner.

"So it is bodily injury you fear? Why? Am *I* not here?" Our hero spoke these words with calm confidence and fine fearlessness. Under the circumstances Maria's responsive sniff was hardly complimentary. Bluntly she inquired,—if a burglar saw fit to enter our room with a loaded pistol in his hand and a ferocious scowl upon his countenance, what would I do.

"I'd jump out of bed and grapple him where he stood. I'd put my knee on his neck and throttle him until he howled for mercy. I'd pummel him with all my might, and leave him lying inert on the floor while I went off to fetch an ambulance in which

to remove his battered carcass; that is, of course, provided he was not inconsiderate enough to take to his heels before I had time to complete my vengeance." So that due modesty might attend my claim, I vouchsafed the opinion that all burglars are cowards at heart.

"Indeed!" said Maria. The sublimated sarcasm and scepticism contained in that brief word determined me.

My prospective son-in-law, Clarence Colburn, failed to evince instant enthusiasm over my plan, even though I offered to purchase on his behalf the real thing in the shape of a mask, a jimmy, and a lantern. Before he agreed to carry out the part I had assigned to him, I was obliged to promise several things. First, the wrath of his prospective mother-in-law must be appeased by me, in case of the discovery of his identity, at whatsoever expense. Secondly, my demonstrations of bravery must be strictly passive and largely oratorical. I might command him to desist; to leave the house under threat of speedy apprehension; to abandon his plunder where he found it—but I must not leave my place. I was not to touch the floor until he had had full opportunity to clear the room. Lastly, my pistol must remain unloaded —"in case we get too excited, you know."

These details fixed, we set Thursday as the date and prompt midnight as the hour of our adventure.

Maria was very nervous that night. Three evenings before, the Samborn house on our street had been entered, and its contents removed to parts unknown. That very morning we had learned of two other burglaries in our immediate vicinity. Eagerly Maria scanned the obituaries in the local journal; I fancy she was disappointed at the lack of funeral announcements. Before we finally retired, she saw fit to recount all three affairs mosaically, and to remark dolefully that she was sure our turn was coming soon.

"Nonsense," said I, having left the door unlatched.

The town-clock bell had completed its dozen peals, and we were lying cozily in our places, when there came a soft creaking on the hallway stairs, followed by the muffled tread of footsteps outside of our door.

"John," Maria whispered, "did you hear that?"

"What?" I asked, fearlessly.

"Some one is at our door. Go out and shoot him. Oh-h-h!" The door opened softly and a circle of light was planted on the opposite wall.



"KEEP QUIET, YOU FOSSIL!"

Our visitor made straight for the bureau and started to fill his pockets.

I rose in my place. Impressively I demanded, "What are you doing there, r-r-rascal?"

For answer he flashed the light into our faces. My own was unruffled; smiling even. On Maria's I saw such a look of frozen terror that I was sore tempted to abandon our experiment then and there. It was only my promise to Clarence that impelled me to see it through.

"See here, sonny," said he, as he took my watch. "Get your thinking apparatus busy locating where you keep the decent things. This is junk. The stuff I got down in your dining-room is enough to make anybody mad. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Out of my house this instant, or, by Heaven, you perish where you stand! Begone, villain. Vanish! Vamoose!"

"Vamoose" was Clarence's cue to depart. Instead of that, he strode over to our bedside and dealt me a smart cuff on the ear. This was no part of the agreement, and I hastened to voice my remonstrance.

"Not do what?" was the answer, gruffly given. "That is funny. Ha, ha! Keep quiet, you fossil, or I'll run a rapid-transit tunnel right through you." A ball of fire flashed into my eyes, and I felt the impact of cold steel on my forehead.

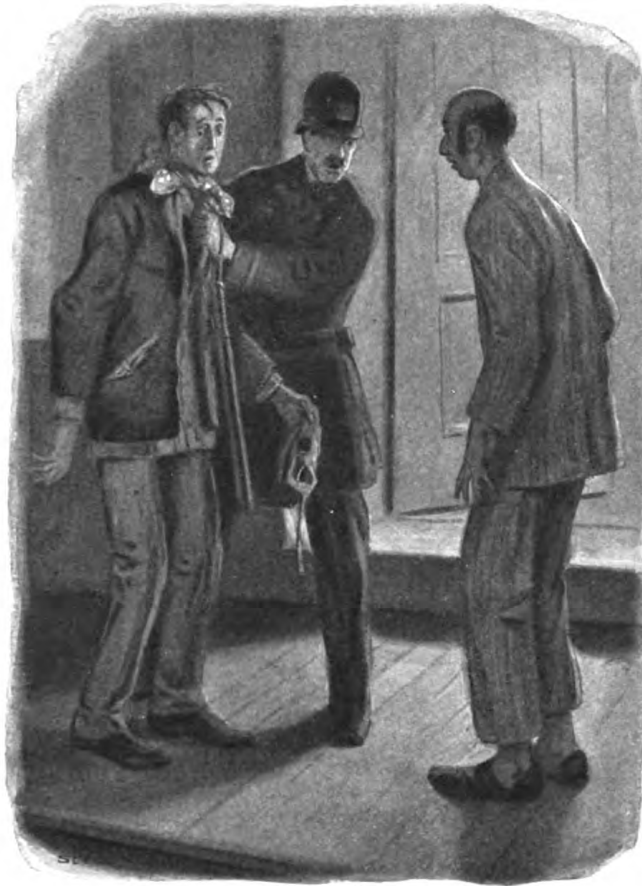
"Spare us! Spare us!" came in muffled tremolo from under the blanket. "Give him that hundred dollars you have under your pillow, John."

He did not wait for me to give it. He pushed my head aside and thrust his hand under the pillow. As the gleam of the lantern was turned aside for an instant, I caught a glimpse of the pistol as it went by me. It was a tiny automatic revolver. And I had bought Clarence a horse-pistol!

"Give me your diamonds," growled the intruder. "Quick, or I shoot." My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and my teeth rattled. As speedily as I could, I withdrew my head under the coverlet and kept it there until the sound of retreating footsteps made known that the burglar had gone.

It was Maria's voice that I heard as I emerged. Her tones, I must confess, were slightly hysterical. "Grapple him, throttle him, pummel him; pummel him, throttle him, grapple him." She said this over and over again.

I did not stop long to listen. I jumped out of bed and made for the window. I called for help, and an answering whistle



IT WAS CLARENCE

told me that my call had been heard. As I left the window, I spied some one coming up on the run. I rushed down the stairs and ran through the hallway. On the porch I ran into a policeman. There was another man with him—held tightly.

"Here's your burglar," said the officer. "I got him as he was coming back. Said he came up to help you; good nerve, eh? His partner wasn't quite so cool about it. I saw him running away with a bag. He was too quick for me, so I nabbed this one."

The captive removed his mask and showed us his startled, white countenance. Yes. It was Clarence.

We have tried to explain matters to Maria. Time and again we have assured her that it was all a joke perpetrated for her especial benefit. No use. Each time she rewards both of us with a cool stare and asks icily, "Where, then, are my coffee-pot and my silver spoons and the soup-ladle?" Besides, she invariably concludes, had Clarence been the burglar, she has small doubt that I would have grappled him, throttled him, and pummelled him. Cold type does not reproduce the possibilities lurking in her tone. "If it were *Clarence!*" Sometimes I am forced to the conclusion that few women have a sense of humor.

## The Net Profit

A NEW ENGLAND man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer, painfully exact in money matters, who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of \$10,000.

Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing:

"It's a good thing for you, Malachi—a marriage that means \$10,000 to you."

"Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer, "not quite that."

"Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every cent of \$10,000 in it for you!"

"I had to pay \$2 for a marriage license," said Malachi, with a sigh.

## Did as He was Done By

A WELL-KNOWN New England politician told the following at a rally in Springfield, Massachusetts, last fall. He was speaking on the criticism that had been aimed at him for saying certain things against the opposition, and he offered as an excuse a story about his father. His father was working in the field one day, when a vicious dog, belonging to a neighboring deacon, attacked him. His father used his pitchfork with telling effect on the dog. Later he was called on by the deacon, who upbraided him for using such extreme measures, asking him why he didn't use the blunt end of the fork first.

"I would have," the father replied, "if your dog had come at me blunt end first."

## The Spirit of the Age

THE morning after Christmas five-year-old Elsie was admiring her gifts with a contented and contemplative air, when she suddenly looked up and said, "Now what comes next—eggs or firecrackers?"

## He Didn't Forget

HEARING my little nephew say his evening prayer is a big contract, for Solomon's at the dedication of the Temple was shorter than his average. But there's nothing mean about the child, and as he belongs, on both sides of his house, to a big family, his individual petitions for all those who have a drop of his blood in their veins, and every one who has married into the family, are exhaustive and exhausting. Sometimes he loses count and "begins all over again."

One night, after a hearing that would have tired the patience of Job, I thought I saw signs of a broken thread of petition; and fearing the child might stipulate that he "begin again," I suggested as a proper finale—"and God bless all my dear friends." But he started up with red cheeks and a stamp of the small foot.

"You've no business to say that to me, auntie," he cried. "I hadn't forgot. I only stopped to get my wind!"

## The Canary

WE have a little singing-bird  
That loves to hop and peep.  
When mother tells him he is dear,  
He always answers, "Cheap!"



A Finished Artist





### To be Exact

HE. "Do you know, dearest, that we've been married over a month?"  
SHE. "Over a month! I should think so. It's nearly five weeks."

### According to History

A NEW YORK man, who spends a portion of the summer each year in England, tells of an amusing incident in connection with his first visit to Richmond Castle. On that occasion he was accompanied by a guide who relied for his information mainly on a guide-book, which, from time to time, he would furtively consult if he thought the visitor was not looking his way.

"What is the height of this fine old keep?" asked the New-Yorker.

"According to hist'ry," replied the guide, "it's ninety-two feet."

Similar replies were made to other questions of a like nature, each being vouchsafed with the assurance that it was "according to hist'ry."

Finally there was reached a part of the battlements where the hill on which the castle stands descends abruptly to the river.

"Pretty steep descent!" exclaimed the American.

"Yes, sir," came from the guide, in his monotonous tone. "According to hist'ry, it's almost perpendicular!"

### Social Economics

SIX-YEAR-OLD Dick was preparing, much against his own sweet will, to go calling with his mother. It was the first time that Dick had been allowed to get himself ready alone, and, together with boyish disgust at being obliged to go visiting, he felt the importance of the situation.

After having put on his hat and coat, he suddenly remembered something and called down-stairs, "Mother, shall I wash my hands or wear gloves?"

### Born, not Worn

LITTLE Margaret's grandmother had written for a photograph of her namesake the "baby." For material reasons it was advisable that the little girl should appear as well dressed as possible, and a cousin's new openwork dress was borrowed for the occasion. On being arrayed for the picture, Margaret rushed to her father, crying:

"Oh, fadder, just look! These ain't worn holes; they is *born* holes."

## Revised Version

IN one of the Atlanta Sunday-schools recently the lesson for the day had to do with Mammon and the corrupting influences of great riches.

Toward the close of the exercises the superintendent called upon the infant class to repeat the Golden Text, which had special reference to man's inability to serve his Creator and the money-god at one and the same time. The class failed to respond as it should, when the superintendent, noticing his own young hopeful in the ranks, who had that very morning been drilled thoroughly on the text, called on him. The response was immediate, though a slight departure from the original, for in a voice that was distinctly heard in all parts of the room there came the following modification:

"Ye cannot serve God and mamma!"

## As Much as He could Be

THERE is a well-known club-man in Washington, a man of such conservatism that he is rarely known to answer a plain "yes" or "no" to the most trivial question.

On one occasion two women of his acquaintance were discussing this peculiarity of the club-man, when one of them announced that she was willing to wager that she could make the conservative individual say

"no" flatly. The wager being accepted, she addressed the club-man thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Robinson,—you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite bow, "as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."

## The Snail

THE snail is very odd and slow:

He has his mind made up to go  
The longest way to anywhere,  
And will not let you steer him there.

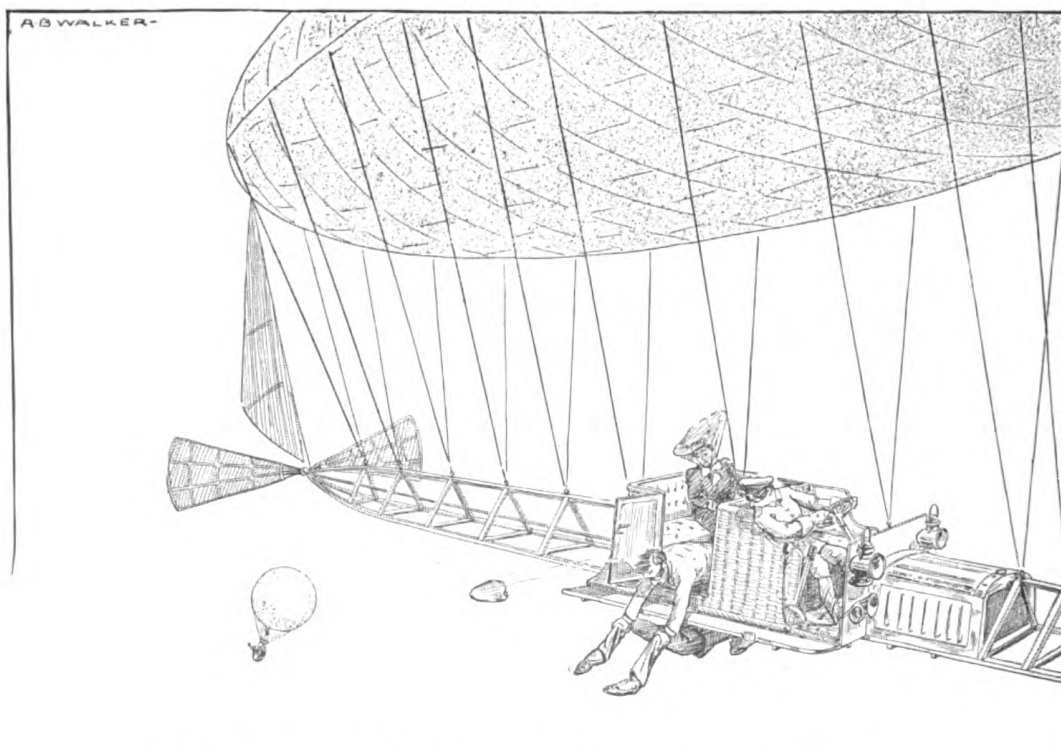
To-day I met one in the grass  
And hadn't time to watch him pass—  
But coming back at sunset, I  
Discovered him still travelling by.

The grass-blades grew so thick and tall,  
I asked him why he climbed them all,  
And told him I had sometimes found  
The shortest way was going 'round.

He was not easy to persuade,  
To judge by any sign he made,  
And when I lectured him some more,  
Went in his house and shut the door.

He seemed in such a sulky mood,  
I saw that talking did no good.  
It's queer he wouldn't tell me, though,  
Where he'd made up his mind to go.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

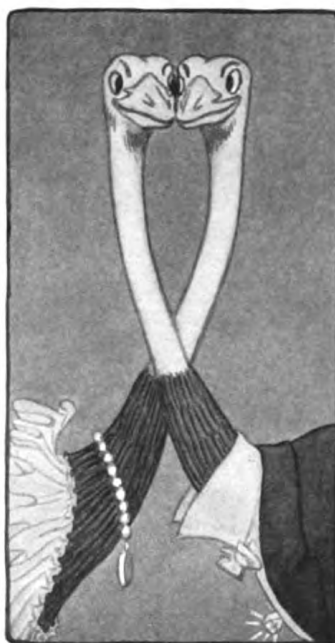


Perils of Aerial Navigation—When Something Breaks





Oh, Joy!



Oh, Bliss!



Oh, Wrapped Your!

#### Taste for Literature

THE goat a learned soul is he!  
He takes a tome upon his knee,  
And be it ever so profound,  
In rarest lore though it abound,  
Expounded by some ancient sage,—  
Yet he'll devour it page by page  
With careless mien and free.  
Were I a goat 'twould make me gloat  
In glee!

For as the matter stands with me,  
I delve in books unceasingly;  
Yet some I read of vast portent  
And never know just what they meant.  
I fear (with sorrow be it said)  
My stomach's stronger than my head—  
A dreadful way to be!  
That's why I'd gloat, were I a goat,  
You see.

The goat a cultured taste has he,  
And catholic as it can be.  
Through libraries he'll browse with zest  
And find no works he can't digest.  
Though nowadays there's stuff that's writ  
Would give a goat a coughing fit,  
Or so it seems to me.  
But, ah! the goat a husky throat  
Has he.

With clever perspicacity  
I've learned a thing that startled me.  
Since I myself have writ a book  
I scan reviews with anxious look—  
And all the papers that I read  
Have hired a goat to do the deed—  
'Tis true as true can be.  
And much I've wrote has smote a goat  
Or stuck, I fear, within his throat,  
Ah me!

BURGES JOHNSON.

#### The Modern Child

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Nellie had been naughty all day. Finally her mamma, a very portly woman, sat down and drew the little culprit across her ample lap to administer the long-delayed punishment. Nellie's face was fairly buried in the folds of her mother's dress. Before the maternal hand could descend Nellie turned her face to say, "Well, if I'm going to be spanked *I must have air.*"

#### Like the Clock

TOM is half-way between four and five and much interested in learning to tell time. A few weeks ago his brother celebrated his birthday, and when the cake was brought in Tom looked at the thirteen candles in surprise, exclaiming, "Why, brother, I thought you'd come around to *one* again!"

#### Unreasonable

NOT long ago, in a Western market town, I chanced to observe an Irishman with a live turkey under his arm. The turkey was squawking and gobbling in a distressed way, a racket to which the Irishman did not at first pay particular notice. Finally, however, the disturbance got on the Celt's nerves. Giving the bird a poke in the side, he exclaimed: "Be quiet, you! What's the matther wid ye, annyhow? Why should yez want to walk whin I'm willin' to carry ye?"



## Sailing

BY EDWARD HALL PUTNAM

THE little puddle that the tide  
Leaves underneath the bluff,  
Although it isn't very wide,  
Is plenty large enough  
To be a good big ocean for  
The little boats I make,  
That bravely sail from shore to shore  
And quite a cargo take.

And often as I sail them there  
And see real ships go by,  
The ships that sail most ev'rywhere,  
I feel quite sure that I

Will be a sailor when I'm grown,  
And sail across the world  
Upon a ship my very own,  
With ev'ry sail unfurled.

Of course I'll have to know a lot  
Of things that sailors do,  
And learn to tie a bowline knot  
And order 'round the crew;  
But sailing little boats that way  
Each pleasant afternoon  
Will give me practice, and they say  
You can't begin too soon.

### A Lively Squirrel

AN old negro who lives in the country came into town and saw an electric fan for the first time in his life. The whirling object at once attracted his attention, and, after intently gazing at it for several minutes, showing all the while the greatest astonishment and curiosity, he turned to the proprietor of the shop and said:

"Say, boss, dat suttently is a lively squirrel you got in dis yeah cage. But he's shorely goin' to bus' his heart ef he keep on makin' dem resolutions so fas'."

### What was Going On

LITTLE Bobby's Aunt Helen went to spend the night at Bobby's house. She slept in the room next to the nursery.

In the morning she heard Bobby making a great fuss about being dressed. She called through the register which is between the two rooms:

"Bobby! Bobby! What's going on in there?"

The answer came back promptly, in a pitiful wail:

"My 'tockin's."







Illustration for "The Ruby of Kishmoor"

See page 343

"I AM THE DAUGHTER OF THAT UNFORTUNATE CAPTAIN KEITT!"



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## The Ruby of Kishmoor

By Howard Pyle

*With Pictures By The Author*

### *Introduction*



Those who are curious in studying the history of such pirate chieftains as once infested the high seas and preyed so disastrously upon the commerce of the world, the name of Captain Robertson Keitt is very well known indeed. But to others, less learned in such particulars, it may be well to say that Captain Keitt's most famous adventure was the capture of the Rajah of Kishmoor's great ship *The Sun of the East*, in which was the Rajah's favorite Queen and a very brilliant court of attendants, all of whom were upon a pilgrimage to Mecca.

With other treasure there was taken at this time a very famous jewel, which was reputed to be one of the greatest gems of the world. This stone was known as the Ruby of Kishmoor, and the Queen,

at the time of her capture, wore it upon her forehead as centrepiece of a sort of coronet of gold that encircled her brows.

After this famous achievement, Captain Keitt vanished with the Ruby of Kishmoor, and neither was heard of for a long time after.

Shortly before the time of this story, however, Captain Keitt suddenly appeared in the town of Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, in company with three of his former confederates in vice—a man named Hunt, who was a former partner, another gallows-bird who had one time been sailing-master of the pirate ship, and still another villain, a Portuguese who had been first mate of the same wicked craft.

These three worthies took up their lodging at an ordinary in the town, where they lived for three or four days without anything particular happening to call attention to them. Then, one night

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the four were heard to be quarrelling with great violence, and the next morning Captain Keitt was found dead in the room they had occupied, stabbed to the heart. His pockets had been turned inside out and the lining of his coat and waistcoat had been ripped in many places. It was supposed at the time that the Ruby of Kishmoor had been the object of his murder, for from that time and until the period of this history it was altogether lost sight of.

With these facts in his possession, the ingenious reader may be more easily placed in a position to understand the purport of the narrative now about to be related.

### *Jonathan Rugg*

You may never know what romantic aspirations may lie hidden beneath the most sedate and sober demeanor.

To have observed Jonathan Rugg, who was a tall, lean, loose-jointed young Quaker of a somewhat forbidding aspect, no one would for a moment have suspected that he concealed beneath so serious an exterior any appetite for romantic adventure.

Nevertheless, finding himself suddenly transported, as it were, from the quiet of so sober a town as Philadelphia to the tropical enchantment of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, the street brilliant in the light of a full moon that swung in an opal sky, the warm and luminous darkness replete with the mysteries of a tropical night made merry with the sound of voices, the tinkling of guitars, of spinets, and an occasional snatch of a song heard from some brightly lighted veranda—seeing and hearing all these things, and with his bosom burdened with the odors of a land-breeze, Jonathan Rugg suddenly discovered himself to be overtaken with so vehement a desire for some unwonted excitement, that had the opportunity presented itself he felt himself ready to embrace any adventure with the utmost eagerness, no matter whither it would conduct him.

Before continuing our narrative the reader may here be informed that our hero had come into this enchanted world as the supercargo of the ship *Susanna Hayes* of Philadelphia; that he had for

several years proved himself so honest and industrious a servant to the merchant house of the worthy Jeremiah Doolittle that that benevolent man had given to his well-deserving clerk this opportunity at once of gratifying an inclination for foreign travel and of filling a position of trust that should redound to his individual profit. The *Susanna Hayes* had entered Kingston Harbor that afternoon, and this was Jonathan's first night spent in those tropical latitudes whither his fancy and his imagination had so often carried him whilst he stood over the desk filing the accounts of invoices from foreign parts.

It may be finally added that had he at all conceived how soon and to what a degree his sudden inclination for adventure was to be gratified, his romantic aspirations might have been somewhat dashed at the prospect that lay before him.

### *The Mysterious Lady with the Silver Veil*

For as Jonathan Rugg stood thus enjoying the tropical night with no particular purpose in his mind, he suddenly became conscious of the fact that a small wicket in a wooden gate near by had been opened, and that the eyes of an otherwise concealed countenance were observing him with the utmost closeness of scrutiny.

He had hardly time to become aware of this observation when the gate itself was opened, and there appeared before him in the moonlight the bent and crooked figure of an aged negress. She was clad in a calamanco raiment, and was further adorned with a variety of gaudily colored trimmings vastly suggestive of the tropical world of which she was an inhabitant. Her woolly head was enveloped, after the fashion of her people, in the folds of a gigantic and flaming red turban, constructed of an entire pocket-handkerchief.

This creature, first looking this way and then that with an extremely wary and cunning expression, beckoned to Jonathan to draw nearer. When he had approached close enough to her, she caught him by the sleeve, and instantly drawing him into the garden beyond,

shut and bolted the gate with a quickness and a silence suggestive of the most extravagant secrecy.

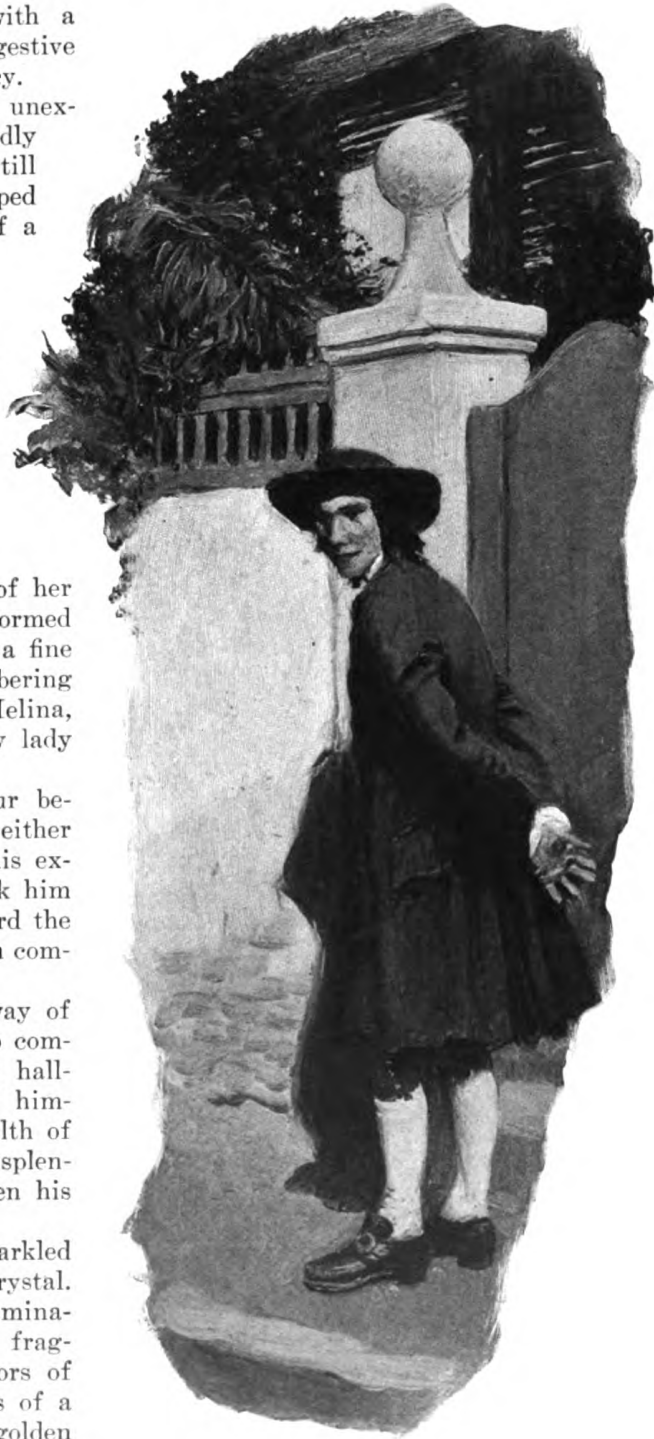
All this had happened so unexpectedly that Jonathan hardly knew what had befallen him, till he found himself thus entrapped into the tropical luxuriance of a garden appertaining to a private dwelling of a very handsome, even pretentious appearance.

For a while the negress who had brought him thither gazed at him with a most particular scrutiny. Then suddenly her face broke into so prodigious a grin that in the moonlight it appeared as though the entire lower part of her countenance had been transformed into shining teeth. "You be a fine Buckra," said she, in her gibbering English. "You come wid Melina, and Melina take you to pretty lady who want to speak to you."

Thereupon, and allowing our bewildered hero no opportunity either to expostulate or to decline this extraordinary invitation, she took him by the hand and led him toward the large and imposing house which commanded the garden.

Entering this mansion by way of an illuminated veranda, and so coming into a brilliantly lighted hallway beyond, Jonathan beheld himself surrounded by such a wealth of exquisite and well-appointed splendor as it had never before been his good fortune to behold.

Candles of clarified wax sparkled like stars in chandeliers of crystal. These in turn, catching the illumination, glittered in prismatic fragments with all the varied colors of the rainbow. Polished mirrors of a spotless clearness, framed in golden frames and built into the walls, reflected the waxed floors, the rich Oriental carpets, and the sumptuous paintings that hung against the ivory-tinted panelling, so that in appearance the beauties of the apartment were continued in bewildering vistas upon every side toward which the beholder directed his gaze.



JONATHAN RUGG

Bidding our hero to be seated in this enchanted apartment, the negress who had been his conductor left him for the time being to his own contemplation.

Almost before he had an opportunity to compose himself into anything more





THE NEGRESS BECKONED HIM TO DRAW NEARER

than a small part of his ordinary sedateness of demeanor, the silken curtains at the doorway at the other end of the apartment were suddenly divided, and Jonathan beheld before him a female figure displaying the most exquisite con-

tour of mould and of proportion. She who then entered was clad entirely in white, and was enveloped from head to foot in the folds of a veil of delicate silver gauze, which, though hiding her countenance from recognition, nevertheless permitted suf-

ficient of her beauties to be discerned to suggest the extreme loveliness of her appearance. Advancing towards our hero and extending to him a tapering hand as white as alabaster, the fingers encircled with a multitude of jewelled rings, she addressed him thus:

"Sir, you are no doubt vastly surprised to find yourself thus unexpectedly and almost as by violence introduced into the house of one who is such an entire stranger to you as myself. But though I am unknown to you, I must inform you that I am better acquainted with my visitor, for my agents have been observing you ever since you landed this afternoon at the dock, and they have followed you since then until, a little while ago, you stopped immediately beside my garden gate."

Here the lady paused for a little as though to collect herself, and then continued: "You are doubtless aware that every one, whether man or woman, is possessed of an enemy. In my own case I must inform you that I have no less than three, who, to compass their ends, would gladly sacrifice my life itself to their purposes. At no time am I safe from their machinations, nor have I any one," she cried, exhibiting a great emotion, "to whom I may turn in my need. It was this extremity that led me to hope to find in you a friend in my perils;

for, having observed through my agents that you are not only honest in disposition and strong in person, but that you are possessed of a considerable degree of courage and determination, I am most desirous of imposing upon your

good nature a trust of which you cannot for a moment suspect the magnitude. Tell me, are you willing to assist a poor, defenceless female in her hour of trial?"

For a few moments Jonathan stood in silence, for here indeed was he entering into an adventure which infinitely surpassed any anticipation that he could have formed. He was, besides, of a cautious nature, and was entirely disinclined to embark into an affair so obscure as that in which he now found himself becoming involved.

"Friend," said he at last, "I may tell thee that thy story has so far moved me as to give me every inclination to help thee in thy difficulties, but I must also inform thee that I am a man of caution, having never before entered into any business of this sort. Therefore, before giving any promise that may bind my future actions, I must, in common wisdom, demand to know what it is that thou hast in mind to require of me."

"Indeed, sir," cried the lady, with great vivacity and with more cheerful accents—as though her mind had been relieved of a burden of fear that her companion might at once decline even a consideration of her request—"indeed, sir, you will find that the trust which I would impose upon you is in appearance no such great matter as my words may have led you to suppose.

"You must know that I am possessed of a little trinket which, in the hands of any one who, like yourself, is a stranger in these parts, would possess no significance, but which, while in my keeping, is fraught with infinite menace to me."

Hereupon and having so spoken, she clapped her hands, and the negress, who before had conducted Jonathan to where he was, immediately entered, carrying in her hands a white napkin, which she handed to her mistress. The veiled lady unfolded the napkin and disclosed a small ivory ball of about the bigness of a lime. Nodding to the negress to withdraw, she handed him the ivory ball. Jonathan took it with no small degree of curiosity and examined it carefully. It appeared to be of an exceeding antiquity, and of so deep a yellow as to be almost brown in color. It was covered over with strange figures and characters of an Oriental

sort, which appeared to our hero to be of a Chinese workmanship.

"I must tell you, sir," said the lady, after she had permitted her guest to examine this for a while in silence, "that though this appears to you to be of little worth, it is yet of extreme value. After all, however, it is nothing but a curiosity that any one who is interested in such matters might possess. What I have to ask of you is this: Will you be willing to take this into your charge, to guard it with the utmost care and fidelity—yes, even as the apple of your eye—during your continuance in these parts, and to return it to me in safety the day before your departure? By so doing you will render me a service which you may neither understand nor comprehend, but which shall make me your debtor for my entire life."

By this time Jonathan had pretty well composed his mind for a reply.

"Friend," said he, "such a matter as this is entirely out of my knowledge of business, which is that of a clerk in the mercantile profession. Nevertheless, I have every inclination to help thee—though I trust thou mayest have magnified the dangers that beset thee. This appears to me to be a little trifle for such an ado; nevertheless, I will do as thou dost request. I will keep it in safety, and will return it to thee upon this day a week hence; by which time I hope to have discharged my cargo and be ready to continue my voyage to Demerara."

At these words the lady, who had been watching him all the time with a most unaccountable eagerness, burst forth into words of such heartfelt gratitude as to entirely overwhelm our hero. When her transports had been somewhat assuaged she permitted him to depart, and the negress conducted him back through the garden, whence she presently showed him through the gate whither he had entered, and so out into the street.

### *The Terrific Encounter with the One-eyed little Gentleman in Black*

Finding himself once more in the open street, Jonathan Rugg stood for a while in the moonlight endeavoring to compose his mind into somewhat of that sobriety



that was habitual with him. From this effort at composure he was aroused by observing that a little gentleman, clad all in black, had stopped a short distance away and was looking very intently at him. In the brightness of the moonlight our hero could see that the little gentleman possessed but a single eye and that he carried a gold-headed



THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN WITH ONE EYE

cane in his hand. He had hardly time to observe these particulars when the other approached him with every appearance of politeness and cordiality.

"Sir," said he, "surely I am not mistaken in recognizing in you the supercargo of the ship *Susanna Hayes*, which arrived this afternoon at this port."

"Indeed," said Jonathan, "thou art right, friend. That is my occupation, and that is whence I came."

"To be sure!" said the little gentleman. "To be sure! to be sure! The *Susanna Hayes* with a cargo of Indian-corn meal, and from my dear good friend Jeremiah Doolittle, of Philadelphia. I know your good master very well—very well indeed.

And have you never heard him speak of his friend Mr. Abner Greenway, of Kingston, Jamaica?"

"Why, no," replied Jonathan, "I have no such recollection of the name—nor do I know that any such name hath ever appeared upon our books."

"To be sure! to be sure!" repeated the little gentleman, briskly, and with exceeding good nature. "Indeed, my name is not likely to have ever appeared upon his books, for I am not a business correspondent, but one who in times past was his extremely good friend. There is much I would like to ask about him, and indeed I was in hopes that you would have been the bearer of a letter from him. But I have lodgings at a little distance from here, so that if it is not requesting too much of you, maybe you will accompany me thither, so that we may talk at our leisure."

"Indeed," said Jonathan—who, you may have observed, was of a very easy disposition—"indeed, I shall be very glad to accompany thee to thy lodgings. There is nothing I would like better than to serve any friend of good Jeremiah Doolittle's." And thereupon and with great amity the two walked off together.

The one-eyed gentleman in black was so exceedingly lively in his discourse and had so much to tell him concerning the town that Jonathan was not aware whither they were going, until presently he discovered that they had left the residence quarter of the town and were come to the water-front of the city.

Here, in the midst of a group of buildings that had the appearance of being warehouses for the storage of sugar or molasses, our hero's conductor stopped in front of a tall and gloomy structure, and, opening the door with a key, beckoned for him to enter. Jonathan having complied, his new-found friend led the way up a flight of steps, against which Jonathan's feet beat noisily in the darkness, and at length, having ascended two stairways and having reached a landing, he opened a door at the end of the passage and ushered Jonathan into an apartment, unlighted except for the moonshine, which, coming in through a partly open shutter, lay in a brilliant patch of light upon the floor.

His conductor having struck a light



with a flint and steel, our hero, by the illumination of a single candle, presently discovered himself to be in a bed-chamber furnished with no small degree of comfort and even elegance, and having every appearance of being a bachelor's apartment.

"This," said Jonathan's new acquaintance, "is my lodging-place. And now you will pardon me if I shut these shutters. For a devilish fever of which I am possessed is of such a sort I must keep the night air out of the room, or else I shall be shaking the bones out of my joints and chattering the teeth out of my head by to-morrow morning."

So saying, he was as good as his word, and not only drew to the shutters, but shot the heavy iron bolt into its place. Having accomplished this, he bade our hero to be seated, and placing before him some exceedingly superior rum, together with some equally excellent tobacco, they presently fell into the friendliest discourse imaginable. In the course of their talk, which after a while became exceedingly confidential, Jonathan confided to his new friend the circumstances of the adventure into which he had been led by the beautiful stranger.

"Upon my word," said the other, when Jonathan had concluded, "I hope that you may not have been made the victim of some foolish hoax. Let me see what it is the lady hath confided to you."

"That I will," replied Jonathan, and thereupon he thrust his hand into his breeches pocket and brought forth the ivory ball.

No sooner did the one eye of the little gentleman in black light upon the object than a most singular and extraordinary convulsion appeared to seize upon him.

Mastering his emotion with the utmost difficulty as Jonathan replaced the ball



WITH GREAT AMITY THE TWO WALKED OFF TOGETHER

in his pocket, he drew a deep and profound breath and wiped the palm of his hand across his forehead as though arousing himself from a dream.

"And you," he said of a sudden, "are, I understand it, a Quaker. Do you, then, never carry a weapon even in such a place as this, where at any moment in the dark a Spanish knife may be stuck betwixt your ribs?"

"Why, no," said Jonathan, somewhat surprised that so foreign a topic should

have been so suddenly introduced into the discourse. "I am a man of peace and not of blood. The people of the Society of Friends never carry weapons either of offence or defence."

As Jonathan concluded his reply, the little gentleman suddenly arose from his chair and moved briskly around to the other side of the room. Our hero, watching him with some surprise, beheld him clap to the door, and with a single movement shoot the bolt and turn the key therein. The next instant he turned to Jonathan a visage transformed as suddenly as though he had dropped a mask from his face. The gossiping and polite little old bachelor was there no longer, but in his stead a man with a countenance convulsed with some furious and nameless passion.

"That ball!" he cried, in a hoarse and raucous voice.—"that ivory ball! Give it to me upon the instant!"

As he spoke he whipped out from his bosom a long, keen Spanish knife that in its every appearance spoke without equivocation of the most murderous possibilities.

All this Jonathan beheld as one sees such things in a dream, but at the imminence of this coming danger his wits came back to him like a flash of light, and leaping to his feet, he lost no time in putting the table between himself and his sudden enemy.

"Indeed, friend," he cried, in a voice penetrated with terror.—"indeed, friend, thou hadst best keep thy distance from me, for though I am a man of peace and a shunner of bloodshed, I promise thee that I will not stand still to be murdered without outcry or without endeavoring to defend my life."

"Cry as loud as you please," exclaimed the other: "no one is near this place to hear you. I tell you I am determined to possess myself of that ivory ball, and have it I shall, even though I am obliged to cut out your heart to get it!" As he spoke, he grinned with so extraordinary and devilish a distortion of his countenance as to send the goose-flesh crawling like icy fingers up and down our hero's spine with the most incredible rapidity and acuteness.

Nevertheless, mastering his fears, Jonathan contrived to speak up with a pretty

good appearance of spirit. "Indeed, friend," he said, "thou appearest to forget that I am a man of twice thy bulk and half thy years, and that though thou hast a knife, I am determined to defend myself to the last extremity. I am not going to give thee that which thou demandest of me, and for thy sake I advise thee to open the door and let me go free as I entered, or else harm may befall thee."

"Fool," cried the other, hardly giving him time to end, "do you, then, think that I have time to chatter with you whilst two villains are lying in wait for me, perhaps, at the very door? Blame your own self for your death!" and, gnashing his teeth with an indescribable menace and resting his hand upon the table, he vaulted with incredible agility clean across it and upon our hero, who, entirely unprepared for such an extraordinary attack, was flung back against the wall, with an arm as strong as steel clutching his throat and a knife flashing in his very eyes with dreadful portent of instant death.

With an instinct to preserve his life, he caught his assailant by the wrist, and bending it away from himself, set every fibre of his body in a superhuman effort to guard and protect himself. The other, though so much older and smaller, seemed to be composed entirely of fibres of steel, and in his murderous embraces he put forth a strength so extraordinary that for a moment our hero felt his heart melt within him with terror for his life. With a vehement cry of despair and anguish he put forth one stupendous effort for defence, and clapping his heel behind the other's leg and throwing his whole weight forward, he fairly tripped his antagonist backward as he stood. Together they fell upon the floor, locked in the most desperate embrace, and overturning a chair with a prodigious clatter in their descent—our hero upon the top and the little gentleman in black beneath him.

As they struck the floor the little man in black emitted a most piercing and terrible scream, and instantly relaxing his efforts of attack, fell to beating the floor with the back of his hands and drubbing with his heels upon the rug in which he had become entangled.





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

CAPTAIN KEITT



Our hero leaped to his feet, and with dilating eyes and expanding brain and swimming sight stared down upon the other like one turned into a stone.

He beheld instantly what had occurred, and that he had, without so intending, killed a fellow man. The knife, turned away from his own person, had in their fall been plunged into the bosom of the other, and he now lay quivering in the last throes of death. Even as Jonathan gazed, he beheld the one eye of the little gentleman turn upward; he beheld the figure stretch itself, shudder, and then become still in death.

*The momentous Adventure with the Stranger with the Silver Earrings*

So our hero stood stunned and bedazed, gazing down upon his victim like a man turned into a stone. The dead figure upon the floor at his feet gazed at him with a wide glassy stare, and in the confusion of his mind it appeared to Jonathan that he was indeed a murderer.

What monstrous thing was this that had befallen him who but a moment before had been so entirely innocent of the guilt of blood! How was he, a stranger in a foreign land, to defend himself against an accusing, if mistaken, justice! At these thoughts a dreadful terror gripped at his vitals and a sweat as cold as ice bedewed his entire body. No; he must tarry for no explanation or defence! He must immediately fly from this terrible place, or else, should he be discovered, his doom would certainly be sealed!

At that moment and in the very extremity of his apprehensions there fell of a sudden a knock upon the door, sounding so loud and so startling upon the silence of the room that every shattered nerve in our hero's frame tingled and thrilled in answer to it. He stood petrified, scarcely so much as daring to breathe.

Again there fell the same loud, insistent knock upon the panel, followed by the imperative words, "Open within!"

The wretched Jonathan flung about him a glance at once of terror and of despair, but there was for him no possible escape. He was shut tight in the room with his dead victim, like a rat in

a trap. Nothing remained for him but to obey the summons from without.

With the uncertain and spasmodic movements of an ill-constructed automaton he crossed the room, and stepping very carefully over the prostrate body upon the floor, and with a hesitating reluctance that he could in no degree master, he unlocked, unbolted, and opened the door.

The figure that outlined itself in the light of the candle against the blackness of the passageway without was of such a singular and foreign aspect as to fit extremely well into the extraordinary tragedy of which Jonathan was at once the victim and the cause.

It was that of a lean, tall man with a thin, yellow countenance, embellished with long, black mustachios, and having a pair of forbidding, deeply set, and extremely restless black eyes. A crimson handkerchief beneath a laced cocked hat was tied tightly around the head, and a pair of silver earrings, which caught the light of the candle, gleamed and twinkled against the inky darkness of the passageway beyond.

This extraordinary being, without favoring our hero with any word of apology for his intrusion, immediately thrust himself forward into the room, and stretching his long, lean, birdlike neck so as to direct his gaze over the intervening table, fixed a gaping and concentrated stare upon the figure lying still and motionless in the centre of the room.

"Vat you do dare?" said he, with a guttural and foreign accent; and thereupon, without waiting for a reply, came forward and knelt down beside the dead man. After thrusting his hand into the lifeless and shrunken bosom, he presently looked up and fixed his penetrating eyes upon our hero's countenance, who, benumbed and bedazed with his despair, still stood like one enchained in the bonds of a nightmare. "He is dead," said the stranger, and Jonathan nodded his head in reply.

"Vy you keel ze man?" inquired his interlocutor.

"Indeed," cried Jonathan, finding a voice at last, but one so hoarse that he could hardly recognize it for his own, "I know not what to make of the affair. But,



indeed, I do assure thee, friend, that I am entirely innocent of what thou seest!"

The stranger still kept his piercing gaze fixed upon our hero's countenance, and Jonathan, feeling that something further was demanded of him, continued: "I am, indeed, a victim of a most extravagant and extraordinary adventure. This evening, coming an entire stranger to this country, I was introduced into the house of a beautiful female, who bestowed upon me a charge at once insignificant and absurd. Behold this little ivory ball," said he, drawing the globe from his pocket and displaying it between his thumb and finger. "It is this that appears to have brought all this disaster upon me."

He continued his explanations no further, for at the sight of the ivory ball, the stranger quickly arose from his kneeling posture and fixed upon our hero a stare the most extraordinary that he had ever encountered. His eyes dilated like those of a cat, the breath expelled itself from his bosom in so deep and profound an expiration that it appeared as though it might never return. As Jonathan, much amazed at the expression of his countenance, replaced the ball in his breeches pocket, the other suddenly started as with an electric shock. A sudden and baleful light flamed into his eyes; his face grew as

red as blood, and he clapped his hands to his pocket with a sudden and violent motion. "Ze ball!" he cried in a hoarse and strident voice. "Ze ball! Give me ze ball!" and upon the next instant our hero beheld the round and shining nozzle of a pistol pointed directly against his forehead.

For a moment he stood as though transfixed; then in the mortal peril that faced him he uttered a roar that sounded in his own ears like the outcry of a wild beast; and thereupon flung himself bodily upon the other with the violence and the fury of a madman.

The stranger drew the trigger and the powder flashed in the pan. He dropped the weapon, clattering, and in an instant tried to draw another from his other pocket. Before he could direct his aim, however, our hero had caught him by both wrists, and bending his hand backward, prevented the chance of any shot from taking immediate effect upon his

person. Then followed a struggle of extraordinary ferocity—the stranger endeavoring to free his hand, and Jonathan striving with all the energy of despair to prevent him from effecting his murderous purpose.

In the struggle our hero became thrust against the edge of the table. He felt as though



THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK EMITTED A  
PIERCING SCREAM

his back were breaking, and became conscious that in such a situation he could hope to defend himself only a few moments longer. The stranger's face was pressed close to his own. His hot breath,



THE MAN WITH THE SILVER EARRINGS

strong with the odor of garlic, fanned our hero's cheek, whilst his lips, distended into a ferocious and ferine grin, displayed his sharp teeth shining in the candle-light.

"Give me ze ball!" he said, in a harsh and furious whisper.

At that moment there rang in Jonathan's ears the sudden and astounding detonation of a pistol-shot, and for a moment he wondered whether he had received a mortal wound without being aware of it. Then suddenly he beheld an extraordinary transformation take place in the countenance thrust so close to his own; the eyes winked several times with incredible rapidity, and then rolled upward and inward; the jaws gaped into a dreadful and cavernous yawn; the pistol fell with a clatter to the floor; and the next moment the muscles, so rigid but an instant before, relaxed into a limp and lifeless

flaccidity. The joints collapsed, and the entire man fell into an indistinguishable heap upon and across the dead figure stretched out upon the floor, whilst at the same time a pungent and blinding cloud of gunpowder smoke filled the entire apartment. For a few moments the hands twitched convulsively; the neck stretched itself to an abominable length; the long, lean legs slowly and gradually relaxed, and every fibre of the body collapsed into the lassitude of death. A spot of blood appeared and grew upon the collar at the throat, and in the same degree the color ebbed from the face, leaving it of a dull and leaden pallor.

All these terrible and formidable changes of aspect our hero stood watching with a motionless and riveted attention, and as though they were to him matters of the utmost consequence and importance. Only when the last flicker of life had departed from his second victim did he lift his gaze from this terrible scene of dissolution to stare about him, this way and that, his eyes blinded and his breath stifled by the thick cloud of sulphurous smoke that obscured the objects about him in a pungent cloud.

*The Unexpected Encounter with the Sea-Captain with the Broken Nose*

Then at last our hero aroused himself. Mechanically he picked up his hat, which had fallen upon the floor in the first encounter, and, brushing away the dust with the cuff of his coat-sleeve with extraordinary care, he adjusted the beaver upon his head with the utmost nicety. Then turning, still stupefied as with the fumes of some powerful drug, he prepared to quit the scene of tragic terrors that had thus unexpectedly accumulated upon him.

But ere he could put his design into execution his ears were startled by the sound of loud and hurried footsteps, which, coming from below, ascended the stairs with a prodigious clatter and bustle of speed. At the landing these footsteps paused for a while, and then approached with more caution and deliberation toward the room where the double tragedy had been enacted.

All this while Jonathan made no en-



deavor to escape, but stood passive and submissive to what might occur. He felt himself the victim of circumstances over which he himself had no control. Gazing at the partly opened door, he awaited for whatever adventure might next befall him. Once again the footsteps paused, this time at the very threshold, and then the door was slowly pushed open from without.

As our hero gazed at the aperture there presently became disclosed to his view the strong and robust figure of one who was evidently of a seafaring habit. From the gold braid upon his hat, the seals dangling from the ribbon at his fob, and a certain particularity of custom, he was evidently one of no small consideration in his profession. He was of a strong and powerful build, with a head set close to his shoulders, and a round, short, bull

neck. He wore a black cravat, loosely tied into a knot, and a red waistcoat elaborately trimmed with gold braid; a leather belt with a brass buckle and hanger, and huge sea-boots, completed a costume singularly suggestive of his occupation in life. His face was round and broad, like that of a cat, and a complexion stained by constant exposure to the sun and wind to a color of newly polished mahogany. But a countenance which otherwise might have been humorous, in this case was rendered singularly repulsive by the fact that his nose had been broken so flat to his face that all that remained to distinguish that feature were two circular orifices where the nostrils should have been. His eyes were by no means so sinister as the rest of his visage, being of a light-gray color and exceedingly vivacious—even good-

natured in the merry restlessness of their glance—albeit they were well-nigh hidden beneath a black bush of overhanging eyebrows. When he spoke, his voice was so deep and resonant that it was as though it issued from a barrel rather than from the breast of a human being.

"How now, my hearty!" cried he, in stentorian tones so loud that they seemed to stun the tensely drawn drums of our hero's ears,—“how now, my hearty! What's to-do here! Who is shooting pistols at this hour of the night?” Then catching sight of the figures lying in a huddle upon the floor, his great thick lips parted into a gape of wonder and his gray eyes rolled in his head like two balls, so that, what with his flat face and the round holes of his nostrils, he presented an appearance which under other circumstances would have been at once ludicrous and grotesque.



THE STRANGER THREW HIMSELF UPON JONATHAN WITH THE FURY OF A MADMAN

"By the blood!" cried he. "To be sure, it is murder that has happened here."

"Not murder!" cried Jonathan, in a shrill and panting voice,—*"not murder! It was all an accident, and I am as innocent as a baby."*

The newcomer looked at him, and then at the two figures upon the floor, and then back at him again, with eyes at once quizzical and cunning. Then his face broke into a grin that might hardly be called of drollery. "Accident!" quoth he. "By the blood! d'ye see 'tis a strange accident indeed that lays two men by the heels and lets the third go without a scratch!" Delivering himself thus, he came forward into the room, and taking the last victim of Jonathan's adventure by the arm, with as little compunction as he would have handled

a sack of grain, he dragged the limp and helpless figure from where it lay to the floor beside the first victim. Then lighting the lighted candle, he bent over the two prostrate bodies, holding the illumination close to the lineaments first of one and then of the other. He looked at them very carefully for a long while with the closest and most intent scrutiny and in perfect silence. "They are both as dead," said he, "as Davy Jones; and, whoever you be, I protest you have done your business the most completest that I ever saw in all of my life."

"Indeed," cried Jonathan, in the same shrill and panting voice, "it was themselves who did it. First one of them attacked me and then the other, and I did but try to keep them from murdering me. This one fell on his knife, and that one shot himself in his efforts to destroy me."

"That," said the seaman, "you may very well tell to a dry-lander, and maybe

he will believe you, but you cannot so easily pull the wool over the eyes of Captain Benny Willitts. And what, if I may be so bold as for to ask you, was the reason for their attacking so harmless a man as you proclaim yourself to be?"

"That I know not," cried Jonathan, "but I am entirely willing to tell thee all the circumstances. Thou must know that I am a member of the Society of Friends. This day I landed here in Kingston and met a young woman of very comely appearance, who entrusted me with this little ivory ball which she requested me to keep for her a few days. The sight of this ball—in which I can detect nothing that could be likely to arouse any feelings of violence—appears to have driven these two men entirely mad, so that they in-

stantly made the most ferocious and murderous assault upon me. See! Wouldst thou have believed that so small a thing as this would have caused so much trouble?" And as he spoke he held up to the gaze of the other the cause of the double tragedy that had befallen.

No sooner had Captain Willitts's eyes lighted upon the ball than the most singular change passed over his countenance. The color appeared to grow dull and yellow in his ruddy cheeks, his fat lips dropped apart, and his eyes glared with a fixed and glassy stare. He rose to his feet and, still with the expression of astonishment and wonder upon his face, gazed first at our hero and then at the ivory ball in his hands, as though he were deprived both of reason and speech. At last, as our hero slipped the trifle back in his pocket again, the mariner slowly recovered himself, though with a prodigious effort, and drew a deep and



THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NOSE



profound breath as to the very bottom of his lungs. He wiped with the corner of his black silk cravat his brow, upon which the sweat appeared to have gathered.

"Well, messmate," said he at last, with a sudden change of tone, "you have indeed had a most wonderful adventure." Then, with another deep breath: "Well, by the blood! I may tell you plainly that I am no poor hand at the reading of faces. Well, I think you to be honest, and I am inclined to believe every word you tell me. By the blood! I am prodigiously sorry for you, and am inclined to help you out of your scrape.

"The first thing to do," he continued, "is to get rid of these here two dead men, and that is an affair, I believe, we shall have no trouble in handling. One of

them we will wrap up in the carpet here, and t'other we can roll in yonder bed-curtain. You shall carry the one and I the other, and, the harbor being at no great distance, we can easily bring them thither and tumble them overboard, and no one will be the wiser of what has happened. For your own safety, as you may easily see, you can hardly go away and leave these objects here to be found by the first comer and to arise up in evidence against you."

This reasoning, in our hero's present bewildered state, appeared to him to be so extremely just that he raised not the least objection to it. Accordingly, each of the two silent, voiceless victims of the evening's occurrences was wrapped into a bundle that, from without, appeared to be neither portentous nor terrible in appearance.

Thereupon Jonathan shouldering his rug containing the little gentleman in black, and the sea-captain doing the like for the other, they presently made their way down the stairs through the darkness and so out into the street. Here the sea-captain became the conductor of the expedition, and leading the way down an alley—now and then stopping to rest, for the burdens were both too heavy and clumsy to carry with ease—they came at last upon an open wharf extending a pretty good distance out into the harbor. Thither the captain led the way, and, Jonathan following, they made their way out along the wharf or pier, stumbling now and then over loose boards, until they came at last to where the water was of a sufficient depth for their purpose. Here the captain, bending his shoulders, shot his burden out into the dark mysterious waters, and Jonathan, following his example, did the same. Each body sank with a sullen and leaden splash into the element, where, the casings which swathed them becoming loosened, the rug and the curtain



THE ARMS OF HIS CAPTOR HELD HIM AS IN A VISE



rose to the surface and drifted slowly away with the tide.

As Jonathan stood gazing dully at the disappearance of the last evidences of his two inadvertent murders, he was suddenly and vehemently aroused by feeling a pair of arms of enormous strength flung about him from behind. In their embrace his elbows were instantly pinned tight to his side, and he stood for a moment helpless and astounded, while the voice of the sea-captain rumbling in his ear exclaimed: "Ye bloody, murdering Quaker; I'll have that ivory ball, or I'll have your life!"

These words produced the same effect upon Jonathan as though a douche of cold water had suddenly been flung over him. He began instantly to struggle to free himself, and that with a frantic and vehement violence begotten at once of terror and despair.

So prodigious were his efforts that more than once he had nearly torn himself free, but still the powerful arms of his captor held him as in a vise of iron. Meantime our hero's assailant made frequent though ineffectual attempts to thrust a hand into the breeches pocket where the ivory ball was hidden, swearing the while under his breath with a terrifying and monstrous string of oaths. At last, finding himself foiled in every such attempt, and losing all patience at the struggles of his victim, he endeavored to lift Jonathan off his feet as though to dash him bodily to the ground. In this he would doubtless have succeeded had he not caught his heel upon one of the loose boards before spoken of, and instantly they both fell violently prostrate, the captain beneath and Jonathan above him, though still encircled in his

iron embrace. As they fell our hero felt the back of his head strike violently upon the flat face of the other, and he heard the captain's skull sound with a terrific crack like that of a breaking egg upon some post or billet of wood against which he must have struck. In their frantic struggles they had ap-

proached extremely near the edge of the wharf, so that the next instant, with an enormous and thunderous splash, Jonathan found himself plunged into the waters of the harbor, and the arms of his assailant loosened from about his body.

The shock of the water brought him instantly to his senses, and being a fairly good swimmer, he had not the least difficulty in reaching and clutching the cross-piece of a wooden ladder that, coated with slimy sea-moss, led from the water-level to the wharf above.

After reaching the safety of dry land once more, Jonathan gazed about him as though to discern whence the next attack might be delivered upon him. But he stood entirely alone upon the dock—not another living soul was in sight. The surface of the water exhibited some commotion as though disturbed by something struggling beneath, but the sea-captain, who had doubtless been stunned by the tremendous crack upon his head, never arose again out of the element that had engulfed him.

The moonlight shone with a peaceful and resplendent illumination, and, excepting certain remote noises from the distant town, not a sound broke the silence and the peacefulness of the balmy tropical night. The limpid water, illuminated by the resplendent moon-



THE LADY WITH THE SILVER VEIL

light, lapped against the wharf. All the world was calm, serene, and enveloped in a profound and entire repose.

Jonathan stood for a little while looking up at the round and brilliant globe of light

*The Conclusion of the Adventure with the Lady with the Silver Veil*

A few minutes later, Jonathan, dripping with wet, stood at the gate of the garden, beating and kicking upon it with a vehemence that he could neither master nor control. He was aware that the entire neighborhood was becoming aroused; that lights were moving and that loud voices of inquiry were sounding in neighboring houses.

At last, in answer to the sound of his vehement blows, the little wicket was opened and a pair of eyes appeared thereat. The next instant the gate was cast ajar very hastily and the pock-pitted negress appeared. She caught him by the sleeve of his coat and drew him quickly into the garden.

"Buckra, Buckra," she cried, "what you doing? You wake de whole town." Then, observing his dripping garments: "You been in de water. You catch de fever and shake till you die."

"Thy mistress!" cried Jonathan, almost sobbing in the excess of his emotion; "take me to her upon the instant, or I cannot answer for my not going entirely mad!"

When our hero again stood in the presence of the lady, he found her clad in a loose and negligent attire infinitely becoming to her graceful figure, and still covered with the veil of silver gauze that had before enveloped her.

"Friend," he cried, vehemently, approaching her and holding out toward her the little ivory ball, "take again this which thou gavest me. It has brought death to three men, and I know not what horrible fate may befall me if I keep it longer in my possession."

"What is it you say?" cried she, in a piercing voice. "Did you say it hath



JONATHAN RUGG WAS MARRIED TO MARTHA DOBBS  
THE FOLLOWING YEAR

floating in the sky above his head. Then suddenly arousing himself to a renewed realization of what had occurred, he turned and ran like one possessed from the scene of this third and final catastrophe.



caused the death of three men? Quick! Tell me what has happened, for I feel a presage that you bring me news of safety and release from all my dangers."

"I know not what thou meanest," cried Jonathan, still panting with agitation. "But this I do know, that when I went away from thee I departed an innocent man, and now I come back to thee burdened with the weight of three lives, which, though innocent, I have been instrumental in taking."

"Explain," exclaimed the lady, tapping the floor with her foot. "Explain! Explain! Explain!"

"That I will," cried Jonathan, "and as soon as I am able. When I left thee and went out into the street, I was accosted by a little gentleman clad in black."

"Indeed!" cried the lady; "and had he but one eye, and did he carry a gold-headed cane?"

"Exactly," said Jonathan; "and he claimed acquaintance with friend Jeremiah Doolittle."

"He never knew him," cried the lady, vehemently, "and I must tell you that he was a villain named Hunt, who at one time was the partner of the pirate Keitt. He it was who plunged a deadly knife into his captain's bosom, and so murdered him one night in Port Royal. He himself or his agents must have been watching my gate when you went forth."

"I know not how that may be," said Jonathan, "but he took me to his apartment, and there, obtaining a knowledge of the trust thou didst burden me with, he demanded it of me, and upon my refusing to deliver it to him, he presently fell to attacking me with a dagger. In my efforts to protect my life I inadvertently caused him to plunge the knife into his own bosom and to kill himself."

"And what then?" cried the lady, well-nigh distracted with her emotions.

"Then," said Jonathan, "there came a strange man—a foreigner—who upon his part assaulted me with a pistol, with every intention of murdering me and thus obtaining possession of that same trifle."

"And did he," exclaimed the lady, "have long, black mustachios, and did he have silver earrings in his ears?"

"Yes," said Jonathan, "he did."

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"That," cried the lady, "could have been none other than the Portuguese mate of Captain Keitt's ship, *The Bloody Hand*, who must have been spying upon Hunt! Tell me what happened next!"

"He would have taken my life," said Jonathan, "but in the struggle that followed he shot himself accidentally with his own pistol and died at my very feet. I do not know what would have happened to me if a sea-captain had not come and proffered his assistance."

"A sea-captain!" she exclaimed; "and had he a flat face and a broken nose?"

"Indeed he had," replied Jonathan.

"That," said the lady, "must have been Captain Keitt's sailing-master, Captain Willitts. He was doubtless spying upon the Portuguese."

"He induced me," said Jonathan, "to carry the two bodies down to the wharf. Having inveigled me there—where, I suppose, he thought no one could interfere—he assaulted me and endeavored to take the ivory ball away from me. In my efforts to escape we both fell into the water, and he, striking his head upon the edge of the wharf, was first stunned and then drowned."

"Thank God!" cried the lady, with a transport of fervor, and clasping her jewelled hands together. "At last I am free of those who have heretofore persecuted me and threatened my very life itself! You have not asked to behold my face; I will now show it to you. Heretofore I have been obliged to keep it concealed lest, recognizing me, my enemies should have slain me." As she spoke she drew aside her veil, and disclosed to the vision of our hero a countenance of the most extraordinary and striking beauty. Her dark and luminous eyes were set beneath exquisitely arched and pencilled brows. Her forehead was like lustrous ivory, and her lips like rose-leaves. Her hair, which was as soft as the finest silk, was fastened in masses of ravishing abundance. "I am," said she, "the daughter of that unfortunate Captain Keitt, who, though weak and a pirate, was not so wicked, I would have you know, as he hath been painted. He would doubtless have been an honest man had he not been led astray by the villain Hunt, who so nearly compassed your own destruc-

tion. He returned to this island before his death and made me the sole heir of all that great fortune which he had gathered (perhaps not by the most honest means) in the waters of the Indian Ocean. But the greatest treasure of all the fortune bequeathed to me was a single jewel, which you yourself have just now defended with a courage and a fidelity that I cannot sufficiently extol. It is that priceless gem known as the Ruby of Kishmoor. I will show it to you."

Hereupon she took the little ivory ball in her hand, and with a turn of her beautiful wrists unscrewed a lid so nicely and cunningly adjusted that no eye could have detected where it was joined to the parent globe. Within was a fleece of raw silk containing a red stone of about the bigness of a pigeon's egg, which glowed and flamed with such an exquisite and ruddy brilliancy as to dazzle even Jonathan's inexperienced eyes. Indeed, he did not need to be informed of the priceless value of the treasure which he beheld in the rosy palm extended toward him. How long he gazed at this extraordinary jewel he knew not, but he was aroused from his contemplation by the sound of the lady's voice addressing him.

"The three villains," said she, "who have this day met their deserts in a violent and bloody death, had by an accident obtained knowledge that this jewel was in my possession. Since then my life has hung upon a thread, and every step that I have taken has been watched by these most cruel and relentless enemies. From the mortal dangers of their machinations you have saved me, exhibiting a courage and a determination that cannot be sufficiently applauded. In this you have earned my deepest admiration and regard. I would rather," she cried, "entrust my life and my happiness to you than into the keeping of any man whom I have ever known. I cannot hope to reward you in such a way as to recompense you for the perils into which my necessities have thrust you, but yet"—and here she hesitated as though seeking for words in which to express herself—"but yet, if you are willing to accept of this jewel and all of the fortune that belongs to me, together with the person of poor Evelina Keitt herself, not only the stone and

the wealth, but the woman also, is yours to dispose of as you see fit."

Our hero was so struck aback at this unexpected turn that he knew not upon the instant what reply to make. "Friend," said he at last, "I thank thee extremely for thy offer, and though I would not be ungracious, it is yet borne in upon me to testify to thee that as to the stone itself and the fortune—of which thou speakest—I have no inclination to receive either the one or the other. Each is the fruit of theft, rapine, and murder. The jewel I have myself beheld three times stained, as it were, with the blood of my fellow men, so that it now has so little value in my sight that I would not give a peppercorn to possess it. Indeed, there is no inducement in the world that could persuade me to accept it. As to the rest of thy generous offer, I have only to say that I am, four months hence, to be married to a very comely young woman of Kensington, in Pennsylvania, by name Martha Dobbs—and therefore I am not at liberty to consider my inclinations in any other direction."

Having so delivered himself, Jonathan bowed with such ease as his stiff and awkward joints might command, and thereupon withdrew from the presence of the charmer, who, with cheeks suffused with blushes and with eyes averted, made no endeavor to detain him.

So ended the only adventure of moment that ever happened him in all his life. For, thereafter, he contented himself with such excitement as his mercantile profession and his extremely peaceful existence might afford.

### *Epilogue*

In conclusion it may be said that when the worthy Jonathan Rugg was married to Martha Dobbs the following year, some mysterious friend presented to the bride a rope of pearls of such considerable value that, when they were realized into money, our hero was enabled to enter into partnership with his former patron, the worthy Jeremiah Doolittle, and that having made such a beginning, he by and by arose to become, in his way, one of the leading merchants of his native town of Philadelphia.

# My Audience with the Tashi Lama

BY SVEN HEDIN

Victorian Memorial Medal R.G.S., and the Karl Ritter Medal, Berlin Geographical Society

I AM here in Shigatse, the most sacred town of Tibet and of the whole Buddhistic world. But first a few words of my journey. Even now, when the river is at its lowest and the ice-flakes are dancing along on the bright-green water, the Brahmaputra is a gigantic and imposing river, passing through the most magnificent scenery, with majestic mountains on both sides. The first days, however, we were riding along in raging storm with clouds of dust and sand, forming here and there great banks. Parties of pilgrims were on their way to the New-year's Festival. There was no annoyance, no troublesome curiosity. Most of those who were riding dismounted and greeted us politely. On our right we had the river, and we followed the northern bank during eight hours, until we arrived in the town of Runzma, where we camped in a grove of high poplars and willows; we delighted in hearing the wind whistling in the trees, although these were leafless. I now could get for dinner fowl and soup, onion and eggs; it was a welcome change from the eternal mutton. All the time since we were in the Ngangtse-tso country I had been living mostly on sour milk, but this became distasteful and was replaced by eggs. We had a very long march to the town of Dha-na. All the road from Je to Dha-na is full of temples, many of them rather large and imposing. The town is very picturesquely situated on the top of a terrace, built of boulders, and beneath is the vast river. We were riding through a row of towns and gardens, and often along parts of the bank, which is under water during the summer.

I let the caravan proceed on its way, while I myself took a boat in order to row, or rather to drift, towards the mouth of Shigatse valley. At Dha-na there are a great number of boats, on which the country produce is brought to the town. They consist of a skeleton of ribs and

sticks, over which there are stretched four hides—a clumsy but very practical two-oared boat with necessary appurtenances. Had I known that it would be a trip of seven hours we should have provided ourselves with provisions; however, everything went right. A great number of boats with pilgrims and peasants from the neighboring country passed us before we started, but we soon overtook them. The women wore their finest dresses, made in the most motley and fantastic way, with high bows in the neck richly studded with corals and turquoises. Most of the boats had pennants with prayers inscribed, and over the railing of some of them were hanging idols in silver cases, in order to make the pilgrimage on the river specially blessed. In some of them they were cooking over a small fire and drinking tea, and constantly chattering.

At first we went ahead at a tremendous speed. The water was often so shallow that the bottom of the river seemed suddenly to raise itself, while in the distance we had the mountains with their branches and valleys, and temples on the lower hills. It was strange and fantastic. Every now and again we saw prayer-pennants on the banks fastened to high poles. We passed towns, caravans and peasants, driving their asses—an animal we had not seen for a long time, with the exception of the wild ass in Tibet. There are few turns on the river, but some of them are so sharp that the rower has to apply all his strength. We were accompanied the whole way by drifting ice-flakes, which bumped against each other and the banks, which afforded a strange sight. The river often divides into one or more channels, but the boatman knows his way.

I first thought of using my own boat—that would have been splendid—but I could hardly trust it to anybody else, and besides I was engaged in mapping. The boat would have caused a great sensation,



fine as it was, compared to these clumsy crafts. The river now turned to the right side of the valley, with the perpendicular mountainsides towards the water, only leaving space for a small path, where we saw them carrying their boats back to Dha-na. One boat is just a sufficient burden for one man. They came along marching in rows like gigantic beetles, with the boats on their backs. We now came upon a number of most magnificent views. The river runs close up to the dark mountainside, surrounded by the wildest scenery. At the foot of a rock we saw hundreds of boats dragged up on the bank, and quantities of straw, hay, etc. It is the harbor; behind the point is the entrance of the valley which leads up to Shigatse.

Here we were received by some of our men. Our boatman got four times his pay and he was all satisfaction. We started our ride up the valley while the sun was setting. It was not pitch dark, however, till we reached Shigatse. In narrow lanes we were riding between the white houses of the town. To the right we see the outlines of its "Dzong," or castle. Some of the inhabitants approached us and took us into a garden, at the gate of which there was a fine house with an open balcony. Muhamed Isa, who first arrived with the chief of the caravan, informed me that I was allowed to stay on the ground floor, but I preferred my tent under the poplars.

At nine o'clock a gentleman appeared who said he was one of the Tashi Lama's officials, who, on his own initiative, had come to ask for information, name, nationality, caravan, place of destination, the way we had come, etc. Everything was taken down, but we never saw him again. The whole of the following day passed without anybody appearing, which however suited me, as I had a dreadful cough and cold, and stayed in bed till past eleven, and dozed for the remainder of the day. In the evening I sent Muhamed Isa up to the monastery of Tashilumpo, the gilded roof of which was shining from the mountain, about twelve minutes' walk from our garden. He went to see a high lama, who said that he would send some one the next morning to take further particulars about me and my errand. At the same time the

mandarin here, Ma, came to call. He is a stout old fellow, who was all kindness and politeness, but angry because the Tashi Lama had not honored him even with an answer, although four days had elapsed since he had asked for an audience. This was anything but a bright prospect for me, when not even the first Chinese at Shigatse could be received. These were the experiences of the first day. The next day was the festival, to which I hardly could go without permission, especially since the Tashi Lama himself was to be present at the games.

Strange and not-to-be-forgotten days! It is rather peculiar to come and call at 6.30 A.M. I was, however, called, and dressed myself in a hurry, a mat was put in the tent, and the visitors were received, although I looked rather haggard from the cold. It was the Tashi Lama's chief munshi, Lobsang Tsering, and a young Chinese official. They were exceedingly polite and kind, but they had several objections, saying that a European could not be permitted to attend the games, which were only intended for the inhabitants of the country, and that the honor of being in the presence of the Holy Lama was only granted to very few mortals. Then we went on chatting and discussing till nine o'clock. They asked about everything, and naturally had never heard of poor Sweden. We wrote the name in Swedish, English, and Chinese (Sviding-que). Only then it struck me that I ought to show them the passport which our minister in London, Count Wrangel, had procured me. I regretted that it was not made out for Tibet, but only for East Turkestan. I produced it at all events. The Chinaman perused it with open eyes and translated it into Tibetan to Lobsang Tsering. Then both observed: "But why—why did you not show this at once? It would have saved us all these consultations. It is a very fine passport. You come at once under Chinese protection." I told them, what was true, that I had not thought of it, as the passport was made out for East Turkestan only, but they said that it didn't matter. It was at any rate a genuine and very fine Chinese passport. It was buried in one of my trunks, but certainly it came in very handy now. The Chinaman disap-



SVEN HEDIN IN TRAVELLING COSTUME



peared, taking the passport with him. After an hour, during which time I politely asked Lobsang Tsering to go out in my garden whilst I was having my breakfast, the Chinese returned and informed me that I would be welcomed to the games. At 10.30 A.M. Tsatserkan, a young Chinese official from the Vatican, came to fetch me. Only a few men were allowed to accompany me, and I chose the interpreter, Muhamed Isa, Robert, Tsering, Namgal and Rapsang.

I was told that I had to be nicely dressed, wherefore I put on my evening dress and orders and appeared as grand as possible. Then the ulster and the cashmere boots, which could be changed for black shoes at the palace, whereupon we left on horseback. We dismounted at the chief entrance and proceeded up-hill through steep and narrow lanes. There was any number of beggars and pilgrims, and we could hardly get along. Finally we entered a dark passage full of lamas of all degrees. Every one stepped aside and greeted us politely. When in the darkness I came to an unexpected step I always felt a strong arm supporting me—it was a lama. My friend of the morning, Lobsang Tsering, Tsatserkan, and another high lama were my guides. All these three had been in India with the Tashi Lama about a year ago. The two highest had been ordered to attend upon me during my stay at Shigatse. We were going through long passages and corridors, and arrived at last on a balcony, from which there was a splendid view of the other balconies, terraces, and galleries surrounding the yard where the games should take place, and opposite to us was the great box adorned with yellow silk and golden fringes where the holiest of all Holy Men should sit. There was a comfortable chair with soft cushions for me. The sun was shining warmly and the ulster was not required, wherefore I showed myself in all my grandeur.

What a splendid view from this fine seat! A sea of human beings, a mosaic of human heads, everything in red, yellow, blue, everything in vivid and screaming colors, every one in their best dresses. There we, first of all, see the real Tibetans, probably the same number

of men and women, all wearing their hair very high, the more studded with precious stones and trinkets the better; some high ladies, the wives of officials, wear big white ruffs on the neck, set with gems. There were also women from the Dogpa mountains, strangely attired, as well as Mongols, Butanese, Nepalese, Ladakese. Officials of different rank, some of them in gold-embroidered yellow silk dresses, with immense mushroomlike hats, others in red dresses. The variety of color is greater than in a paint-box. One becomes amazed, blinded and fascinated at the bright spectacle before him. The arena is rather limited, and we can see that all the roofs are crowded with people, even up under the golden roofs over the graves of the high priests, —and in the midst of all this splendor and all these colors you see paupers in rags, crying children and miserable beggar women.

Now the temple bells were ringing in the festival, and from the monastery's high balconies sounded the copper cymbals with a solemn dignity, and a conviction as if calling out to the mountains and valleys, "To all the countries of the world shall this song of praise go forth." This signal meant that the lamas were drinking tea and preparing themselves for the festival, and the six thousand people present are shouting at the top of their voices. Still a considerable time elapses; then we see a procession of lamas in yellow dresses entering the box of the Tashi Lama. They are the high lamas carrying the robes. Everybody rises and silence prevails. Yet an interval; then arrives the Tashi Lama, wearing a tall, yellow mitre and in yellow gold-embroidered silk robes, and takes his seat, cross-legged, behind a yellow curtain in the middle of the front of the box. A small oblong opening in a suitable position, for his head, is fixed in the curtain, from which long silk fringes are hanging down. At his right is seated his younger brother, Ghunz Ghushuk; at his left his master, and then his old deaf and dumb mother, Tashi Hlamo. There was also in the first row his chief secretary, a small, stout, healthy-looking cardinal, with a head like a billiard-ball, besides a number of high lamas, all in yellow silk. It

is really an imposing spectacle. It seems as if we have before us the whole Buddhistic world—conclave of venerable cardinals. The effect was not spoiled by their movements or the way in which they talked. One can hear how low they are talking in the presence of the Holy Man. Their movements are slow, measured and full of dignity. They take their seats gracefully, they move their arms in a stately manner, they are leaning slowly towards each other when conversing. It is a picture of real stateliness, devoid of any vulgarity. The moment the Holy Man enters, the people stand up silently like shadows, and we see this crowd of nomads, who have come from the mountains and the valleys, falling down with the face to the ground and with folded hands, worshipping Tashi Lama. They seem to be carried away by holy veneration in his presence, while his face can only be seen now and then through the small opening in the curtain. The copper cymbals are now ringing again, and a choir of magnificent men's voices, now rising, now falling, is singing a hymn. The singers cannot be seen, but the song carries one away with fascination, and soon it dies away.

The games now commence. First comes sacred music. The cymbals are so long that they have to be struck against the shoulders of lama-boys—novices from the monastery schools at Tashi-lumpo; forty colossal drums and flutes. They all seat themselves, forming a square in the arena. Ten chief lamas in yellow dresses, and wearing tall helmets, take their seats on the tribune above. Each of them is chief of one thousand lamas; there are four of them at Tashi-lumpo, but one is ill.

While wild and fantastic music is being played for three hours, dancing lamas, attired in the most strange, ridiculous and costly dresses, enter and dance in front of Tashi Lama's box. They are wearing masks representing wild animals, good and evil spirits taken from the inexhaustible sources of the symbolic and demoniacal legends of the lamas. Eleven grand banners of gay colors, representing different gods, are brought in, rolled out and lowered in front of the pope of the lamas.

I wrote down everything as far as time

permitted, and made a sketch of the scene. It is impossible now to relate it all. The final item on the programme was a bonfire in the yard; and an immense piece of paper, on which was written everything that one wished to get rid of, was held over it. A lama enters, carrying a bowl containing some inflammable stuff, which he pours over the fire to make it flame up into a big blaze, which instantaneously consumes the paper, and the crowd burst out in great joy, because they *believe* that the power of the evil spirit has been broken. The feast called Losar is the New-year's festival. It is also celebrated in honor of the victory of Light and of the growing life of the world; also in honor of the end of the winter and its darkness and of the beginning of gentle spring.

During the three hours which the games lasted, Tashi Lama spent at least half the time peeping at me. I often caught his glance, but the distance was too great to enable me to see his features, and I had forgotten my field-glasses, which perhaps was just as well, as it would have been a breach of etiquette to gaze at the Holy Man through glasses; although they would have been useful so far as the ladies were concerned. But I consoled myself, as those who passed in front of my box seemed to be more related to the unbeautiful than to the Venus of Milo. Among the many thousands I could not trace the least likeness to Milo, but they were smart and richly dressed. During the whole performance we were offered liberally—almost too liberally—Tsamba, tea, dried fruits, sweets and Tibetan cakes, and, best of all, mandarins from Sikking, figs from Sining-fu, and raisins from India. Whenever a fresh serving took place an elderly lama, who was taking the host's part, said, "Pantjen Rimpotje [Tashi Lama] hopes that you will make yourself at home." Before the commencement of the games he had sent a lama to my garden with a big "kadasch," a long piece of white silk, as a greeting of welcome.

From the games I went to my Chinese friend and neighbor, Colonel Ma, and talked with him for a long time. On my return my two attendants were already in the garden, bringing with them a whole caravan of asses, laden with pres-



ents in kind from Tashi Lama, such as flour, rice, corn for the horses, etc., and, oddly enough, a silver coin, forty-six tange (fifteen rupees), to buy meat with. The men in charge of the caravan received twenty rupees as a tip. The two attendants brought the message that His Holiness desired to see me the following morning, and that I ought to be at the head entrance at nine o'clock in full state.

In the morning I had my breakfast and dressed myself as smartly as for any ball at the Government House. Accompanied by the same persons who had been in attendance on me at the games, we again rode up to Tashi-lumpo, and proceeded up the hill, as the house in which Tashi Lama dwells towers above the highest point of this town of temples. It is a block of white buildings with large projecting windows and huge awnings.

We are ushered into the chief secretary's room—a splendid reception-room, full of idols in cases of real gold. Red is the prevalent color of the room. From the window one sees the numerous temple roofs and has a fine view of the valley.

Thus we are sitting, chatting for about an hour. He shows me a number of photographs from the Chief Lama's trip through India, and he is delighted to see how well I recognize Lord Minto, General Kitchener, Mrs. Dunlop Smith and the whole suite. Tea is handed round in bowls with silver saucers. A lama now came in and whispered to the old man, who informed me that the Tashi Lama was waiting for me; he had only just finished his prayers. Steep steps are constantly taking us higher up, and the conversation becomes more and more silent, and eventually dies out. In all the corridors and passages there are lamas standing, silent as monuments, looking at us. Lobsang Tsering whispers that we have now come to the last anteroom, where I can arrange myself and put on the black shoes. We then mount the last steps and arrive in the room outside the one where His Holiness will receive us. None except Robert and Muhamed Isa were allowed to proceed any further. My present, consisting of an expensive medicine-case, is now taken charge of by a lama and is carried in. I was asked whether I

knew Tibetan. As my knowledge thereof is rather meagre, the interpreter had to accompany me. Otherwise His Holiness would have received me all by myself.

We enter; near the door I make a deep bow, then a few more until I come close up to Tashi Lama, who is sitting on a small bench fixed to the wall in a window recess, with a small table in front of him. He is dressed as an ordinary lama, in red garments; he nods to me kindly, and gives me both his hands, asking me to sit down in an easy chair close to him. Half of the room is roofed in, the other half is like an open yard; the room is a striking contrast to that of the secretary, being extraordinarily simple; not a single idol, no furniture, no mats, only the cold stone floor. Through the window his dreamy eyes look out over this sinful world towards the, to us invisible, Nirvana, where his spirit in time will find rest. He is Pantjen Rimpotje, or Tsong Kapas's reincarnation. The great doctor's soul has settled in Tashi Lama's transient body. When a Tashi Lama dies, Tsong Kapas's soul is transferred to his successor,—a child being selected by the Conclave. The present Tubden Tjoki Nima Gele Namdja is the sixth Tashi Lama, and is at present the holiest person in the whole lama world.

What did we talk about? He asked me first if I had gone through many hardships, and whether I had felt the cold very much at Tjang-tang; then he expressed his regret at the bad reception I had met with. The reason was that I had come so quietly, and nobody knew that I was the right person who was expected. Now everything should be done for my comfort; he had given instructions to that effect. He then asked about my country, where it was situated, and about the population, then about the countries of Europe. The kings and emperors interested him greatly. He further inquired about the Japanese and the war with Russia, about the countries I had travelled in, about India and her riches. He asked about the route to Sweden, as if he intended to pay a return visit. He asked to be remembered very much to Lord Sahib (Minto); he should never forget the latter's hospitality. "Don't forget it," he said; "promise me that you write to him and say that I am

often—often thinking of him. Remember me also to Lord Kitchener." Of his lordship he showed me a signed photograph. Then he returned to the sovereigns of the world and produced a photographic group of them. Under each photo was written the name and the country in Tibetan. He asked about each of them separately. He was greatly interested in the princes of Europe; he who is more powerful than all the kings of the earth, he who governs the faith and thought of all the people, from Kalmucks on the Volga to the Buriats by the Baikal, from the coast of the Arctic to the scorching sun of India.

Strange and never-to-be-forgotten Tashi Lama! I shall always remember him. He is just twenty-five years old. He presented, on his birthday, valuable presents to all the lama temples. A special grand lama was sent to the monastery at Ladak. He himself is leading a simple life, and sits in his recess by the window and listens to the whistling of the wind and looks out over the valley. Never has any person made such a deep and lasting impression upon me—not as a god in human shape, but as a human being of godly purity, chastity and perfection. One never forgets his glance, and I have never seen such a smile, such a finely cut mouth, such a noble face, full of goodness and charity. Whosoever he may be, he is an extraordinary and exceptional man—so gentle, so refined, so noble. His smile never left him, and every time our glances met he nodded so kindly, as if he would say, "Be convinced, I am your best friend." That smile I shall always remember, as long as I live, as the most wonderful I have seen. All my impressions of Tibet and Brahmaputra are nothing compared to it. We were offered tea and fruits the whole time by lamas who walked about silent as ghosts, on tiptoe. A simple cup for the Tashi Lama; he always drank at the same time as I, so as to show that he was not too holy to descend to my level. A group of lamas, standing some little distance off, was told now and then by a wave of his hand to leave the room when he wanted to ask about something which he thought did not concern them.

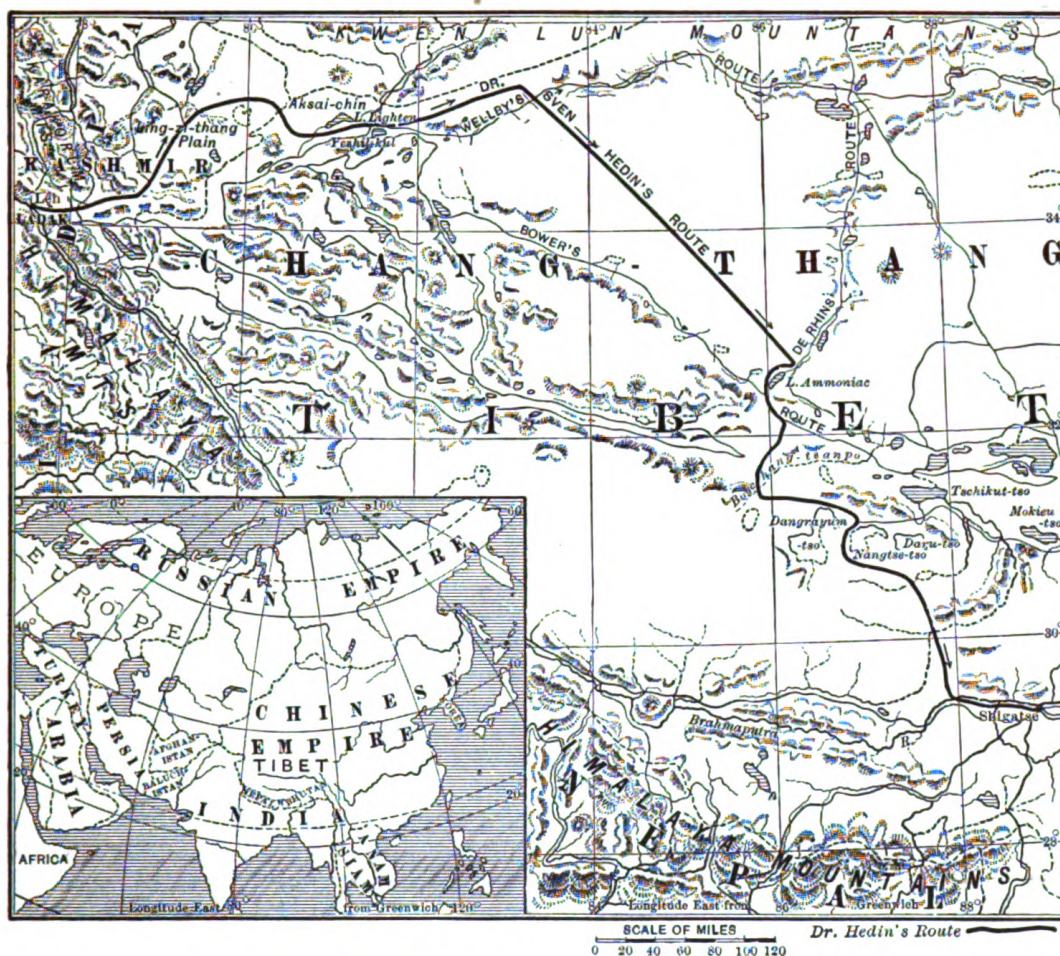
As usual, I was somewhat bold in my demands. I asked for his photograph,

which he willingly promised me. I was even to be permitted to take a photograph of him if he were allowed to photograph me. I might return with the camera whenever I desired. He showed me his camera and told me that a lama was doing the developing, and had a separate dark room. I even asked him to give me a passport for any possible future travels in his country, and I also asked him to give me one of his officials as a guide and escort. Yes,—with the greatest pleasure! I should have everything! At last I asked permission to see the whole of Tashi-lumpo, to sketch and to photograph there. "Yes, with pleasure; I have already given instructions to the lamas, who will show you everything—everything." There were no difficulties here—and all this in Tibet! I could understand that he liked me, for when the visit had lasted for two hours, and I made a sign that I intended to get up, he made me sit down in the chair again, saying, "Oh no, you must stay a little longer." This was repeated, until I had been there exactly three hours. When I showed him my small French camera he held his hands under mine, as if he would support them. Then I explained to him about the medicine-case, which excited his astonishment and liveliest interest. I had to explain everything to him; the morphia syringe, with its fine case and all its appurtenances, pleased him especially. To begin with, both of us were somewhat shy, but that passed off soon and we became the best of friends. We were much fascinated with each other.

At last he called for some lamas and ordered them to show me all I had come to see. He then gave me both his hands again and shook mine, nodding his head, whilst his delightful smile was playing on his lips, and I retired backwards. His glances followed me with a smile, and he was waving his hand to me the whole time, till I disappeared through the door leading out to the anteroom. When I came down the first flight of steps, where a number of lamas were waiting, they gazed at me silently with big eyes, and no doubt thought that a special grace had befallen me, since the audience had lasted such a long time.

We then visited all the most important





APPROXIMATE ROUTE OF SVEN HEDIN'S JOURNEY

As the British government refused to permit Dr. Hedin to cross the Indian frontier into Tibet, he outfitted his expedition at Leh in the summer of 1906, and started northeast, crossing into Tibet from Aksai-chin, a part of Chinese Turkestan. He then travelled east, avoiding the routes of other explorers, and surveying Lake Lighten, Yeshil-kul, and other lakes. Reaching the great white patch on the map, between the routes of Bower and de Rhins, he crossed it from northwest to southeast, exploring 840 miles of hitherto unknown country, and bringing to light many new lakes, rivers, and mountain ranges. He reached the south edge of the completely unknown near Lake Ammoniac. South of this lake he found that the Indian survey of the mountains and lakes to the southeast was quite erroneous. In the little known region between Ngantse-tso and the Brahmaputra or Tsanpo he discovered a gigantic mountain range and a complete labyrinth of very high mountains and rivers, altogether changing the map of this region. His route map, in 230 sheets, is very detailed. He was exactly a half-year on the way from Leh to Shigatse.

parts of the temple, all the lecture-rooms, and all the five Tashi Lama's sepulchral chambers, filled with the finest gold and precious stones of priceless value. In a room where there was hanging an immense picture of Tsong Kapas, and where a servant offered us refreshments, came a lama with greetings from Tashi Lama, and expressions of hope that I would not get too tired by walking so much. We could not do any more, as a storm was gathering and darkened the

sky with flying dust, and before we arrived home it had overtaken us.

I spent the whole of the next day in the temple and made some sketches, although the weather was rather bad. There was a big fair the following day for the people, and it was great fun to mix with them. Thousands of spectators had gathered in the fields; on the west terrace was a sea of heads, and a town of white and blue tents, where the dzongs, the huge blue tents of the civic

officials, attracted my special attention. I had a splendid place, guarded by the police in red tunics and with yellow caps and pigtails. In front of us was the arena, and on the other side there was again a dense crowd. The riders numbered seventy, all attired in the most fantastic and gay dresses, and reminded one of Spanish cavaliers, all in immense mushroomlike hats with red feathers, and yellow silk dresses with blue vests, the quivers filled with long arrows and bows carried in sheaths. The horses have big feathers and are richly adorned with gay pennants flying in the wind, their tails tied with ribbons and with a big bow near the end. They have ringing bells and richly decorated saddle-cloths. The whole is a fantastic and gay picture. Just inside the arena are two targets hanging in a kind of gallows.

Now comes the first rider in the wildest gallop, then the whole row, one after the other, raising a cloud of dust. During the second ride they were shooting at the targets while riding at the highest speed. They have to hit them both, the distance between them being sixty metres. When the arrow hits the red spot a cloud of red dust issues from it. The second item on the programme is shooting with guns, with blank cartridges, at the first target, and with bows at the other. Only a few of them managed to

get their bows in order. Everything went off well, notwithstanding the reckless speed of the horses. I was, of course, the object of a rather inquisitive curiosity, and the wildest crushing and pushing, which not even the whips of the police could prevent.

Tashi Lama again sent for me and asked if it was convenient to me to come and photograph him. This time I put on an ordinary suit. The audience lasted two hours and a half. He was just as charming and amiable as before, and wanted to know all I had been doing, and if I had been shown everything I wanted to see. He was this time more of a human being than on the last occasion. I saw him leave his usual sitting position, as he got up and moved about. He inquired about my camera, looked at it and took two snap-shots of me. Afterwards tea was served; then presents were brought to me of pieces of Tibetan cloth, Chinese golden cloth, at sixty rupees per yard, a pair of silver-mounted copper bowls, and a saucer with a lid of silver-gilt. He handed me himself a Buddhist Bible and a kadahk. Finally, he asked me to inform him of everything which I desired; everything should be arranged. Muhamed Isa received a money present.

One of my richest and dearest memories in all my life is Tashi Lama—this remarkable and noble personality.

## Innocence

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL-SWEENEY

THE little sober field dropped down  
From the low murmuring wood  
To the gray river, and where I stood  
The plaintive grass was thin and brown.  
Far on, upon the windy hill,  
Some little mist of green went by  
And soon was gone, unwilling to try  
So bleak a May and chill.

But suddenly I was all aware  
Of Spring; for as I stept there ran  
About my foot a fairy clan  
And tugged against the boisterous air.  
The frosty sun, the time unkind,  
Forbade that flowers should be bold.  
But here, blue, white, and palely gold,  
Was innocence, blowing in the wind.

# R. J.'s Mother

BY MARGARET DELAND

WHEN Nathaniel Roberts lost his wife, her Blake relations were confident that he would marry again as soon as decency permitted;—"or sooner," said his sister-in-law, with a hard lip.

There was a shocked murmur from an elderly cousin, but Miss Blake nodded her head. "Yes; I am merely watching to see how soon he will be consoled."

She watched from the very day of the funeral. Her tearfully keen eyes, under heavy black brows, were always upon the young widower to detect the first symptom of consolation. "He will make 'Boy,' as he calls him, the excuse," she declared in melancholy confidence to the Blake connection; "widowers always do that. They say they have to 'give their children a mother.' As if Nettie's own sister wasn't better than any stepmother!"

The cousin looked doubtful. "Suppose you wanted to get married yourself, Frances?" she said; "who would take care of little Nat then?"

"I hope, my dear Harriet," replied Miss Blake, "that I would never 'want' to get married. No refined woman 'wants' to get married; she may marry,—refined women do marry; my sainted Nettie did. But I am sure she never 'wanted' to. No; I shall just devote myself to Nettie's child. I have told Nathaniel that he and the baby are to live here,—though it is very troublesome to have a man about; but it's a duty I owe poor sister Nettie. I did, however, say I would have to ask him not to smoke in the house. So he is coming."

He came; a lean, silent, soft-eyed fellow, who did his smoking in his office, and who bounded up-stairs to his little boy's nursery the minute he got home in the evening. He would have been glad to delay his departure in the morning so that he could see Boy take his bath, but Miss Frances frowned at the suggestion.

"It would be most improper!" she said; "I always test the temperature of the water, and watch Ellen when she bathes the child; but I could not be present if you were in the room."

The father did not insist. Instead, he hurried home every night in time to give Boy his bottle, and he used to be so long over the tender task that he was often late for dinner, which did not endear him to his sister-in-law;—"And, oh dear! the cigar smoke in his clothing!" said Miss Blake, with delicate disgust.

Miss Blake had other reasons for disgust; it appeared that Davis, the wet-nurse, was not "Mrs." Davis. When Miss Blake discovered this, which she did by judicious questioning as to "Mr." Davis's business, she promptly ordered the young woman out of the house. Her little nephew, spurning an offered bottle, howled upon an empty stomach; but though the noise he made was very distressing, she bore it rather than have Nettie's child and her own roof defiled by such a presence. When her brother-in-law came home in the evening, she told him what she had done—of course, with the delicacy proper to such a subject,—and his annoyance was only another proof of the difference between men and women.

"It wasn't our business," he said, angrily; "as long as she took such good care of Boy, how did it concern us? Besides, poor girl! the doctor told me she was heart-broken at losing her own baby, and Boy was a comfort to her."

"You knew it!"

"Of course I knew it."

"And you engaged her!" gasped Miss Frances.

"I was looking for a wet-nurse, not a saint," he said, dryly. But he made no further protest. It was Frances's house, and she had a right to say who should be in it.

And besides, so long as she made Boy



comfortable, he was not interested in her moral standards. Boy was his one absorbing thought; and in all that first year of devotion to his little son, not even the watchful aunt saw a shadow of consolation as big as a woman's hand on the horizon of his heart. He did not make the slightest effort to "give the child a mother";—and then, suddenly, the possibility of doing so was taken from him: Boy died.—"Because his father would have the window open right by the crib," Frances Blake said, weeping in her heavy crêpes. And then she told the Blake relations that it almost seemed as if Providence had taken the poor child to heaven, to his own lovely mother, to save him from his father's faithlessness;—"for, of course, now he'll marry again; widowers always marry when they have no children; they make loneliness the excuse. He has left me, you know, and gone to housekeeping by himself; that is the first step."

And yet, though this first step was taken, and the "decent" period had certainly elapsed, and the excuse of loneliness following the loss of his child was obvious to everybody, the faithless husband remained single. Two years—three years—five years! Miss Frances Blake softened; then, suddenly, hardened.

"I know men!" she said; "Nathaniel would marry again unless—unless there were some unworthy reason. Do you remember his shocking indifference when I found out about that depraved woman, Nat's wet-nurse? And, my dear, do you know, I heard—(I am not curious, but I thought it my duty to find out about the creature); Nathaniel paid her board until she got another place! I taxed him with it, and he admitted that he had 'looked after her.' A very suspicious phrase for a man to use, it strikes me."

"I think it shows a kind heart," the Blake cousin murmured.

And Miss Frances said, coldly: "Beware of allowing charity to degenerate into laxity, Harriet. No; I shouldn't wonder at all if some horrid affair keeps him bound, for I've recognized from the very first that he is the kind of man who marries again."

But "horrid affairs" always leak out,

in time; and when ten years passed, and twelve, and still Nathaniel Roberts's reputation—except in regard to smoking—would have been a credit to Cæsar's wife, Miss Blake had to back down. She asked him to dinner every other Sunday evening, instead of once a month, and she told all the Blake relations that his faithfulness was beautiful,—“Though probably,” said Miss Frances, “he isn't very susceptible. He doesn't seem to care about anybody. And do you remember how composed he was when dear little Nat died? Indifferent, uncharitable people would say.”

"Still waters," the cousin began, mildly; but Nathaniel's sister-in-law made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, Harriet! As if a father who *cared*, could look down into his baby's coffin, and never shed a tear. That's what Nathaniel did. Though you would think that mere self-reproach about opening the window by the crib might have brought tears. But how time flies! Do you realize that the 22d was Nat's twelfth birthday? I don't believe Nathaniel ever thinks of it!"

The Blake cousin was silent. In her own mind she harked back to something that happened on the 22d—a chance encounter with Mr. Roberts in a toy-shop. . . . Nathaniel, his legs tucked around the pedestal of a revolving-stool, his near-sighted eyes peering into the mechanism of a small steam-engine, was speaking anxiously to the clerk: "You don't think it's too complicated for a boy of twelve?"

"Oh no, sir; why, last year, for his eleventh birthday, you got that automatic steamboat for him. He made that go, didn't he?"

Nathaniel mumbled something, and then, glancing up, found the elderly Blake cousin beside him and blushed to the roots of his hair. "Why, Harriet—" he stammered; "what are you doing in a toy-shop?"

"What are *you* doing?" she retorted, laughing; and the salesman, with the intimacy of the toy-counter, offered a genial explanation: "The gentleman buys his little boy's birthday present here every year."

Miss Harriet was stricken into silence; Nathaniel said, briefly, "I'll take the en-

gine"; and as they stood waiting for the package, neither of them spoke. On the street, as he was helping her into a car, he said, under his breath, "I get things to give away on his birthday.—Harriet," he added, so suddenly that his voice was harsh, "do you think that—that his crib was too near the window?"

"No! of course not," she said; "Nathaniel, don't have such thoughts; they're not safe,"—and then her car came along, and she had to get in. As she took her seat she slipped her handkerchief under her veil and wiped her eyes. She never told Frances. . . . And without being told, how could Frances guess that the wound of his boy's death had healed into a scar that was callous to all small interests or troubles,—his own, or other people's.

Indeed Miss Blake's charge, of not caring for anybody, was pretty well founded. He had no social ties; sometimes he dropped into his club, and sat smoking, and listening to other men's talk; but he never invited anybody to come home with him and take pot-luck; first, because the pot was not very good, for he was at the mercy of a working housekeeper with no cold-mutton imagination; but mostly because he really would not have known what to do with a guest. He had no small talk—perhaps no great talk, either; and in his gentle selfishness, of which, like most passively selfish people, he was entirely unconscious, it never occurred to him to make an effort to talk of things, small or great, which might interest other people. In fact, the empty years had so dulled and dried his mind, that all he thought of was his business, and perhaps the dining with Miss Frances every fourth Sunday—until his faithfulness won him that fortnightly invitation. Once a year, on the 22d of November, he spent a couple of hours at Bailey's Toy Emporium; and that evening, bolting his library door, and clearing his big, shabby writing-table, he looked the toys over. He would set out a regiment of tin soldiers, and start up the automatic boat, and piece a map together, and perhaps end with a game of parchesi. Then he would pack them all up again, and the next morning hand the bundle to his washerwoman or to the janitor of his office-building, to dispose of. . . .

But in all the years since Boy died, he had not come near enough to his fellows to feel either their calamities or their interests,—and in his dull routine of comfort, he had had none of his own to feel.

Then, shortly after little Nat's fourteenth birthday, a personal calamity interested him most keenly; with it comfort departed,—but in departing opened a door in the enclosing walls of selfishness.

On the night of the 22d of November, he had strained his eyes over a puzzle of colored crystals, and after that he began to notice how very easily his eyes became tired. By and by he had to give up reading his paper after dinner, so he sat and smoked an inordinate number of cigars before he went to bed. It was so stupid, this endless smoking, that he really welcomed that fortnightly dinner with his sister-in-law. He said to himself once or twice that he must see an oculist; but he kept putting it off, waiting for a break in the office routine. Then, suddenly, before the break came, a sharp attack of pain drove him to Dr. Tinker's in spite of himself.

"Confound it, Roberts," Tinker said, candidly, "a man of your years ought to have had sense enough to come and see me before this. You are to come now every day for a while—understand?"

Roberts understood, and frowned; but after a month of dancing attendance on Tinker, and seesawing between being better and worse, the physician began to look puzzled, and anxious, too.

"I don't like that optic nerve," said Tinker.

"Anything wrong?" Nathaniel inquired, faintly interested.

"*Wrong!* Well—" then he stopped, and became professional. "We've just got on to a queer thing in eyes, and this condition of yours suggests it. I want you to go East and see one of the big men. I—well, I am not just up on the latest treatment. Yes. You've got to consult Jardine. Better start to-morrow."

But of course he could not start to-morrow. A man can't be shaft-horse for innumerable people and institutions, and drop his work because his oculist raises his finger—even if he does not mean to be away from home for more than ten days, which was the limit Nathaniel set him-

self. Dr. Tinker did not set any limit. "You do what Jardine tells you," he said; "he'll let you know when you can come home."

"You don't think he will keep me more than a fortnight, do you?" Nathaniel said, anxiously; and Tinker said he didn't know. "Hurry up and get off," Tinker said; "that's all I have to say."

So Nathaniel hurried. He crammed ten days' work into two, promised Miss Frances to write once a week, did his clumsy packing, and set off. No doubt the hurry made things just a little worse. At any rate, when the great Jardine had finished plumbing the poor eyes with the fierce electric beam, and making many other uncomfortable examinations, he was as disinclined as Tinker himself to set a limit to the time his patient must be absent from his office. He explained that Mr. Roberts's condition was unusual—"and very interesting, *very* interesting!" said Jardine, with obvious satisfaction. Then he said that it would be necessary for him to watch the case closely, and it would be many weeks—perhaps months—before the treatment which might (or might not) preserve Mr. Roberts's sight would be finished.

The knowledge that he had an interesting disease did not impress the patient. "But," he protested, with real agitation, "I can't possibly leave my business for any such length of time!"

"You're liable to be blind if you don't," the great man told him.

Roberts got up and walked to the window; it was several minutes before he turned round and faced the doctor; when he did, he said, dully, "All right."

Jardine glanced at him. "Have a drink of whiskey?" he said, kindly.

But Nathaniel shook his head. "I'm all right," he said; and then he listened with stolid attention to the oculist's minute directions. When he had received his orders, the poor man went back to his hotel, and sat in heavy silence, reflecting upon the situation. At first, the knock-down statement of absence from business was his clearest thought. *Business!* How could he drop all his affairs? He said to himself that it was out of the question!—this confounded specialist didn't know what he was talking about. "Easy enough for him to say 'drop busi-

ness.' I can't pitch off responsibilities just to please him." But each time he reached this conclusion the specialist's calm, impersonal voice sounded in his ears: "You're liable to be blind if you don't."

That gray December afternoon, darkening into snowy night, was a bad time for Nathaniel Roberts. The oculist's statement had shaken him out of his lethargy of comfort; his mind began to prick and tingle, just as a sleeping hand or foot tingles when it wakes up. And in this sharp awakening he recognized the inevitable. . . . There was no escape. Common sense, lurking behind his dismayed consciousness of inconvenience, told him so. Then, little by little a shadow began to hide the matter of inconvenience: Suppose he did go back and finish up these immediate duties, it might be too late then to save his eyes. Jardine had said so, plainly. He would be blind; and what would he do then? He had money enough to keep him out of the poorhouse, but he would be a burden to somebody—even if it were only a hired somebody. "Though it would probably be Frances," he said to himself; "Frances always does her duty." The shadow grew very deep. . . . At first, he did not know what it was; then he recognized it, and knew that it was Fear: he could not remember having been afraid since the night Frances told him Boy was going to die, "because you opened a window near the crib." Yes; he was afraid; and suddenly he knew that he was not only afraid, but lonely. He had not been lonely since the loneliness of Boy's loss had settled into numbness. Fear and loneliness drove him to his feet and spurred him into aimless pacing up and down. He wished he had somebody to speak to. The long, narrow hotel-room, with its majestic black-walnut furniture, its gilded radiator, its one great plate-glass window smothered in stiff lace curtains, had not a human suggestion about it. He got up abruptly, and opened the window to let some fresh air into the dry, "knocking" steam-heat. The curtains blew back into the room behind him, and sometimes a snowflake rested on his sleeve, or touched his flushed face like a cold finger-tip. He stood there until he was thoroughly chilled, for it was something

to know that there were men and women down in the dark canyon of the street, even though he could not distinguish them. The desire for human contact was a sort of physical dismay. Roberts, looking down at the great, hurrying city in its net of arc-lights, suddenly shivered. "Nobody cares," he said to himself; and added, "I'm going to be blind." The fact was, having had nothing to hope for in fourteen years, he had lost the habit of hoping, so now he did not know how to reassure himself; "I am going to be blind; Frances will take care of me," he said. A snowflake blew in, and melted on his cheek. He set his teeth, and went back to his chair.

Well, blind or not, he must think out directions for his office,—the first step into that bleak idleness which might (or might not) preserve his sight. He did not touch the electric-light button, but sat with closed eyes, making little crooked notes that ran up-hill across the page of his memorandum-book. In the midst of his planning something bumped against his door, and there was the clink of ice in a pitcher. Absorbed as he was, the being served just at that particular minute with ice-water did strike him; he gave a sort of grunt of amusement, and said "Come in!"

The boy who carried the clinking pitcher set it down on the marble-topped table with a thud. "Gorry!" he remarked, "three flights of that weighs some. But of course they can't let you go up in the passenger-elevator. The water might spill on the ladies' clothes. Say, shall I turn on the light?"

"No, thank you," Roberts said, and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket.

"I wish they'd let me work the freight-elevator," the boy confided; "I could, perfectly well. I'd like that better than climbing the stairs."

"Would you?" Roberts inquired, languidly; and snapped his dime down on the table.

"That's forty cents to-day!" the boy said, joyously; "sure you don't want any light? Pretty dark in here."

"The light bothers my eyes," Roberts explained, and wondered at himself for being confidential.

"That's too bad!" the boy said, earnestly; "I've got some old eye-drops at

my house. I had sore eyes last year. I'll bring 'em in to-morrow." He came and stood by the forlorn man, and rattled his forty cents cheerfully in his pocket. "Maybe they'll let me off, down at the office, now, and I could run home and get 'em, before mother goes to the theatre?"

"Does your mother go often to the theatre?" Nathaniel asked, to make conversation. He was incapable of snubbing such friendly exuberance, even if it had bored him; but, indeed, it did not bore him.

"Why!" said the boy, surprised at his ignorance, "she goes every night! And two mats. I used to go along. Course, now, I can't; except to bring her home."

"Your mother is an actress?" Roberts said, vaguely.

"Yes; oh, she's a peach! And she's splendid, too. You ought to see her. Say; why don't you go and see her? It would make you cheerful to see mother," he ended, earnestly.

"Touch that button, will you?" Nathaniel said; he covered his eyes for a minute, as the white light sprang from the ceiling, and then, blinking a little, he looked at his visitor. It was not a remarkable face, but it was a boy's face. "How old are you?" he said.

"Almost fifteen; I was fourteen on the twenty-second of November. An' then mother said I could be a bell-hopper; mother didn't like it much," he added, candidly; "but I jollied her into it."

Nathaniel was not listening. . . . Of course, there was no suggestion of a resemblance;—but he was born on the 22d of November, and he was fourteen years old! "What's your name?" he asked. The boy said, proudly, that his name was R. J. Holmes.

"I'm named after my father. He's dead. Mother calls me Dicky. Well, you know, ladies are keen on nick-names; so I let her. But my name's R. J. Holmes."

Nathaniel snapped down another dime; "Guess that belongs to you, too, R. J.," he said. R. J. picked it up with alacrity, "Everybody in this world," he declared, "is nice. I've noticed that all my life; but specially to-day. Fifty cents!" At the door, with his hand on the knob, he turned to say, heartily, "Good-by!"

When he had gone, Nathaniel gave a faint chuckle; the unwonted sound astonished him so much that it was several minutes before he took up his own weary affairs.

If you break your leg, or your heart, why, perhaps bed is the proper place for you; but to lie in bed until noon, when you have nothing on earth the matter with you, is maddening—especially if for forty-five years you have been in the habit of getting up in the morning at 6.30. Mr. Roberts, without a soul to speak to, with no newspaper, with nothing to do except to drink a glass of milk at eight, at ten, at twelve; with nothing to look at except the lace curtains which, blowing back and forth in front of the half-open window, permitted an occasional glimpse of chimney-pots and snowy roofs;—Roberts, after four hours of it, said a bad word. He added the name of the distinguished specialist. Then he reflected that as he had one hour and thirty minutes more of this tomfoolery, he had better try to sleep; but just at that moment the chilly bump of ice-water sounded at his door. He turned his head with a sigh of relief; it was something to see a human creature, but to see R. J., whom he had entirely forgotten, was almost an interest. "Hello," he said.

"I got the eye-drops," the bell-boy said, breathlessly; "I couldn't bring 'em up before, we are so busy! And look here": he put down his clinking white pitcher, and unbuttoned his coat carefully. From his bosom he lifted out a thin cat, that meowed faintly, and clutched at his sleeve with feeble claws. "Look!" said R. J. "Here's a perfectly good cat, just starving to death! I saw her when I went to get the pitchers—and I was so afraid the hoppers might hit her a lick—they are bully fellows, but mother says boys don't understand cats. So I brought her up for you to keep for me till I go home to-night."

"I?" said Nathaniel, blankly; "but I—"

"Hullo! milk!" cried R. J., regarding Roberts's untasted glass, joyously; "I was afraid I'd have to go and pinch some, somehow, down-stairs."

He had put the forlorn animal on the

heavy Marseilles quilt, which Nathaniel, being a man, had not had sense enough to remove, though it had occurred to him to liken it to *peine forte et dure*. The cat crawled along its boardlike expanse for a few steps, then stopped and uttered a thin wail.

"Let's feed her," the boy said; "she's hungry. Will she drink out of your tumbler, do you think? Or had we better put the milk in the wash-basin?"

"I was just going to drink it myself," the cat's astonished host ventured.

The boy had seated himself on the bed, and was urging the cat to take the milk. "Poor kitty, poor kitty," he encouraged her. The little pink tongue began to lap, fitfully, then eagerly. "Fine!" R. J. said; then, holding the tumbler in one grimy hand, he began to burrow with the other in various pockets; "I got your eye-drops; but I had to look after the cat first."

"Of course," Nathaniel agreed; "but, my boy, I mustn't take your medicine—though it's very kind in you to bring it to me; unless you'll let me pay—"

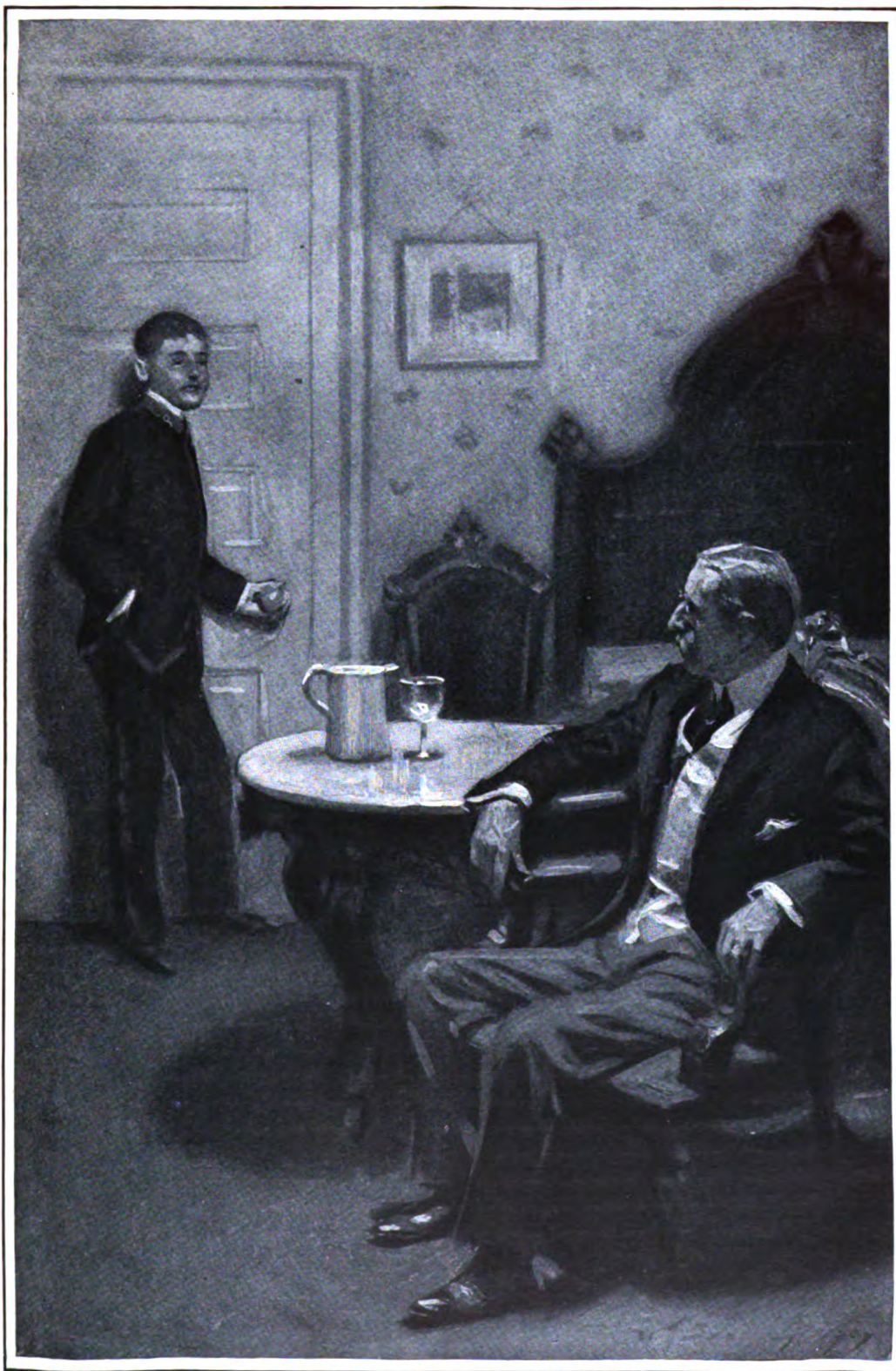
R. J. looked annoyed. "I'm taking your milk for my cat," he said, coldly; and Nathaniel was silenced.

"I'd put 'em in for you," said R. J., "just the way mother did for me; but I've got to go down-stairs; we're doing a land-office business this morning. You just let her run round, will you? You put in six drops. Honest, do you think you can do it yourself?" he hesitated.

And Nathaniel, alarmed, said, hastily, that he was sure he could. When he was alone with the cat, he realized that fifteen long minutes had been consumed. A little later his uninvited guest placed her fore feet on his breast, blinked, and squatted down; then, her paws tucked under her, she began to purr.

"I wonder will she get up at twelve?" Nathaniel thought, anxiously. He looked at his watch, and then at the cat; and then at his watch again. Between-times he reflected upon the bell-boy who had been born on Boy's birthday. Suddenly it occurred to him that he might arrange to have R. J. detailed to wait upon him; that would be better than the man servant that Jardine had suggested; Nathaniel, solitary creature that





*Drawn by William T. Smedley*

"EVERYBODY IN THIS WORLD IS NICE," DECLARED R. J.

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he was, had been embarrassed at the thought of an attendant who would be in constant evidence. Yes; that was a good idea; he could bounce the boy whenever he wanted to be alone. "Cat," he said, pleadingly, "don't you feel like moving? It's five minutes past twelve!"

The arrangement to have all of R. J.'s time was very easily made at the office in the rotunda down-stairs. Yes; certainly the gentleman in No. 302 could have Holmes if he wanted him. As for the boy, though depressed at being removed, even temporarily, from an exciting career, he made the best of it with a fairly cheerful upper lip; "for honest, I'm sorry about your eyes," he said. He suggested that he should lend Mr. Roberts the cat, which he had taken to his own home; when the offer was declined he sighed. "I could have played with her out in the hall," he said. He spent most of his time in a chair just outside the door of No. 302, and without even a cat, it was pretty lonely. It occurred to him that if Mr. Roberts knew that, he would be invited to sit inside. So he mentioned it, and the invitation followed.

Nathaniel's days were full of the routine of treatment, the responsibilities of which weighed heavily upon R. J. He considered it his business to know the hours of milk, walk, rest, etc., etc., and he kept the patient to them with a strictness which, if a little teasing at times, was very friendly. Of course, the friendliness of a child or an animal is amusing, but it is, perhaps, the most flattering thing in the world. Nathaniel Roberts, at first faintly diverted, was by and by flattered; and then, down under that old scar, he was touched. Meantime, the routine went on; Nathaniel's weekly letter to his sister-in-law was written in R. J.'s round, rather smeary hand, and was, in mercy to the boy, short. It was pretty much the same every week:

*"Mr. Roberts says to say he is getting along very well. I am to take care of him. I used to be a bell-boy. He says New York is very cold. He says he don't know when he can come back.*

*Yours truly,*

R. J. HOLMES."

This "blank" kept Miss Blake posted, and though it offended her delicacy to know that her answering communications would have to be read aloud by this evidently illiterate person, she did not on that account curtail their length, or spare her brother-in-law the recital of the various inconveniences resulting from his absence. R. J. hated the sight of the square blue envelope, but he ploughed through its contents, with incisive comments of his own, which Nathaniel did not find displeasing:

"She don't like people, that lady. I call that foolish. It spoils your comfort not to like people. Mother, she's afraid of everybody, but she likes 'em just the same."

"I am sure your mother has a kind heart," Mr. Roberts said, sleepily.

"Well, you bet she has," R. J. told him; "and so have I. Now your lady friend, she hasn't."

And Mr. Roberts grinned, silently. During those first three or four weeks of resting and drinking milk, and trying to sleep, Roberts became very intimate with all matters pertaining to R. J. and to the Holmes ménage; he knew R. J.'s ambition to run an elevator; he knew Mrs. Holmes's rule that hands should be washed before meals; "it's tough," R. J. confided, sadly, "but I do it, to please her." He knew the rent of the flat, and the landlord's strange indifference to leaks over the bay-window; he knew Mrs. Holmes's salary to a dollar, and how difficult it was to stretch it over a whole week. "That's why I went into the hotel business," said R. J., gravely. And by and by he knew Mrs. Holmes's age, too, for it seemed natural to R. J. to mention that when she was made up, she didn't look a day over twenty. "She's thirty-three, but the stage-manager said she made up twenty!" And she was just splendid, too; yes, sir; she was *all right*. There were plenty of fellows whose mothers were in the profession, and they were not all right."

Nathaniel was so startled by such knowledge in a round-faced, clear-eyed lad of fourteen, that for the moment he had no reply; it seems superfluous to congratulate a son upon his mother's uprightness; but R. J. frankly considered it a subject for congratulation.

"Yes; there's lots of boys, and their mothers have 'friends.' Mother," he declared, proudly, "is splendid. She never had a 'friend' in her whole life, but me."

And Roberts murmured that "that was very nice." He was incapable of administering a snub to such joyous pride, even when it was a little insistent. He did, however, say, quite positively, that he would not go to the theatre to see "mother" in her new part. R. J. was promptly told to say to Mrs. Holmes,—who, it appeared, "would get a pass for him,"—that Mr. Roberts regretted that he was unable to avail himself of her kindness, but his eyes could not bear the light. R. J. sighed, and said, "It's too bad about your eyes." And no doubt he planned a call to console the invalid, for in one of their daily walks he managed to bring his employer to a triumphant standstill before the door of a yellow-brick apartment-house. "This is my house," he said, magnificently; "come in, and you can see the cat."

Roberts, bored, but remembering the rejected theatre tickets, could not find it in his heart to say "no." A wheezing elevator tugged them up to the fifth floor. As they got out, R. J., in his excitement, pushed past his employer and ran to bang joyously upon what he called "my door."

"Oh, Dicky," some one said within, in laughing remonstrance, "don't break the door down!" The laugh fluttered into a shy greeting when she saw who was with the boy, and Nathaniel Roberts had a distinct moment of surprise; he had not expected this sort of thing. To be sure, his acquaintance with ladies in Mrs. Holmes's profession was limited to newspaper pictures, but he knew enough to believe that the glare of the footlights does not conduce to shyness. R. J.'s mother was very shy; she led the way into her little parlor, where the air was sweet with hyacinths blossoming on a sunny window-sill, and when she sat down by a small tea-table she kept a tight clasp upon R. J.'s hand; she said "yes" and "no" gently, when he made some perfunctory remarks about the weather; only when he spoke of the hyacinths did she come out of her reserve.

"They're beautiful," he said; and R. J. cried out,

"Mother, let's give him one? Just one; not more than that." At which she laughed, but she kept her nervous clasp upon her boy's hand.

As they went back to the hotel, R. J. was very confidential: "You see, I have to take care of her, she's frightened so easy. Men frighten her. I guess she don't like 'em. I'd punch any man's head if he scared her. No; she don't like men; except me. But I'm different. She wouldn't have let you in if I hadn't been there. I told her I'd bring you up some day, and she said not to; and I said I'd bet on you for being all right, and you wanted to see the cat, and her, and you were just dying to come."

To have his friendliness taken for granted in this way almost created it; but it was friendliness towards boyhood, for Boy's sake, rather than anything personal in Dicky. However, he no longer smiled when R. J. assumed that their wishes were identical. When the boy said that if he had one of those little toy steam-engines he could, he was sure, by a system of pulleys, rig up a pump which, put into a tumbler, would pump water right out on to the floor—"oh, well, into a saucer," R. J. conceded, impatiently. When R. J. explained this, it seemed a matter of course to Nathaniel to buy the engine, and to work over the pulleys until his eyes ached. In the excitement of toil, R. J. cuddled up against him and talked about his future: while it was big money to have a hotel—and when he was little he had thought that when he was a man he would have one,—“I'd run my own elevator; that would be the real fun of it;” still, machinery was mighty good fun, too. There was a school where they taught you about machinery. He believed he'd go there. Did Mr. Roberts think that was a good idea?

Mr. Roberts did not say what he thought, but all the same he did a good deal of thinking. In the afternoon he said he was going out—by himself. R. J., much astonished, protested. When told decidedly that Mr. Roberts did not want him, he looked cross; "Well, I want to go," he whined; and Nathaniel said, sharply, "Do as you're told!—no grumbling!"

R. J. continued to sulk, but Roberts went off with a glow around his heart.

He had scolded him! That is what he would have done to Boy, if Boy had been naughty. Poor R. J., very cross, kicking his heels in No. 302, could not understand how those sharp words smoothed out that old scar. When Roberts knocked at Mrs. Holmes's door, she opened it and looked beyond him for the small figure she expected to see. He explained that he had left R. J. at home, "because," he said, "I want to talk to you about him."

For a hesitating moment she stood on her little threshold like a frightened mother-bird, poising with outstretched wings on the edge of her threatened nest and looking at an intruder with soft, fierce eyes. Then she said, in a fluttering voice, "I—I'm sorry Dicky couldn't come. Come in."

When they sat down in the parlor, where the sun shone through the white roots of hyacinths blossoming in green glasses on the window-sill, Mr. Roberts went at the matter in hand with great directness. He had grown much interested in her son; he paused, and then said, with an effort, "I had a boy of my own, madam, who would have been just his age, if he had lived."

Her eyes softened, but she said nothing. He did not allude to Boy again; the pain of doing so even once deepened the lines about his lips. He said, in a dry, businesslike way, that he did not like the idea of Dick's working in a hotel; "it wasn't a good place for him."

She winced at that, and the color flooded up to her temples; her lips parted, breathlessly, as if she would have spoken; but she said nothing.

"I don't like to have his education stop at fifteen," Mr. Roberts went on; "he ought to go to a preparatory school, and then to college. I have come to ask you, Mrs. Holmes, if you will allow me to make this possible for him. Will you let me take him with me when I go West, and give him those opportunities?"

The instant incredulous resentment of her face made her words, "What! Give you Dicky!" superfluous; Roberts hastened to explain:

"Of course not; you would come, too. I will deem it a privilege to defray your expenses."

She flashed a strange look at him.

"You can have your own home there, just as you do here; Dick will go to school, and I can see him every day."

"I think," she said, slowly, "that you are kind. Yes; I am *sure* you are just kind."

Nathaniel made an impatient gesture. "I am afraid I am only selfish; R. J. gives me something to think about. I haven't had anything to interest me for thirteen years."

"I am sorry," she said, gently.

"Well, then, we will consider it settled?" he said, rising.

"I mean, I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"You mean you won't?"

"I can't."

Nathaniel was really perplexed; her timid, vivid face was as determined as an obstinate child's. "But you must see that it would be a good thing for Dick," he remonstrated.

She smiled, a little breathlessly; "Of course; but I couldn't."

"But why?"

She only repeated, in a soft, flurried voice, that he was very kind, she was sure he was kind. But it was impossible.

Nathaniel was distinctly annoyed; to find a thread of steel hidden in this shy, silken nature, was an irritating surprise. "Well, think it over," he said, coldly. He looked pale and tired and disappointed; she glanced at him, and then, uncertainly, at her little tea-table; but she could not quite venture. As for Nathaniel, he did not urge any more. He said to himself, as he stepped into the little coop of an elevator, that perhaps he had been hasty and tactless. After all, the woman did not know him; why should she give up her profession, and change all her life, just because he said it would be good for the boy? His long-unused imagination stirred a little, reminding him that such an abrupt proposition might even arouse distrust in a woman still pretty, and in the early thirties. But he was too ruthlessly determined to keep this new thing,—a personal interest,—to have any sympathy with her gentle foolishness. He had no illusions about philanthropy; he knew he was entirely selfish, but he contended that his selfishness would be a good thing for R. J., and therefore he was justified



in it. Well, he must call on her two or three times, and show her what a steady old fellow he was. . . . He carried out this Machiavellian plan, which in a month established a simple, friendly acquaintance. There was even a kind of intimacy. He told her about R. J.'s eye-drops, and she no longer hesitated to ask him to have a cup of tea. Sometimes she forgot her shyness, and laughed joyously over some of R. J.'s remarks; when she did this the mother and son, in the pretty chattering inconsequence of their talk, seemed like a boy and girl;—and they were so vital! the clumsy, freckled, warm-hearted R. J., and the mother with the pretty color in her cheeks and her young laugh! Roberts, chilled by the silence of his thirteen empty years, found himself leaning towards them with cold hands stretched out to their warmth and glow; to be sure, now and then some gust of shyness in the mother would suddenly beat the light out of her eyes, and a cloud would fall between them. But little by little it was evident that she was no longer afraid of him, and that she even regarded him with a hesitating friendliness. She mended his coat for him once, and once she offered to write that weekly letter to Miss Blake; "I think I can do it better than Dicky," she said, with a droll look. Roberts availed himself of her kindness, to the relief, undoubtedly, of his sister-in-law's eyes. "I suppose he got a chambermaid to write for him," Miss Blake told the Blake cousin; "it seems to be a woman's hand. I do hope he isn't familiar with her. Men are so coarse in such matters."

But it was not until a month had passed that Nathaniel was "familiar" enough to venture again upon his plan for R. J.'s future. When he did, her negative was just as decided as ever.

"But," he urged, "don't you see how good it would be for R. J.? Of course, I will be glad to be responsible for his education here in New York. But if I could have him under my own eye, it would mean far more to me; and ultimately far more to him."

"Very likely," she agreed, evasively.

R. J. pulled at her skirt; "Mother, let's! It would be bully!" She smiled at him, but shook her head.

"You see," Roberts said, speaking

with manifest effort, "I like to do it, for—for my son's sake. You understand?"

"Oh yes," she said, eagerly, "I understand; perfectly."

"Then why—" he began.

"I don't want to give up my profession," she broke in.

Roberts laughed. "Oh, now, Mrs. Holmes, I'm sure that isn't it; I've heard you say that you didn't like the stage. Come!" he ended, with urgent friendliness, "say 'yes'!"

"Truly, truly, I can't," she insisted in a flurried voice.

Nathaniel went away very thoughtful. The next day he came back—without R. J. It was in the early afternoon, and the sunshine poured into the little parlor, sifting through the screen of flowers on the window-sill, and resting on her brown hair as she sat sewing; she was putting breadths of light-blue cotton-backed satin together. "It's for a troubadour's mantle," she explained, gayly. But when he began, with quiet determination, to demand just what her reason was for refusing to give R. J. the opportunity which was offered him, she put her sewing down in her lap, stroking the flimsy satin with a trembling needle, and now and then shaking her head. She heard him through in silence. When he had finished, she looked him full in the face, and said:

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Roberts. My Dicky is more to me than anything else in the world; but I am more to him than anything in the world. If I went to live in another city, and you supported us, people would throw it up against Dicky some day, that his mother—wasn't all she ought to be."

"Good heavens, madam!" stammered Nathaniel—"no one could pos—"

But she interrupted him, her voice tense and trembling: "Since Dicky was born, nobody can say a word against me. My boy has got nothing to be ashamed of; nothing! And I'm not going to make it so that any one could throw it up at him, that a strange man, no matter how kind and good, and—and *nice* he was, supported his mother. No! I'll never forget your kindness; but I can't have you do one single thing for Dicky—not one single thing!"



Nathaniel was absolutely dumfounded; then the absurdity of it made him angry. "But—" he began.

"Dicky thinks I am just splendid; and *I am!* And nobody shall ever make him—wonder—"

Roberts's anger suddenly evaporated; of course it was perfectly unreasonable, but it was touching; "There, there!" he said, kindly; "don't cry, my dear—Mrs. Holmes. I understand. You are making a mistake; but I understand."

She could not stop crying for a minute; when she did, he had risen, and was feeling about in his half-blind way for his coat;—she looked up at him, and came and took his hand, putting it quickly to her lips; "You are a kind man. Oh, don't think I didn't want to say 'yes'; I did. It would have been so fine for Dicky. But for me to be splendid, the way he thinks—oh, that's more to Dicky than his education!"

"My dear woman, you would be just as 'splendid'—"

"Oh no, no!"

"Well, you'll let me look after his schooling here, anyhow?" he insisted, good-naturedly.

But she cried out sharply, "No! Nothing. Not a cent. Not anything. Some day Dicky might think— Oh, Mr. Roberts, you could do it for any other woman; but not for me, not for me—"

It was impossible to be angry with her while she looked at him with those simple, tragic, unreasoning eyes. Nathaniel coughed, and shook his head. "Oh, Mrs. Holmes, what shall I do with you?" he said; and went down into the spring dusk, at once provoked and amused; and perhaps a little tender, too, just for the foolishness of it all.

Well, of course, the inevitable happened: he wanted the boy; if he could not get him on his own terms, perhaps he could get him on hers?—for she must have terms! "Everybody has a price," said Nathaniel to himself, and added, "But I like her, and she's a good little soul." Without liking and respect, not even his desire to have an interest in life could have moved him to consider the possible terms which Mrs. Holmes might be willing to accept. But the more he reflected upon those terms, the less exorbitant they

seemed—except, indeed, when he remembered Miss Frances Blake; then, for the moment, they did look high. But as far as he personally was concerned, they were not exorbitant. . . . She was so gentle, and she had sense, and she wasn't forever criticising people! When he got home in the evening from the office, she would make him a cup of tea, and they would talk about R. J.'s future; perhaps, even, some time, he might speak of—Boy? She would probably know, because she had brought up a baby herself, whether the crib *had* been too near the window. Yes; he might talk about Boy; and she would have hyacinths on the window-sills, and the sun would shine through their long white roots in the green glasses. Of course, there was no question of sentiment;—sentiment was the last thing he desired! His plan was just a way of getting over her absurd, but somehow rather pathetic prudishness; and when he came to look at it, the terms were not only not exorbitant, they were positively advantageous; to come home from the office and smell the hyacinths, and have a cup of tea by the fire, and hear some sensible talk;—and she was pretty to look at. Well; if those were the terms . . .

On his way up to the flat to present them, he was distinctly pleased with himself; "Settled in a very reasonable way," he thought. It was so reasonable that Mrs. Holmes's recoil of astonishment, astonished him. He had put his plan, which included, of course, a proper reference to "high regard and respect,"—he put it before her with a sort of cheerful assurance, an almost childlike pride at his own cleverness in having thought of anything so practical. Her dismay, and instant negative, wounded him; but he was really more surprised than offended.

"Why!" he said in amazement, and swallowed the rest of the sentence: "what *do* you want?" He changed this naïve expression of astonishment, to: "Why, but, Mrs. Holmes, think of R. J.!"

But apparently she would not think of R. J.; she would not even discuss the matter, until his half-irritated persistency drew from her the admission that she had no personal objection to him. "Of course," he said, "if you object to me, I would not think of urging you."

"Oh no, oh no," she broke in, hurriedly; "that isn't it."

"Well, then! if you don't object to me, why isn't it a very sensible arrangement?—for you can't deny it would be a good thing for R. J."

"It's sensible enough, if you only look at it that way," she said, "but—"

"That's the only way to look at it!" he declared;—and then stopped abruptly, because she could not restrain a smile. "Of course," he stammered, "I know you couldn't care a copper about me, personally. This is just a common-sense proposition, based upon sincere regard and respect on my part. Don't you think you can put up with me, Mrs. Holmes, for R. J.'s sake? Just think what a difference it would make in his life!"

She put her hands over her face, and he saw that she quivered; "It is a temptation," she said, in a low voice, "when you put it that way."

And of course Nathaniel "put it that way" more earnestly than ever. But she looked at him with sombre eyes.

"Listen; it wouldn't be fair. It wouldn't be fair to you. No; I won't do it."

"Fair to *me*? Why, bless your heart, I shall like it exceedingly! I mean I shall like it on my own account. Please believe that I am perfectly selfish."

"It wouldn't be fair to you," she repeated. And when, encouraged by feeling that he had only this last whim to overcome, he insisted that he was really the beneficiary, she broke in, harshly,—*"I tell you, you don't know me."*

Roberts gave her a sudden, silent look; then he said, quietly: "Mrs. Holmes, I know that you are a kind woman, and a good mother; that's all I need or desire to know. We won't make any pretences, either of us. I am much older than you, and you are wrapped up in R. J.; but we are good friends. Now, considering this, have you any right to deprive the boy of the opportunity I offer him?"

"Oh, I *ought* not to do it—" she said. She caught her lower lip between her teeth, and looked at him; "no, no, I ought not to do it!"

"But you will," Roberts said, gravely. There was a long pause. Then she said with an intensity that made her voice harsh: "I wouldn't think of it if it wasn't for Dicky; oh, I *wouldn't*, indeed I

wouldn't!" Nathaniel could not help a rather rueful smile, for, after all, he was a man, and to be accepted so frankly as a check-book was not flattering. "It isn't fair," she said; and held out her hand.

Nathaniel took it in his kindly passionless clasp; "It is perfectly fair," he said; and left her, without another word.

The next time they met, R. J.'s satisfaction brought everything back to the common-sense basis upon which Mr. Roberts had made his offer. "Bully!" said R. J. "He's all right, mother; it will be nice to live at his house." And he kept assuring Roberts that he had done well for himself. "I tell you, you're lucky! You'll like living with mother. She's splendid."

"Well," said Roberts, "you can begin to pack up; 'we'll go home next week.' Then he fell into somewhat nervous thought: *Frances!* "When did you write your last letter to Miss Blake, R. J.?"

"Day before yesterday; I don't have to do it again for five days," R. J. congratulated himself.

"I'll write in a day or two myself; I think my eyes are equal to it now," Mr. Roberts said. But his eyes—or something else—put the letter off so that the hated bulletin fell to poor R. J. after all. He got through it as quickly as possible:

*"Mr. Roberts says his eyes are some better. He says the weather is warm here. He hopes you are well. He is well. He can read some. He and mother are to be married on Tuesday."*

*Yours truly,*

R. J. HOLMES."

When Miss Frances Blake read that letter, she felt really faint. It took her several minutes to get her wits together sufficiently to burst into tears; but the tears relieved her, and between her sobs she said to the Blake cousin, who, terrified, was offering smelling-salts: "It is just what I said would happen. I am perfectly prepared for it."

"But what? Prepared for *what*? Dear Frances, what is it? Do control yourself!—you alarm me."

"You may well be alarmed," said Miss Blake. "My sainted Nettie! But I am not surprised. You will bear me witness that I have always said he would do it."



Drawn by William T. Smedley

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I KNEW HE WOULD DO IT"

An illuminating flash of memory informed Miss Harriet. "You don't mean," she gasped, "that Nat is going to be—*married*?"

"I do. Nathaniel Roberts is faithless to my sister's memory. And not content with that, he insults that memory by choosing a chambermaid as his second wife."

The Blake cousin gasped. "Nathaniel? A chambermaid? Impossible!" The ensuing explanation assisted her to get her breath: "I don't believe it is a chambermaid; I know Nat, and I won't believe it." Miss Harriet's anger, the slow anger of a gentle person, was mounting in her eyes: "I think you are very hard on him. I have always thought so. Why shouldn't he marry again? He has waited fourteen years. For my part, I think it would have been a thousand times better if he had married right off—in a year or two. Living alone has made him dull, and—I'm afraid, selfish,—poor Nathaniel! I've always felt it, and now I've said it."

"You have," said Miss Blake; "you have indeed! It is unnecessary to say more. You lay yourself open to a peculiar suspicion, Harriet. I will not name that suspicion. It would be vulgar to name it."

Miss Harriet turned very red. "It is vulgar to think it; but I wouldn't stoop to deny it. All I have to say is, if that poor man has found anybody—I don't care if she is a chambermaid!—who can make him happy, I am glad of it."

As she went home Miss Harriet cried under her veil with anger; as for Frances Blake, it was many years since she had been so shaken; she was sick with rage. But not too sick to pack a hand-bag, and consult a time-table. In that long journey east, the wrinkle between her black eyebrows cut deeper than ever, and her lips were pale with purpose. When she reached Nathaniel's hotel and asked if he were in his room, she could hardly control her voice. "No; you needn't announce me," she said; "I will go up. I am his sister. In-law."

As she turned away from the counter, a clerk, in pantomime, raised an umbrella over his head, and pretended that his teeth were chattering; but another clerk, blotting Miss Blake's name in the register, did not laugh. "Well, I pity

him," he said, "if he's got *her*, on top of this business of poor little Holmes."

In the elevator Miss Blake went over in her mind her opening remarks to her brother-in-law; she did not notice the elevator-man and the boy who was carrying her bag, nor did she listen to their chatter: "Well, you young fellers will learn not to monkey with that there freight-machine. If he'd kep' his hands off—"

"Aw, look-a-here, if it had been fastened a' right—"

"It was fastened right enough; he had no call to fool with it. Well; I'm sorry for him; and for his mother; and for No. 302, too. They say he's considerable shook up over it?— Third floor! Fourth door to the right, madam. Here, you! Take the lady's bag."

At No. 302 Miss Blake's hand trembled as she knocked; but the muffled answer within steadied her, and made the fires of battle glow in her eyes. Nathaniel was sitting at a table, writing. For an instant he looked up at his visitor in bewilderment; then, recognizing her, he pushed his chair back and rose. "What! You? Why, Frances! Where did you come from? Is anything the matter—"

"Yes," said Frances Blake; "something is the matter;" she put her umbrella on the table across his papers and loose checks; then, very slowly, she began to draw off her gloves; "something is indeed the matter. This awful, this terrible thing is the matter."

"Oh," said Nathaniel; "yes; yes. Most terrible." He sighed, and passed his hand over his eyes; "sit down, Frances. Yes; most dreadful;" he sat down himself, wearily; "but how did you know? Oh, I suppose you saw it in the papers. You are very kind, I am sure."

"I mean to be kind, Nathaniel. That is why I have come,— To take you home."

"I meant to go next week," he said, with a surprised look, "but this will delay me."

"No," said Miss Blake, "it need not delay you. I, personally, will settle with these—these people."

"Settle?" said Nathaniel Roberts, vaguely; "I don't understand. What are you talking about? what people?"

"This young man, and that adventurer, his mother," said Miss Blake, her voice, which had been in tense control, beginning to tremble; "these terrible people who have trapped you; an intriguing chambermaid, and a bell-boy! And you my sister Nettie's husband!"

"I'd stop, if I were you," said Roberts, slowly; "I see, now, what you are driving at. I thought—for a minute I really made the mistake, of thinking that you meant to be kind, about the boy. I ought to have known better. But you need have no further anxiety, Frances. My little friend, the boy, is dead."

Miss Blake, her mouth open, stared at him.

"There was an accident. He took it into his head to start the freight-elevator. He was killed—poor little R. J.! The only son of his mother, and she—"

"A widow? That explains it; a widow! Of course the young man's death is sad. I am sincerely sorry for his mother—even if she is a widow. And I don't mean to speak against the youth, now he's dead, but—"

"You had better not," said Nathaniel Roberts. "He shall not be spoken of in my presence except with respect. We will bring this interview to a close, if you please. I will, however, say that the lady who did me the honor to say she would marry me, did so merely because it was the conventional way of letting me join my forces to hers in bringing up and educating her son, in whom I was deeply interested. It was a sacrifice to her to do this, and it commanded my profoundest gratitude and respect. This terrible accident makes such a sacrifice unnecessary. She told me so, after the funeral. I was, of course, obliged to submit to her decision. You see, you need not have been afraid that I should get a little happiness out of life, Frances; you might have spared yourself the journey. I will ring for a porter to take your bag down-stairs."

Nathaniel turned to the table, and gathered up his papers. There were no adieux; but if the poor old Blake cousin could have seen Miss Frances's cringing face as she left No. 302, she would have been avenged! When Mr. Roberts heard the door close, he said something under his breath. And then Miss Blake

was forgotten; he had other things to think of. . . .

It was not that he grieved, as the bewildered, broken woman in the yellow-brick apartment-house was grieving. He had not loved R. J. Paternal emotion had been buried thirteen years before, in Boy's grave, and not even honest R. J. had revived it; but he had liked the lad, thoroughly, and liking had made life interesting; and now he must go back to a life without an interest. Perhaps, in a way, he could have borne grief better than the bitterness of this half-angry disappointment. It had been his task to tell the poor mother the dreadful news of R. J.'s swift and painless death; she had received it with a stoicism that woke some memory in his mind of those days when he, too, "did not shed a tear." Roberts would have taken charge of everything, and spared her the agonizing details of Death, but she was jealous to keep for herself every intimate care of the little body that had been so warm and eager and happy. Together they buried the child, and Nathaniel lived over that day when he had looked down into a grave that held all the world, and all he knew of heaven;—such a very little grave to hold so much! . . . When it was over, and they sat together in the parlor of the flat where the air was heavy with the white flowers that he had brought there that morning, she said, suddenly:

"I had forgotten. Of course, now I won't go back with you. I ought to have said so. I forgot."

And so does death clear away what is unreal and leave only truth, that Roberts answered by an assenting silence. Conventional repetition of his offer would have been impertinence; all that had given it dignity and significance had been taken from it; to have repeated it would only have emphasized its emptiness. So he nodded, silently. Then suddenly realized what he had done.

"I beg," he stammered, "that you will not let—*this*, make any difference. Please marry me, dear Mrs. Holmes."

She looked at him in faint surprise: "Why, of course not," she said, wearily. And the finality of her voice silenced him. . . . This scene had been in his mind when his sister-in-law descended



upon him. "Now, I have nothing to interest me," he was saying to himself; and then the door opened, and Miss Frances provided him with at least a temporary interest. When she had gone, he wished for a moment that Mrs. Holmes had been willing to carry out that now useless plan, just to punish Frances!

His gust of futile anger drove him up to the flat, though he had really no reason for going; there was nothing he could do for Mrs. Holmes. He found her in the midst of that most dear, most heart-breaking task, of looking over the dead child's possessions. Ah, if, when we leave the world, we could but take our possessions with us, how much precious pain we would spare those whom we leave behind! It is not the things which have intrinsic value which stab the survivor; they may yet fulfil the owner's wish or interest in some way or other, they may still comfort, or cheer, or serve;—it is the little, pathetic, useless things, the worn and shabby things, the things which had some secret meaning of association—what must be done to these things? It is they that crush the heart! There was a small round stone R. J. carried—Heaven knows why!—in his little pocketbook; a rusty penknife, a ladder constructed from burnt matches. . . . What could R. J.'s mother do with these worthless things?

When Roberts came and sat beside her, in speechless sympathy, she stopped her task of sorting out and trying to throw away, to show him all the boy's pictures from the time he was three weeks old up to the last one, taken some six months before. With unsteady fingers she handed him a twist of paper which held a flaxen curl; and she brought out a little heap of presents that R. J. had made her—a plush picture-frame, a ribbon, a painted celluloid heart pincushion,—a dozen cheap, worthless, precious things. When she wrapped them all up again in a big white silk handkerchief, she said, in a hard voice:

"I keep thinking: I ought to have told him never to touch the elevator. It wouldn't have happened if I had told him. He was so obedient, you know."

And Roberts cried out as if she had touched the quick: "You must not have such thoughts! I know them, they kill! You must not think things like that."

She shook her head, hopelessly. "I keep thinking of it all the time; why—why didn't I tell him?"

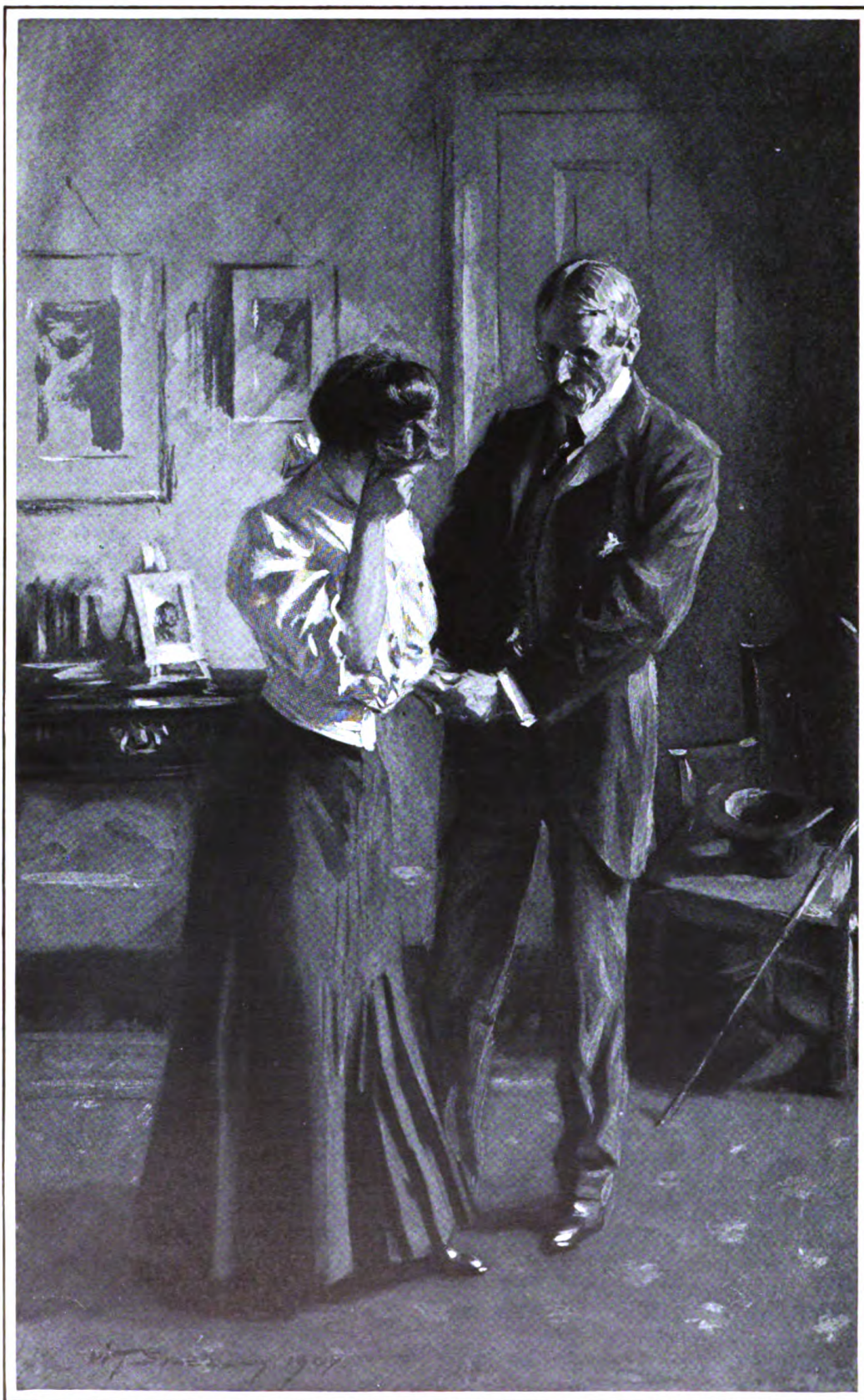
"Oh, you poor girl!" Roberts said; "I know. I understand."

When he got up to go, he asked her to write to him sometimes; she promised, but a little vaguely. She went out into the hall with him, and they waited silently while the elevator climbed slowly up and up to her floor. When it stopped, with a wheezy rattle, at the top landing, he pushed back the sliding-door, and put out his hand; she took it; they neither of them spoke. Then Roberts stepped into the little coop, and began the slow descent. "Poor girl," he said, "poor girl!"

He had forgotten his own disappointment.

When Nathaniel Roberts got home, he discovered, with astonishment—as most people do at one time or another in their lives—that he had not been as necessary as he had supposed; the office had got along very well in his absence; Frances's affairs had got along very well; nobody's interests had suffered because he had had for a day an interest of his own. There was no reason, now that his eyes were all right, why he should not settle down and be as dull and comfortable as ever—settle down even to the fortnightly dinner with Miss Blake; for it must be admitted that Miss Blake behaved very well; she wrote her brother-in-law to the effect that she regretted that any perhaps hasty words of hers (the fatigue of the journey must be her excuse for hastiness) had displeased him. She said she felt it a duty to beg his pardon, and that, as he knew, she always tried to do her duty. So she hoped he would allow bygones to be bygones ("for my part, I am perfectly willing to forgive and forget," wrote Miss Blake), and come to dinner on Sunday next at a quarter to seven. She would be glad, she added, if Nathaniel would make a point of being punctual.

As part of the process of settling down into the rut again, Nathaniel made the point, and arrived at 6.44. But not even dinners with Frances, or the treadmill at the office, brought back the old numbness and comfort; he was restless, and



*Drawn by William T. Smedley*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"I MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF," HE SAID

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he wondered why. He wrote several times to Mrs. Holmes, and heard from her once. He thought of her a good deal; or rather, he thought of how she was suffering—poor girl!

When the 22d of November approached he remembered, with a thrill of interest, that the birthday this time meant two boys; then it occurred to him that his purchase might take the form of something for R. J.'s mother, which should reach her on the 22d. But what should it be? He thought of her little heap of precious rubbish, and his eyes stung. He wondered what she would like? On the 20th he said to himself that he really must make up his mind; but he could not think of anything that would please her. In the afternoon, in desperation, he darted into a jewelry-shop, and said: "Something for a lady, please. Oh,—anything; what do they like?" The salesman, it appeared, knew just what they liked; at any rate, he put a little velvet case into his customer's hand, and Roberts departed with a sense of relief. That night he sat smoking, going over the last year, and thinking how different it would all have been if R. J. had lived. Well; he hoped she would like that thing in the velvet box. It occurred to him to look at it. "I think one of her blue hyacinths is prettier," he said to himself; and put the open case down on his table. It was there the next morning when Miss Blake came in early to have a word with him on some business matter before he went to his office. The little diamond, winking in its simple setting, was a spark to powder.

"Why, Nathaniel! You buying jewelry? For whom, may I ask, if it is not impertinent?"

Roberts's silence conveyed his views upon impertinence; then he said: "For a friend."

Miss Blake put the velvet case down and looked at him, her heavy black brows lowering with suspicion. "Nathaniel, I am the last person to be curious; but—for your own sake, it isn't, oh, Nathaniel, it isn't *for that person*?"

"If you mean for my friend, Mrs. Holmes, it is," he said.

They stood looking at each other in silence, each afraid to drop the curb of self-control. Then Frances Blake said: "Nathaniel, I should not be doing my duty if I did not say that this is very unwise. You might arouse hopes. Yes; when Providence removed that poor young man to (I hope) heaven, it kept you from faithlessness to our dear Nettie, and saved you from a marriage which would have been, I am sure, unhappy. When your interest in her son ceased she could have no claim upon you. But if you now encourage her, by a gift—"

"You encourage me," said Nathaniel Roberts, "to mind my own business."

Miss Frances Blake took her departure. When your brother-in-law talks about minding his own business, there is nothing else to do. . . . Nathaniel was never asked to dinner again.

That very night he took the Eastern express. He was going to mind his own business.

"I want you for my own sake," he said, brokenly; and put her hand to his lips.

"No," she said, "not me. You don't want *me*, Mr. Roberts."

"You, and only you," he told her, almost angrily; "don't, don't say things like that," he entreated her.

She stroked his shoulder with her free hand, and smiled, but there were tears in her eyes. "Mr. Roberts, don't you see? I'm not your kind. I'm just—I'm just R. J.'s mother."

"You are the kind I want," he said; "I didn't know it, when I asked you. I thought I wanted something else. But it was you, all the time. I want something to take care of. Oh, you don't know how lonely I am. I must have something to take care of. Say 'yes,' R. J.'s mother."

"Mr. Roberts," she began, and stopped and covered her eyes for a moment; he saw that she held her lip hard between her teeth; "Mr. Roberts, then I must tell you: I can't. . . . I was not married to Dicky's father."

"Oh, my little girl," he said, "my poor little dear girl!" Then he put his arms around her and kissed her; "I knew that long ago," he said.

# Old Times at the Naval Academy

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

IN September, 1856, when I entered, professional influence was perhaps in excess. The preceding June had seen the graduation of the last class of "oldsters": of those who, after five years at sea, had spent the sixth at the Academy, subjected formally to its discipline and methods. I therefore just missed seeing that phase of the Academy's history; but I could not thereby escape the traces of its influence. However transient, this lasted my time. It may be imagined what an influential, yet incongruous, element was constituted, by injecting among a crowd of boys twenty or thirty young men, too young for ripeness, yet who for five years had been bearing the not slight responsibility of the charge of seamen, often on duty away from their superiors, and permitted substantially all the powers and privileges conceded to their seniors, men of mature years. How could such be brought under the curb of the narrowly ordered life of the school, for the short eight months to which they knew the ordeal was restricted? Could this have been attempted seriously, there would probably have been an explosion; but, in truth, as far as my observation went, most of the disciplinary officers, the lieutenants, rather sympathized with irregularities within pretty wide limits. A midshipman was a being who traditionally had little but the exuberance of his spirits to make up for the discomforts of his lot. The comprehensive saying, that what was nobody's business was a midshipman's business, epitomized the harrying of his daily life, with its narrow quarters, hard fare, and constant hustling for poor pay.

The old times of license among seafaring men were still of recent memory, and, though practice was improved, opinion remained tolerant. The gunner of the first ship in which I served after graduation told me that in 1832, when

he was a young seaman before the mast on board a sloop of war in the Mediterranean, on Christmas eve, there being a two-knot breeze—that is, substantially, calm—at sundown the ship was put under two close-reefed topsails for the night—storm canvas,—and then the jollity began. How far it was expected to go may be inferred from the precautions; and we gain here some inkling of the phrase "heavy weather" applied to such conditions. But of the same ship he told me that she stood into the harbor of Malta under all sail—royal and studding sails—to make a flying moor; which, I must explain to the unprofessional, is to drop an anchor under sail, the cable running out under the force of the ship's way, till the place is reached for letting go the second anchor, the ship finally being brought to lie midway between the two. An accurate eye, a close judgment as to the ship's speed, and absolute promptness of execution are needed; for all the sail that is on when the first anchor goes must be off before the second. In this case nothing was started before the first. Within fifteen minutes all was in, the ship moored, sails furled, and yards squared, awaiting doubtless the final touches of the boatswain. When the British admiral returned the commander's visit he complimented the ship on the smartest performance he had ever seen. But it is in the combination of license and smartness that the pith of these related stories lies; between them they embody much of the spirit of a time which in 1855 was remembered and influential.

Such performances exemplify the ideals which still obtained—nay, were in full force in the navy as first I knew it. In the ship in which the gunner and I were then serving, it was our common performance to "Up topgallantmasts and yards, and loose sail to a bowline," in three minutes and a half from the time



the topmen and the masts started aloft from the deck together. For this time I can vouch myself, and we did it fairly, too; though I dare say we would have hesitated to carry the sails in a stiff breeze without a few minutes more. It was a very picturesque and impressive performance. The band with drum and fife was part of it. When all was reported ready from the three several masts—but not before—it was permitted to be eight o'clock. The drums gave three rolls, the order, "Sway across, let fall," was given, the yards swung into their places, the sails dropped and were dragged out by their bowlines to facilitate their drying, the bell struck eight, the flag was hoisted, and close on the drums followed the band playing the "Star-spangled Banner," while the ship's company went to breakfast. It was the transformation scene of a theatre; within five minutes the metamorphosis was complete.

An old boatswain's mate used to tell me one of his "last-cruise" stories, of when he "was in the *Delaware*, seventy-four, up the Mediterranean, in 1842." Of course the *Delaware* had beaten the *Congress's* time; the last ship always did. Then he would add, "I was in the fore-top in those days, and had the foretop-gallant-yard; and if one of us fellows let his yard show on either side of the mast before the order 'Sway across,' we could count on a dozen when we got down just as sure as we could count on our breakfast." Flogging was not abolished until about 1849. No wonder men were jolly when they could be, without worrying about to-morrow's headache.

The abolition of the grog ration in 1862 may be looked upon as a chronological farewell to a picturesque past. We did not so understand it. Contemporaries are apt to be blind to bloodless revolutions. A protest was recorded by one eccentric character, a survival whom Cooper unfortunately never knew, who hoisted a whiskey-demijohn at the peak of his gunboat—the flag's allotted place. To the admiral's immediate demand for an explanation, he replied that those were the colors he served under; but he was one of those to whom all things are forgiven. The seaman remains, and must always remain while there are seas to cross and

to rule; but the sailor, in his accomplishments and in his defects, began then to depart, or to be evolutionized into something entirely different. I am bound to admit that in the main the better has survived, but, now that such hairs as I have are gray, I may be permitted to look back somewhat wistfully and affectionately on that which I remember a half-century ago; perhaps to sympathize with the seamen of that time, who saw themselves swamped out of sight and influence among the vast numbers required by the sudden seven or eight fold expansion of the navy for a momentous conflict. Occasionally one of these old salts, mournful amid his new environment, would meet me, and say, "Ah! Mr. Mahan, the navy isn't what it was!"

This is the more apparent when the change has been sudden, or on such a scale as to overwhelm, by mere bulk, that subtle influence for which we owe to the French the name of *esprit de corps*. It is the breath of the body, the breath of life. Before the War of Secession our old friends the marines had a deserved reputation for fidelity, which could not survive the big introduction of alien matter into the "corps." I remember hearing an officer of long service say that he had known but a single instance of a marine deserting. One marine private, in the ship to which I belonged, returning from liberty on shore, was heard saying to another with drunken impressiveness, "Remember, our motto is, 'Patriotism and laziness.'" Patriotism, as our marines understood it, was sticking by your colors and your corps, and doing your duty through thick and thin; no bad ideal.

In the mingling of good and evil, the oldsters at the Naval Academy, along with some things objectionable—including a liberty that under the conditions too often resembled license—brought with them sound traditions, which throughout my stay there constituted a real *esprit de corps*. In nothing was this more conspicuous than in the attitude towards hazing. Not only was hazing not practised, but it scarcely obtained even the recognition of mention; it was not so much reprobated as ignored; and if it came under discussion at all, it was dismissed with a turn of the nose as



something altogether beneath us. That is not the sort of thing we do here. It may be all very well for West Point; much as "what would do for a marine could not be thought of for a seaman"; but we were "officers and gentlemen."

While I can vouch for this general state of feeling, I cannot be sure of its derivation; but I have always thought it due to the presence during the previous five years of the "oldsters," nominally under the same discipline as ourselves, but looked up to with the respect and observance which at that age are naturally given to those two or three years older. How far the tradition might have been carried on in smooth seas I do not know; but along with many other things, good and bad, it was shattered by the War of Secession. The school was precipitately removed to Newport, where it was established in extemporized and temporary surroundings; the older undergraduates were hurried to sea; and the new entries huddled together on two sailing frigates moored in the harbor, dissociated from the influence of those above them. The whole anatomy and, so to say, nervous system of the organization were dislocated. For better or for worse, perhaps for better and for worse, the change was more like death and resurrection than like life and growth. The potent element which the oldster had contributed, and the upper classes absorbed and perpetuated, was eliminated at once and entirely by the detachment of the senior cadets and the segregation of the newcomers. New ideals were evolved by a mass of schoolboys, severed from those elder associates with the influence of whom no professors nor officers can vie. How hazing came up I do not know, and am not writing its history. I presume it is one of the inevitable weeds that schoolboy nature brings forth of itself, unless checked by unfavorable atmosphere. I merely note its almost total absence in my time; its subsequent existence is unhappily notorious.

A general good-humored tolerance, easy-going, and depending upon a mutual understanding, none the less clear because informal, characterized the relations of the officers and students. Primarily, each were in the appreciation of

the others officers and gentlemen. So far there was implicit equality; and while the officers were in duty bound to enforce academic regulations, which we felt an equal obligation to disregard, it was a kind of game in which they did not much mind being losers, provided we did not trespass on the standards of the gentleman, and of the officer liberally construed. They, I think, had an unacknowledged feeling that while we were under schoolboy, or collegiate, discipline as to times or manners, some relaxation of strict technical correctness must be endured. Larking, sometimes uproarious, met with personal sympathy, if official condemnation. Nor did we resent being detected by what we regarded as fair means; to which we perhaps gave a pretty wide interpretation. The exceptional man, who inspected at unaccustomed hours, which we considered our own by prescriptive right, though not by rules, who came upon us unawares, was apt to be credited with rather unofficerlike ideas of what was becoming, and suspected of the not very gentlemanly practice of wearing noiseless rubber shoes. That intimation of his approach was conveyed by us from room to room by concerted taps on the gas-pipes was fair war; nor did our opponents seem to mind what they could not but clearly hear. Indeed, I think most of them were rather glad to find evidences of order and propriety prevailing, where possibly but for those kindly signals they might have detected matter for report.

There was one lieutenant, however, the memory of whom was still green as a bay-tree in my day, though it would have been blasted indeed could cursing have blighted it, to whom the game of detection seemed to possess the fascination of the chase; and so successful was he that his baffled opponents could not view the matter dispassionately, nor accept their defeat in sportsmanlike spirit. I knew him later; he had a saturnine appearance, not calculated to conciliate a victim, but he liked a joke, especially of the practical kind, and for sake of one successfully achieved could forgive an offender. Night surprises, inroads on the enemy's country, at the hours when we were mistakenly supposed to be safe in bed, and regulations so required,

were favorite stratagems with him. On one occasion, so tradition ran, some half-dozen midshipmen had congregated in a room "after taps," and with windows carefully darkened had contrived an extempore kitchen to fry themselves a mess of oysters. The process was slow, owing to the number of oysters the pan could take at once and the largeness of the expectant appetites; but it had progressed nearly to completion, when without premonition the door opened and — appeared. He asked no questions and offered no comments; but walking to the platter, seized it and threw out of the window the accumulated results of an hour's weary work. No further notice of the delinquency followed; the discomfiture of the sufferers sufficiently repaid his sense of humor.

I have said that larking met with more than toleration; with sympathy. The once magic word "midshipman" seemed to cloak any outburst of frolicking, otherwise some exhibitions I witnessed could scarcely have passed unscathed. They were felt to be in character by the elder officers; and, while obliged to reprehend, I doubt whether some of them would not have more enjoyed taking a share. They knew, too, that we were just as proud as they of the service, and that under all lay an entire readiness to do or to submit to that which we and they alike recognized as duty. Sometimes rioting went rather too far, but for the most part it was harmless. One rather grave incident, shortly before my entry, derived its humor mainly from the way in which it was treated by the Superintendent. One of the outbuildings of the Academy, either because offensive or out of sheer deviltry, was set on fire and destroyed; it was supposed, by some of the students, but, as far as I know, the culprits were never betrayed. The Superintendent, a man of ponderous dimensions and equally ponderous but rapid speech,—though, it is due to say, also unusually accomplished, both professionally and personally,—was greatly outraged and excited at this defiance of discipline. The day following he went out to meet the corps, when it had just left some formation, and calling a halt, delivered a speech, which a wag paraphrased as follows; and those who knew the man will recognize that

the parody must have followed closely the real words of the address:

Young gentlemen assembled!  
It makes no matter where—  
I only want to speak to you,  
So hear me where you are.

Some vile incendiary  
Last night was prowling round.  
Who set fire to our round house  
And burned it to the ground.

'Tis well then, to tell then,  
Who did this grievous ill;  
And d—n him, I will hang him,  
So help me God! I will!

If anything could have added to the gayety of the fire, such an outburst would.

The shore drills, infantry and field-artillery, furnished special occasions for organized—or *disorganized*—upheavals of animal spirits. For these exercises we then had scant respect. They were "soldiering"; and from time immemorial soldier had been an adjective to express uselessness, or that which was so easy as to pass no man's ability. The shore drills were then committed to one of the civil professors of the Academy, instead of the sea-lieutenants.

The professor was not one to effect the impossible. He was a graduate of West Point, and a man of ability, not lacking in dignity, and personally worthy of all respect, but he stuttered badly; and this impediment not only received no mercy from youth, but interfered with the accuracy of manœuvres where the word of command needed to be timely in utterance. Report ran that at one time, advancing by column of companies, while the professor was struggling with H—II—Halt, the leading company, composed martyrs to discipline, marched over the sea-wall into three feet of water. Had the water been deeper, they might have been less literal. Despite his military training, his bearing and carriage had not the strong soldierly stamp which might redeem his infirmity; and even in the class-room a certain whimsical atmosphere seemed borne from the drill-ground. He recalls to mind the central figure of one of the most humorous scenes in Herman Melville's *White Jacket*; a book which, despite its prejudiced tone, has preserved

many amusing and interesting inside recollections of a ship of war of the olden time. The naval instructor on board the frigate is using Rodney's battle of 1782 to illustrate on the blackboard the principles of naval tactics to the class of midshipmen. "Now, young gentlemen, you see this disabled French ship in the corner, far to windward of her fleet, between it and the enemy. She has lost all three masts, and the greater part of the ship's company are killed or wounded; what will you do to save her?" To this knotty problem many extemporized "practical" answers are given, of which the most plausible is by Mr. Dash of Virginia: "I should nail my colors to the mast and let her sink under me." As this could scarcely be called saving her, Mr. Dash is rebuked for irrelevance, but after the gamut of possible solutions has been well guessed over, the instructor announces impressively, "That ship, young gentlemen, cannot be saved."

I cannot say that he dealt with us thus tantalizingly; but one of my contemporaries used to tell a story of his personal experience which was generically allied to the above. At the conclusion of some faulty manœuvre, the instructor remarked aloud: "This all went wrong, owing to Mr. P.'s not standing fast in his own person. We will now repeat it, for the particular benefit of Mr. P." The repetition ensued, and in its course the instructor called out, "Be careful, Mr. P., and stand fast where you are." "I am standing fast," replied P., incautiously. "R—R—Report Mr. P. for talking in ranks." At the Academy, Naval Tactics were not within his purview; and of all our experiences with him in the class-room, one ludicrous incident alone remains with me. One of my class, though in most ways well at the head, was a little alarmed about his standing in Infantry Tactics. He therefore at a critical occasion attempted to carry the text-book with him to the blackboard. This surreptitious deed, being not to get advantage over a classmate, but to save himself, was condoned by public opinion; but, being unused to such deceptions, in his agitation he copied his figure upside down and became hopelessly involved in the demonstration. The professor next day took occasion to comment slightly on

our general performance, but "as to Mr. —," he added, derisively, "he did r—r—r—wretchedly."

I sometimes wonder that we learned anything about "soldiering," but we did in a way. The principles and theory were mastered, if performance was slovenly; and in execution, as company officers, we got our companies "there," although just how we did it might be open to criticism. In our last year the adjutant in my class, who graduated at its head, on the first occasion of forming the battalion, after some moments of visible embarrassment could think of no order more appropriate than, "Form your companies fore and aft the pavement." Fore and aft is "lengthwise" of a ship. No humiliation attended such a confession of ignorance—on that subject; but had the same man "missed stays," when in charge of the deck, he would have been sorely mortified. His successor of to-day probably never will have a chance to miss stays. There thus ran through our drills an undercurrent of levity, which on provocation would burst out almost spontaneously in absurdity. On one occasion the battalion was drawn up in line, fronting at some distance the five buildings which then constituted the midshipmen's quarters. The intimation was given that we were to advance, and then charge. Once put in motion, I know not whether stuttering lost the opportunity of stopping us, but the pace became quicker and quicker, till the whole body broke into a run, rushed cheering tumultuously through the passages between the houses, and reformed, peaceably enough, on the other side. The captains all got a wiggling for failing to keep us in hand; but they were powerless. The whole thing was without preconcertment or warning. It could hardly have happened, however, had the instinct of discipline been as strong in these drills as in others.

A more deliberate prank was played with the field-artillery. These light pieces, being of the nature of cannon rather than muskets, obtained more deference, being recognized as of the same genus with the great guns which then constituted a ship's broadside. On one occasion they were incautiously left out overnight on the drill-ground. Between

tattoo and taps—9.30 to 10 P.M.—was always a half-hour of release from quarters. There was mischief ready-made for idle hands to do. The guns were taken in hand, rushed violently to and fro in mock drill performance, and finally taken to pieces, the parts being scattered promiscuously in all directions. Dawn revealed an appearance of havoc resembling a popular impressionist representation of a battle-field. Here a caisson with its boxes, severed from their belongings, stretched its long pole appealingly towards heaven; the wheels had been dispersed to distant quarters of the ground and lay on their sides; elsewhere were the guns, sometimes reversed and solitary, at others not wholly dismounted, canted at an angle, with one wheel in place. As there were six of them, complete in equipments, the scene was extensive and of most admired confusion; ingenuity had exhausted itself in variety, to enhance picturesqueness of effect. How the lieutenant in charge accounted for all this happening without his interference I don't know. The Superintendent of that time had, when walking, a trick of grasping the lapel of his coat with his right hand, and twitching it when preoccupied. The next day, as he surveyed conditions, it seemed as if the lapel might come away; but he made us no speech; nor, as far as I know, was any notice taken of the affair. No real damage had been done, and the man would indeed have been hard-heartedly conscientious who would grudge the action which showed him so comical a sight.

I once heard an excellent first lieutenant—Farragut's own through the principal actions of the War of Secession—say that where there was obvious inattention to uniform there would always be found slackness in discipline. It may be, therefore, that our habits as to uniform were symptomatic of the same easy tolerance which bore with such extravagances as I have mentioned; the like of which in overt act was not known to me in my later association with the Academy as an officer. We had a prescribed uniform, certainly; but regulations, like legislative acts, admit of much variety of interpretation and latitude in practice, unless there is behind them a

strong public sentiment. In my earlier days there was no public sentiment of the somewhat martinet kind; such as would compel all alike to wear an overcoat because the captain felt cold. In practice there was great laxity in details. I remember in later days and later manners, when we were all compelled to be well buttoned up to the throat, a young officer remarked to me disparagingly of another, "He's the sort of man, you know, who would wear a frock coat unbuttoned." There's nothing like classification. My friend had achieved a feat in natural history; in ten words he had defined a species. On another occasion the same man remorselessly wiped out of existence another species, consecrated by generations of blue-books and naval regulations. "I know nothing of superior officers," he said; "senior officers, if you choose; but superior, No!" Whether the Naval Regulations have yet recognized this obvious distinction, whether it is no longer "superior officers," but only senior officers, who are not to be "treated with contempt," etc., I have not inquired. Apart from such amusing criticism of the times past, it is undoubtedly true that attention to minutiae is symptomatic of a much more important underlying spirit, one of exactness and precision running through all the management of a ship, and affecting her efficiency. I concede that a thing so trifling as the buttoning a frock coat may indicate a development and survival of the fittest; but in 1855-60 frock coats had not been disciplined, and in accordance with the tone of the general service we midshipmen were tacitly indulged in a similar freedom. This tolerance may have been in part a reaction, from the vexatious and absurd interference of a decade before with such natural rights as the cut of the beard; not as matter of neatness, but of pattern. Even for some time after I graduated, unless I misunderstood my informants, officers in the British navy were not permitted to wear a full beard or a mustache; and we had had outbreaks of a similar regulative annoyance in our own service, one of which furnished Melville with a striking chapter.

Another circumstance that may have contributed to indifference to details of

dress, was the exactness with which the older sea-officers had constantly to look after the set and trim of the canvas. Every variation of the wind, every change of course, every considerable manœuvre, involved corresponding changes in the disposition of the sails, which must be effected not only correctly, but with a minute exactness extending to half a hundred seemingly trivial details, upon precision in which depended—and justly—an officer's general reputation for officerlike character. Not only so, but the mere weight of rigging and sails, and the stretching resultant on such strain, caused derangement; which, permitted, became slovenliness. Yards accurately braced, sheets home alike, weather-leeches and braces taut, with all the other and sundry indications which a well-trained eye instinctively sought and noted, were less the dandyism than the self-respecting neatness of a well-dressed ship, and were no bad substitute, as tests, for buttoned frock coats.

The frock was then the working-coat of the service. There was fuller dress for exceptional occasions, in which, at one festive muster early in the cruise, we all had to appear, to show that we had it; but otherwise it was generally done up in camphor. The jacket, which was prescribed to the midshipmen of the Academy, had informal recognition in the service, and we took our surviving garments of that order with us to sea, to wear them out. But, while here and there some officer would sport one, they could scarcely be called popular. One of our lieutenants, indeed, took a somewhat sentimental view of the jacket. "There was Mr. S——," he said to me, speaking of a brother midshipman, "on deck yesterday with a jacket. It looked so tidy and becoming. If there had been anything aloft out of the way, I could say to him, 'Mr. S——, just jump up there, will you? and see what is the matter.'" War, which soon afterwards followed with its stern preoccupations and incidental deprivations, induced inevitably deterioration in matters of dress. With it the sack coat or pilot-jacket burrowed its way in, the cut and insignia of these showing many variations. The undergraduates at the Academy in my day had for all uses a double-breasted

jacket; but it was worn buttoned or not, at choice. On the rolling collar a gold foul-anchor—an anchor with a rope cable twined round it—was prescribed; but while a standard embroidered pattern was supplied at the Academy store, those who wished procured for themselves metal anchors, and these not only were of many shapes and sizes, but for symmetrical pinning in place demanded an accuracy of eye and hand which not every one had. The result was variegated and fanciful to a degree; but I doubt if any of the officers thought aught amiss. So the regulation vest buttoned up to the chin, but very many had theirs made with rolling collar, to show the shirt. I had a handsome creole classmate, whom an admiring family kept always well supplied with fancy shirts; and I am sure, if precisians of the present day could have seen him starting out on a Saturday afternoon to pay his visits, with everything just so—except in a regulation sense—and not a back hair out of place, they must have accepted the results as a testimony to the value of the personal factor in uniform. Respect for individual tastes was rather a mark of that time in the navy. Seamen handy with their needle were permitted to embroider elaborate patterns in divers colors on the fronts of their shirts; and turned many honest pennies by doing the like for shipmates.

A very curious manifestation of this disposition to bedeck the body was the prevalence of tattooing. If not universal, it was very nearly so among seamen of that day. Elaborate designs covering the chest, or back, or arms, were seen everywhere when the men were stripped for washing on deck. The inconvenience of being branded for life should have been felt by men prone to desertion; but the descriptive lists which accompany every crew were crowded with such remarks as, "Goddess of Liberty, r. f. a.,"—right forearm,—the which, if a man ran away, helped the police of the port to identify him. My memory does not retain the various emblems thus perpetuated in men's skins; they were largely patriotic and extremely conventional. Many midshipmen of my time acquired these embellishments. I wonder if they have not since been sorry.



# "Who Laughs Last"

BY MARGARET CAMERON

EARLIER in the day, when the accidental overturning of an inkwell in King's office had resulted in a liberal bespattering of Oakley's trousers, King had insisted that his own tailor should repair the damage.

"Fiddlesticks!" he had replied to his friend's arguments in favor of the hotel valet. "My man's absolutely reliable. He'll get your things back to you on time, he won't rot the cloth with acids,—and he won't rob you, which is more than can be said for any hotel tailor that I ever heard of. "James"—to a boy,— "telephone to—oh, what's—his—name! You know; my tailor—and tell him to send to The Caravansary to—night, at half after six, for Mr. Oakley's trousers. He is to take out these spots—tell him the stains are ink—and return them—When do you want them, Ned? Any time tomorrow will do, James."

So it was that when Oakley reached his hotel that evening, somewhat later than he had anticipated, he found the tailor's boy awaiting his arrival. He handed the damaged garment from behind a narrowly opened door to the messenger, and serenely went about dressing.

He was in good spirits. Not only was the business that had brought him to New York moving smoothly, but he thought he detected evidences of

an undercurrent favorable to his plans. For one thing, Mr. Haslett's letter asking him to meet Mrs. Haslett at Jersey City that night and take her across town to the Grand Central Station, while unimportant in itself, was not insignificant, for Warren Haslett was not a man to incur any obligation, however slight, unless he had definite plans for discharging it, and this was not the first time he had indicated a friendly confidence in Ned Oakley, although, as their social acquaintance was slight, he had never before asked service of so personal a nature.

It was well known that Mr. Haslett

was ever on the alert to find energetic and able young men for his business, and rumors had recently reached Oakley that there was soon to be a vacancy in the New York office—one which he felt himself qualified to fill; hence it was not strange that his head should be full of speculations as to a possible connection between these facts and the increasing favor shown him by the older man. He was smiling tenderly at the vision, back of all these hopes and plans, of Alice's face when he should tell her—if he should tell her—that they were to live in New York, when the telephone bell rang.

"Baltimore wants you," said the operator, and a moment



THE TAILOR'S BOY WENT OFF WITH THEM

later a man's voice inquired: "That you, Oakley? This is Warren Haslett. Did you get my letter to-day?"

"Yes. I ought to have wired you that I did."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't expect

glad to change my plans so that I might be of service to Mrs. Haslett."

"Thank you. It's all right, then?"

"Yes. I shall start for Jersey City in a few minutes."

"Ah, that's good. How's the weather?"

"Rainy, and growing colder."

"Is it? That's bad! Mrs. Haslett has not been entirely well recently. If her train should happen to be late—"

"Be perfectly sure that I shall be there, whatever the hour."

"Ah, thank you, Oakley. Don't let her get chilled. Good night."

"I'll look after her, sir—and thanks for the opportunity. Good night."

Still smiling, Oakley went to his suit-case, which he had not fully unpacked. Contrary to his custom and against Alice's advice, he had brought no trunk, as this was to be purely a business trip, and a hurried one at that; and because she had failed to give him everything he had needed on a previous journey, he had humorously insisted upon doing his own packing this time.

He ran his fingers down at one end of his suit-case and turned the contents back, without discovering the trousers he sought. Similar tactics brought no better result at the other end. Somewhat hurriedly, his smile fading, he pulled up what lay in the middle, disarranging smooth layers of shirts and underwear. No trousers. He stared in perplexity. He knew they had been there, for he had

packed them himself. He distinctly remembered also that he had not unpacked them, thinking that, lying as they did at the bottom of the suit-case, they would keep their creases and be in good condition when he should need them.

Then it occurred to him that possibly the chambermaid, in an excess of zeal, had taken them out and hung them in



"NO, SIR. I AIN'T SEEN 'EM, SIR"

it. But for some reason I felt a little uneasy, and thought I'd call you up to make sure. You can go conveniently, I hope?"

"Oh, perfectly! Delighted."

"I feared you might have an engagement for dinner or for the evening."

"No; I'm entirely free to-night. Even if I were not, I should have been

the wardrobe. He flung open the doors, to be confronted by rows of empty hooks, save where his pajamas drooped in the centre. Springing back to the suit-case, he dug into its contents, tossing shirts, socks, collars, and underwear recklessly in all directions, until he reached the clean leather bottom.

He rang for the chambermaid, and when she tapped at his door, furiously demanded through a crack, "Where are my trousers?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I say where are my trousers! What have you done with them?"

"I, sir? No, sir. I ain't seen no trousers, sir."

"Well, I certainly had an extra pair here, and they're gone. Now—"

"Perhaps the valet would know."

"That's right! Perhaps he would. Send him here, will you? Quick, please."

As the woman scurried down the hall, Oakley slammed the door and returned to the wardrobe, to find the pajamas still hanging solitary and limp. Helplessly surveying the room, his glance fell on the long drawers of the dresser, and within thirty seconds every drawer in the room, large and small, had been jerked open, disclosing emptiness.

Taking down the telephone receiver, he urged, as the operator responded:

"Say! can't you hurry up that valet a little? I'm in a dev—I'm in a very great hurry. . . . Yes, of course I sent for him! . . . Yes, please."

Once more he opened the wardrobe, this time briskly shaking the meek pajamas, to make sure the errant trousers were not hiding behind their folds; once more he found disappointment waiting in every drawer. He looked behind the door in the bath-room, and under the bed, and was engaged in dragging the divan away from the wall, when the valet rapped.

"Did you bring my trousers?" demanded Oakley, opening the door a crack.

"Trousers? No, sir. Did you send them down?"

"Holy Moses! No! I didn't send them down! But somebody took them, and I want them—want them quick, too! Understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—when did you send them, sir?"

"I didn't send them, I tell you! I left them there in my suit-case, and they're gone."

"Yes, sir. Perhaps the chambermaid—"

"Now, look here; I've had about enough of this! I don't know who took them, and I don't care. I know there was a pair of trousers in that suit-case, and they're not in the room now. I want them. Great Scott! *I've got to have them!* I'm to meet a lady at 7.53 in Jersey City, and I've no time to lose. Now, you hustle!"

"Yes, sir. I'll ask the chambermaid—"

"I asked the chambermaid! Do you mean to say you didn't—"

"No, sir. I never take a gentleman's things, sir, unless they're left out for me. You're sure they're not in the room?"

"Well, if they are, I can't find them. Come in and see if you can." He flung the door open with one hand and reached for the telephone with the other. "Give me the desk, and hurry up," he said. "That the desk? Well, there's a pair of trousers missing from room 637. The valet says he hasn't seen them, and the chambermaid says she hasn't seen them. Now, is there anybody else in this hotel who— What? . . . No, he's here now, hunting for them, but they're not here. . . . She says not. . . . That's all very well, but I can't wait for any deliberate official investigations. I want those trousers and I want them now! . . . All right. Come up, if you want to, but hustle! I've got to catch a train."

He crossed the room to where his watch lay on the dresser and glanced at it. "You've got exactly twenty minutes in which to produce the trousers and get me out of this hotel," he announced. "I've got to take the 7.25 boat from Twenty-third Street—understand?—and things 'll break if I miss it."

"Would it be possible, sir, if you're in a hurry, to wear another pair?"

"That's it! I haven't any other pair!" Then, seeing the man's amazed glance, he added, "I mean—of course, I *have* another pair, but I sent them out, about half an hour ago, to a tailor."

"Yes, sir. Would it be possible for us to send to the tailor—"

"Why, of course! Send a boy, and tell him I'll pay for speed."

"Yes, sir. Where shall we send, sir?"

An expression of utter blankness settled upon Oakley's face.

"Good Lord! *I—don't—know!*"

"You don't know the address? But the name, sir?" anxiously persisted the valet.

"I don't know that, either. My friend King recommended him. He's his tailor. He telephoned—"

"Yes, sir; but your friend? Mr. King? We can telephone him—"

"I don't know where King lives. He's in one of those up-town apartment-houses, and his name's not in the telephone-book. I heard him say so to-day. Isn't that the very devil!"

One of the clerks arrived at that moment, and the situation was explained to him afresh. He was polite, even deferential, to Oakley, and searchingly questioned the valet, the chambermaid, and Boots.

"Of course I'm sure I brought them," blazed Oakley, in response to a diplomatic suggestion. "What do you take me for? Haven't I told you I packed them myself? I left them in that—By—*George!*"

In that instant he had remembered the mystifying postscript of a letter he had received from Alice that morning. Failing to grasp its meaning at once, he had dismissed it from his mind, intending to study it out when the claims of business were less pressing. Now he went to his coat and got the letter.

"Doubtless by this time you have discovered that it is your treat," he read. "I wear a five and three-quarters glove, you know, and I like them *long*. I have been told that trousers can be kept in fairly good condition without pressing if one places them carefully between the mattresses every night. 'It is to laugh!' Ha, ha!"

He stared at the words, incredulously rereading them, and Alice's dancing eyes and mischievous mouth mocked him from every space. It will be remembered that he had insisted upon packing that suit-case himself.

The clerk protested that he was very sorry; he would do his best to find the missing garments; the affair was most unfortunate and incomprehensible; such

a thing had never happened before in the history of the hotel.

"Never mind. I guess I've found the solution. It's on me, all right." Oakley laughed rather sheepishly. "I thought I packed them—but I didn't. Another case of 'You never can tell.' Now, see here. I'm in a deuce of a hole. Help me out, will you? I'm pledged to meet a lady in Jersey City at 7.53. I've *got* to meet her, that's all there is about it! And I must have a pair of trousers in ten minutes. Now, what can you do?"

Really, the clerk and the valet didn't know. They recognized that the situation was awkward, and while they were in no sense responsible for it, they would cheerfully do anything in their power to be of service.

"Thank you. That's very nice—but it isn't trousers," said Oakley. "How far is it to the nearest clothier's? Can't you send—"

"No use. Every shop is closed at this hour."

"Borrow a pair for me."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Nothing's impossible! Man alive, I can't go *this* way! There must be somebody in this hotel who has extra trousers about. Borrow some. Steal them, if you must, but get them!"

"Couldn't we send some one else to meet the lady? It could be explained that you were ill, or—"

"No it couldn't, for I telephoned the lady's husband, not half an hour ago, that I would certainly meet her. Important matters—*business* affairs, understand?—hang on my keeping this appointment. Can't you see that it's serious? *Do something!*"

The little clerk looked up at Oakley, towering above him, and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you were of an average size, it might be possible, but—"

"Well, I'm not of an average size. I'm six feet two and weigh two hundred and forty-seven. There's a man down at the end of this corridor who's as big as I am. Go and get—"

"Impossible! Quite impossible!"

"Well, do *something!*"

The clerk and the valet departed, and Oakley charged about the room, raging and impotent. Even had he been will-

ing to lie, a plea of sudden illness would have been an obvious artifice from a man of his invariable health, and he felt that to confess the truth—the idiotic, humiliating truth—to Warren Haslett would be deliberately to brand himself as an irresponsible fool and to lose a great part of the confidence he had won. For his own part, he could take his medicine; when a man makes an ass of himself, he deserves to eat husks, but Alice— The tender vision-face of his wife grew wistful as his air-castles tottered over their shaking foundations, and he savagely struck his fist against a window-casing.

Then he sat on the edge of the bed, regarded his trouserless legs, and gave way to peals of sardonic laughter. After which he fell again to walking the floor, muttering execrations upon his own carelessness.

The valet rapped sharply and entered, a pair of dark trousers over his arm.

"I know they're too small, sir," he admitted, as Oakley seized them hopefully and held them up in derisive despair, "but they're all I can get. They belong to the clerk. We thought perhaps—would you be willing to try them, sir?"

Oakley struggled into the garments, which not only refused to reach his waist, but rose to a point midway between his knee and his ankle at the bottom.

"Is that the best you can do?" he demanded.

"The very best, sir. I have some trousers down in the pressing-room, and while it would be as much as my position is worth to let you have any of them, I—I went to see, sir. But it was no use. The gentlemen all seem to be small. These are the best I could get."

Oakley was looking fixedly on his long ulster, hanging on the rack, and fantastic schemes were forming in his brain. After all, it would be only to cross town in a cab, and perhaps to

spend a few minutes in the waiting-rooms at the stations.

"You're sure these belong to the clerk?" he questioned. "I don't want to get you into trouble."



"IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?" HE DEMANDED

"Yes, sir. He said if these were of any use to you, sir, you were welcome to them."

"Is it still raining?"

"Yes, sir."

"Windy?"

"No, sir."

"Good. Go and get some pins. Get plenty of them. Safety-pins, if possible. Hustle! There's no time to lose now."

With his knife Oakley cut off the legs of the clerk's trousers well above the knee, and when the valet returned he found his patron completely dressed in the coat and waistcoat of his busi-



ness suit and the nether garments of his pajamas.

"Here we are," said Oakley, pulling on one of the severed cheviot legs. "Just you pin that good and tight where it ought to go to look right from the bottom, will you? That's all right. Long enough? Got it fastened firmly? Good! Now the other one. . . . So! Now give me that ulster. Button it down the back there as far as you can. You might pin it, so it won't flap apart. I sha'n't want to walk much. . . . There! That covers perfectly, doesn't it?"

Standing in the long, heavy storm-coat, closely buttoned, only a few inches of the trousers bottoms showing below it, there was nothing in his appearance to suggest that his attire was not wholly conventional.

"Yes, sir. That 'll be all right if you're very careful."

"Oh, I'll be careful! Don't you worry about that!" He handed the man a generous tip. "Tell the clerk I'll see him later, and have a cab ready for me by the time I get down-stairs, will you?"

He looked at his watch and found he had three minutes to spare.

"Hah! 'It is to laugh'!" he remarked, triumphantly smiling back at Alice, as the cab started for the Twenty-third Street Ferry.

Mrs. Haslett's train was on time, and Oakley was glad to find that, although he had met her only twice, he recognized her immediately. She came toward him, erect, alert, smiling, and protesting that it was an imposition to bring any one across the river on such a night, to which he naturally responded that he found it only a pleasure. She added that she would have forbidden Mr. Haslett to make the arrangement, if—aside from the pleasure of being met and cared for—she had not wished to renew and extend her acquaintance with Mr. Oakley, of whom she had recently heard her husband speak so often and so pleasantly. Remembering Mr. Haslett's confidence in his wife's judgment of men, Oakley hitched his ulster closer about his knees and mentally congratulated himself that he had not let this chance escape him, while Alice's face smiled approval from the background of his thoughts.

From this auspicious beginning the conversation proceeded delightfully, his own ease and pleasure in it convincing Oakley that he was making the good impression he desired. Mrs. Haslett's information and interests were wide, her perceptions keen, and she had the tact born of extensive social experience. He knew that she was skilfully drawing him out, and he knew also that he was giving her his excellent best in response. Nevertheless, he was entirely unprepared for the next move in the game.

When they had almost reached the New York side he glanced at his watch between phrases, and parenthetically assured her that they had ample time to get across town before the departure of her train for Stamford.

"I hope meeting me has not disarranged your plans?" she tentatively inquired.

"On the contrary, it gave the evening a purpose which it had otherwise lacked."

"But—of course you have dined?"

"Not yet."

"Really?" Her face brightened. "Then I have less hesitation about exercising the privilege conferred by white hair and asking you to take me somewhere to dinner. Will you?"

"Why—of course—I shall be delighted," stammered he, instinctively wrapping closer the enfolding skirts of the ulster, "but—but your train?"

"Well, that's part of it—though a small part. Perhaps Mr. Haslett told you I am on my way to Boston, where I must be to-morrow; but because I couldn't leave Baltimore until late this afternoon, and didn't care to spend the night in New York, I decided to go on to my sister's in Stamford, taking an early train from there in the morning. On the way up it occurred to me that if I cared to stay in New York this evening, I might simplify matters somewhat by taking the midnight train, which would give me a fair night's sleep, and enable me to reach Boston early in the morning. I resolved not to suggest this, however, unless you were disengaged, and—well, frankly, unless we got on well. I'm a very selfish old person, and I like to be entertained. But if you have other plans"—her quick glance read his face,

which he was unable entirely to control—"you must not let me interfere with them in the least."

A faint gleam of hope was instantly extinguished.

"No. Oh no," he said, trying to force cordiality into his tone, while his mind seethed in an effort to arrive at a quick solution. "I have no other plans at all. I told Mr. Haslett that my evening was entirely free. It's very good of you to give me this opportunity. It's a great pleasure, I assure you—and an honor. Of course"—another gleam of hope—"you will let me take you first to a hotel."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she replied. "I suggest that we drive to the Grand Central, engage my berth, leave my bag, telegraph to my sister, and then go directly to dinner. Why not?"

"But—I fear you may be overtired. Mr. Haslett telephoned that you had not been well, and—" Her light laugh interrupted him.

"Did he? How like Warren! I had two days of headache last week, and in consequence he'll insist upon coddling me for a month. I am perfectly well, and really quite eager for our gay little adventure. Let's lose no time."

At that moment, to effect Mrs. Haslett's adherence to her original purpose, Oakley would cheerfully have been accounted the dullest of bores, but perception had come too late. Vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself, and he had now no choice but to satisfy the lady's appetite for more of his agreeable society. He could never afterward remember what they talked about on the way across town, but by the time they reached the Grand Central Station his resolution was taken. Confession and explanation were out of the question with this woman, back of whose gracious and kindly manner one perceived always a certain staidness of bearing, no more to be ignored than it was to be deliberately affronted. Having shouldered the undertaking, he must carry it on, leaving its outcome on the knees of the gods, who had thus far included him in the protection extended to children, drunkards, and fools.

Arrived at the station, Mrs. Haslett remained in the cab, while he sent her telegram, engaged her berth, and left her

bag to be called for, pocketing the check. He looked over the great waiting-room, with some vague idea of assaulting any big man he might see and demanding his trousers or his life, but a monotonous average in the size of the men left the thought still embryonic.

When the cab was again on its way, he said:

"Since we are neither of us in gala attire, I have told the man to drive to a rather out-of-the-way restaurant that I know, where the cooking is excellent and the rooms quiet. I hope you'll not find it stupid."

"I shall find it delightful," she graciously declared.

Oakley bade the cabman wait and was given the customary carriage-check. In the restaurant, he chose a corner table, and himself took the corner chair, where he attempted for the first time a feat that he had often seen women perform. Seating himself in his ulster, he unfastened all but the two lower buttons, and, with the waiter's help, wriggled out of the shoulders, keeping the skirts about his legs the while. When the man would have taken the coat away, he objected, and then, unable entirely to ignore the surprise in Mrs. Haslett's glance, he added, rather lamely:

"With your permission, I'll keep this about me, Mrs. Haslett. Don't you find it chilly here? I seem to be shivering."

Which, in a sense, was true. He was shivering. His companion, however, was alarmed lest he had taken a cold, and solicitously insisted upon his drinking a cocktail, to ward off possible evil effects from exposure to the rain. With the ulster firmly wrapped about his legs, and the table-cloth pulled over it as an additional screen, Oakley, in his corner, felt reasonably safe for the moment, and so began what proved to be a long and a merry and a memorable dinner.

They constantly discovered fresh points of common interest, and again Oakley congratulated himself that he had not permitted appearances to frighten him out of attempting the seemingly impossible. Over the coffee they grew confidential. She told him of the boy she had lost, and he showed her the two pictures of Alice which he always carried, and touched lightly upon his de-

sire to bring his wife back to New York, where her girlhood had been spent.

Mrs. Haslett talked of her husband, of his contemplated gradual retirement from active business, and of his search for men in whose hands he could eventually safely place his affairs. Finally she spoke frankly of Oakley himself, and of Mr. Haslett's interest in him.

"He tells me," she said, "that you have three of the four qualifications which he thinks essential for a successful business man. You have imagination, which stands for originality, and resource, and initiative; you have dignity—perhaps poise is the better word; and you are absolutely truthful. If you prove also to have good judgment, there is no reason why your future should not be very bright."

Oakley flushed slightly as he replied, "I can't tell you how highly I value Mr. Haslett's good opinion."

"Well, you have it. This is very direct, but I think it sometimes helps to know these things. He particularly admires your truthfulness. He told me recently that he had seen you in some embarrassing crisis, where the average man would have sought refuge at least in evasion, and that, to his delight, you were absolutely frank and open. We believe—he and I—that in the end truth must always prevail, and I thought you might like to know that yours had not been fruitless."

"Thank you. I don't like to lie," said he, simply.

The talk drifted on to other things, but Oakley's spirit was jubilant, and the radiance had returned to the hovering vision of his wife. There was a moment of embarrassment, to be sure, when the bill was presented and he absently felt for the bill-book in his hip pocket, but his false motion was not noticed. He wriggled back into his ulster without attracting particular attention, and followed Mrs. Haslett to the door, devoutly thankful that his last ordeal was over and that ahead there lay only the plainest of sailing.

Looking out from the glassed vestibule, they discovered that it had turned colder, and that the rain, freezing as it fell, had made of the streets and sidewalks smooth sheets of ice. The porter had

gone a few steps down the street, where he stood chatting with a policeman and watching the reharnessing of a horse that had fallen.

"If you'll wait here a moment," said Oakley, "I'll get the cab and return to help you down."

He failed at first to attract the porter's attention, and had carefully descended the icy steps before the man saw him and hastened forward to get the carriage-check. As Oakley turned to go back, a careless, hurrying messenger-boy jostled him. Oakley slipped, staggered, flung out a foot in a vain effort to retain his balance, and went down heavily. The boy, instinctively seizing the only thing within reach, which happened to be the flying skirt of the long ulster, slid on a foot or two, plunging, and also fell, peeling the coat up over Oakley's unprotected legs as the husk is torn from an ear of corn, the detaining buttons yielding to superior force. A brilliant electric sign lighted the scene perfectly, and as Oakley sat up and dragged the coat again over his blue and white pajamas, he was conscious of but one thing,—that was the frozen horror in Mrs. Haslett's face as she watched him from the vestibule. The next instant the policeman twisted a hand in his collar and jerked him roughly to his feet.

"You're a nice one, you are!" exclaimed that functionary, severely. "Making an exhibition of yourself in the public streets! You come along with me."

"Don't overstep your authority, officer," suggested Oakley, brushing himself off and twitching his clothes into place. "I'm not liable to arrest."

"Y'ain't? Huh! Don't you try any funny business with me. I saw ye!"

"Since when has it been a crime for a man to lose his balance?"

"That's all right. Disorderly conduct for yours! I tell ye *I saw ye!* You come along without any back talk, now." Then, as his glance caught Mrs. Haslett, he added, "That woman with you?"

"No," said Oakley.

"H'mph! You were calling a cab. I'll be bound there's a pair of ye!" Keeping his hold on his prisoner, he imperatively beckoned to Mrs. Haslett, who reluctantly approached, assisted by the



WHEN THE MAN WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE COAT AWAY, HE OBJECTED

porter. She was very pale, and the kindly glow was gone from her eyes, leaving them cold and steely.

Oakley's mind was working rapidly, and he covertly extracted a roll of bills from his pocket and kept them in his hand, although, as he watched the policeman, he decided not to attempt that sort of thing with him. The man was obviously a powerful and unreasoning machine that nothing short of political influence could stop in mid-career.

"Do you know this man?" demanded the officer of Mrs. Haslett.

"I've already told you that the lady is not with me," glibly interposed Oakley before she could reply. "I never saw her before."

"That'll do from you," said the police-

man. "He was calling your carriage, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Certainly I was." Again Oakley took up the narrative. "Now, just listen a minute. I was standing in the vestibule when this lady came out of the restaurant, and from my being there—and perhaps from my long coat—I suppose she took me to be the porter, who was yonder, talking to you. At any rate, she handed me her carriage-check, and I brought it down and gave it to the porter here, as any man would have done in the circumstances. That's all there is to it. I repeat, I do not know the lady. I never saw her before, and I'm very sorry to be the cause of even a moment of embarrassment to her."



Stealing a glance at her, he was convinced that his ready lying had destroyed whatever might have remained of her regard for him after the revelations of his tumble; and yet, he must at any cost prevent her being drawn further into this dilemma.

"H'm! You're a smooth one!" commented the sceptical policeman, who had been watching Mrs. Haslett's face. "Did they come together?" he asked the porter.

As yet uncertain of the denomination of a bill slipped into his fingers while the policeman studied Mrs. Haslett, the porter merely said he didn't remember.

At that moment their cab drove up, and the officer turned to the driver, fixing a stern glance upon him.

"Cabby," said he, "ye brought these two here together, didn't ye?"

With the hand farthest from the policeman Oakley displayed a ten-dollar bill, crushed it, dropped it, and set his foot on it.

"No, sir," intelligently replied the cabman. "I brought the lady alone. I got her at Twenty-third Street, drove her to the Grand Central, and then here. She told me to wait."

"Ye didn't bring the man? No nonsense, now!"

"Naw!" The cabman eyed Oakley disdainfully. "I never seen *him* before."

"H'm!" said the policeman. "All right. There's something queer about this—but you can go." He nodded to Mrs. Haslett. "I guess you're all right. You just made a mistake in your man."

"Yes," she said. "Evidently I made a mistake in my man. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I don't know," affably rejoined the policeman. "He's a smooth one, and if you hadn't, we might not have caught him."

"That's true, too. Perhaps it's just as well. Good night, officer."

The driver got down from his box to help her into the cab, and before he remounted he stooped to pick up something from the sidewalk where Oakley had stood.

On the way to the station-house the prisoner's reflections were of the gloomiest, and presently the one ray of comfort remaining to him—the consciousness that Mrs. Haslett was on her way, un-

involved and unhindered—was swallowed by the black recollection that he had in his pocket the check, without which she would have great difficulty in getting her bag. And she would have little time to spare. He started up, saw the answering movement of the policeman guarding the open end of the patrol-wagon, and settled back hopelessly. He *had* messed things!

"Name?" indifferently asked the desk-sergeant at the station.

"John Williams." The sergeant glanced at him keenly, but wrote the name.

"Address?"

"Great States Hotel."

"Charge?"

"He's no pants on," said the policeman who had brought him in.

"What!" The sergeant looked up incredulously.

"Now, here!" said Oakley, stepping back to afford a full view of his coated figure. "I look all right, don't I?"

"You certainly do." The sergeant's tone warmed with the appreciation he always gave to physical perfection.

"But his pants ain't real," continued his subordinate. "They're only shams. They don't go much above his knees, Doyle says. He sent him in."

"Well, what of it?" boldly demanded Oakley. "If a man wears a—what you call a 'dicky,' and it gets ripped off him in an accident, you don't arrest him for not wearing a shirt, do you?"

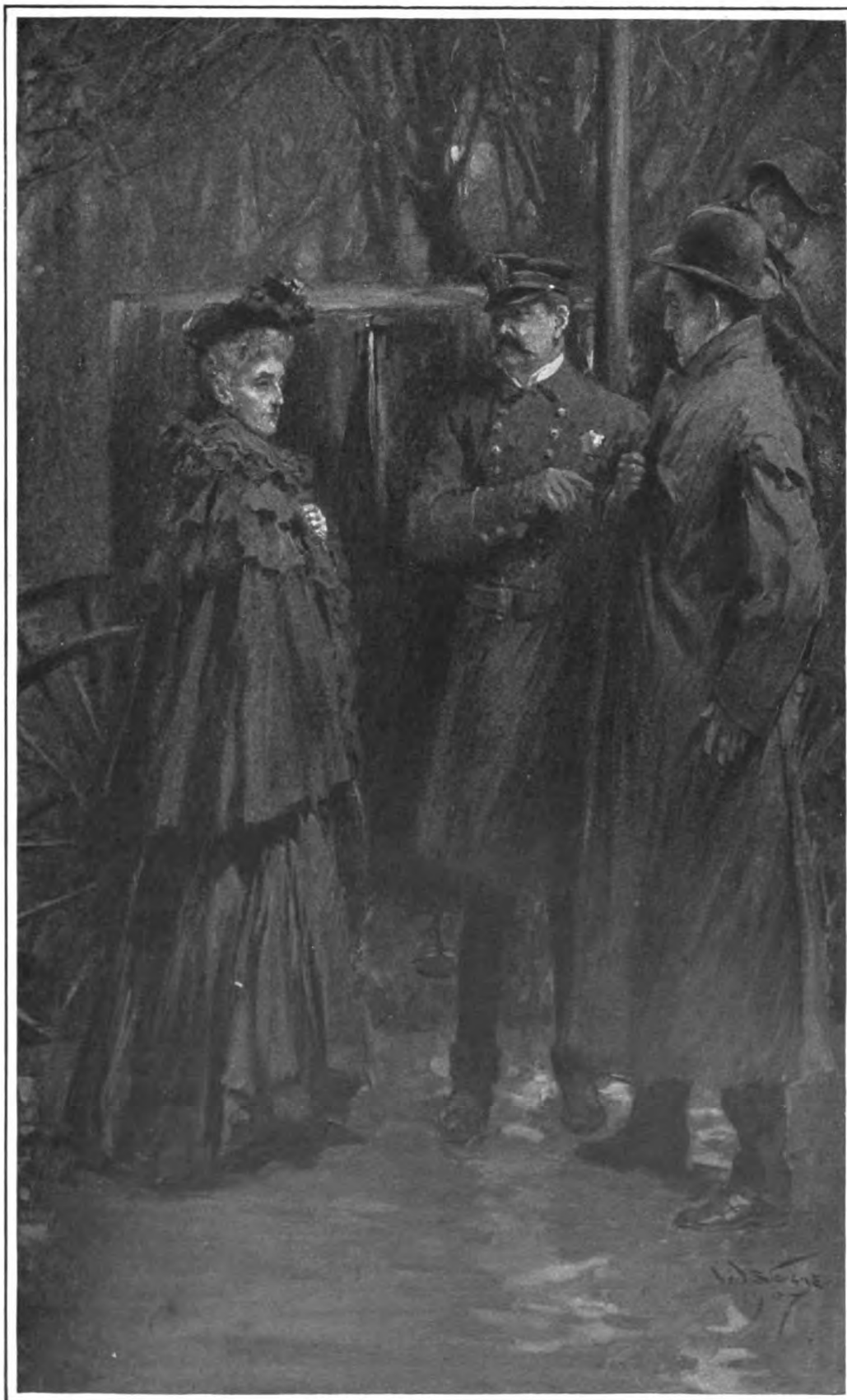
"But pants is different," urged the policeman.

"No, they're not. They just seem different. You say yourself I look all right."

"Have you had an accident?" asked the sergeant, whose black-lashed blue eyes were beginning to twinkle, although he in no way relaxed the official severity of his manner.

"Accident? No! What I've had is no accident! It's been a regular landslide! And for the love of Heaven, get this over and let me go, or there'll be one more calamity! I'll put up anything you like. There's my money, there's my watch and chain, there's a scarf-pin that's valuable, though perhaps it *doesn't* look it. Take them all as security and give me an hour's freedom. Then I'll





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"YES," SHE SAID. "EVIDENTLY I MADE A MISTAKE IN MY MAN"

come back and you can do anything you like with me. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Is John Williams your name?"

"No, of course it isn't. I'll tell you

lett's name. Moreover, he told it to two Irishmen. It may be added that during the narration official gravity and decorum suffered somewhat.

"There you have it," he finished. "Now take my security and let me go long enough to get that poor woman her bag and start her for Boston. Send me under guard if you like, only give me that much time. Will you?"

"I'll do better than that," declared the sergeant. "D'ye think I've been here so long I don't know an honest man when I see him? Take your stuff, sir. I'll not detain ye. While I'm whistlin' for a cab for ye, Casey here 'll take ye upstairs and give ye a pair o' my pants, lest ye fall again, sir. We're about of a size, I think."

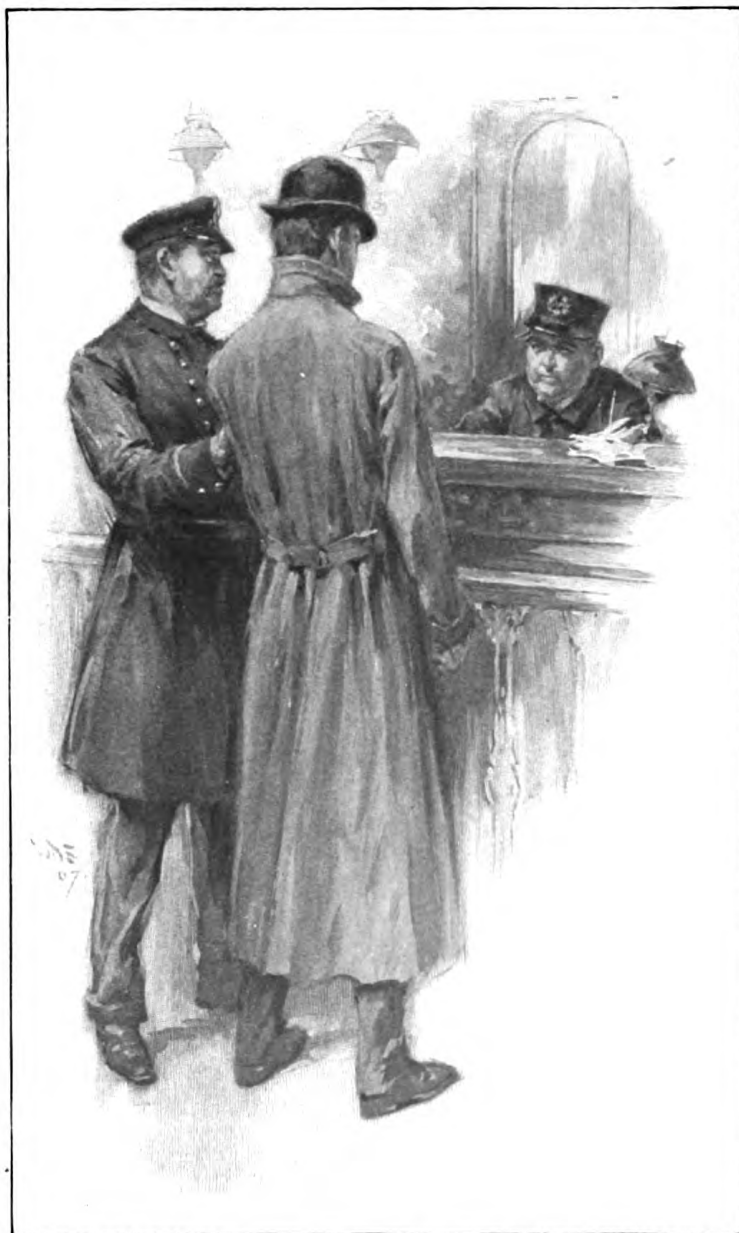
Oakley impulsively pulled a bill from the roll already in his hand, and then slowly returned it. A moment later he handed his open cigar-case to the sergeant.

"Thank ye, sir, I don't mind if I do. 'Tis a good one, by the smell. Ye can return the pants at yer leisure,

sir. Sure, that's all right. 'Tis a pleasure, sir!"

Fortunately the drive to the Grand Central Station was not long, and the horse was not only sure-footed and well shod, but fast.

Mrs. Haslett, whose progress had been



"I LOOK ALL RIGHT, DON'T I?" SAID OAKLEY

what my name is, if you like—but I'd rather you wouldn't write it down there," he added, glancing at the book.

"Never mind," said the sergeant. "Go on. Tell your story—and tell it straight."

So Oakley told his story, and he told it straight, suppressing only Mrs. Has-

much slower, was standing at the parcel-counter, her watch in her hand, anxiously arguing with the boy in charge.

"I repeat, I haven't the check," she said, with some asperity. "The man who has it is—isn't here, and will not be here, and my train is about to go. Here is the key, and if you'll just let me come in there a moment, I'll identify the bag, unlock it, and prove my claim. I simply must have—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Haslett," interrupted Oakley's deep voice at her elbow. "I'm afraid I have caused you great annoyance. Here's the check."

He handed it to the boy, and looked gravely into her startled eyes.

"I'm afraid you can never forgive me," he continued, "but I'd like to claim the privilege of any prisoner at the bar, and state my case—if you will listen."

"Very well," said she, coldly. "I will listen, but you must be quick."

He gave the bag to a passing porter, and as they walked out to the gates he told the story rapidly and well, omitting no illuminating detail and dwelling on none. He made no plea of good intention, but let the facts speak for them-

selves, and as he talked he watched her face. Presently little wrinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes, then irrepressible chuckles broke forth, and in the end she was wiping away tears of laughter.

"This closes the statement of the defence," he concluded. "Now I plead guilty and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"Well, I dare say the court ought to be very severe," she responded, still laughing, "but—you remember I told you that I was eager for adventure, and you certainly supplied it generously! I haven't been so entertained in years! You've placed me under an obligation that I can never hope to discharge myself, so I see no way out of it except to ask Mr. Haslett to do something very nice for you and that charming wife of yours. Good night."

Oakley stood uncovered as long as she was in sight, and then went slowly out to his cab. Alice's radiant, triumphant face glowed at him from its dusky corners.

"Well, little girl," said he, aloud, "after all, 'it is to laugh'!"

## Influence

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

MY friend leaned o'er the flowery brink  
Of Evil, bending down to drink;  
But though he stooped, resolved to take  
The harmful draught despite my fears,  
He yielded for my pleading's sake—  
Feeling my love and tears.

Again he stoops: again I long  
To save him from a fatal wrong.  
He was my friend!—yea, in this hour  
I would defend him, as before:  
I strive—but I have lost the power,  
Who love him now no more.

# The Secret

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

CATHERINE GOULD came hurrying into the house at half past eight. John Greason, the man to whom she was engaged, sat in the south room with her mother and her aunt Sarah. There were a light and a fire in the best parlor, but since Catherine was not at home when he arrived, John sat down with her mother and aunt. They had all waited for Catherine with a curious impatience. It was not very late when John arrived, only quarter of eight, but Catherine was always there to welcome him, and this night she was not, and for some reason it struck them all as being singular.

"I don't see where Catherine is," her mother kept saying, uneasily, as they waited.

"Maybe she ran down to the post-office or the store," suggested Aunt Sarah. Aunt Sarah was knitting some white fleecy wool into a shawl. She also was perturbed, but nothing ever stopped her knitting, although she listened for Catherine's step, and frequently glanced at the clock.

When she made her remark about the post-office and the store, John Greason frowned. He was a handsome young man with a square jaw. He had brought a box of candy for Catherine, and it was on his knees as he sat waiting.

"The last mail comes in at five o'clock," said he. "I went into the store on my way here, and Catherine wasn't there. And I should have met her if she had been on her way home."

"That is so," said Catherine's mother. "I don't see where she is. She never goes out without telling where she is going; and she expected you, too."

"Oh, I dare say she has just run out somewhere," said John. He tried to speak easily, but failed. In spite of himself he frowned. He was angry, albeit unwarrantably so. He was an only son, and things had always gone his way.

His mother and two sisters had always made things go his way. If John had not what he wanted when he wanted it, they felt that something was wrong with the universe. Now it seemed inconceivable to him that Catherine should have gone out when she expected him, and when he always came at exactly quarter of eight. He tried to converse easily about the weather and the village news. If Catherine Gould chose to go out when she knew he was coming, and not tell where she was going, and keep him waiting, nobody should know that he felt it in the least.

Catherine's mother kept looking out of a window. He sat rigidly with his back to one. The curtains were not drawn, outside there was snow on the ground and there was a full moon, so looking out of the windows was like looking into a bright white world. John would not look. When Catherine's mother looked he grew more and more incensed. He began to consider the advisability of his going home; then at last, just after the clock had struck one for half past eight, Catherine's mother cried out with joyful relief:

"Here she is!"

"Well, I do wonder where she has been," said Sarah, also with joyful relief.

John said nothing. His face looked very heavy and sullen. He was also quite pale.

Catherine came in all rosy and glowing with the cold wind. She came in as if there had been nothing unusual whatever about her disappearance. "Oh, it is cold!" said she. "Good evening, John. Have you been here long?"

"He has been here ever since quarter of eight," said her mother. "Where have you been, Catherine?"

John said nothing. He glanced with cold inquiry at Catherine from under his heavy lids. Catherine was laughing. She was about to answer, when she

caught that look. Then she laughed again and said nothing. She was a very pretty, fairly a beautiful, girl. She was dressed all in red—red hat, red coat, and red gown; there were glints of red in her brown hair. She removed her hat and coat, and going to a glass which hung between the two front windows, thrust her slender fingers into the puff of brown hair over her forehead and fluffed it out, still laughing. Then she turned and looked at them. Her whole face was dimpling with mischief. She was so beautiful that her mother felt a thrill of worshipful pride in her, and her aunt Sarah also. As for John Greason, he looked at her, and his mouth straightened.

"Why don't you tell where you have been, Catherine?" asked her mother. She tried to make her voice chiding, but it was full of tenderness.

Catherine only laughed.

"Why, Catherine Gould, where have you been?" asked her aunt.

Catherine answered for the first time, but not satisfactorily.

"That is a secret," said she, and tossed her head, and laughed again. She moved toward the door and looked gayly at John, evidently expecting him to rise and follow her into the parlor, but he sat still. "There's a light in the parlor, John," said she.

Then he questioned her for the first time. "Where have you been?" he asked.

Catherine looked at him. She hesitated. Then she again gave her head that gay, defiant toss. "That is a secret," said she.

"Why don't you tell him?" asked her mother, anxiously.

Martha Gould was a tall, ascetic-looking woman, with great eyes sunken in deep hollows. She had a curious way of puckering her mouth, and at the same time wrinkling her forehead between the two leaflike curves of her gray hair. Her sister-in-law, Sarah Gould, who had been in her day a very pretty girl, much like Catherine, but had never married, knitted and eyed her niece.

"Aren't you coming in the parlor, John?" Catherine asked again. A deeper red blazed out on her cheeks.

"Where have you been?" asked John, steadily gazing at her.

"That is a secret," replied Catherine, but this time she did not laugh.

"Why don't you tell John where you have been, Catherine?" her mother asked, looking uneasily from one to the other. At that moment the two faces—those of the man and girl—looked singularly alike, although none could be more different in feature and coloring. But they wore the same expression. A terrible similarity of unyielding spirit shone forth from both which marked them as mates. John rose slowly to his feet. The little candy-box in his clenched hand was an absurdity compared with his whole bearing. He looked at Catherine, and she looked back at him. The mother and aunt looked at both of them. The mother opened her mouth as if to speak again, then closed it. The ball of white wool rolled from the aunt's lap on to the floor. Catherine picked it up and returned it.

"Thank you," said the aunt, and there was something awful about that commonplace act and speech in the midst of the tenseness of mood which seemed to fill the little room like an imminent explosive. Immediately John Greason gave the box of candy a violent fling. It just missed Catherine, although he certainly did not aim it especially in her direction. The box struck the floor, burst asunder, and all the sweet contents rolled out. Then John Greason strode from the room and the house without another word. He closed the front door with aggressive caution. One could scarcely hear it.

The women remained for a few seconds as if petrified—Catherine standing, with her mother and aunt looking at her. They were all pale, but different emotions were evident on their faces. On Catherine's mother's were bewilderment, terror, and anger; on the aunt's, bewilderment and terror; on Catherine's, the excess of angry obstinacy.

The mother spoke first. "Well, of all things!" said she.

The aunt followed. "Throwing candy round!" she said, and her tone was nearly idiotic. The situation was in reality too much for her wits.

Then Catherine spoke, and her voice was terrible. "I'll pick it up before it gets trodden into the carpet," said she, and forthwith was down upon her knees, gathering up the scattered sweets.



"What are you going to do?" asked her mother, with a sort of gasp.

"Pick up this candy," replied Catherine, in her terrible voice.

"No, I didn't mean about the candy—about John? Are you—going with him again?"

"A girl doesn't go with a little boy, and marry him after she finds it out," replied Catherine, picking up a pink bonbon.

The mother and aunt looked at each other. They each nodded in pantomime for the other to continue the questioning.

"Why wouldn't you tell him where you'd been?" the aunt asked finally, in her sweet, scared little pipe.

"Because he asked," replied Catherine.

"Because he—asked?" repeated Mrs. Gould.

Catherine turned a set face upon her. "Mother," said she, "let us have no more talk about this. I have nothing more to say. There is nothing more I *will* say. John suspected me of going somewhere or doing something I should not. He questioned me like a slave-owner. If he does so before I am married, what will he do after?"

"Oh my, Catherine!" the aunt cried, in horror.

But Catherine's mother supported her, after a fashion. "I know what you mean," said she. "I never saw a grown-up man do such a silly, childish thing as to throw that candy on the floor that way. There's another piece under that rocking-chair. He has got an awful temper, and one you can't reckon with in a grown man. If he was a child, you could spank him, but as long as he's a man—"

"I don't call him a man," interposed Catherine.

The aunt continued. "As long as he's a man," said she, "all a woman can do is to sit still and do nothing."

"I am not going to sit still and do nothing," Catherine said. She straightened herself and puckered up her red dress skirt into a bag for the candy and broken box, then went toward the door.

"Where are you going now, Catherine?" her mother inquired, anxiously.

"I am going to dispose of this candy."

Catherine opened the door into the icy entry and closed it quickly lest the cold air strike her mother and aunt.

The women heard the front outside door open. Catherine's mother sprang to the window. She saw a white object with a shower of smaller ones describe an arc and land in the glittering snow of the front yard.

"Has she?" hissed Sarah, in a whisper of tragedy.

Martha turned toward her and nodded with a jerk as Catherine came into the room again, closing the door noiselessly and solicitously behind her. The girl held her head up proudly; not a whit of her beautiful color was dimmed. She was even laughing with apparently no effort whatever and with no bitterness. "The sparrows will have a good breakfast to-morrow," said she.

Her mother gave a grim nod. Her aunt made a little whimpering sound.

"I don't see how you can—" she began, feebly, but her sister-in-law, Catherine's mother, interrupted her fiercely.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "Do you want her to sit down and cry because that good-for-nothing fellow has treated her mean?"

"No-o," protested Sarah, who was half weeping.—"no-o, you know I don't, Martha."

"Then why are you talking so? And I declare, you are half crazy! Anybody would think it was your beau."

Sarah began to weep in good earnest then, putting her handkerchief to her working face. "It is only because I do hate to see folks quarrel," she sobbed.

"There is no quarrel that I know of," said Catherine, coolly. She laid some hat-pins side by side on the table and straightened a bow on her hat. "Miss Holmes ought to have put some wire in this bow," she said. "Every time I go out in the wind it flops."

"Yes, she ought," returned her mother.

Sarah gasped. Two people talking about wire in a hat-bow in such a crisis struck her like blasphemy.

"I thought you had quarrelled with him," she ventured, in a faint voice, followed by a little sob like a bewildered child's.

"Not at all," said Catherine, still engaged in perking her hat-bow. "John Greason has simply gone home in a huff like a six-year-old boy because he was thwarted in his curiosity and suspicion."

A quarrel requires two parties, and there is only one. I have not quarrelled in the least."

"But," faltered the aunt, "I don't see why you couldn't have told where you had been."

"So I could have if I had been asked," replied Catherine.

"You were asked."

"No, I was suspected. I don't answer suspicions. I am above suspicion. I have been all my life, and I always shall be." Catherine gave her beautiful head a toss. She seemed taller. The steady gleam of her brown eyes and the noble curves of her broad temples seemed indeed to render suspicion something far from her just due. Still, her mother began to look anxious. When Catherine sat down before the stove, turning up the skirt of her red dress and displaying a beruffled silk petticoat, and remarked casually that it was a bitter night outside and it did seem good to be in where it was warm, her mother continued to regard her with a doubtful and anxious frown. After the aunt had gathered up her work, lit her bedroom lamp, and retired, she spoke her mind freely.

"I hope you have done right, Catherine," she said.

Catherine gave her a quick glance over her shoulder. "You don't think I've been down to the hotel drinking or any wild and desperate thing, I hope, mother," she said.

"No, it isn't that, Catherine. I know wherever you were it was no harm, and in a way I don't blame you for not telling when you were questioned the way you were. It was enough to make anybody mad. It made *me* mad; but I wonder if you have done right, after all, in not telling him."

"I have done the only way a girl with any pride could have done."

"Maybe you have, but—well, you know, Catherine, John Greason is a good, steady fellow."

"So is a mule sometimes," interposed Catherine.

"Well, of course, you are only twenty-three, and there are more chances than one—"

"I had chances before John Greason, and I didn't have to hunt for any of them," returned Catherine.

"That is so."

"But I don't care about chances. What earthly difference does it make? We have enough to live on. I have all I want. What do I care if I never get married? Most of the married women I know would say they wished they were out of it, if they told the truth. It's a lot of care and responsibility. A girl can have a much better time."

"Yes, but a woman can't keep herself a girl always," said Catherine's mother, and an odd expression came over her face—an expression of reminiscent tenderness and softness, and also a shade of embarrassment.

Catherine turned and looked at her mother keenly with her clear, proud young eyes. "Mother," said she—she hesitated a moment, then she continued,—“did you never regret that you got married?”

The mother blushed. She regarded her daughter with a curious, dignified, yet shamed expression. "Marriage is a divine institution," said she, and closed her lips tightly.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Catherine. "Tell the truth, mother, and let the divine institution go. I know father was a fretful invalid two-thirds of the time. I have heard all about that from Aunt Sarah. I know until grandmother died you had a hard struggle to get along and make both ends meet, because she didn't like your marrying father, and wouldn't help you, and father never was much of a success as a doctor; he had such a temper and was so miserable himself. And I know you had five children as fast as you could, and they all died except me. Now tell me the truth—if you had it all to live over again, would you marry father?"

The flush faded from Mrs. Gould's face. She was quite pale. "Yes, I would, and thank the Lord for His unspeakable mercy," she said, in a low, oratorical voice, almost as if she were in a pulpit. Then the red flashed over her face again, but the embarrassment was gone. Now she looked at her daughter triumphantly, even with superiority. "I was married when I was eighteen years old, five years younger than you are," said she.

"I could have been if I had chosen," replied Catherine, with a look of wonder.

"I know you could. It is your own fault if you have missed the best this life has for any woman. It is your fault now, and it will be your fault. Where were you to-night?"

Catherine rose, frowning angrily. Then suddenly her face relaxed, and she laughed a merry peal. "You would go straight over and tell John Greason, cold as it is, and scared as you are to go out alone at night," said she. "No, mother, I don't tell where I was, and as for missing the best of life, I'll risk it. I'm going to bed. I'm going to help Alice Leeds get her house ready for her afternoon tea to-morrow, and I promised to be over early."

"You might be getting your own house ready for an afternoon tea."

Catherine laughed again. "As if this house wasn't my home, and as pretty and enough sight prettier than Alice Leeds's, and as if I couldn't have an afternoon tea if I wanted it! I think I will, next month."

"It isn't the same."

"I am satisfied. Alice Leeds's husband doesn't want her to have it, and is as cranky as fury for fear his dinner will be late on account of it. I am going to try to get the people off in season, and help Alice hustle away the company fixings, and get her precious husband's dinner on the table so he won't scold."

"Are men coming?" asked Mrs. Gould.

Catherine laughed again as she lit her candle, and the soft light flared over her beautiful face. "Men are asked," she replied, "but it is like man proposes and God disposes. It is Saturday afternoon, and there is no reason why men can't come if they want to; but the question is, Will they want to? I suppose John Greason would have come if he hadn't insulted me with suspecting that I could not be out for an hour after dark without being in some awful mischief, if that is what you mean. Now I don't suppose he will. I should not think he would. Good night, mother; don't worry over it."

If Catherine did not sleep that night, there was no evidence of it in her brilliant face when she came down to breakfast the next morning. Her mother looked as if she had not closed her eyes, and Catherine shot a quick glance of anxiety and annoyance at her.

"For goodness' sake, mother, lie down after breakfast and see if you can't get a nap," she said, when the maid had gone into the kitchen for more muffins. "You will not be fit to go this afternoon."

"I thought maybe I wouldn't," Catherine's mother replied, rather piteously.

"Nonsense!" returned Catherine. "Of course you are going. There you have that beautiful dress all ready—"

"I don't know—"

"I know."

"I thought perhaps I wouldn't go either," remarked Aunt Sarah, who was nibbling at some cereal, with an injured air.

"Of course *you* are going too. Haven't you got that handsome new bonnet on purpose? Goodness! you two don't want Greason's folks to think we are breaking our hearts because he went home last night and flung a box of candy at me! Mrs. Greason and Lottie and Mrs. Ames are sure to be there, with their eyes and ears open, too. Trust them. There is one thing—if I don't have to marry John, I shall be rid of his family, and I must confess that I always did wonder how I would get on with my in-laws."

"John is the best of them," acceded Sarah Gould, tearfully, taking another bit of well-sweetened cereal. "I always said it wouldn't be the easiest thing in the world to get on with his folks."

"And I should have simply been obliged to combine with the whole lot Thanksgivings and Christmases and wedding anniversaries," said Catherine. "There's no loss without a considerable gain. Small gain does not seem the thing in this case. I think myself I have cleared a good six per cent." Catherine had considerable experience in business matters. She managed the property which kept them in comfort, young as she was. The two elder women were entirely helpless in that respect. After Catherine's father's death, his elder brother had taken charge, but since his death, two years before, Catherine had proved herself amply able to conduct matters. She was in reality rather a masterly girl. When she was out in the clear morning air, which bit like steel, for the roads were frost-bound and everything glittering with ice crystals, she held

her head high and swung along with an instinct joy of existence, although she was encountering the first real trouble of her life. She could not remember when her father died. She had not particularly cared for her uncle, who had not particularly cared for her, and his death had not affected her. But she had been in love, and was now, with John Greason, and what had happened last night was no light matter to her; but her pride and her innate joy in existence itself sustained her like a sort of spiritual backbone. She thought of a new red silk gown which she was to wear that afternoon. She could see herself in it, and the men, if men there were, crowding around her, and women too, for that matter. Women liked Catherine. She had an easy good nature, which kept them from jealousy of her beauty. She thought that John Greason's mother and his sister Lottie and his married sister, Mrs. Edgar Ames, would be there, and how they would admire her. She was quite sure that John would have kept his own counsel, that he would not even have told his family of his broken engagement: that he would leave them to find it out for themselves. She was sure that her mother and aunt would have said nothing. She knew that they could not do so without a covert reflection upon herself, since, after all, she had not told where she had been, and although they did not doubt her, others might do so. Even popularity does not shield from the delight of a scandal, and Exbridge was a dull little village. She knew, although people liked her, they could no more resist talking about her, if they had the chance, than they could resist gazing at a sky-rocket on a July night. Pyrotechnics of any kind were simply irresistible to human beings deprived of the natural food of excitement. She knew that although her aunt was not shrewd, her mother was, and she knew that her mother would not tell, and would see to it that her aunt did not.

Catherine had a pleasant time decorating her friend's house for the tea. She enjoyed that sort of thing, and had really a genius for it. She made the rooms charming, and headed efficaciously her corps of workers. That afternoon she achieved a social success in her red silk.

Men came, and she was surrounded by them. She glowed with merriment and healthful enjoyment. John Greason's relatives were there, and extremely friendly. She knew that John had told nothing. In the midst of her pride and indignation she felt a thrill of approbation for his reticence. It was exactly what she herself would have done—what she did do.

Of course his relatives first, then the whole village, finally discovered that he no longer went to see her, that the engagement was presumably broken; but beyond that they knew nothing. Catherine came to get a certain amusement from the various reports which reached her from time to time, but apparently John Greason did not. He grew thin and old-looking. At last it was reported that Catherine Gould had treated him badly, that she had jilted him for a rich man in the city. When Catherine heard that, at a church supper, she turned upon her informer—a friend of hers.

"There is not a word of truth in that, and you can tell everybody so," she said, her cheeks blazing.

"Then you didn't jilt him?"

"No, I did not."

The other girl stared at her with wondering eyes. The conclusion was almost evident that John had jilted Catherine, but in the face of Catherine's radiant joy in life and beauty it seemed ridiculous. However, gradually that report gained ground. John's mother came first to him with it. They were eating supper, on a Friday night, about a year from the day when he and Catherine had separated. John, his mother, his unmarried sister, and his married sister, who was one of the household, her husband being away on business most of the time, were at the table.

"I heard something this afternoon at the 'Improvement Club,'" John's mother remarked, as she poured the tea. She was a large, florid woman, and she looked imposing in her gray brocade waist trimmed with beaded passementerie over her high-corseted bust. She was the president of the "Exbridge Ladies' Improvement Club."

John's sister Lottie, who was slender and plain, cast a sly, scared glance at him with her light, prominent blue eyes. The

married sister, who was like her mother, echoed her.

"Yes, we heard a piece of news," said she. "Pass the biscuits, Lottie, please."

John ate his scalloped oysters and made no rejoinder. The women looked at one another doubtfully, but Mrs. Greason was afraid of nothing.

"We heard why you stopped going to see Catherine Gould," said she.

John took another mouthful of scalloped oysters. The mess was smoking hot and burned his tongue and throat, but he swallowed it grimly and said nothing.

Then Mrs. Ames spoke. "Yes, we heard you jilted her because she was too fond of having other men hanging about her," said she, with a slight repulsive smack of her full lips, as though over a sweet morsel.

Then John looked slowly from one to another, and his face was ashy pale. "It is a lie," said he, hoarsely.

"Then you didn't jilt her for that?" asked his sister, undaunted.

"I didn't jilt her at all. It is a damned lie!" said John, with almost a shout.

"Well, a man cannot expect to go with a girl as long as you went with Catherine Gould, and have her get all ready to be married except her wedding-dress—I know she had her underclothes ready, for she told Lottie so over a year ago—"

"She showed them to me," interposed Lottie, with a squeaky little voice.

"Yes, she showed them to her," said Mrs. Greason, triumphantly. "What I was going to say was, you can't expect—"

But John had pushed his chair back violently and left the table. They heard his heavy rush up-stairs and the slam of his room door.

"He's just like his father," remarked Mrs. Greason, with an odd tone, compounded of respect for the dead and a remembrance of his faults, which was simply due to her own dignity.

Mrs. Ames echoed her in a similar voice. "Yes, father was close-mouthed just like John," said she.

"I'm sorry about it," Mrs. Greason remarked, although as she spoke she took another spoonful of scalloped oysters. "Catherine Gould is a handsome girl, and she has money, and she will have

more. All that consoles me is, I always have wondered how we should get along with her. Unless I miss my guess, she has got an awful temper."

"Yes, I know she has," assented Mrs. Ames. "I shouldn't wonder if that was the trouble—if they quarrelled over something."

"It never seemed to me that Catherine's aunt Sarah was very close-mouthed," observed Lottie.

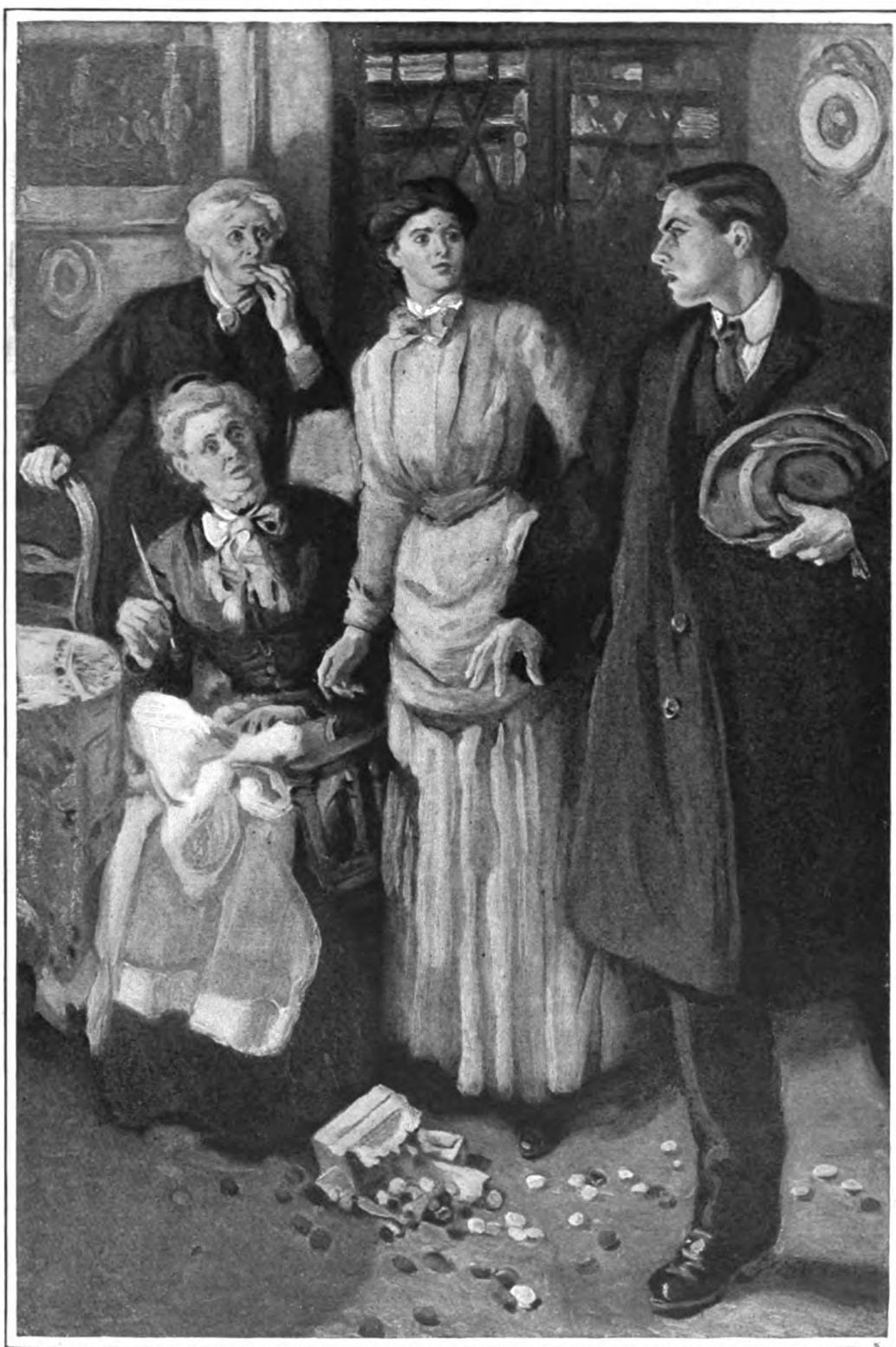
"Well, Catherine and her mother are, and they'll see to it that she is. Poor Sarah Gould never dares speak unless those two women say she may," returned Mrs. Greason. "Well, your father was a good, upright man, although, of course, he had his little faults like all of us, and I can see them right over in your brother; but, after all, it is better to be a stone jar than a sieve."

"Not with your own folks," said Lottie.

"You can't expect a stone jar to turn into a sieve even for own folks," retorted her mother. "You might have a much worse brother than John." Mrs. Greason spoke with some asperity. After all, John was her favorite. They were much alike. He had inherited his close mouth, and his disposition generally, from her to a much greater extent than from his father, but Mrs. Greason was not given to self-analysis, only to self-assertion, and she did not see herself repeated in her son.

Another year went on. People talked less and speculated less about the breaking off of the engagement between John Greason and Catherine Gould. Nobody had made any discoveries concerning it. John and Catherine went their ways as usual. Catherine seemed to grow handsomer and more brilliant every year. Everybody wondered why she did not become engaged to some one else. As for John, he was said never to look at a girl. This fact probably hurt Catherine a little in spite of her popularity. There were those who made insinuations that her temper had been the cause of the trouble. However, men did not seem to fear it. When a lawyer from New York came to Exbridge on business concerning the settling of an old estate, and remained two summer months at the village inn, and paid much attention to





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

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THEN JOHN GREASON STRODE FROM THE ROOM

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Catherine, people assumed that surely she would win him, or consent to be won. But the lawyer went away, and the woman who kept the village post-office said, after three months had elapsed, that not one letter from New York had arrived for Catherine, and thus that matter was considered settled. Women began to say that Catherine would live and die unmarried in spite of her good looks and prosperous circumstances, and they opined that she felt slighted, for all her high bearing, and all the more so when John Greason bought the beautiful hill lot on the west side of the brook which divided the village as with a silver ribbon, and began building a house which to simple village tastes was fairly palatial. The story went abroad that John had met a girl in the mountains the summer before, when the New York lawyer had been hanging about Catherine, and that he was shortly to be married—in fact, immediately after the house was finished. It was a mild winter, and the house had been covered in before snow fell, and work was progressing rapidly. People said John would be married in April. None of the Greasons said anything to confirm or deny this rumor. In fact, they were as much puzzled among themselves, even more so, than people outside. They had asked John, but he as usual was non-communicative. They had imagined every marriageable girl in the village as being his prospective wife, but as he never went out evenings they were forced into the conclusion that he might have met somebody at the mountains.

"I do hope she won't be a tiffy city girl who has been used to servants all her life and won't know a blessed thing about keeping that beautiful new house in order," said Mrs. Greason to her daughters. They were all secretly worried, although they assumed airs of calm wisdom when abroad.

Catherine Gould could see the live glow of the new roof from her own room, and she wondered—if unhappily, she concealed it. She had a new coat that winter, red and fur-lined, and she looked more beautiful and radiant than ever.

It was the last of March, one evening, when the heretofore mild winter had suddenly turned back fiercely upon its tracks, and the cold was bitter in a white moonlit

night, when John came to see her. The "Exbridge Improvement Club" had met at the Gould house that afternoon, and Catherine had the best parlor decorated with carnations, and the lamps were still lighted. A hot-air furnace had been put in that winter, so all the rooms were warm. Catherine, her mother, and aunt were sitting in the parlor talking over the club meeting, when the door-bell rang. The two elder women scuttled across the hall to the sitting-room, and closed the door, all except a crack, and Catherine answered the ring. The one maid was out. There stood John Greason, as pale as death, and seemingly enveloped in a column of wintry air. Catherine stared at him incredulously for a second, after he had said good evening, in a hoarse voice. She could not believe her eyes.

"May I come in?" he asked, and the girl regained command of herself.

"Certainly," she replied, in a crisp voice, and stood aside, with the least perceptible straightening of her graceful figure and toss backward of her head. But poor John Greason did not even look at her. He fairly stumbled over the threshold, and forgot to take off his hat before removing clumsily his greatcoat. Catherine, who was somewhat pale herself, although perfectly self-possessed, stood watching him.

When his coat and hat were in their old places on the hat-tree, he cast an appealing, doglike glance at the girl, then at the parlor door.

"Will you go in the parlor?" said Catherine.

As John followed her into the room, both he and Catherine heard quite distinctly Mrs. Gould say, in a tone of unmixed wonder, "It's John Greason," and they heard her sister-in-law say, "Land!"

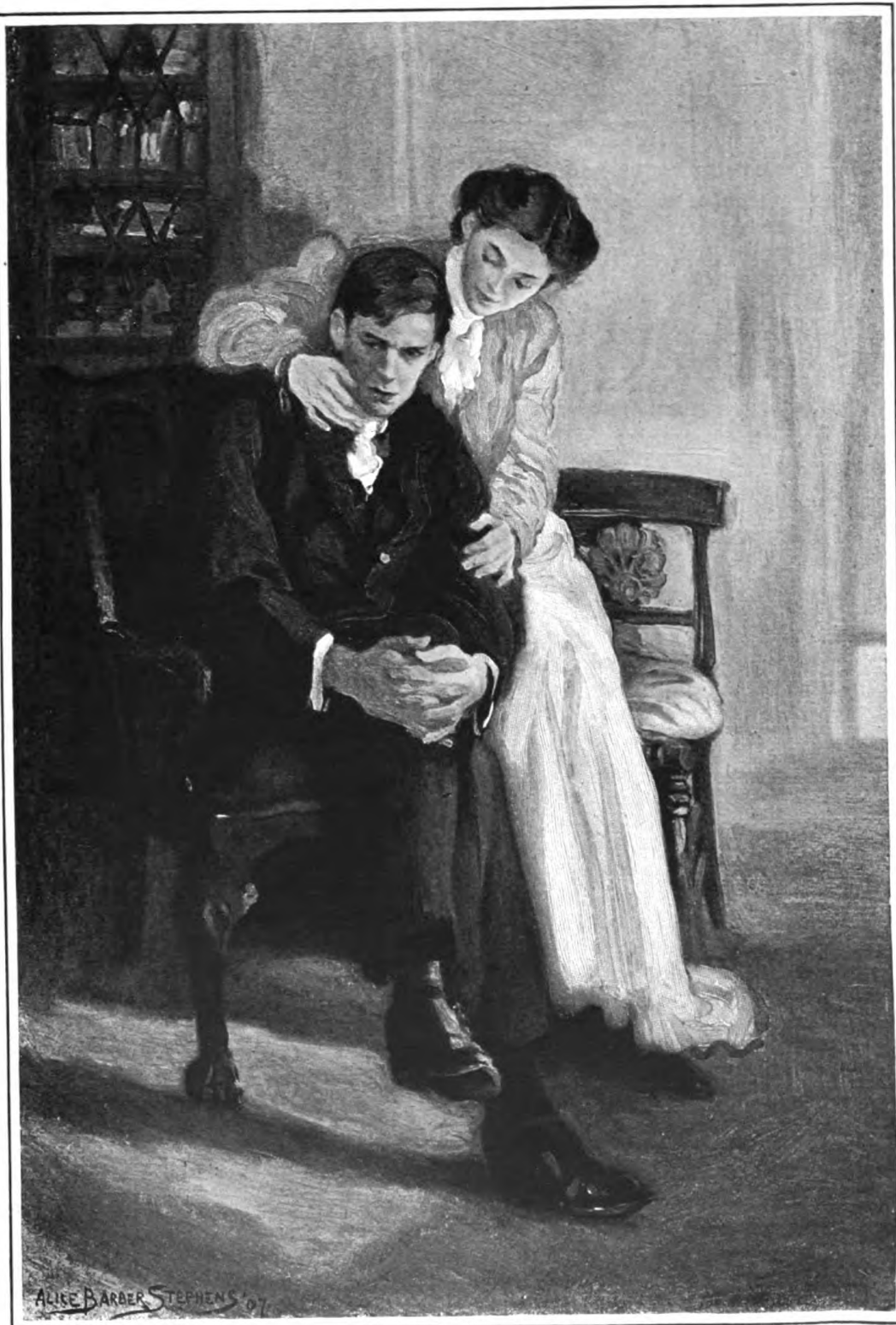
John turned after he had entered and closed the parlor door softly.

"Why do you close the door?" asked Catherine, and there was hostility in her voice.

"I wanted to say something to you," replied John, feebly.

"There can be nothing which you need say to me which necessitates the door being closed," replied Catherine.

Then suddenly something boyish, almost childlike, in the man's piteous glance filled her with compassion. "Very



*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"WHAT A GOOSE YOU ARE" SHE WHISPERED

well," she said, and motioned John toward a seat. She seated herself at some little distance from him. The lamplight shone full on his face, and she saw how thin he had grown, what deep lines had come in his forehead, and how pale and nervous he looked. "Aren't you well?" she asked, abruptly.

"Very well, thank you." Both sat still for a few moments, then John rose and made a plunge across the room, stumbling over a rug, and almost fell into a chair beside Catherine. "Will you promise not to speak until I have said something?" he asked, in a voice which Catherine hardly knew for his.

"Yes. Why?"

John commenced speaking rapidly, as if he were repeating a lesson learned by rote. "My new house is done," said he, "and I have been looking at furniture. I can have it all ready to move into soon. I don't want you to tell me where you went that night. Don't speak. Will you marry me and live in my new house with me? Don't tell me where you had been that night. Don't speak. Will you?"

Catherine stared at him. "Are you out of your senses, John Greason?"

"No, don't speak."

Catherine sat mute, gazing at him. She was as pale as he now.

"Will you forgive me and marry me?" asked John, and his voice was almost a groan. Great drops stood on his forehead.

Catherine had a quick sense of humor. "How can I tell you if I don't speak?" said she.

"I mean, don't tell me where you were that night, but only if you will have me, after all."

Catherine continued to stare at him. "John Greason, how do you think I can marry you if I don't tell?" said she.

"You can. Don't tell."

"But I must. It was all over nothing. I got angry because you were so domineering. I had only—"

"Don't speak, don't speak," cried John Greason, in a kind of agony.

"Well, why not? What is the matter with you, John Greason?"

"If you speak, I can never have any opinion of myself afterward. After treating you as I did, after suspecting—I can never be a man in my own eyes if you tell me, Catherine."

"It is the only condition under which I can marry you."

"Then," said John, hopelessly, "I cannot marry you, Catherine. I shall not be fit to marry you afterward."

"Nonsense!"

"It is true. Oh, Catherine, don't speak, for my sake."

Catherine gazed at him. She was not a subtle girl, she could not understand, but she had strong maternal instincts, and she saw, as if through a magnifying lens of sympathy and pity, her lover's tragic face, with the pale thin cheeks and the sweat-beaded forehead; and, moreover, although she had held her head high, she had always loved him. Suddenly, with a soft, birdlike movement, she rose, pulled his head against her shoulder, and wiped his forehead. "What a goose you are!" she whispered.

"Then you will, Catherine?—you do love me, after all?"

"Love is not a thing one flings aside like a glove," said Catherine. "I could have lived in spite of it, and had a good time, too, but a girl like me, when she loves, means it."

"Then you will marry me?"

"I don't know whether I can or not, unless—"

"Oh, Catherine, don't speak. Don't tell me, for God's sake!"

"Then I must have a week to think it over," said Catherine. "I can't make up my mind all in a minute to marry you after all this time and not tell you. I am not sure that you will not always suspect me."

"Catherine, don't you see, don't you know that if you do tell, you must always suspect me of suspecting, and that if you don't tell, you will know I don't?"

Catherine sat pondering. "It is such awful nonsense," she said at length, with a half-sigh.

"It is awful earnest to me. Catherine, I can't marry you if you tell."

"Do you really mean that if I were to tell, and you knew that it was all nothing at all, that you would not love me enough to marry me?"

"I should love you too much to marry you then. I would not have you marry a man who suspected you."

Catherine laughed again. "Well, it is all too much for me," she said. "You





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

HER MOTHER AND AUNT ENTERED THE ROOM, ALMOST TIMIDLY



split hairs, where I only look at things. Well, John, I think enough of you, but you must wait a week."

"To-day is Friday. Will you let me know a week from to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go now," said John, rising.

Catherine wished him to remain longer, but she would not say so. She went with him to the door and assisted him to put on his coat. He fumbled pitifully with the sleeves. The sitting-room door was still ajar. When the two stood in the outer door, John bent toward Catherine. Then he drew back.

"No," he said, "I had better not until I know. It isn't fair, and I have been unfair enough as it is. Good night, Catherine."

"Good night, John," said Catherine. She closed the door behind him and went into the parlor. She sat down, her face a mask of reflection. Presently her mother and aunt entered the room, almost timidly.

"Well?" said her mother, after she had hemmed twice.

"It was John," said Catherine.

Her mother and aunt looked at each other.

"Well?" said her mother again.

"Mother, I can't say a word about it. I can't tell you anything for a week," said Catherine. "I don't know myself what I am going to do."

"Then he—" began her mother.

"Mother, I can't tell you or Aunt Sarah a word to-night," Catherine said, decisively.

Then she went out of the room, and soon her bedroom lamp flashed as she went up-stairs, and she called out good night.

"Well, she's close enough," said Mrs. Gould.

"Her father was awful close too," said Sarah.

"He was the best husband that ever lived, if he was close," returned Mrs. Gould, defiantly.

"I ain't saying a word against him, Martha."

"You'd better not. Catherine is quite right in being close until she knows herself. You aren't close at all, Sarah Gould, and she doesn't want anything all over town until she knows."

"I never said a single word about their

quarrelling," returned Sarah, with an injured air.

"You didn't dare to. You dropped your yarn when you came in here, and it runs 'way back to the sitting-room, twisted round all the furniture. You've got one piece of work getting it un-snarled. Wait. I'll help you."

That night, long after her mother and aunt were asleep, Catherine Gould, muffled up in her warm flannel dressing-gown, sat beside her window gazing out at the wintry moonlit night. She was debating with herself whether she could or could not live without the usual lot of women which her lover had offered her that night. She was quite sure that if she did not marry John Greason, she would never marry at all. He had been so long in her dreams as her husband that she could not violate them. Catherine was an inherently constant girl. If she did not marry John Greason, she would always love him, unless, indeed, he should marry another woman. In such a case it would go hard with her, but she would wrench all love for him from her heart. But she knew that John, if he did not marry her, would never marry another woman. He was as constant as she. She had never, although he had deserted her, believed in the rumors that he was about to marry some one else. But she on her part was unwilling to marry him unless all shadow of secrecy was removed from between them. She told herself that it was hard upon her. First he had demanded that she tell; now he demanded that she should not. Both demands were unreasonable. In spite of her love for him and pity for him, she had a sense of wrath. She wondered if she could not live her life without marriage at all; if she had not better let it all slip away from her, and give him an answer in the negative the very next day. She said to herself that there was no need whatever of prolonging the agony. She had asked for a week, but a few hours were in reality all that were necessary. She gazed out on the white level of the square front yard, lit by snowlight and moonlight. She gazed up at the indeterminate colored sky through which the moon sailed in her golden halo. She gazed at the few stars which the brilliance of the moon left visible. Sparkles as of precious crys-

tals gleamed out here and there from all the landscape. Everything was white and pure and glittering, full of symbolism of the ineffable holiness and passionless of that which is outside the heat of human life. She realized dimly that if she were to say no to her lover, that in spite of her radiant beauty, which was of a kind to endure, in spite of her triumphant philosophy of obtaining whatever she could from the minor joys of existence, and not allowing her body or soul to become lean through deprivation of the larger ones, she would in reality live her life and die her death, as it were, in that cold glitter outside her window. It would be peaceful and beautiful and good, but she would miss the best and sweetest of food for her heart. There was nothing of the nun about her. She was religious, but she was not ascetic. It would have been different if she had never loved any man at all. Then she might have been satisfied and quite content, but the aspect of that cold and virgin radiance outside seemed terrible to her with that leaping flame in her heart.

The next day she gave in. She wrote to John Greason and asked him to come that evening. Her mother and aunt could not go to bed until he had left, although it was late, they were so curious. When the front door had closed after him, Catherine went into the sitting-room and looked at the two elder women, her eyes full of dark fire, her cheeks like roses, her full lips breaking into smiles.

"Well," she said, "I am going to be married the 5th of April, and live in that new house."

Catherine's mother turned pale; her aunt trembled and flushed. Then they both rose and solemnly kissed her.

"Oh, there is one thing," said Catherine, with assumed carelessness. "You must neither of you ever say anything about the trouble which has been between John and me. It is all over now."

"But where were you?" asked her mother, in a whisper. Her aunt looked at her with eyes which seemed able to pierce secrecy itself.

"That is never to be mentioned," replied Catherine, with dignity.

"You don't mean you haven't told him yet?" gasped her mother.

"He did not wish me to."

"Won't you ever?"

"Not if he feels as he does now, that he does not want me to."

"Land!" said Sarah Gould.

"It does seem to me as if she might tell her own mother, if she wouldn't tell him," said Mrs. Gould, after the girl had gone up-stairs.

"She is close, just the way her father was," said Sarah.

"Her father was the best man that ever lived, and she's got a right to keep her own counsel if she wants to," said Mrs. Gould, sharply. "I am glad she hasn't got to live with his folks, and that new house is the handsomest one in town."

"Yes, it is," said Sarah, "and I never could see how she would get along with his folks."

"She could get along with anybody, as far as that goes," retorted Mrs. Gould, with inconsistency.

"I wasn't saying anything against her."

"I don't see why you should. She and her father before her have been the salt of the earth."

Catherine and John were married on the 5th of April, and went to live in the new house. People speculated as to what the quarrel between them had been about and how they happened to become reconciled. They prophesied that they would not be happy. "Both of them are too set and too close to ever get along," said they. But they became as a model of married happiness. They were radiant in love for and utterly content in each other. And John Greason, living with his wife as the years passed and her beauty dimmed and wontedness dulled somewhat the first color of existence for both of them, realized that the little secret of hers which he had never known, that one bit of her own individuality which was outside his ken, caused her to always retain for his lifelong charm her virgin mystery; and her lined but sweet forehead between her silvering folds of hair was always haloed by that thought behind it which he had never known and never would know.

# Moods of a City Square

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE seat at the base of Admiral Farragut's statue is the club window of Madison Square. Indeed, it beats the club windows, for it is a better place than any of them from which to look at Fifth Avenue. Sit there on a spring afternoon, when the early greens are just beginning to make the park trees shady. The stone seat has a substantial high back, which will keep the wind off, if it happens to be windy. Children infest that seat, and boys climb over the whole monument, but they go and come, and you can get your turn.

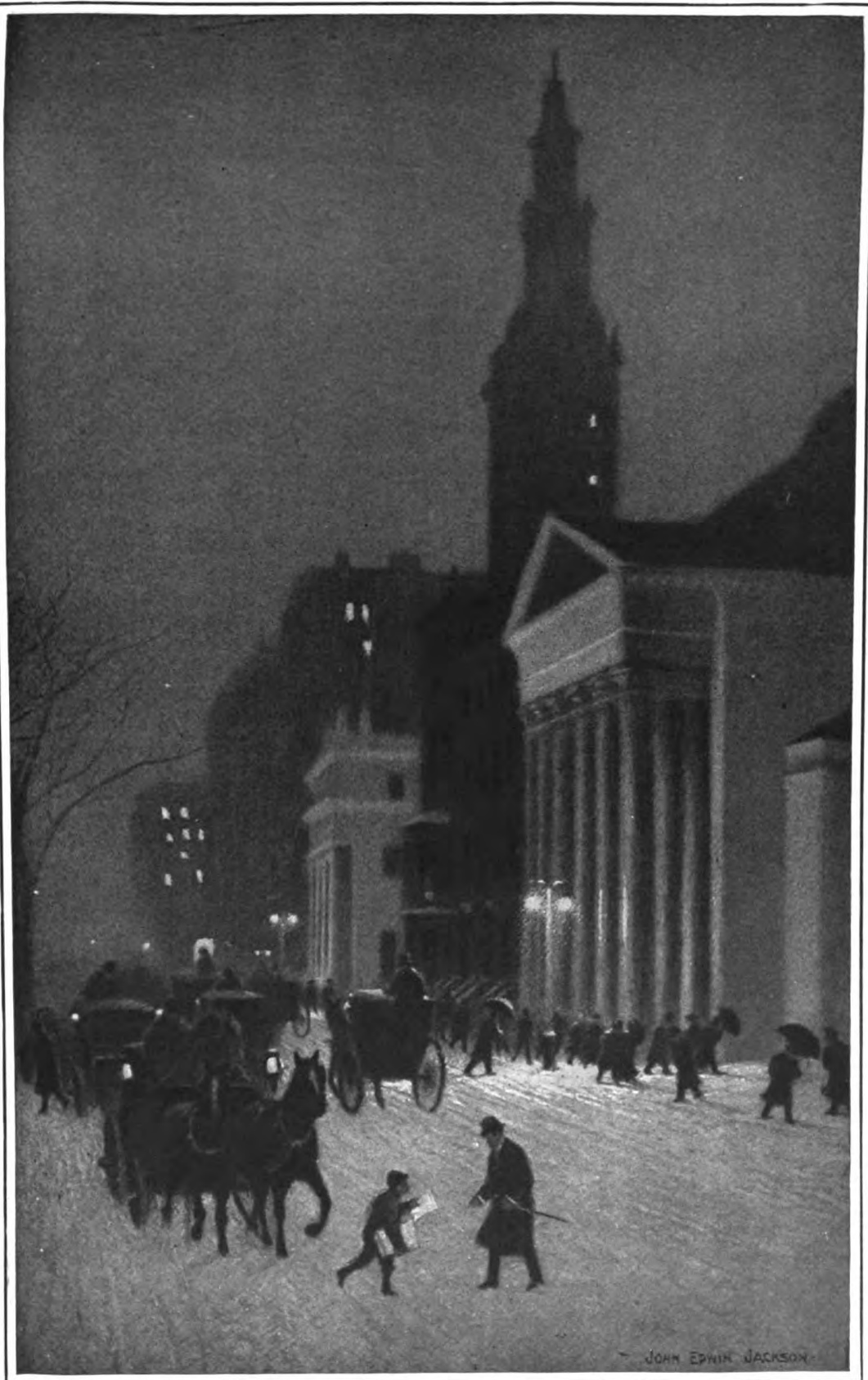
And where is there a livelier view of Fifth Avenue than you get there in May? An incessant procession: carriages and cabs, stages, drays, policemen on horseback, automobiles uncountable, ladies driving down to the shops or on social errands in lower Fifth Avenue, all kinds of interesting people, pairs and single fares, in hansoms. Riding in hansoms is an occupation by itself; a thing that takes practice, and that calls for mathematical ability and a knowledge of civic ordinances. The people who dare it are usually worth observing, and you see a many of them pass the Farragut statue. A bold man was the admiral, and no doubt his statue's site is congenial to him, looking out as it does on the vehicular perils of Fifth Avenue and the blue-coated traffic-manager who stays the tide and lets it flow again at the Twenty-sixth Street crossing.

All the west shore of the Madison Square Park looks out in the daytime, and especially in the afternoon, on a ceaseless and spirited panorama. On parade days the reviewing-stands are usually built there, and have been so placed, I suppose, since as long ago as in the days of the Civil War, which have gradually come to be about as far back as most of us care to remember. It was in 1847, when James Harper was Mayor of New York, that at his earnest instiga-

tion the work of putting the ten-acre park in some sort of order was taken up; and it was twelve years later that the daring projectors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel finished the construction of that most famous of American taverns of its time. From that day, and earlier, to this it has been hard for a great procession in New York so to lay its course as not to pass between the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Madison Square Park. Whether it marched up Broadway or down Fifth Avenue, the bands have been playing when they passed the monument to General Worth.

Even if the May wind does happen to be chilly, so be it is a fair day, the park benches will be occupied, and if the air happens to be soft and really springlike, they will be filled. Turn away from Fifth Avenue and Broadway and ignore the traffic of Twenty-third Street. The rest of the park is always tranquil, and at its best is charming. Rural seclusion one does not find there, but two sides of the square are still of calm and dignified deportment, and the trees, if the season is far enough along, are green, and if the season is not too far along, they are green in as charming and fresh and clean an aspect as the trees in the real country. And the tulips in the big beds are splendid if you catch them in the right stage, and the fountain is always reliable and satisfactory in its performance.

And then there are the people. They are not splendid like the tulips, and probably not all of them are as reliable as the fountain. They are not employed to sit on the benches for the embellishment of the park, but go there gratis, and for reasons of their own, and with little concern about how they become the park. All day long and, in summer, late into the evenings, there are children in the park, and it is they who most contribute to its adornment.



*Painting by John Edwin Jackson*

SO IT LIES IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY'S HURRY

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In May they abound in great variety, bareheaded, careless children from beyond Third Avenue, and children cleaner, better dressed, and of a more regulated behavior, who come with nurses. There are babies, too, especially in the morning; some of them of a most delectable quality. There are many persons who give the impression of being unemployed, and some of being so continuously and by profession; there are many readers, chiefly of newspapers; there are convalescents taking the air, and people ordered by doctors to keep out-of-doors; and there are others whom you wish were convalescent, but who do not look so. There are old men and women who appear in the morning, stay all day, and vanish in the dusk. They and the professionally unemployed come to have a proprietary interest in the park and its visitors, and take an easy pleasure in whatever can afford it, and especially in the babies and the nurse-maids and the small children, mothered by sisters or brothers a little older. Conversation may always be had in the park by those who seek it. All the languages are spoken there, and remarkable experiences of the vicissitudes of life are to be gathered by whoever has ears to hear and time to listen. And in the evening there are often lovers who might perhaps prefer more seclusion if they could get it, but are not so set in their preferences as to feel constrained to let the evidences of affection wait on solitude. They come with other thousands to the band concerts which crowd the park on summer evenings. Their hearts being attuned to harmonies, they love the music, and in the solitude of a crowd they find themselves sufficiently secluded.

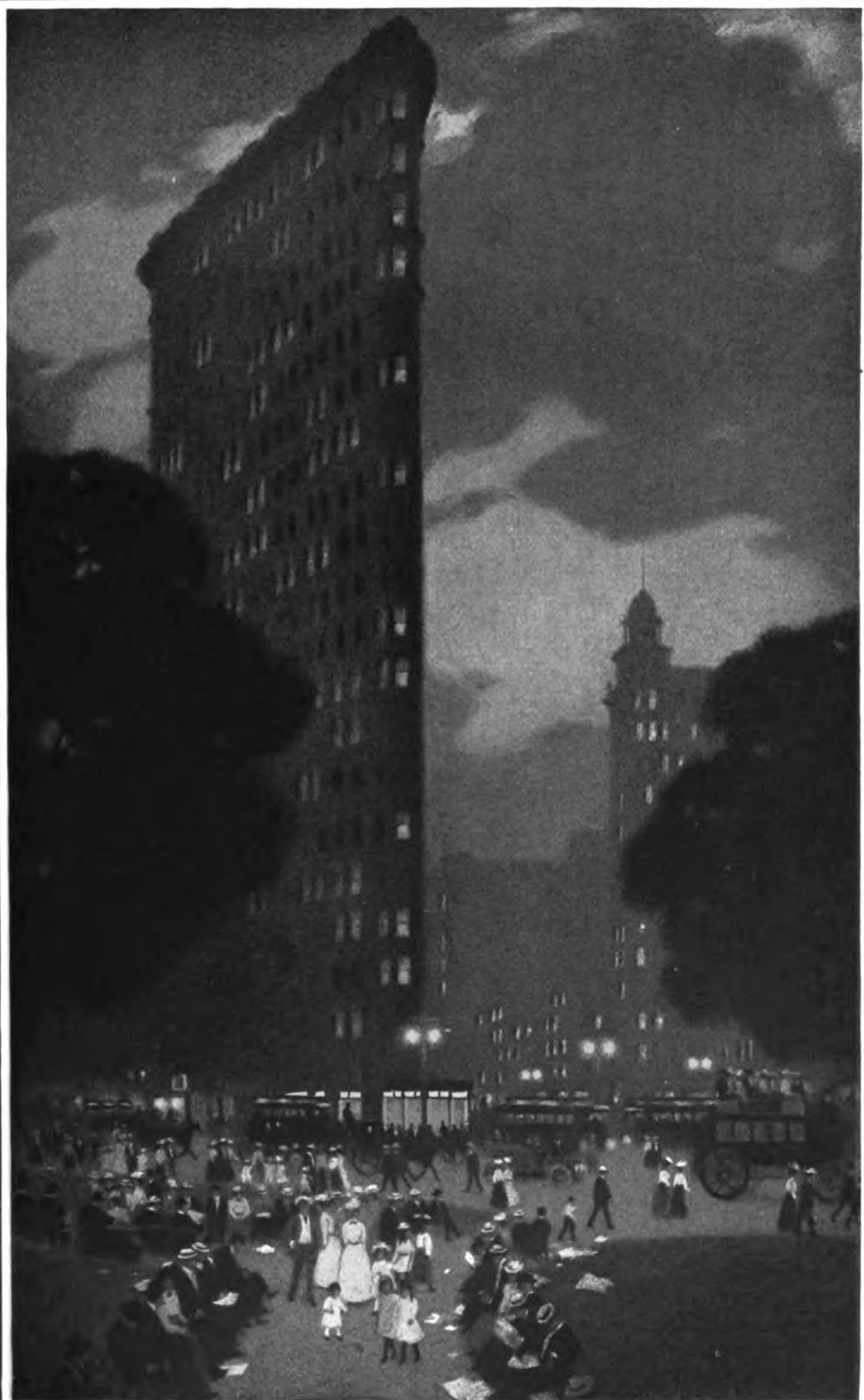
And so in the centre of the hurry of New York and bordering on its strongest current lies Madison Square, a little oasis of repose and philosophy. Ever since it was a park at all it has been precisely where it is now, but it by no means began as the centre (approximately) of the city. What it has been is a necessary part of what it is, since it would not be what it is if it had not been what it used to be. A good deal of its material aspect and most of its atmosphere belong to a time, not yet

passed out of memory, when it was able to make a very respectable claim to being the chief centre of fashionable life on the American continent.

It was much more a social centre than any like space in New York has ever been since or is likely ever to be again. To the south of it on Fifth Avenue and Washington Square were the best clubs and many of the best residences in town; easterly were Lafayette and Stuyvesant squares and Gramercy Park and a great contiguous resident region. Westward nearly to the North River ran rows of comely dwellings on Twenty-third Street, and eastward on the same street were more. And more dwellings of the highest respectability, and more clubs, on the east and north side of the square itself, and on the west side presently rose the most fashionable hotels in town, and on a northern corner there soon found shelter the most famous restaurant between Cape Horn and the north pole. To the northward spread another settlement of brownstone houses climbing Murray Hill, rapidly filling up the Thirties and the Forties, and stringing out past the Reservoir in an ambitious race towards Central Park.

The lime-light had not been invented then, but in the sixties and seventies it was in Madison Square that New York's tallest candle glowed and the gas-lights glittered brightest. There, forty years ago, was the point from which, north and south, distance was computed to determine the desirability of rival places of residence. To live too far from Madison Square was not convenient, but whether one lived above or below it did not matter, except that houses to the north were more in the line of increasing values than those to the south. Hard by Madison Square the Patriarchs danced; thither came whoever was bent on dining most delectably and the folks who craved nourishment or refreshment in the liveliest company after the theatre. Rooms looking out on Madison Square were the ones most desired by visitors to the metropolis, and the benches in the square on spring days were esteemed by philosophers to be the best points from which to contemplate the passing life of a brilliant city.





*Painting by John Edwin Jackson*

RISING FAR UP INTO DARKNESS OR STARLIGHT

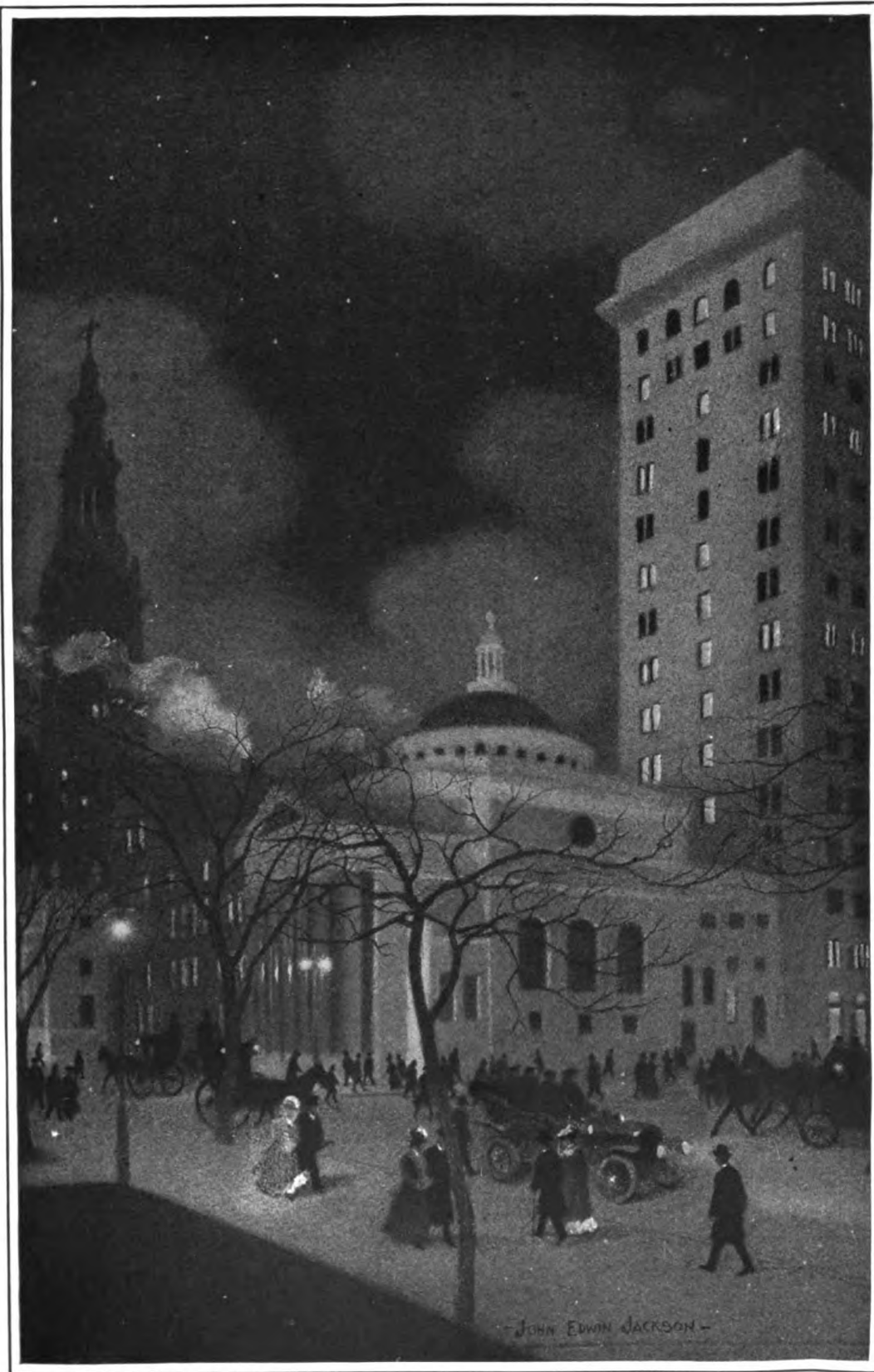
For at least a third of a century this favored square held its primacy as the pleasure centre of New York. Then year by year, as the settlement to the northward spread and grew and the attractions of propinquity to Central Park appealed more and more to people who could choose where they would live, the social centre made irregular but continuous progress to the northward.

Where, if anywhere, it is perching now nobody but the tax-gatherer can guess, and it is doubtful whether he could guess right. When people of the first fashion live in new palaces in the nineties, and highly solvent people of respected social qualities live four miles away from there in Washington Square and in Stuyvesant Square and Gramercy Park and thereabouts, and when shoals of folks live in luxury and pride between Central Park and the Hudson River and as far north as the new Columbia College, the social centre of Manhattan is very much to seek. It may be that it is occupied by General Sherman as he rides the gilded horse in the Plaza by the entrance to Central Park, but the better opinion seems to be that it got broken in moving, and that the pieces of it have been scattered, and that overgrown New York no longer has, nor can have, a single social centre, nor has had since it had one in Madison Square.

So there is about Madison Square the charm and distinction of a glory that has indeed passed, but passed to no successor. It is a place of memories, but not of memories only. It still lives, and its current life is vigorous, and it has a future that promises to be in a different way as brilliant as its past. There are backwaters in New York. Washington Square and the residence region immediately to the north of it is at present a sort of backwater. But the square in which Fifth Avenue crosses Broadway is not in danger of becoming a backwater. The currents that traverse it are far too strong for that. It lies across the path of all the progress that is making a world metropolis of New York. The rule of civic development on Manhattan Island is that Commerce crowds out Fashion and drives it up-town. That is happening now in Madison Square. Fashion has pretty much flitted; Commerce is not

yet fully installed, nor has yet quite made up its mind to which of its uses the square shall finally and permanently be consigned. "This is a proper place for offices," insists the Flatiron Building, the nose of New York, rearing its slim perpendicular wedge of steel and granite towards the clouds. "To be sure!" echoes the huge white mass of another, more spreading pile. "Here is sunshine, space, and light; a place accessible and central. A huge hive for brain-workers may safely be raised here. I say so now; and when my tall tower—tallest of all towers—is done I shall say so in a higher and more compelling voice." "It will always be a good place for a hotel," says a famous hostelry—"watch me double up!" "I hardly know myself," says the pretty new church on the corner, "but here I am, and here I shall abide." And the marble law-givers that adorn the new law-courts say, "Justice is done here, and there is no trolley-line within a block of us." And the Garden at the corner says, "Behold in me a feature of Manhattan; a luxury, but beautiful and indispensable, and therefore permanent." An old-fashioned building across the street says, "I have been a club since I can't remember when, and always a good one, and I am a good one now, and I guess I shall keep right on." And a big red brick building on the corner of Fifth Avenue, of a complexion that looks bright and handsome through the trees, raises a voice out of the clatter of workmen: "They pulled down an old hotel to make a place for me. It had to go: it was not fire-proof. But I am fire-proof and no back number, and I am just about ready for business." And finally out of the building which long sheltered the world-famous restaurant one hears, "*Complet, monsieur: il n'y a plus de places,*" and reflects that change does not necessarily spell decay, and that Bohemia may prosper abundantly in strongholds that Belgravia has abandoned.

Not that Bohemia has much of a hold on Madison Square. When it came there, as represented by the French restaurant that succeeded the world-famous one, it came in its best clothes and put on modish manners. Bohemia that settles in Madison Square is no longer Bohemia, but something that combines some of Bo-



*Painting by John Edwin Jackson*

THE CITY IS VASTER AND FINER THAN THE ONE YOU LEFT

hemia's traditional qualities with a considerably smartened exterior and a considerably aggravated cost. Towers six hundred feet high are not a-building in Bohemia. Bohemia is incurably devoted to the joy of the present moment, touched, it may be, with the flavor of the past. But Madison Square, though alive to the present, is thinking of the future and reaching out for it.

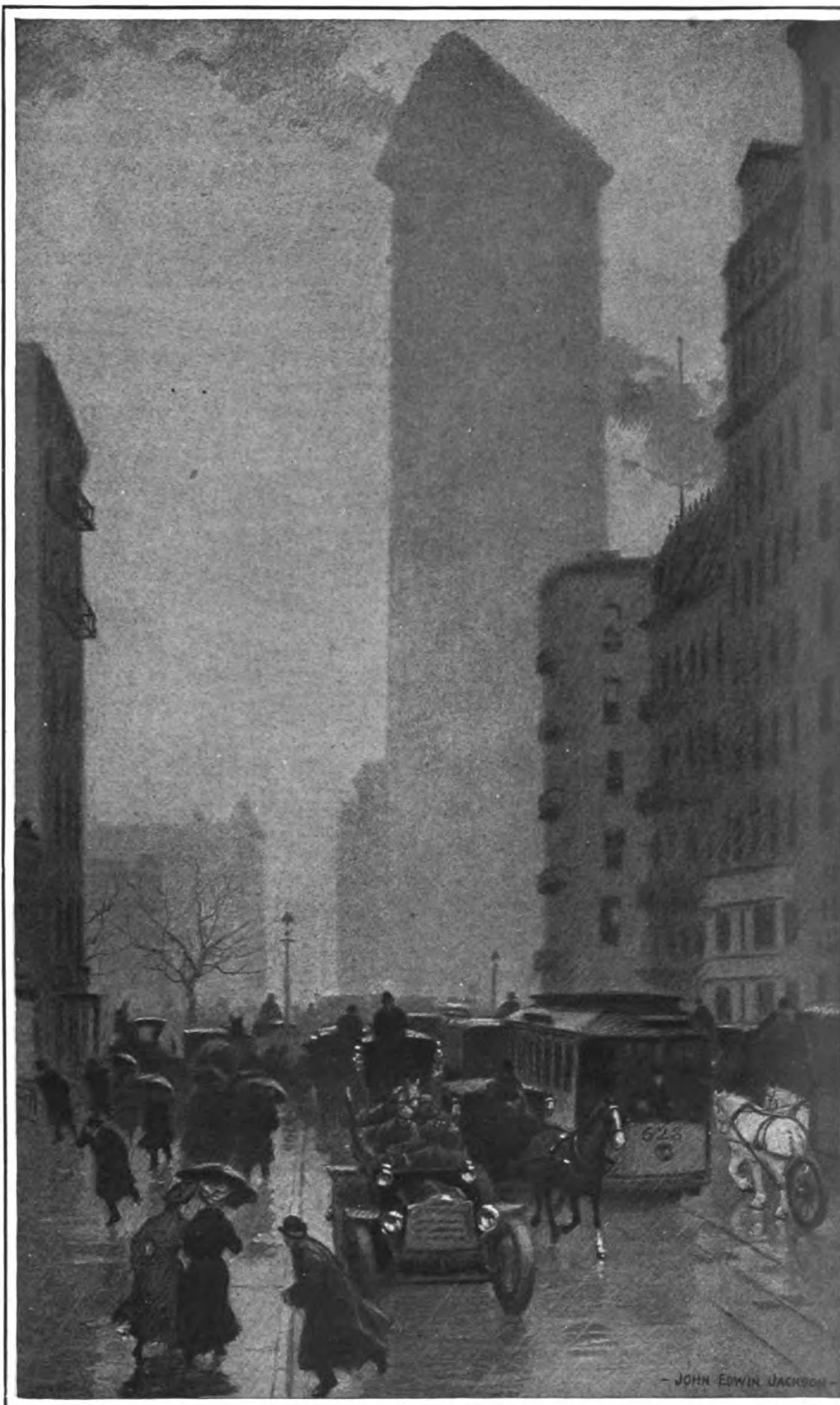
Another thing besides Fashion has passed through and beyond it, and that is the blaze and bustle of the evening in New York. When Fifth Avenue was still decorous and dim of an evening, Madison Square was brilliant, not according to the current standard of nocturnal brilliancy, but quite as much so on its Broadway side as any other stretch of street in town. There were theatres above, below, and all about it, and it had evening crowds and after-the-theatre supper-parties, and there were goings-on in and about Madison Square until long after sleepy people had gone to bed. That was when Long Acre Square was best known for its carriage-factory. But now it is known as the upper end of the Great White Way, the blazingest mile of street in all the world, and the district whither pleasure-seeking New York goes most of all for its evening diversions. Ride down that dazzling mile from the north after its lights are turned on. A few blocks north of Madison Square you pass out of the blaze of the theatre district and its tributary hotels and houses of entertainment and get back to the ordinary illumination of the streets, and the square itself, though amply lighted, seems like sudden twilight after noon-day. Far up into darkness or star-light rises the Flatiron. There are people enough in the streets: street-cars pass up and down and to and fro incessantly; but looking up Broadway at a blaze of light so great that the sky is bright with it, and perhaps at the amazing bustle of the crowds when the theatres let out, you say, "How quiet it has come to be down here of an evening!"

Physically and socially Manhattan Island is a ladder up which an innumerable company, constantly recruited, is forever climbing. The rivers are its physical frame and the cross-streets its physical rungs. The richer people live

and climb in the middle, the poorer ones out towards the sides, but they all climb, and there is as yet no permanent rest for anybody's foot. Never was a city so constant and so rapid in its changes, so ruthless in its tearing down and so confidently lavish in its building up again. A grown-up citizen who lives in the house he was born in is a curiosity. One that lives in the house in which his father was born is a rare marvel. So it has been for a hundred years, and there are those who insist that what has been will continue to be, and that it will not be long before the effort to live in separate houses on Manhattan Island will be abandoned and the whole borough will be given up to business, and such folk as continue to sleep in it will sleep in hotels, apartment-houses, flats, or tenements.

Maybe so. Manhattan as it is is a market and a factory, and a city of perches rather than of homes. Nevertheless, much of the house-building of the last decade looks very durable. There are some blocks that commerce covets in which wealth has entrenched itself with defences that look too formidable to be overcome. The long stretch of Fifth Avenue above Sixtieth Street may be turned sometime into a street of shops, but it is a bold prophet that dare assert that it will be. There are still very considerable residential districts that trade does not threaten much, and there are, and always will be, many, many people in and out of New York who can have such things as money can buy, and who may be expected to covet for themselves the luxury—such as it is—of sleeping in a house of their own on Manhattan Island when they happen to be so disposed.

I guess there will always be a good many families living in Manhattan in separate houses of their own, but it is true that comparatively few new separate dwellings are built nowadays, and that in a great majority of cases, when a dwelling in a good street is torn down, a store, a hotel, an office-building, or an apartment-house of some sort goes up on the site of it. Nobody calls New York a city of homes. It is many things, but that one is not reckoned among them. If one starts out to make a home, he likes to delude himself with the idea that it will



*Painting by John Edwin Jackson*

THE PATH THAT IS MAKING A WORLD METROPOLIS OF NEW YORK

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be permanent, and that maybe some of his grandchildren may live in it. What house-builder, however many times a millionaire, builds such imaginings into his New York house? There are a handful of people whose fortunes warrant them in being confident that they can live as long as they choose in any house they may see fit to buy or to build. They may even be confident that their children after them may live, if they choose, in that house. But nobody can be sure that any given neighborhood in which he builds his house in New York will not in the course of a generation so change its character that his children will prefer—will be constrained to prefer—to live somewhere else. No city in the world has a surer hold on the future; no city can count with more confidence on the continuance of its growth and the permanence of its position as a world metropolis, but no city of like age is quite so unstable and impermanent in its looks and features; none changes so often and so rapidly its costume of brick and mortar, stone and steel, and sends its old clothes to the junk-shop or the rubbish-pile. To come back to New York after even a mere twenty years is to come back to a half-unfamiliar city, in which most of the people you knew have moved from where you left them, the hotel where you were used to stop is gone, and the streets and squares that most contributed to make the picture of New York that you had carried in your mind are almost as new to you in looks and character as though they belonged to another town. To be sure, the city that you find is vastly finer than the one you left; taller, more brilliant, handsomer, more varied in its architecture, and more substantial, besides a great deal more extended by new construction at its northern end than you will ever know unless you rush up there in an automobile and make a pil-

grimage of inspection. The changes, you will admit, are changes for the better, but if you have some strain of old-fogy sentiment in you, you will grumble at them, fine as they are, because they disappoint your memories.

To come back to a place we knew and find it pretty much as we left it is pleasanter and more consoling than to find it ever so splendidly replaced. New York can give little pleasure of that sort to its present generation of visitors, but the prospect for the future generations is not so bad. The most conspicuous features and quarters of the city are being built over now to last a considerable time. Her great railroad stations when they are completed, the new Fifth Avenue when it is done, the public library, some of the new clubs and the new hotels, may surely be counted to stand as they are, and be used as they are now used, until several generations have learned to think of them as landmarks.

And so with Madison Square. What it was is pretty much gone, and sad is the loss of it to any one who remembers it. The good old brownstone houses that are still left on two sides of it will doubtless give place before very long to structures more ambitious, and something in due course of nature will happen to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and its Amen Corner, and all its associations with departed statesmen and illustrious visitors will pass into Limbo. But what is new has come to stay a long while, and what is coming will come to stay too. And though a Miss Flora McFlimsey tripping down her brownstone steps may never in that region wake the fancy of another poet, the trees in the little park will still be coaxed to live, and the fountain will spout and the tulips bloom, and children will play about them, and the square may make up in stability of association for what it may have lost in charm.



# A Memory that Worked Overtime

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

MINVER'S brother took down from the top of the low bookshelf a small painting on panel, which he first studied in the obverse and then turned and contemplated on the back with the same dreamy smile. "I don't see how that got *here*," he said, absently.

"Well," Minver returned, "you don't expect *me* to tell you except on the principle that any one would naturally know more about anything of yours than you would." He took it from his brother and looked at the front of it. "It isn't bad. It's pretty good!" He turned it round. "Why, it's one of old Blakey's! How did *you* come by it?"

"Stole it, probably," Minver's brother said, still thoughtfully. Then with an effect of recollecting, "No, come to think of it," he added, "Blakey gave it to me." The Minvers played these little comedies together, quite as much to satisfy their tenderness for each other as to give their friends pleasure. "Think you're the only painter that gets me to take his truck as a gift? He gave it me, let's see, about ten years ago, when he was trying to make a die of it, and failed. But it's been in my wife's room nearly ever since, and what I can't understand is what she's doing with it down here."

"Probably to make trouble for you, somehow," Minver suggested.

"No, I don't think it's *that*, quite," his brother returned with a false air of scrupulosity, which was part of their game with each other. He looked some more at the picture, and then he glanced from it at me. "There's a very curious story connected with that sketch."

"Oh, well, tell it," Minver said, "tell it! I suppose I can stand it again. Acton's never heard it, I believe. But you needn't make a show of sparing him. I *couldn't* stand that."

"I certainly haven't heard the story," I said, "and if I had I would be too polite to own it."

Minver's brother looked towards the open door over his shoulder, and Minver interpreted for him: "She's not coming. I'll give you due warning."

"It was before we were married, but not much before, and the picture was a sort of wedding present for my wife, though Blakey made a show of giving it to me. Said he had painted it for me, because he had a prophetic soul, and felt in his bones that I was going to want a picture of the place where I first met her. You see, it's the little villa her mother had that winter on the Viale Petrarca just out of Florence. It *was* the first place I met her, but not the last."

"Don't be obvious," Minver ordered.

His brother did not mind him. "I thought it was mighty nice of Blakey. He was barking away, all the time he was talking, and when he wasn't coughing, he was so hoarse he could hardly speak above a whisper; but he kept talking on, and wishing me happy, and fending off my gratitude, while he was finding a piece of manila paper to wrap the sketch in, and then hunting for a piece of string to tie it. When he handed it to me at last, he gasped out, 'I don't mind her knowing that I partly meant it as the place where *she* first met *you*, too. I'm not ashamed of the coloring. Anyway, I sha'n't live to do better.'

"Oh, yes, you will,' I came back in that lying way we think is kind with dying people. I suppose it is; it turned out all right with Blakey, as he'll testify if you look him up in Florence. By the way, he lives in that villa *now*."

"No?" I said. "How charming!"

Minver's brother went on: "I made up my mind to be awfully careful of that picture, and not let it out of my hand till I left it with 'her' mother, to be put among the other wedding presents that were accumulating at their house in Exeter Street. So I held it on my lap going in by train from Lexington, where

Blakey lived, and when I got out at the old Lowell Depot—North Station, now—and got into the little tinkle-tankle horse-car that took me up to where I was to get the Back Bay car— Those were the times before trolleys, and there were odds in horse-cars. We considered the blue-painted Back Bay cars very swell. *You remember them?*” he asked Minver.

“Not when I can help it,” Minver answered. “When I broke with Boston, and went to New York, I burnt my horse-cars behind me, and never wanted to know what they looked like.”

“Well, as I was saying,” Minver’s brother went on without regarding his impatience, “when I got into the horse-car at the depot, I rushed for a corner seat, and I put the picture, with its face next the car-end, between me and the wall, and kept my hand on it; and when I changed to the Back Bay car, I did the same thing. There was a florist’s just there, and I couldn’t resist some May-flowers in the window; I was in that condition, you know, when flowers seemed to be made for her, and I had to take her own to her wherever I found them. I put the bunch between my knees, and kept one hand on it, while I kept my other hand on the picture at my side. I was feeling first-rate, and when General Filbert, and stood hanging by a strap and talking down to me, I had the decency to propose giving him my seat, as he was about ten years older.”

“Sure?” Minver asked.

“Well, say fifteen. I don’t pretend to be a chicken, and never did. But he wouldn’t hear of it. Said I had a bundle, and winked at the bunch of May-flowers. We had such a jolly talk that I let the car carry me a block by and had to get out at Gloucester and run back to Exeter. I rang, and when the maid came, there I stood with nothing but the Mayflowers in my hand.”

“Good *coup de théâtre*,” Minver jeered. “Curtain?”

His brother disdained reply, or was too much absorbed in his tale to think of any. “When the girl opened the door and I discovered my fix I burst out, ‘Good Lord!’ and I stuck the bunch of flowers at her, and turned and ran. I suppose I must have had some notion of overtaking the car with my picture in it. But the

best I could do was to let the next one overtake me several blocks down Marlborough Street, and carry me to the little jumping-off station on Westchester Park, as we used to call it in those days, at the end of the Back Bay line. As I pushed into the office, I bet myself that the picture would not be there, and I won.”

“You were always a lucky dog,” Minver said.

“But the man in charge was very encouraging, and said it was sure to be turned in; and he asked me what time the car had passed the corner of Gloucester Street. I happened to know, and then he said, Oh, yes, that conductor was a substitute and he wouldn’t be on again till morning; then he would be certain to bring the picture with him. I was not to worry, for it would be all right. Nothing left in the Back Bay cars was ever lost; the character of the abutters was guarantee for that, and they were practically the only passengers. The conductors and the drivers were as honest as the passengers, and I could consider myself in the hands of friends.

“He was so reassuring that I went away smiling at my fears, and promising to be round bright and early, as soon, the official suggested, the morrow being Sunday—as soon as the men and horses had had their baked beans.

“Still, after dinner, I had a lurking anxiety, which I turned into a friendly impulse to go and call on Mrs. Filbert, whom I really owed a bread-and-butter visit, and who, I knew, would not mind my coming in the evening. The general, she said, had been telling her of our chat in the car, and would be glad to smoke his after-dinner cigar with me, and why wouldn’t I come into the library?

“We were so very jolly together, all three, that I made light of my misadventure about the picture. The general inquired about the flowers first. He remembered the flowers perfectly, and hoped they were acceptable; he thought he remembered the picture too, now I mentioned it; but he would not have noticed it so much, there by my side with my hand on it. I would be sure to get it. He gave several instances, personal to him and his friends, of recoveries of lost articles; it was really astonishing how careful the horse-car people were, especially on the

Back Bay line. I would find my picture all right at the Westchester Park station in the morning; never fear.

"I feared so little that I slept well, and even overslept; and I went to get my picture quite confidently, and I could hardly believe it had not been turned in yet, though the station-master told me so. The substitute conductor had not seen it, but more than likely it was at the stables, where the cleaners would have found it in the car, and turned it in. He was as robustly cheerful about it as ever, and offered to send an inquiry by the next car; but I said, Why shouldn't I go myself? and he said that was a good idea. So I went, and it was well I did, for my picture was not there, and I had saved time by going. It was not there, but the head man said I need not worry a mite about it; I was certain to get it sooner or later; it would be turned in, to a dead certainty. We became rather confidential, and I went so far as to explain about wanting to make my inquiries very quietly on Blakey's account: he would be annoyed if he heard of its loss, and it might react unfavorably on his health.

"The head man said that was so; and he would tell me what I wanted to do: I wanted to go to the Company's General Offices in Milk Street, and tell them about it. That was where everything went as a last resort, and he would bet any money that I would see my picture there the first thing I got inside the door. I thanked him with the fervor I thought he merited, and said I would go at once.

"'Well,' he said, 'you don't want to go to-day, you know. The offices are not open Sunday. And to-morrow's Fast Day. But you'll find your picture there, don't you have any doubts about it.'

"That was my next to last Sunday supper with my wife, before she became my wife, at her mother's house, and I went to the feast with as little gayety as I suppose any young man ever carried to a supper of the kind. I was told, afterwards, that my behavior up to a certain point was so suggestive either of secret crime, or of secret regret, that the only question was whether they should have in the police or I should be given back my engagement ring, and advised to go. But I ceased to bear my anguish in time.

"The fact is, I could not stand it any longer, and as soon as I was alone with her I made a clean breast of it; partially clean, that is: I suppose a fellow never tells *all* to a girl, if he truly loves her." Minver's brother glanced round at us and gathered the harvest of our approving smiles. "I said to her, 'I've been having a wedding present.' 'Well,' she said, 'you've come as near having no use for a wedding present as anybody I know. Was having a wedding present what made you so gloomy at supper? Who gave it to you, anyway?' 'Old Blakey.' 'A painting?' 'Yes—a sketch.' 'What of?' 'Oh, just one of those Sorrento things of his.' You see, if I told her that it was the villa where we first met, and then said I had left it in the horse-car, she would take it as proof positive that I did not really care anything about her.

"Well, I told her the whole story circumstantially: how I had kept the sketch religiously in my lap in the train, and then held it down with my hand all the while beside me in the first horse-car, and did the same thing in the Back Bay car I changed to; and felt of it the whole time I was talking with General Filbert, and then left it there when I got out to leave the flowers at her door, when the awful fact came over me like a flash. 'Yes,' she said, 'Norah said you poked the flowers at her without a word, and she had to guess they were for me.'

"I had got my story pretty glib by this time; I had reeled it off with increasing particulars to the Westchester Park station-master, and the head man at the stables, and General Filbert, and I was so letter-perfect, that I had a vision of the whole thing, especially of my talking with the general while I kept my hand on the picture—and then all was dark.

"At the end she said we must advertise for the picture. I said it would kill Blakey if he saw it; and she said, No matter: *let* it kill him; it would show him that we valued his gift, and were moving heaven and earth to find it; and at any rate it would kill *me*, if I kept myself in suspense. I said I should not care for that; with her sympathy I guessed I could live through the night, and I was sure I should find the thing at the Milk Street office in the morning.

"'But,' said she, 'to-morrow is Fast Day!' and then I didn't know what to say, and I agreed to drawing up an advertisement then and there, so as not to lose an instant's time after I had been at the Milk Street office on Tuesday, and found the picture had not been turned in. She said I could dictate the advertisement and she would write it down, and she asked, 'Which one of his Sorrento things was it? You must describe it exactly, you know.' That made me feel awfully, and I said I was not going to have my next-to-last Sunday evening with her spoiled by writing advertisements; and I got away somehow with all sorts of comforting reassurances from her. I could see that she was feigning them to encourage me.

"The next morning, I simply could not keep away from the Milk Street office, and my unreasonable impatience was rewarded by finding it at least ajar if not open. There was the nicest kind of a young fellow there, and he said he was not officially present; but what could he do for me? Then I told him the whole story, with details I had not thought of before; and he was morally certain my picture would be turned in, the first thing in the morning; but he would take a description of it, and send out inquiries to all the conductors and drivers and car-cleaners, and make a special thing of it. I felt that I had such a friend in him that I confided a little more and hinted at the double interest I had in the picture. I didn't pretend that it was one of Blakey's Sorrento things, but I gave him a full and true description of it, with its length, breadth and thickness, in exact measure."

Here Minver lost himself in contemplation of the sketch, held at arm's length.

"Well, did you get your picture?" I prompted, after a moment.

"Oh, yes," he said, with a quick turn toward me. "This is it. A District Messenger brought it round the first thing Tuesday morning. He brought it," Minver's brother added, with a certain effectiveness, "from the florist's, where I had stopped to get those Mayflowers. I had left it there."

"You've told it very well, this time, Joe," Minver said. "But Acton here is waiting for the psychology. Poor old

Wanhope ought to be here," he added to me. He looked about for a match to light his pipe, and his brother jerked his head in the direction of the chimney.

"Box on the mantel. Yes," he sighed, "that was really something very curious. You see, I had invented the whole history of the case from the time I got into the Back Bay car with my flowers. Absolutely nothing had happened of all I had remembered till I got out of the car. I did not put the picture beside me at the end of the car; I did not keep my hand on it while I talked with General Filbert; I did not leave it behind me when I left the car. Nothing of the kind happened. I had already left it at the florist's, and that whole passage of experience which was so vividly and circumstantially stamped in my memory that I related it four or five times over, and would have made oath to every detail of it, was pure invention, or rather it was something less positive: the reflex of the first half of my horse-car experience, when I really did put the picture in the corner next me, and did keep my hand on it."

"Very strange," I began, but just then Mrs. Minver came in, and I was presented.

She gave me a distracted hand, as she said to her husband, "Have you been telling the story about that picture again?" He was still holding it. "Silly!"

She was a mighty pretty woman, but full of vim and fun and sense.

"It's the most curious freak of memory I ever heard of," I said.

Then she showed that she was proud of it, though she had called it silly. "Have you told," she demanded of him, "how oddly your memory behaved about the subject of the picture, too?"

"I have again eaten that particular piece of humble-pie."

"Well," she said to me, "I think he was simply so possessed with the awfulness of having lost the picture that all the rest took place unconsciously."

"By a species of retro-presentiment?"

"Yes," she assented, slowly, as if the formulation were new to her, but not unacceptable. "Something of that kind."

Minver had got his pipe alight, and was enjoying it. "I think Joe was simply off his nut, for the time being."



# The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE DARK INDENTURE

NAHOUM had forgotten one very important thing: that what affected David as a Christian in Egypt would tell equally against himself. If in his ill health and dejection Kaïd drank deep of the cup of Mahomet, the red eyes of fanaticism would be turned upon the Armenian as on the European Christian. He had forgotten it for the moment, but when, coming into Kaïd's Palace, a little knot of loiterers spat upon the ground and said, "Infidel—Nazarene!" with contempt and hatred, the significance of the position came home to him. He made his way to a far quarter of the Palace, thoughtfully weighing the circumstances, and was met by Mizraim.

Mizraim salaamed low. "The height of thy renown be as the cedar of Lebanon, Saadat."

"May thy feet tread the corn of everlasting fortune, son of Mahomet!"

They entered the room together. Nahoum looked at Mizraim curiously. He was not satisfied with what he saw. Mizraim's impassive face had little expression, but the eyes were furtively eager and sinister.

"Well, so it is, and if it is, what then?" asked Nahoum coolly.

"*Ki di*, so it is," answered Mizraim, and a ghastly smile came to his lips. This infidel pasha, Nahoum, had a mind that pierced to the meaning of words ere they were spoken. Mizraim's hand touched his forehead, his breast, his lips in salaam, and clasping and unclasping his long, snakelike fingers, he began the story he had come to tell.

"The Inglesi, whom Allah confound, after these many years, the Effendina hath blackened by a look, his words have smitten him in the vital parts—"

"Mizraim, thou dove, speak to the purpose, *bismillah*!"

Mizraim showed a dark pleasure at the interruption. Nahoum was impatient, troubled, anxious—that made the tale better worth telling.

"Sharif and the discontented ones who dare not act—like the vultures, they flee the living man, but swoop down upon the corpse. The consuls of those countries who love not England or Claridge Pasha, and the holy men, and the Cadi—all scatter smouldering fires. There is a spirit in the Palace and beyond which is blowing fast to a great flame."

"Then, so it is, great one, and what bodes it?"

"It may kill the Inglesi; but it will also sweep thee from the fields of life where thou dost flourish."

"It is not against the foreigner, but against the Christian, Mizraim?"

"Thy tongue has wisdom, excellency."

"Thou art a Moslem—"

"Why do I warn thee? To save thee till that hour when Allah will bring thee to swear by our Lord Mahomet; and because I have ever served thee, for service done to me; and there is none other worth serving in Egypt. Behold it is my destiny to rule others, to serve thee."

"Once more thy turban full of gold, Mizraim, if thou dost service now that hath meaning and is not a belching of wind and words. Thou hast a thing to say—say it, and see if Nahoum hath lost his wit, or hath a palsied arm."

"Then behold, Pasha. Are not my spies in all the Palace? Is not my scourge heavier than the whip of the horned horse? *Ki di*, so it is. This I have found. Sharif hath, with others, made a plot which hath enough powder in it to shake Egypt, and toss thee from thy high place into the depths. . . . There is a Christian—an Armenian, as it chances;

but he was chosen because he was a Christian, and for that only. His name is Haleel. He is a tent-maker. He had three sons. They did kill an effendi who had cheated them of their land. Two of them were hanged last week; the other, caught but a few days since, is to hang within three days. To-day Kaïd goes to the Mosque of Mahmond, as is the custom at this festival. The old man hath been persuaded to attempt the life of Kaïd, upon condition that his son—his Benjamin—is set free. It will be but an attempt at Kaïd's life, no more; but the cry will go forth that a Christian did the thing; and the Moslem flame will leap high."

"And the tent-maker?" asked Nahoum musingly, though he was turning over the tale in his mind, seeing behind it and its far consequences.

"*Malaish!* What does it matter! But he is to escape, and they are to hang another Christian in his stead for the attempt on Kaïd. It hath no skill, but it would suffice. With the dervishes gone *malboos*, and the faithful drunk with piety—canst thou not see the issue, Pasha? Blood will be shed."

"The Jews of Europe would be angry," said Nahoum grimly but evenly. "The loans have been many, and Kaïd has given a lien by the canal at Suez. The Jews will be angry," he added, "and for every drop of Christian blood shed there would be a lanced vein here. But that would not bring back Nahoum Pasha," he continued cynically. "Well, this is thy story, Mizraim; this is what they would do. Now what hast thou done to stop their doing?"

"Am I not a Moslem? Shall I give Sharif to the Nile?"

Nahoum smiled darkly. "There is a simpler way. Thy mind ever runs on the bowstring and the sword. These are great, but there is a greater. It is the mocking finger. At midnight, when Kaïd goes to the Mosque Mahmond, a finger will mock the plotters till they are covered with confusion. Thou knowest the Governor of the prisons—has he not need of something? Hath he never sought favors of thee?"

"*Bismillah*, but a week ago."

"Then, listen, thou shepherd of the sheep—"

He paused, as there came a tap at the door, and a slave entered hurriedly and addressed Nahoum.

"The effendi, Ebn Ezra Bey, whom thou didst set me to watch this morning, he hath entered the Palace, and asks for the Effendina."

Nahoum started, and his face clouded, but his eyes flashed fire. He tossed the slave a coin. "Thou hast done well. Where is he now?"

"He waits in the hall, where is the statue of Mehemet Ali and the lions."

"In an hour, Mizraim, thou shalt hear what I intend. Peace be to thee."

"And on thee, peace," answered Mizraim, as Nahoum passed from the room, and walked hastily towards the hall where he should find Ebn Ezra Bey. Nearing the spot, he brought his step to a deliberate slowness and appeared not to notice the stately Arab till almost upon him. As though suddenly aware of Ebn Ezra's presence, he stopped.

"Salaam, effendi," he said smoothly, yet with inquisition in his eye, with malice in his tone.

"And to thee, salaam, excellency."

"Thou art come on the business of thy master?"

"Who is my master, excellency?"

"Till yesterday it was Claridge Pasha. Hast thou then forsaken him in his trouble—the rat from the sinking ship?"

A flush passed over Ebn Ezra Bey's face, and his mouth opened with a gasp of anger. Oriental though he was, he was not as astute as this Armenian Christian, who was purposely insulting him, that he might in a moment of heat snatch from him the business he meant to lay before Kaïd. He had not miscalculated.

"I have but one master, excellency," Ebn Ezra answered quietly at last, "and I have served him straightly—hast thou done likewise?"

"What is straight to thee might well be crooked to me, effendi."

"Thou art crooked as the finger of a paralytic."

"Yet I have worked in peace and understanding with Claridge Pasha for these years past. His measure hath reputation—or had until yesterday, when thou didst leave him to his fate."

"His ship will sail when thine is

crumbling on the sands, and all thou art is like a forsaken cockatrice's nest."

"Is it this thou hast come to say to the Effendina?"

"What I have come to ask the Effendina is for the world to know when it hath reached his ears. Shall a shame to Egypt be put upon her by one who has mocked her all these years? I know thee, Nahoum Pasha. Thou art a traitor. Claridge Pasha would abolish slavery, and thou dost receive great sums of gold from the slave-dealers to prevent it being done."

"Is it this thou wilt tell Kaïd?" Nahoum asked with a sneer. "And hast thou proofs?"

"Even this day they have come to my hands from the south."

"And yet I think the proofs thou hast will not avail; and I think that thou wilt not show them to Kaïd. The gift of second thinking is a great gift. Thou must find greater reason for seeking the Effendina."

"That too shall be. Gold thou hadst to pay the wages of the soldiers of the south. Thou didst keep the gold and order the slave-hunt; and the soldiers of the Effendina have been paid in human flesh and blood—ten thousand slaves since Claridge Pasha left the Sudan, and three thousand dead upon the desert sands, abandoned by those who hunted them when water grew scarce and food failed. To-day shall see thy fall."

At his first words Nahoum had felt a shock, from which his spirit reeled; but an inspiration came to him on the moment; and he listened with a saturnine coolness to the passionate words of the indignant figure towering above him. When Ebn Ezra had finished, Nahoum replied quietly:

"It is even as thou sayest, effendi. The soldiers were paid in slaves got in the slave-hunt; and I have gold from the slave-dealers. I needed it, for the hour is come when I must do more for Egypt than I have ever done."

With a gesture of contempt Ebn Ezra made to leave, seeing an official of the Palace in the distance.

Nahoum stopped him. "But, one moment ere thou dost thrust thy hand in the cockatrice's den. Thou dost measure thyself against Nahoum? In patience and

with care have I trained myself for the battle. The bulls of Bashan may roar, yet my feet are shod with safety. Thou wouldst go to Kaïd and tell him thy affrighted tale. I tell thee, thou wilt not go. Thou hast reason yet, though thy blood is hot. Thou art to Claridge Pasha like a brother—as to his uncle before him, who furnished my father's palace with carpets! The carpets still soften the fall of my feet in my father's palace, as they did soften the fall of my brother's feet, the feet of Foorgat Bey."

He paused, looking at Ebn Ezra with quiet triumph, though his eyes had ever that smiling innocence which had won David in days gone by. He was turning his words over on the tongue with a relish born of long waiting.

"Come," he said presently, "come, and I will give thee reason why thou wilt not speak with Kaïd to-day. This way, effendi."

He led the other into a little room, hung about with rugs and tapestry, and going to the wall, he touched a spring. "One moment here, effendi," he added quietly. The room was as it had been since David last stood within it.

"In this room, effendi," Nahoum said with cold deliberation, "Claridge Pasha killed my brother, Foorgat Bey."

Ebn Ezra fell back as though he had been struck. Swiftly Nahoum told him the whole truth—even to the picture of the brougham, and the rigid, upright figure passing through the night to Foorgat's palace, the gaunt Mizraim piloting the equipage of death.

"I have held my peace for my own reasons, effendi. Wilt thou then force me to speak? If thou dost still cherish Claridge Pasha, wilt thou see him ruined? Naught but ruin could follow the telling of the tale at this moment—his work, his life, all done. The scandal, the law, vengeance. But as it is now, Kaïd may turn to him again; his work may yet go on—he has had the luck of angels, and Kaïd is fickle! Who can tell?"

Abashed and overwhelmed, Ebn Ezra Bey looked at him keenly. "To tell of Foorgat Bey would ruin thee also," he said. "That thou knowest. The trick—would Kaïd forgive it? Claridge Pasha would not be ruined alone."

"Be it so. If thou goest to Kaïd

with thy story, I go to Egypt with mine. Choose."

Ebn Ezra turned to go. "The high God judge between him and thee," he said, and with bowed head left the Palace.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### NAHOUM DROPS THE MASK

"CLARIDGE Pasha!"

At the sound of the words uttered by the kavass in a loud voice, hundreds of heads were turned towards the entrance of the vast salon, resplendent with gilded mirrors, great candelabra and chandeliers, golden hangings, and divans glowing with robes of yellow silk.

It was the anniversary of Kaïd's accession, and all entitled to come poured into the splendid chamber. The showy livery of the officials, the red tarboosh above, the loose, spacious, gorgeous uniform of the officers, with the curved jewelled scimitars and white turbans, the rich silk robes of the Ulema, robe over robe of colored silk with flowing sleeves and sumptuous silken vests, the ample dignity of noble-looking Arabs in immense white turbans, the dark straight Stambouli coat of the official and private persons—the Levantine and the Turk and Egyptian official of no rank,—made a picture of striking variety and color and interest.

About the centre of the room, laying palm to palm again and yet again, touching lips and forehead and breast, speaking with slow leisurely voices, were two Arab sheiks from the far Soudan. One of these showed a singular interest in the movements of Nahoum Pasha as he entered the chamber, and an even greater interest in David when he was announced; but as David, in his journey up the chamber, must pass near him, he drew behind a little group of officials who whispered to each other excitedly as David came on. More than once before this same Sheik Abdullah had seen David, and once they had met, and had made a treaty of amity, and Abdullah had agreed to deal in slaves no more; and yet within three months had sent to Cairo two hundred of the best that could be found between Khartoum and Senaar. His business now had been with Na-

houm. The business of the other Arab, a noble-looking and wiry Bedouin, had been with Ebn Ezra Bey in the south—and each hid his business from his friend. The Arab Abdullah murmured to himself as David passed—a murmur of admiration and astonishment. He had heard of the disfavor in which the Inglesi Pasha was; but as he looked at David's face with its quiet smile, the influence which he felt in the desert long ago came over him again.

"By Allah," he said aloud abstractedly, "it is a face that will not hide when the khamsin blows. Who shall gainsay it? If he were not an Infidel he would be a Mahdi."

To this his Bedouin friend replied: "He comes to work his will to-night. Is Kaïd stronger than Fate? He is alone here, an infidel and an Englishman, but there is the sureness of an army marching in his step. As the depths of the pool at Ghebel Farik, so are his eyes. You shall dip deep and you shall not find the bottom. *Bismillah*, I would fight Kaïd's Nubians, but not this infidel Pasha!"

What passed through the minds of the desert Arabs was passing with less definite clearness through the minds of other interested people in the great salon. The consuls of several nations, who had seen in David's fall from favor the chance for pressing every influence against him and therefore against England, watched his passage up the chamber with uncertain feelings. This was not the bearing of a hopeless defeated man. Never had David appeared to such advantage. The victory over himself the night before, the message of hope that had reached him at the monastery in the desert, the coming of Achmet and Lacey, had given him a certain quiet masterfulness not reassuring to his foes. He had accepted Lacey's help upon certain conditions, believing that the whole future of Egypt depended on the bridging of this chasm—this tragic interruption of his work.

As he entered the chamber but now, there flashed into his mind the scene six years ago when, an absolute stranger, he had stepped into this Eastern "divan," and had heard his name called out to the great throng. "*Claridge effendi!*"

He addressed no one, but he bowed to the group of foreign consuls-general.

looking them steadily in the eyes. He knew their devices and what had been going on of late, he was aware that his fall would mean a blow to British prestige, and the calmness of his gaze expressed a fortitude which had a disconcerting effect upon the group. The British Consul-General stood near by. David advanced to him, and, as he did so, the few who surrounded the Consul-General fell back. David held out his hand. Somewhat abashed and ill at ease, the Consul-General took it.

"Have you good news from Downing Street?" asked David quietly.

The Consul-General hesitated for an instant, and then said: "There is no help to be had for you or for what you are doing in that quarter." He lowered his voice. "I fear Lord Eglington does not favor you: and it is said that he controls the Foreign Minister. I am very sorry. I have done my best, and my colleagues, the other consuls, are busy—with Lord Eglington."

David turned his head away for an instant. Strange how that name sent a thrill through him, stirred his blood—the most intimate and vital name in all the world to him. He did not answer the Consul-General, and the latter continued:

"Is there any hope—is the breach with Kaïd complete?"

David smiled gravely. "We shall see presently. I have made no change in my plans on the basis of a breach."

At that moment he caught sight of Nahoum some distance away, and moved towards him. Out of the corner of his eye Nahoum saw him coming, and edged away towards that point where Kaïd would enter, and where the crowd was greater. As he did so, Kaïd entered slowly. A thrill went through the chamber. Contrary to his custom, he was dressed in the old native military dress of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha. At his side was a jewelled scimitar, and in his turban flashed a great diamond. In his hand he carried a snuff-box, covered with brilliants, and on his breast were glittering orders. His great frame gave him a more pronounced majesty because of the unusual paleness of the face.

The eyes of the consuls-general flashed with sinister pleasure when they saw Kaïd. This outward display of Ori-

entalism could only be a reflex of the mind. It was the outer symbol of Kaïd's return to the spirit of the old days, before the influence of the Inglesi came upon him. Every corrupt, reactionary and intriguing mind had a palpitation of excitement. These Egyptians of the Palace loved darkness rather than light; they pined for the old days with its uncertainty as to who would be the successful robber and which would have the bowstring next.

In Nahoum the sight of Kaïd produced mixed feelings. If, indeed, this display meant reaction towards an *entourage* purely Arab, Egyptian, and Moslem, then it was no good omen for his Christian self. He drew near, and placed himself where Kaïd could see him. Kaïd's manner was cheerful, but his face showed the effect of suffering, physical and mental. Presently there entered behind him Sharif Bey, whose appearance was the signal for a fresh demonstration of subdued remark. Now, indeed, there could be no doubt. Yet if Sharif had seen Mizraim's face evilly gloating near by, he would have been less confident.

David was standing where Kaïd must see him, but the Effendina gave no sign of recognition. This was so significant that the enemies of David rejoiced anew. The day of the Inglesi was over. Again and again did Kaïd's eye wander over David's head.

David remained calm and watchful, neither avoiding nor seeking the circle in which Kaïd moved. The spirit with which he had entered the room, however, remained with him, even when he saw Kaïd summon to him some of the most fanatical members of the court circle, and engage them in talk for a moment. But as this attention grew more marked, a cloud slowly gathered in the far skies of his mind—gathered, but did not overshadow.

There was one person in the great assembly, however, who seemed to be unduly confident. It was an ample perspiring person in evening dress who now and again mopped a prematurely bald head, and who said to himself, as Kaïd talked to the reactionaries: "Say, Kaïd's overdoing it a little. He's not an artist. He's putting potted chicken on the butter."



But it's working all right—r-i-g-h-t. It's worth the backsheesh!"

At this moment two things happened. Kaïd dismissed all by whom he was surrounded, and there drew near to David one who had stood afar off, and waited with a troubled mind—Ebn Ezra Bey. It had seemed to Ebn Ezra that if ever mortal man needed a friend now, it was David; and he came close behind him, and touched his arm. David knew the touch, and heard the gentle whisper, but he did not answer; there was only a quick hand-clasp; for, at the moment, Kaïd fastened David with his look, and spoke in a tone so loud that people standing at a distance away were startled.

"Claridge Pasha!"

In the hush that followed, David stepped forward. "May the bounty of the years be thine, excellency," Kaïd said, in a tone none could misunderstand.

"May no tree in thy orchard wither, Effendina," answered David in a firm voice.

Kaïd beckoned him near, and again he spoke loudly.

"I have proved thee, and found thee as gold tried seven times by the fire, Saadat. In the treasury of my heart shall I store thee up. Thou art going to the Soudan to finish the work Mehemet Ali began. I commend thee to Allah, and will bid thee farewell at sunrise—I and all who have love for Egypt."

There was a sinister smile on his lips, as his eyes wandered over the faces of the foreign consuls-general. The look he turned on the intriguers of the Palace was repellent; and he reserved for Sharif a moody, threatening glance. The desperate *hakim* shrank back confounded from it. He had reason to fear the reaction in Kaïd's mind, and his first impulse was to flee from the Palace and from Cairo; but he bethought himself of the assault to be made on Kaïd by the tent-maker as he passed to the mosque a few hours later, and he determined to await the issue of that event. Exchanging glances with confederates, he disappeared, as Kaïd laid a hand on David's arm and drew him aside.

After viewing the great throng cynically for a moment, Kaïd said, "Tomorrow thou goest. A month hence the *hakim's* knife will find the thing

that eats away my life. It may be they will destroy it and save me; if not we shall meet no more."

David looked into his eyes. "Not in a month shall thy work be completed, Effendina. This I feel for thee, and I speak as I feel. Thou wilt live—God and thy strong will shall make it so."

A light stole over the superstitious face. "No device or hatred, or plot, has prevailed against thee," Kaïd said eagerly. "Thou hast defeated all—even when I turned against thee in the black blood of despair. Thou hast conquered me—even as thou didst Harrik."

"Thou dost live," said David dryly. "Thou dost live for Egypt's sake, even as Harrik died for Egypt's sake, and as others shall die."

"Death hath tracked thee down how often! Yet with a wave of the hand thou hast blinded him, and his blow falls on the air. Thou art beset by a thousand dangers, yet thou comest safe through all. *Kismet*. Thou saidst but now that thou dost speak as thou dost feel. Thou art an honest man. For that I besought thee to stay with me. Never didst thou lie to me. Good luck hath followed thee. *Kismet!*—Stay with me, and it may be I shall be safe also. This thought came to me in the night, after I did quarrel with thee, and in the morning was my reward, for Lacey effendi came to me, and said, even as I say now, that thou wilt bring me good luck—and even in that hour, by the mercy of God, a loan much needed was negotiated. Allah be praised!"

A glint of humor shot into David's eyes. Lacey—a loan—he read it all! Lacey had eased the Prince Pasha's immediate and pressing financial needs—and, "*Allah be praised!*" Poor human nature—backsheesh to a Prince regnant! But as Mohammed Hassan would say—as Kaïd himself would say, *malaish!*

"Effendina," he said presently, "thou didst speak of Harrik. One there was who saved thee then—"

"Zaida!" A change passed over Kaïd's face. "Speak! Thou hast news of her—she is gone?"

Briefly David told him how Zaida was found upon her sister's grave. Kaïd's face was turned away as he listened.

"She spoke no word of me?" Kaïd said at last.

"To whom should she speak?" David asked gently. "But the armlet thou gavest her, set with one red jewel, it was clasped in her hand in death."

Suddenly Kaïd's anger blazed out. "Now shall Achmet die," he burst out. "His hands and feet shall be burned off and he shall be thrown to the vultures."

"The Place of the Lepers is sacred even from thee, Effendina," answered David gravely. "Yet Achmet shall die—even as Harrik died. He shall die for Egypt and for thee, Effendina."

Swiftly he drew the picture of Achmet at the monastery in the desert. "I have done the unlawful thing, Effendina; but thou wilt make it lawful. He hath died a thousand deaths—all save one."

"Be it so," answered Kaïd gloomily, after a moment; then his face lighted with cynical pleasure as he scanned once more the faces of the crowd before him. At last his eyes fastened on Nahoum. He turned to David.

"Thou dost still desire Nahoum in his office?" he asked keenly.

A troubled look came into David's eyes, then it cleared away, and he said firmly: "For six years we have worked together, Effendina. He has been spent in thy service. I besought thee for him. I am his surety for his loyalty to thee."

"And his loyalty to thee?"

A pained look crossed over David's face again, but he said with a will that fought all suspicion down, "The years bear witness."

Kaïd shrugged his shoulders slightly. "The years have perjured themselves ere this. Yet, as thou sayest, Nahoum is a Christian," he added with irony scarcely veiled.

Now he moved forward with David towards the waiting court. David searched the groups of faces for Nahoum, but he was nowhere to be seen. There were things to be said to Nahoum before he left on the morrow, last suggestions to be given. In vain his eyes searched the crowd. Nahoum could not be seen.

Nahoum was gone, as were also Sharif and his confederates; and in the lofty Mosque of Mahmond soft lights were hovering, and the Sheikh-el-Islam waited with Koran and scimitar for the ruler of Egypt to pray to God and salute the Lord Mahomet.

At the great gateway in the Street of the Tent-makers Kaïd paused on his way to the Mosque Mahmond. The Gate was studded with thousands of nails, which fastened to its massive timbers relics of the faithful, bits of silk and cloth, and hair and leather; and here from time immemorial a holy-man had sat and prayed and listened to the voices of the faithful, and recited the Koran, and spoke to the passers-by with the voice of wisdom. At the gateway Kaïd salaamed humbly, and spoke to the holy-man, who, as he passed, raised his voice shrilly in an appeal to Allah, commending Kaïd to compassion and mercy. On every side eyes burned with religious zeal and excited faces were turned towards the Effendina. At a certain point there were little groups of men with faces more set than excited. They had a look of suppressed expectancy. Kaïd neared them, passed them, and, as he did so, they looked at each other in consternation. They were Sharif's confederates, fanatics carefully chosen. The attempt on Kaïd's life should have been made opposite the spot where they stood. They craned their necks in effort to find the Christian tent-maker, but in vain.

Suddenly they heard a cry, a loud voice calling. It was the tent-maker. He was beside Kaïd's stirrups, but no weapon was in his hand; and his voice was calling blessings down on the Effendina's head for having pardoned and saved from death his one remaining son, the joy of his old age. In all the world there was no prince like Kaïd, said the tent-maker; none so bountiful and merciful and beautiful in the eyes of men. God grant him everlasting days, the beloved friend of his people, just to all and greatly to be praised.

As the soldiers drove the old man away with kindly insistence—for Kaïd had thrown him a handful of gold—Mizraim the Chief Eunuch laughed wickedly. As Nahoum had said, the greatest of all weapons was the mocking finger. He and Mizraim had had their way with the governor of the prisons, and the murderer had gone in safety while the father stayed to bless Kaïd. The tent-maker had fooled the plotters; they were had in derision; and the tent-maker was gone in safety! They did not know that Kaïd was as innocent as themselves of having pardoned

the tent-maker's son. Their moment had passed; they could not overtake it; the match had spluttered and gone out at the fuel laid for the fire of fanaticism.

The morning of David's departure came. While yet it was dark he had risen, and had made his last preparations. When he came into the open air and mounted, it was not yet sunrise, and in that strange spectral early morning light, which is all Egypt's own, Cairo looked like some dream-city in a forgotten world. The Mokattam Hills were like vast dun barriers guarding and shutting in the ghostly place, and, high above all, the minarets of the huge mosque upon the lofty rocks were like almost impalpable fingers pointing an endless flight. The very trees seemed so little real and substantial that they gave the eye the impression they might rise and float away. The Nile was hung with mist, waiting for the dissipating sun, a trailing cloud unwound from the breast of the Nile-mother. At last the sun touched the minarets of the splendid mosque with shafts of light, and over at Ghizeh and Sakhara the great pyramids, lifting their heads from the wall of rolling blue mist below, took the morning's crimson radiance with the dignity of four thousand years.

David waited for Kaïd and his suite by the banks of the great river. Lacey and Mahommed Hassan stood on the decks of the little steamer which was to carry them to Assouan. These two were more concerned for breakfast than for Kaïd's farewell.

Presently Kaïd came, accompanied by his faithful Nubians, their armor glowing in the first warm light of the rising sun; the crowds of people, who had suddenly emerged with the glow breaking over the hills and, to the clatter of the armor of the Nubians, ran shrilling to the waterside.

Kaïd's face had all last night's friendliness as he bade David farewell with great honor and commended him to the care of Allah; and the swords of the Nubians clashed against their breasts and on their shields in salaam.

But there was another farewell to make; and it was made as David's foot touched the deck of the steamer. Once again David looked at Nahoum as he

had done six years ago in the little room where they had made their bond together. There was the same straight look in Nahoum's eyes. Was he not to be trusted? Was it not his duty to trust? He clasped Nahoum's hand in farewell, and turned away. But as he gave the signal to start, and the vessel began to move, Nahoum came back. He leaned over the widening space and said in a low tone, as David again drew near:

"There is still an account which should be settled, Saadat. It has waited long; but God is with the patient. *There is the account of Foorgat Bey!*"

The light fled from David's eyes and his heart stopped beating for a moment. When he saw the shore again Nahoum was gone with Kaïd.

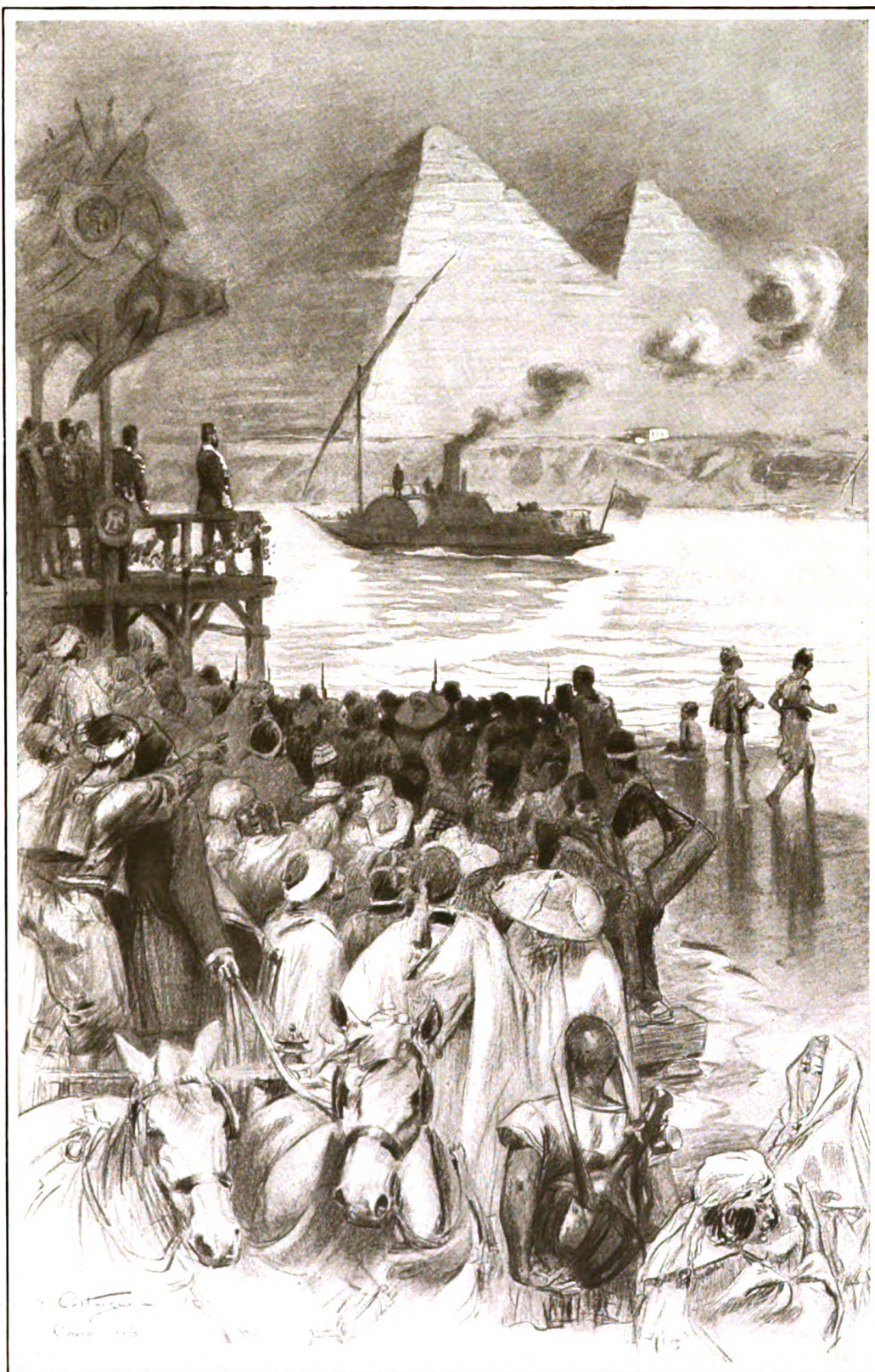
## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE FLIGHT OF THE WOUNDED

"And Mario can soothe with a tenor note  
The souls in purgatory."

"*NON ti scordar di mi!*" The voice rang out with passionate stealthy sweetness, finding its way into recesses of human feeling, over whose shadowed openings were woven the cobwebs of sordid activities, beclouded dreams and the forgotten aspirations of youth and high ambition. Faces of men who had meant to do things worth doing and kept the shields of their armor bright in the brave conflict, and had done neither, softened and grew boyish at the thrilling flow of poignant sound. Women of perfect poise and with the confident look of luxury and social fame, dropped their eyes abstractedly on the opera-glasses lying in their laps, or the programmes they mechanically fingered, and recalled, they knew not why—for what had it to do with this musical narration of a tragic Italian tale!—the days when, in the first flush of their wedded life, they had set a seal of devotion, and faith, and loyalty and love upon their arms, which, long ago, had gone to the limbo of lost jewels, with the chaste, fresh desires of worshipping hearts. Young egotists, supremely happy and defiant in the pride of the fact that they loved each other, and that it mattered little what the rest of the world en-





*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

*Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith*

THE MORNING OF DAVID'S DEPARTURE CAME





joyed, suffered, and endured—these were suddenly arrested in their buoyant and solitary flight and stirred restlessly in their seats. Old men whose days of work were over; who no longer marshalled their legions, or moved at a nod great ships upon the waters in masterful manœuvres; whose voices were heard no more in chambers of legislation, lashing partisan feeling to a height of cruelty or lulling a storm among rebellious followers; whose intellects no longer devised vast schemes of finance, or applied secrets of science to transform industry—these heard the aching, enthralling cry of a soul with the darkness of eternal loss gathering upon it, and drew back within themselves; for they too had cried like this one time or another in their lives. Stricken, they had cried out, and ambition had fled away, leaving behind only the habit of living and of work and duty.

As Hylda, in the Duchess of Snowdon's box, listened with a face which showed nothing of what she felt, and looking straight at the stage before her, the words of a poem she had learned but yesterday came to her mind, and wove themselves into the music thrilling from the voice in the stage prison:

"The high that proved too high, the heroic  
for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose  
itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and  
the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once; we shall  
hear it by and by.  
And what is our failure here but a  
triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we  
withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but  
that singing might issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that  
harmony should be prized?  
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow  
to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme  
of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he  
whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis  
we musicians know."

"*And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence?*" Was it then so?

This was brave comfort for the heart worn with waiting and torn by conflicting emotions, that agonized between a sense of right and its necessary action and a knowledge of wrong and its long injustice, its dragging weight upon the life of him to whom gladly and confidently she had given all that she had.

The long weeks which had passed since that night at Hamley, when she had told Eglington the truth about so many things, had brought no peace, no understanding, no good news from anywhere. The morning after she had spoken with heart laid bare, Eglington had essayed to have a reconciliation; but he had come as the martyr, as one injured. His egotism at such a time, joined to his attempt to make light of things, of treating what had happened as a mere "moment of exasperation," as "one of those episodes inseparable from the lives of the high-spirited," only made her heart sink and grow cold—almost as insensible as the flesh under a spray of ether. He had been neither wise nor patient. She had not slept after that bitter terrible scene, and the morning had found her like one battered by winter seas, every nerve desperately alert to pain, yet tears swimming at her heart and heady to spring to her eyes, at a touch of the real thing, the true note—and she knew so well what the true thing was! Their great moment had passed, had left her withdrawn into herself, firmly, yet without heart, performing the daily duties of life, gay before the world, the delightful hostess, the necessary and graceful figure at so many functions.

Even as Soolsby had done, who went no further than to tell Eglington his dark tale, and told no one else, withholding it from "Our Man" whom it altogether concerned, even so did he shrink, as he had not thought he would, from the last blow which would open the door to all; so also Sybil Lady Eglington shrank when she had been faced by her obvious duty. Each had had a reason, which, if not sufficient, if no excuse, was at least an explanation. Hylda shrank for better reason than either. To do right in the matter was to strike her husband—it must be a blow now, since her voice had failed! To do right was to put in Eglington's home and house one whom Eglington—

with anger and without any apparent desire to have her altogether for himself, all the riches of her life and love—had dared to say commanded her sympathy and interest, not because he was a man dispossessed of his rights, but because he was a man possessed of that to which he had no right! The insult had stung her, had driven her back into a reserve out of which she seemed unable to emerge. How could she compel Eglington to do right in this thing—do right to his own father's son?

Meanwhile that father's son was once more imperilling his life, once more putting England's prestige in the balance in the Soudan, from which he had already been delivered twice as though by miracles. Since he had gone, some months before, there had been little news; but there had been much public anxiety; and she knew only too well that there had been *pourparlers* with foreign ministers from which no action came which could safeguard David.

Many a human being has realized the apathy, the partial paralysis of the will, succeeding a great struggle which has exhausted the vital forces. There is danger in it. Many a general who has fought a desperate and victorious fight, after a long campaign, and amid all the anxieties and miseries of war, has failed to follow up his advantage from a sudden relaxation of the will, of the power for action in him. He has stepped from the iron routine of daily effort into a sudden freedom and his faculties have failed him—the iron of his will vanished. So it was with Hylda—she waited for she knew not what. Was it some dim hope that things might right themselves, that Eglington might see the right as she saw it? That he might realize how unreal was this life they were living, outwardly peaceful and understanding, deluding the world, inwardly a place of tears. How she dreaded the night and its recurrent tears, and the hours when she could not sleep, and waited for the joyless morning as one lost on the moor, blanched with cold, waits for the sunrise! Night after night at a certain hour—the hour when she went to bed at last after that poignant revelation to Eglington—she wept, as she had wept then, heart-broken tears of disappointment, disillusion, lone-

liness; tears for the bitter pity of it all; for the wasting and wasted opportunities, for the common aim never understood or planned together; for the precious hours lived in an air of artificial happiness and social excitement; for a perfect understanding missed; for the touch which no longer thrilled; and the eye which no longer drew the swimming glance of the heart's knowledge—ah, the signals were all down. Love, the Switchman, was asleep at his post—and life rushed on.

How long could it last, this soulless life, together with its outward friendliness and cooperation—they came nearer to each other when strangers were present, as though this medium of human, if so worldly, companionship gave them an atmosphere in which self-consciousness disappeared! But the end of it must come. She was looking frail and delicate, and her beauty, newly refined, and with a fresh charm as of mystery or pain, was touched by feverishness. An old impatience once hers was vanished, and Kate Heaven would have given a month's wages for one of those flashes of petulance of other days ever followed by a smile. Now the smile was all too often there—the patient smile which comes to those who have suffered. Hardness she felt at times, where Eglington was concerned, for he seemed to need her now not at all, to be self-contained, self-dependent—almost arrogantly so; but she did not show it; and she was outwardly patient and smiling.

In his heart of hearts Eglington believed that she loved him, that her interest in David was only part of her idealistic temperament—the admiration of a woman for a man of altruistic aims, the romantic, the innately religious; but his hatred of David, of what David was, and of his irrefutable claims, reacted on her; and perverseness, and his unhealthy belief that he would master her in the end, that she would one day break down and come to him, willing to take his view in all things and to be his slave—all this drove him farther and farther on the fatal path which broadened as he went.

Success had spoiled him. He applied his gifts in politics, daringly unscrupulous, superficially persuasive, intellectually insinuating, to his wife; and she, who had

been captured once by all these things, was not to be captured again. She knew what alone could capture her; and as she sat and watched the singers on the stage now, the divine notes of that searching melody still lingering in her heart, there came a sudden wonder whether Eglington's heart could not be weakened. She knew that it never had; that he had never known love, the transfiguring and reclaiming passion. No, no, surely it could not be too late—her marriage with him had only come too soon. He had ridden over her without mercy, he had robbed her of her rightful share of the beautiful and the good; he had never loved her; but if love came to him—if he could once realize how much there was of what he had missed! If he did not save himself—and her—what would be the end? She felt the cords drawing her elsewhere, the lure of a voice she had heard in an Egyptian garden was in her ears when she would shut it out—and she had shut it out! One night at Hamley in an abandonment of grief—life hurt her so—she had remembered the prophecy she had once made that she would speak to David and he would hear, and she had risen from her seat, impelled by a strange new force, and had said, "Speak!—speak to me!" And as plainly as she had ever heard anything in her life, she had heard his voice speak to her, a message that sank into the innermost recesses of her being, and she had been more patient afterwards. She had no doubt whatever; she had spoken to him, and he had answered; but the answer was one which all the world might have heard.

Down deep in her nature was an inalienable loyalty, was a simple old-fashioned feeling that "they two," she and Eglington, should cleave unto each other till death should part. He had done much to shatter that feeling; but now, as she listened to Mario's voice, centuries of predisposition worked in her, and a great pity woke in her heart. Could she not save him, win him, wake him, cure him of the disease of Self?

The thought brought a light to her eyes that had not been there for many a day. Out of the deeps of her soul this mist of a pure selflessness rose, the spirit of that altruism and idealism which was

the real chord of sympathy between her and Egypt.

Yes, she would, this once again, try to win the heart of this man; and so reach that which was deeper than heart, and so also give him that without which this life must be a failure in the end, as Sybil Lady Eglington had said. How often had those bitter anguished words of his mother rung in her ears. "*So brilliant and unscrupulous, like yourself, but, oh, so sure of winning a great place in the world . . . so calculating and determined and ambitious.*" They came to her now, flashed between the eager solicitous eyes of her mind and the scene of a perfect and everlasting reconciliation which it conjured up—flashed and was gone, for her will rose up and blurred them into mist; and other words of that true palimpsest of Sybil Eglington's broken life came instead: "*And though he loves me little, as he loves you little too, yet he is my son, and for what he is we are both responsible one way or another.*" As the mother, so the wife. She said to herself in sad paraphrase: "And though he loves me little, yet he is my husband, and for what he is it may be that I am in some sense responsible. . . . *Yet he is my husband!*" All that it was came to her; the closed door, the drawn blinds; the intimacy which shut them away from all the world; the things said which can only be said without desecration between two honest souls who love each other, and that sweet isolation which makes marriage a separate world with its own sacred revelation. This she had known; this had been; and though the image of the sacred thing had been defaced, yet the shrine was not destroyed.

For she believed that each had kept the letter of the law; that, whatever his faults, he had turned his face to no other woman. If she had not made his heart captive, and drawn him by an ever-shortening cord of attraction, yet she was sure that none other had any influence over him, that as he had looked at her in those short-lived days of his first devotion, he looked at no other. The way was clear yet—there was nothing irretrievable, nothing irrevocable, that would forever stain the memory and tarnish the gold of life when the perfect love should be minted. Whatever faults of mind or disposition

or character were his—or hers—they were no sins against the pledges they had made, nor the bond into which they had entered. Life would need no sponge. Memory might still live on without a wound or a cowl of shame.

It was all part of the music to which she listened, and she was almost oblivious of the brilliant throng, the crowded boxes, or of the Duchess of Snowdon sitting near her strangely still, now and again scanning the beautiful face beside her with a reflective look, and opening and shutting her fan with a suppressed nervousness. The Duchess loved the girl beside her—she was but a girl, after all—as she had never loved any of her sex; it had come to be the last real interest of her life. To her eyes, dimmed with much seeing, blurred by a garish kaleidoscope of fashionable life, there had come a look which was like the ghost of a look she had, how many decades ago?

Presently, as she saw Hylda's eyes withdrawn from the stage, and look at her with a strange, soft moisture and a new light in them, she laid her fan confidently on her friend's knee, and said in her abrupt whimsical voice: "You like it, my darling; your eyes are as big as saucers. You look as if you'd been seeing things, not things on that silly stage, but what Verdi felt when he wrote the piece, or something of more account than that."

"Yes, I've been seeing things," Hylda answered with a smile that came from a new-born purpose, the dream of an idealist. "I've been seeing things that Verdi did not see, and of more account, too. . . . Do you suppose the House is up yet?"

A strange look flashed into the Duchess's eyes, which had been watching her with as much pity as interest. Hylda had not been near the House of Commons this session; though she had read the reports with her usual care. She had shunned the place, she could scarcely tell why, except that perhaps, far back in her mind, there was the feeling that there Eglington, though skilful and able and successful, was less honest than anywhere else, certainly less than when in his laboratory.

"Why, did you expect Eglington?" the Duchess asked idly, yet she was watchful

too, alert for every movement in this life where the footsteps of happiness were falling by the edge of a precipice, over which she would not look. She knew that Hylda did not expect Eglington,—for the decision to come to the opera was taken at the last moment; they had been going to two parties instead.

"Of course not—he doesn't know we are here. But if it wasn't too late, I thought I'd go down and drive him home."

The Duchess veiled her look. Here was some new development in the history which had been torturing her old eyes to read these months past, which had given her and Lord Windlehurst as many anxious moments as they had known in many a day, and had formed them into a vigilance committee of two who waited for the critical hour when they would be needed.

"We'll go at once if you like," she replied. "The opera will be over soon. We sent word to Windlehurst to join us, you remember, but he won't come now; it's too late. So, we'll go now, if you like."

She half rose, but the door of the box opened, and Lord Windlehurst looked in quizzically. There was a smile on his face.

"I'm late, I know; but you'll forgive me—you'll forgive me, dear lady," he added to Hylda, "for I've been listening to your husband making a smashing speech for a bad cause."

Hylda smiled. "Then I must go and congratulate him," she answered, and withdrew her hand from that of Lord Windlehurst, who seemed to hold it longer than usual, and pressed it in a fatherly way.

"I'm afraid the House is up," he rejoined as Hylda turned for her opera-cloak; "and I saw Eglington leave Palace Yard as I came away." He gave a swift, ominous glance towards the Duchess, which Hylda caught, and she looked at each keenly.

"It's seldom I sit in that Peers' Gallery," continued Lord Windlehurst; "I don't like going back to the old place much. It seems empty and hollow. But I wouldn't have missed Eglington's fighting speech for a good deal."

"What was it about?" asked Hylda as they left the box. She had a sudden

throb of the heart. Was it the one great question—that which had been like a gulf of fire between them?

"Oh, Turkey—the unpardonable Turk," answered Lord Windlehurst. "As good a defence of a bad case as I ever heard."

"Yes, Eglington would do that well," said the Duchess enigmatically, drawing her cloak around her and adjusting her hair. Hylda looked at her sharply, and Lord Windlehurst slyly, but the Duchess seemed oblivious of having said anything but the obvious, and added, "It's a gift seeing all that can be said for a bad cause, and saying it, and so making the other side make their case so strong that the verdict has to be just."

"Dear Duchess, it doesn't always work out that way," rejoined Lord Windlehurst with a dry laugh. "Sometimes the devil's advocate wins."

"You are not very complimentary to my husband," said Hylda with a smiling irony, and looking him in the eyes, for she was not always sure when he was trying to baffle her.

"I'm not so sure of that. He hasn't won his case yet. He has only staved off the great attack. It's coming—soon."

"What is the great attack? What has the Government, or the Foreign Office, done, or left undone?"

"Well, my dear—" Suddenly Lord Windlehurst remembered himself, stopped, put up his eye-glasses, and with great interest seemed to watch a gay group of people opposite; for the subject of attack was Egypt and the government's conduct in not helping David, in view not alone of his present danger, but of the position of England in the country, on which depended the security of her highway to the East. Lord Windlehurst was a good actor, and he had broken off his words as though the group he was now watching had suddenly claimed his attention. "Well, well, Duchess," he said reflectively, "I see a new nine days' wonder yonder." Then, in response to a reminder from Hylda, he continued: "Ah, yes, the attack! Oh, Persia—Persia, and our feeble diplomacy, my dear lady—though you mustn't take that as my opinion, opponent as I am. That's the charge. Persia—and her cats!"

The Duchess breathed a sigh of relief; for she knew what Windlehurst had been

going to say, and she shrank from seeing what she felt she would see if Egypt and Claridge Pasha's name were mentioned. That night at Hamley had burnt a thought into her mind which she did not like. Not that she had any pity for Eglington; her thought was all for this girl she loved. No happiness lay in the land of Egypt for her, whatever her unhappiness here. And she knew that Hylda must be more unhappy still before she was ever happy again, if that might be. There was that about Eglington which Hylda did not know, yet which she must know one day—and then! But why were Hylda's eyes so much brighter and softer and deeper to-night? There was something expectant, hopeful, brooding in them. They belonged not to the life moving round her, but were shining in a land of their own—a land of promise. By an instinct in each of them they stood listening for a moment to the last strains of the opera. The light leaped higher in Hylda's eyes:

"Beautiful! oh, so beautiful!" she said, her hand touching the Duchess's arm.

The Duchess gave the slim warm fingers a spasmodic little squeeze. "Yes, darling, beautiful," she rejoined; and then the crowd began to pour out behind them. Their carriages were at the door. Lord Windlehurst put Hylda in. "The House is up," he said. "You are going on somewhere?"

"No—home," she said, and smiled into his old, kind, querulous, questioning eyes. "Home!"

"Home!" the old man murmured bitterly as he turned towards the Duchess and her carriage. "Home!" he repeated, and shook his head sadly.

"Shall I drive you to your house?" the Duchess asked.

"No, I'll drive with you to your door, and walk back to my cell. Home!" he growled to the footman, with a sardonic note in the voice.

As they drove away, the Duchess turned to him abruptly. "What did you mean by your look when you said you had seen Eglington drive away from the House?"

"Well, my dear Betty, *she*—the fly-away—drives him home now. It has come to that."

"To *her* home—Windlehurst, oh, Windlehurst!" She sank back in the cush-



ions and gave what was as near a sob as she had given in many a day.

Lord Windlehurst took her hand. "No, not so bad as that yet. She drove him to his club. Don't fret, my dear Betty!"

*Home!* Hylda watched the shops, the houses, the squares, as she passed westward, her mind dwelling almost happily on the new determination to which she had come. It was not love that was moving her, not love for him, but a deeper thing. He had brutally killed love—the full life of it—those months ago; but there was a deep thing working in her which was as near nobility as the human mind can feel. Not in a long time had she neared her home with such expectation and longing. Often on the door-step she had shut her eyes to the light and warmth and elegance of it, because of that which she did *not* see. Now, with a thrill of pleasure, she saw its doors open. It was possible Eglington might be home. Lord Windlehurst had said that he had left the House—it must be now near an hour ago. She did not ask if he was in,—it had not been her custom for a long time—and servants were curious people; but she looked at the hall table. Yes, there was a hat which had evidently just been placed there, and gloves, and a stick. He was at home, then.

She hurried to her room, dropped her opera-cloak on a chair, looked at herself in the glass, a little fluttered and critical, and then crossed the hallway to Eglington's bedroom. She listened for a moment. There was no sound. She turned the handle of the door softly, and opened it. A light was burning low, but the room was empty. It was as she thought, he was in his study, where he spent hours sometimes after he came home, reading official papers. She went up the stairs, at first swiftly, then more slowly, then with almost lagging feet. Why did she hesitate? Why should a woman falter in going to her husband—to her own one man of all the world? Was it not, should it not be, ever the open door between them? Confidence—confidence—could she not have it, could she not get it now at last? She had paused; but now she moved on with quicker step, purpose in her face, her eyes softly lighted.

Suddenly she saw on the floor an opened letter. She picked it up, and, as she did so, involuntarily observed the writing. Almost mechanically she glanced at the contents. Her heart stood still. The first words scorched her eyes.

"Eglington—Harry, dearest," it said, "you shall not go to sleep to-night without a word from me. This will make you think of me when . . ."

Frozen, struck as by a mortal blow, Hylda looked at the signature. She knew it—the cleverest, the most beautiful, adventurous which the aristocracy and society had produced. She trembled from head to foot, and for a moment it seemed that she must fall. But she steadied herself, and walked firmly to Eglington's door. She turned the handle softly and stepped inside.

He did not hear her. He was leaning over a box of papers, and they rustled loudly under his hand. He was humming to himself that song she heard an hour ago in *Il Trovatore*, that song of passion and love and tragedy. It sent a wave of fresh feeling over her. She could not go on—could not face him, and say what she must say. She turned and passed swiftly from the room, leaving the door open, and hurried down the staircase. Eglington heard now, and wheeled round. He saw the open door, listened to the rustle of her skirts, knew that she had been there. He smiled, and said to himself:

"She came—came to me, as I said she would. I shall master her—the full surrender; and then—life will be easy then."

Hylda hurried down the staircase to her room, saw Kate Heaver waiting, beckoned to her, caught up her opera-cloak, and together they passed down the staircase to the front door. Heaver rang a bell, a footman appeared, and, at a word, called a hackney coach. A minute later they were ready.

"Snowdon House," Hylda said; and they passed into the night.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

"IS IT ALWAYS SO—IN LIFE?"

THE Duchess and her brother the ex-diplomatist, now deaf and patiently amiable and garrulous, had met on the



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

**HYLDA HURRIED DOWN THE STAIRCASE**



door-step of Snowdon House, and together they insisted on Lord Windlehurst coming in for a talk. The two men had not met for a long time, and the retired official had been one of Lord Windlehurst's own best appointments in other days. The Duchess had the carriage wait in consequence.

The ex-official could hear little, but he had cultivated the habit of talking constantly and well. There were some voices, however, which he could hear more distinctly than others, and Lord Windlehurst's was one of them—clear, well-modulated, and penetrating. Sipping brandy and water, Lord Windlehurst gave his latest quip. A well-known and brilliant lady was bringing, in her dressing-case, from France to England, two bottles of choice brandy, which she knew her husband liked. The customs officer asked her what she had in her bag. 'Wearing apparel,' was her reply. He opened the bag nevertheless, and discovered the bottles of brandy. 'And this is wearing apparel?' he asked, holding up the bottle. 'Certainly. My husband's nightcap,' she replied." They were all laughing heartily, when the butler entered the room and said, "Lady Eglington is here, and wishes to see your grace."

As the butler left the room, the Duchess turned despairingly to Windlehurst, who had risen and was paler than the Duchess. "It has come," she said. "Oh, it has come. I can't face it—I can't look at her."

"Ah, it doesn't matter about you facing it. Look at her and help her, Betty. You know what to do—the one thing." He took her hand and pressed it.

She dashed the tears from her eyes and drew herself together, while her brother watched her benevolently. She had always been impulsive, he thought to himself, and here was some one in trouble—they all came to her, and kept her poor. "Go to bed, Dick," the Duchess said to him, and hurried from the room. She did not hesitate now. Windlehurst had put the matter in the right way—her pain was nothing, mere moral cowardice; but Hylda—!

She entered the room as quickly as rheumatic limbs would permit. Hylda stood in the middle of the room, erect,

waiting, her eyes gazing blankly before her and rimmed by dark circles, her face haggard and despairing.

Before the Duchess could reach her, she said in a hoarse whisper: "I have left him—I have left him. I have come to you."

With a cry of pity the Duchess would have taken the stricken girl in her arms, but she held out a shaking hand with the letter in it which had brought this new woe and this crisis foreseen by the Duchess and Lord Windlehurst. "There—there it is. He goes from me to her—to *that*!" She thrust the letter into the Duchess's fingers. "And you knew—you knew! I saw the look that passed between you and Lord Windlehurst at the opera. I understand all now. He left the House of Commons with her—and you knew, oh, you knew! And all the world knows—every one knew but me!" She threw up her hands. "But I've left him—I've left him, forever."

Now the Duchess had her in her arms, and almost forcibly drew her to a sofa. "Darling, my darling," she said. "You must not give way. It is not so bad as you think. You must let me help to make you understand."

Hylda laughed hysterically. "Not so bad as I think. Read—read it," she said, taking the letter from the Duchess's fingers and holding it before her face. "I found it on the staircase—I could not help but read it—I did not mean to; but now—"

She sat and clasped and unclasped her hands in utter misery. "Oh, the shame of it, the cruel shame of it! Have I not been a good wife to him? Have I not had reason to break my heart? And I did not, and I waited, and I wanted to be good and to do right. And to-night I was going to try once more—I felt it in the opera; I was going to make one last effort for his sake. It was for his sake I meant to make it, for I thought him only hard and selfish, and that he had never loved; and if he only loved, I thought—"

She broke off, wringing her hands and staring into space, the ghost of the beautiful figure that had left the Opera House with shining eyes.

The Duchess caught the cold hands. "Yes, yes, darling. I know. I understand. So does Windlehurst. He loves

you as much as I do. We know that there isn't much to be got out of life; but we always hoped that you would get more than most—than anybody else."

Hylda shrank, then raised her head and looked at the Duchess with an infinite pathos. "Oh, is it always so—in life? Is no one true? Is every one betrayed sometime? I would die—oh yes, a thousand times yes, I would die! What do I care for life—it has cheated me! I meant well, and I tried to do well, and I was true to him in word and deed even when I suffered most, even when—"

The Duchess laid a cheek against the burning head. "I understand, my own dear. I understand—together."

"Oh, you cannot know," the broken girl replied; "but through everything I was true—and I have been tempted too when my heart was aching so, when the days were so empty, the nights so long, and my heart hurt—hurt me. . . . But now, it is over, everything is done. I have left him. You will keep me here—oh, say you will keep me here till everything can be settled, and I can go away—far away—far—"

She stopped with a gasping cry, and her eyes suddenly strained into the distance, as though a vision of some mysterious thing hung before her. The Duchess realized that that temptation, which has come to so many ill-starred disappointed mortals, to end it all, to find quiet somehow, somewhere out in the dark, was upon her. She became resourceful and persuasively commanding. "But no, my darling. You are going nowhere—here in London is your place now. Here you must stay. And you must not stay here in my house. You must go back to your home. Your place is there. For the present, at any rate, there must be no scandal. Suspicion is nothing, talk is nothing, and the world forgets—"

"Oh, I do not care for the world or its forgetting," the wounded girl replied. "What is the world to me! I wanted my own world, the world of my four walls free from scandal and shame; I wanted love and peace there—and now!"

"You must be guided by those who love you. You are too young to decide what is best for yourself. You must let Windlehurst and me think for you; and,

oh, my darling, you cannot know how much I care for your best good!"

"I cannot, will not, bear the humiliation and the shame. This letter here—you see!"

"The letter is the letter of a woman who has had more *affaires* than any man in London. She is preternaturally clever, my dear—Windlehurst would tell you so. The brilliant and unscrupulous, the beautiful and the bad, have a great advantage in this world. Eglington was curious, that is all. It is in the breed of the Eglingtons to go exploring—to experiment."

Hylda started. Words from the letter Sybil Eglington had left behind her rushed into her mind. "*Experiment, subterfuge, secrecy. Reaping where you had not sowed and gathering where you had not strewed. Always experiment, experiment, experiment!*"

"I have only been three years married," she moaned.

"Yes, yes, my darling, but much may happen after three days of married life—and love may come after twenty years. The human heart is a strange thing."

"I was patient—I gave him every chance. He has been false and shameless. I will not go on."

The Duchess pressed both hands hard, and made a last effort, looking into the deep troubled eyes with her own grown almost beautiful with feeling, the old faded world-worn eyes.

"You will go back to-night—at once," she said firmly. "To-morrow you will stay in bed till noon—at any rate till I come. I promise you that you shall not be treated with further indignity. Your friends would stand by you—the world will be with you, if you do nothing rash, nothing that forces it to babble and scold. But you must play its game, my darling. I'll swear that the worst has not happened. She drove him to his club, and after a man has had a triumph, a woman will not drive him to his club if—my darling, you must trust me! If there must be the great smash, let it be done in a way that will prevent you being smashed also in the world's eyes. You can live, and you will live. Is there nothing for you to do? Is there no one for whom you would do something, who would be heart-broken if you—if you went mad now?"



Suddenly, a great change passed over Hylda. "*Is there no one for whom you would do something?*" Just as in the desert a question like this had lifted a man out of a terrible apathy that was upon him, so this searching appeal roused in Hylda a memory and a pledge. "*Is there no one for whom you would do something?*" Was life, then, all over? Was her own great grief all? Was her bitter shame the end?

She got to her feet tremblingly. "I will go back," she said slowly and softly. "Yes, I will go back, dear."

"Windlehurst will take you back," the Duchess rejoined. "My carriage is at the door."

A moment afterwards Lord Windlehurst took Hylda's hands in his and held

them long. His old eyes were like lamps of safety; his smile had now none of that cynicism with which he had aroused and chastened the world. The pitiful understanding of life was there—and a consummate gentleness. He gave her his arm, and they stepped out into the moonlit night. "So peaceful, so bright," he said, looking round.

"I will come at noon to-morrow," called the Duchess in the doorway.

A light was still shining in Eglington's study when the carriage drove up. With a latch-key Hylda admitted herself and her maid.

The storm had broken, the flood had come. The storm was over; but the flood swept far and wide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Happy Gardener

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN you die, earth-lover,  
 Flowers shall be your cover.  
 Braver than the purple pall  
 Spun to veil dead kings withal.  
 You are weaving, day by day,  
 Beauty for the sun to slay.  
 The fleeting pageant of delight  
 That dwells within a garden bright.  
 You this Persian carpet spread,  
 And named it a sweet-william bed.  
 You painted this great lambent screen  
 Of larkspur, lilies white between.  
 You hang vine garlands, low and high,  
 Ripe for Bacchus, reeling by.  
 You are the over-lord of grapes  
 And plums, and all alluring shapes  
 To win the eye and tempt the tongue,  
 Globed liquid honey, leaves among.  
 Living, you, an earth-born guest,  
 Are of men the mightiest;  
 And when you die, earth-lover,  
 Flowers shall be your cover.

# When Pens were Eloquent

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Correspondences are like small-clothes before the invention of suspenders: it is impossible to keep them up."—SYDNEY SMITH to MRS. CROWE.

IN this lamentable admission, in this blunt and revolutionary sentiment, we hear the first clear striking of a modern note, the first gasping protest against the limitless demands of letter-writing. When Sydney Smith was a little boy, it was not impossible to keep a correspondence up; it was impossible to let it go. He was ten years old when Sir William Pepys copied out long portions of Mrs. Montagu's letters, and left them as a legacy to his heirs. He was twelve years old when Miss Anna Seward—the "Swan of Lichfield"—copied thirteen pages of description which the Rev. Thomas Sedgwick Whalley had written her from Switzerland, and sent them to her friend, Mr. William Hayley. She called this "snatching him to the Continent by Whalleyan magic." What Mr. Hayley called it we do not know; but he had his revenge, for the impartial "Swan" copied eight verses of an "impromptu" which Mr. Hayley had written upon her, and sent them in turn to Mr. Whalley;—thus making each friend a scourge to the other, and widening the network of correspondence which had enmeshed the world.

It is impossible not to feel a trifle envious of Mr. Whalley. He looms before us as the most petted and accomplished of clerical bores, of "literary and chess-playing divines." The Rev. Augustus Jessup has recorded a passionate admiration for Cicero's letters, on the sole ground that they never describe scenery; but Mr. Whalley's letters seldom do anything else. He wrote to Miss Sophia Weston a description of Vaucluse, which fills three closely printed pages. Miss Weston copied every word, and sent it to Miss Seward, who copied every word of her copy, and sent it to the long-

suffering Mr. Hayley, with the remark that Mr. Whalley and Petrarch were "kindred spirits." Later on this kinship was made pleasantly manifest by the publication of "Edwy and Edilda," which is described as a "domestic epic," and which Mr. Whalley's friends considered to be both a moral bulwark and an epoch-making poem. Indeed, we find Miss Seward imploring him to republish it, on the extraordinary ground that it will add to his happiness in heaven to know that the fruits of his industry "continue to inspire virtuous pleasure through passing generations." It is animating to contemplate the celestial choirs congratulating the angel Whalley at intervals on the "virtuous pleasure" inspired by "Edwy and Edilda." "This," says Mr. Kenwigs, "is an event at which Evins itself looks down."

There was no escape from the letter-writer who, a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five years ago, captured a coveted correspondent. It would have been as easy to shake off an octopus or a boa-constrictor. Miss Seward opened her attack upon Sir Walter Scott, whom she had never seen, with a long and passionate letter, lamenting the death of a friend whom Scott had never seen. She conjured him not to answer this letter, because she was "dead to the world." Scott gladly obeyed, content that the lady should be at least dead to him, which was the last possibility she contemplated. Before twelve months were out they were in brisk correspondence, an acquaintance was established, and when she died in earnest, some years later, he found himself one of her literary executors, and twelve quarto manuscript volumes of her letters waiting to be published.

The most appalling thing about the letters of this period—apart from their length—is their eloquence. It bubbles and seethes over every page. Miss Seward, writing to Mrs. Knowles in 1789

upon the dawning of the French Revolution, of which she understood no more than a canary, pipes an ecstatic trill. "So France has dipped her lilies in the living stream of American freedom, and bids her sons be slaves no longer. In such a contest the vital sluices must be wastefully opened; but few English hearts I hope there are that do not wish victory may sit upon the swords that freedom has unsheathed." It sounds so exactly like the Americans in *Martin Chuzzlewit* that one doubts whether Mr. Jefferson Brick or the Honorable Elijah Pogram really uttered the sentiment; while surely to Mrs. Hominy, and not to the Lichfield Swan, must be credited this beautiful passage about a middle-aged but newly married couple: "The berries of holly, with which Hymen formed that garland, blush through the snows of time, and dispute the prize of happiness with the roses of youth;—and they are certainly less subject to the blights of expectation and palling fancy."

It is hard to conceive of a time when letters like these were sacredly treasured by the recipients (our best friend, the waste-paper basket, seems to have been then unknown); when the writers thereof bequeathed them as a legacy to the world; and when the public—being under no compulsion—bought six volumes of them as a contribution to English literature. It is hard to think of a girl of twenty-one writing to an intimate friend as Elizabeth Robinson, afterwards the "great" Mrs. Montagu, wrote to the young Duchess of Portland, who appears to have ventured upon a hope that they were having a mild winter in Kent.

"I am obliged to your Grace for your good wishes of fair weather; sunshine gilds every object, but, alas! December is but cloudy weather, how few seasons boast many days of calm. April, which is the blooming youth of the year, is as famous for hasty showers as for gentle sunshine. May, June, and July have too much heat and violence, the Autumn withers the Summer's gayety, and in the Winter the hopeful blossoms of Spring and fair fruits of Summer are decayed, and storms and clouds arise."

After these obvious truths, for which the almanac stands responsible, Miss Robinson proceeds to compare human

life to the changing year, winding up at the close of a dozen pages: "Happy and worthy are those few whose youth is not impetuous, nor their age sullen; they indeed should be esteemed, and their happy influence courted."

Twenty-one, and ripe for moral platitudes. What wonder that we find the same lady, when crowned with years and honors, writing to the son of her friend Lord Lyttelton a remorselessly long letter of precept and good counsel, which that young gentleman (being afterwards known as the wicked Lord Lyttelton) seems never to have taken to heart.

"The morning of life, like the morning of the day, should be dedicated to business. Give it therefore, dear Mr. Lyttelton, to strenuous exertion and labor of the mind, before the indolence of the meridian hour, or the unabated fervor of the exhausted day, renders you unfit for severe application."

"Unabated fervor of the exhausted day" is a phrase to be commended. We remember with awe that the "great" Mrs. Montagu was the brightest star in the chaste firmament of female intellect;—"the first woman for literary knowledge in England," wrote Mrs. Thrale; "and, if in England, I hope I may say in the world." We hope so, indeed. None but a libertine would doubt it. And no one less contumelious than Dr. Johnson ever questioned Mrs. Montagu's supremacy. She was, according to her great grandniece, Miss Climenson, "adored by men," while "purest of the pure"; which was equally pleasant for herself and for Mr. Montagu. She wrote more letters, with fewer punctuation marks, than any Englishwoman of her day; and her nephew, the fourth Baron Rokeby, nearly blinded himself in deciphering the two volumes of undated correspondence which were printed in 1810. Two more followed in 1813, after which the gallant Baron either died at his post or was smitten with despair; for sixty-eight cases, each holding from one hundred to one hundred and fifty letters, lay undisturbed for the best part of a century, when they passed into Miss Climenson's hands. This intrepid lady received them—so she says—with "unbounded joy"; and has already published two fat volumes, with the promise of

several others in the near future. "Les morts n'écrivent point," said Madame de Maintenon, hopefully; but of what benefit is this inactivity, when we still continue to receive their letters?

Miss Elizabeth Carter, called by courtesy Mrs. Carter, was the most vigorous of Mrs. Montagu's correspondents. Although a lady of learning, who read Greek and had dipped into Hebrew, she was far too "humble and unambitious" to desire an acquaintance with the exalted mistress of Montagu House; but that patroness of literature treated her with such true condescension that they were soon on the happiest terms. When Mrs. Montagu writes to Mrs. Carter that she has seen the splendid coronation of George III., Mrs. Carter hastens to remind her that such splendor is for majesty alone.

"High rank and power require every external aid of pomp and éclat that may awe and astonish spectators by the ideas of the magnificent and sublime; while the ornaments of more equal conditions should be adapted to the quiet tenor of general life, and be content to charm and engage by the gentler graces of the beautiful and pleasing."

Mrs. Montagu was fond of display. But surely there was no likelihood of her appropriating the coronation services as a feature for the entertainments at Portman Square.

Advice, however, was the order of the day. As the excellent Mrs. Chapone wrote to Sir William Pepys, "it is a dangerous commerce for friends to praise each other's Virtues, instead of reminding each other of duties and of failings." Yet a too robust candor carried perils of its own, for Miss Seward having written to her "beloved Sophia Weston" with "an ingenuousness which I thought necessary for her welfare, but which her high spirits would not brook," Sophia was so unaffectedly angry that twelve years of soothing silence followed.

Another wonderful thing about the letter-writers, especially the female letter-writers, of this engaging period is the wealth of hyperbole in which they rioted. Nothing is told in plain terms. Tropes, metaphors and similes adorn every page; and the supreme elegance of the language is rivalled only by the elusiveness of the idea, which is lost in an eddy of words.

Marriage is always alluded to as the "hymenial torch," or the "hymenial chain," or "hymenial emancipation from parental care." When Mrs. Montagu writes to Mr. Gilbert West, that "miracle of the Moral World," to condole with his gout, she laments that his "writing hand, first dedicated to the Muses, then with maturer judgment consecrated to the Nymphs of Solyma, should be led captive by the cruel foe." If Mr. West chanced not to know who or what the Nymphs of Solyma were, he had the intelligent pleasure of finding out. Miss Seward describes Mrs. Tighe's sprightly charms as "Aonian inspiration added to the cestus of Venus"; and speaks of the elderly "ladies of Langollen," as, "in all but the voluptuous sense, Armidas of its bowers." Duelling is to her "the murderous punctilio of Luciferian honor." A Scotch gentleman who writes verse is "a Cambrian Orpheus"; a Lichfield gentleman who sketches is "our Lichfield Claude"; and a budding clerical writer is "our young sacerdotal Marcellus." When the "Swan" wished to apprise Scott of Dr. Darwin's death, it never occurred to her to write, as we in this dull age should do: "Dr. Darwin died last night," or, "Poor Dr. Darwin died last night." She wrote, "A bright luminary in this neighborhood recently shot from his sphere with awful and deplorable suddenness;"—thus pricking Sir Walter's imagination to the wonder-point before descending to facts. Even the rain and snow were never spoken of in the plain language of the Weather Bureau; and the elements had a set of allegories all their own. Mrs. Carter would have scorned to take a walk by the sea. She "chased the ebbing Neptune." Mrs. Chapone was not blown by the wind. She was "buffeted by Eolus and his sons." Miss Seward does not hope that Mr. Whalley's rheumatism is better; but that he has overcome "the mal-influence of marine damps, and the monotonous murmuring of boundless waters." Yet Mrs. Chapone wrote and published a "priceless chapter on simplicity"; and the editor of Mrs. Carter's letters (there are nine volumes of them) apologizes for the occasional intrusion of "common chit-chat," which he deems unworthy of her pen.

The publication of Cowper's letters in 1803 and 1804 struck a chill into the hearts of accomplished and erudite correspondents. Poor Miss Seward never rallied from the shock of their "commonness" and of their popularity. Here was a man who wrote about beggars and postmen, about cats and kittens, about buttered toast and the kitchen table. Here was a man who actually looked at things before he described them (which was a startling innovation); who called the wind the wind, and buttercups buttercups, and a hedgehog a hedgehog. Miss Seward honestly despised Cowper's letters. She said they were without "imagination or eloquence," without "discriminative criticism," without "characteristic investigation." Investigating the relations between the family cat and an intrusive viper was, from her point of view, unworthy the dignity of an author. Cowper's love of detail, his terrestrial turn of mind, his humor, and his veracity were disconcerting in an artificial age. As Miss Seward pathetically remarked, "any well-educated person, with talents not above the common level, produces every day letters as well worth attention as most of Cowper's, especially as to diction." The perverseness of the public in buying, in reading, in praising these letters filled her with pained bewilderment. Not even the writer's sincere and sad piety, his tendency to moralize, and the transparent innocence of his life could reconcile her to plain transcripts from nature, or to such an unaffecting incident as this:

"A neighbor of mine in Silver End keeps an ass; the ass lives on the other side of the garden wall, and I am writing in the greenhouse. It happens that he is this morning most musically disposed; either cheered by the fine weather, or by some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me; but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse of my abrupt conclusion."

Here is not only the "common" diction which Miss Seward condemned, but a very common casualty, which she would have naturally deemed beneath notice.

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Cowper wrote a great deal about animals, and always with fine and humorous appreciation. He sought relief from the hidden torment of his soul in the contemplation of creatures who fill their place in life without morals and without misgivings. We know what safe companions they were for him when we read his account of his hares, of his kitten dancing on her hind legs—"an exercise which she performs with all the grace imaginable,"—and of his goldfinches amorously kissing each other between the cage wires. When Miss Seward bent her mind to "the lower orders of creation," she did not describe them at all; she gave them the benefit of that "discriminative criticism" which she felt that Cowper lacked. Here, for example, is her thoughtful analysis of man's loyal servitor, the dog:

"That a dog is a noble, grateful, faithful animal we must all be conscious, and deserves a portion of our tenderness and care;—yet, from its utter incapacity of more than glimpses of rationality, there is a degree of insanity, as well as of impoliteness to his acquaintance, and of unkindness to his friends, in lavishing so much more of his attention in the first instance, and of affection in the latter, upon it than upon them."

By its side, Cowper's description of Beau is open to the reproach of plainness.

"My dog is a spaniel. Till Miss Gunning begged him, he was the property of a farmer, and had been accustomed to lie in the chimney-corner, among the embers, till the hair was singed from his back, and nothing was left of his tail but the gristle. Allowing for these disadvantages, he is really handsome; and when nature shall have furnished him with a new coat, a gift which, in consideration of the ragged condition of his old one, it is hoped she will not long delay, he will then be unrivalled in personal endowments by any dog in this country."

No wonder the Lichfield Swan was daunted by the inconceivable popularity of such letters. No wonder Miss Hannah More preferred Akenside to Cowper. What had these excellent and eloquent ladies to do with quiet observation, with sober felicity of phrase, with "the style of honest men"?



# The Call of the Lyre

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

IN a world where all voices are praying—  
For the things that a day disavows,  
For the chaplets of rose that decaying  
Will not leave a stray leaf on their brows—  
O daughters and sons of the Lyre!  
A loftier message is yours,  
Immortal with lyrical fire,  
And Love that endures.

As of old when the hosts of the nation  
Were led forth to the thunders of war,  
By your torch were they stirred to elation,  
And their Light was outpoured from your Star!  
Overthrow the false creeds that assail you,  
Reestablish your truth among men,  
Till they need you, and love you and hail you  
And crown you, as then!

In the Courts that are songless though golden  
With the greeds and the gains of the throng,  
From whose eyes your pure light is withholden—  
Recreate your white Temple of Song!  
By the side of the statue of Mammon,  
In his garments and tissues of gold  
Interwoven with jewels that summon  
The world to behold!—

Refashion your statue of Beauty,  
Rose-white and lithe-limbed as a boy,  
And consign to the pale lips the duty  
Of song from the well-springs of joy!  
In his hand the unperishing lyre,  
In his heart immemorial youth,  
And his eyes shall be stellate with fire—  
Resplendent with Truth!

And his voice shall be golden and peerless,  
Full of thunder, prophetic, his words,  
Soaring skyward, unfettered and fearless,  
As the lyrical music of birds.  
He shall visit the lowly with fire,  
He shall sandal with wings the unshod,  
He shall comfort, interpret, inspire—  
A priest and a god.

O daughters and sons of the Lyre!  
Foregather, exult, and rejoice  
In the strength of your mystical quire,  
In the luminous Star of your choice!  
Wake the heart of the people with rapture,  
Voice their sorrow, their laughter, their wrong,  
And with faith, reinstate and recapture  
The Kingdoms of Song!







*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

THE ELDER MAN BURST INTO A ROAR OF LAUGHTER

# The Love Match

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

THE fat man with the square white beard leaned back in his chair and poured for himself another little glass from the decanter which stood at his elbow. He had the air of one far gone in exasperation.

"My very dear Fritz," said he, "I can do nothing whatever for you—nothing whatever. I have had nineteen years of that girl, and they have taught me nothing save that she always does what she wants to do and that she has the temper of the devil. Where she got it I can't think."

"No," said the younger man. "I can't think, either."

The Grand Duke regarded him fixedly for some moments, but the younger man's face was expressionless.

"And so," he went on at length, "I wash my hands of the whole matter. You've got to work it out between you—and settle it. And mind you!"—he wagged a thick, impressive finger—"mind you, when I say that I mean it. I won't have the affair made public, and in particular I won't have it getting to Potsdam. There has been altogether too much of this sort of thing within the past few years, and the Emperor won't stand any more of it."

"Oh, damn the Emperor!" said the younger man, violently, but the Grand Duke said:

"'Sh-h!" and looked round the little room as if he expected to see listening ears craned from each ancient panel. He said: "You mustn't damn the Emperor here, except in a whisper. Then we'll both damn him together.—May he be eaten by dogs!—But you know his views on this matter of newly married princesses running back to their fathers. He won't have any more of it. He'll come down hard on everybody concerned—on Alice and on you and, what's worse, on me. No; you've got to fix it up quietly somehow. It must not get out."

"That's all very well," said the Prince. "That's very easy to say, but *how—how?* I ask you, *how?*"

The fat man with the square white beard shrugged his big shoulders.

"She's *your* wife," said he.

"Then what did you take her in for?" pertinently demanded his son-in-law.

"Oh, my dear Fritz," said the Grand Duke, "a man can't refuse shelter to his own daughter! Can he? Besides, she came to me with a most dreadful tale. And besides, if I had refused to take her in, she'd have gone elsewhere, and the whole affair would have got out, and there'd have been the devil to pay. I couldn't refuse to take her in, but in doing so I told her that in my opinion she was a benighted and unqualified fool."

"What," asked the younger man, "did she say the trouble was? What did she say about it all?"

The elder man betrayed signs of impatience.

"Well," said he, "you've known her for some time now, and you've had her more or less to yourself for a month. You ought to know about what she'd be apt to say. It was a fine flow of language."

"Yes—yes," said the Prince, hastily. "Yes, to be sure!" He rumped his yellow hair with his two hands and suddenly beat the two hands violently upon the table before him, so that the bottles and decanters there jumped and clicked. "What *is* the matter?" he cried. "What in Heaven's name have I done to her!" His face was drawn with anxiety and open, honest bewilderment. He said: "I give you my word of honor, sir, that I don't know what is wrong—save that everything seems to be wrong. I tell you I cannot understand what it is I have done—any one thing or combination of things that should make Alice fly into this dreadful rage and leave me." His hands worked together on the marble

top of the table and his face went red and white. "I—I love her, sir!" he said. "I have loved her for a long time. And I thought she loved me. I thought that at last the newspapers had told the truth about a royal love-match. It *was* a love match—for me. I'd—there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for her—to make her care. And now she's bolted back to you—says she can't stand it any longer! Why? *Why?* I know I'm a dull fool. I know I'm not clever like her, but—I love her. She knows that. Isn't that enough? I've—tried to show it in fifty different ways each day. I've never refused her anything. She's always had her way. I've never contradicted her when she has flown into a rage over something. I've—"

"In short, my boy," said the elder man, and paused to light a very long and offensively black cigar,—“in short, you have been a sort of animated mat for her to walk upon.”

"I wanted to make her happy," said the Prince.

The Grand Duke took a little sip of his liqueur. Against the great florid face and its huge square, spreading beard the tiny glass had an air absurdly ridiculous—a giant drinking from a thimble.

"Never occurred to you," he suggested, "that it would be a good thing to change about now and then?—No?"

"Change about?"

"Turn about's fair play," said the old gentleman. "Let Alice be mat part of the time."

The other broke into a short, amazed laugh.

"And yet," said he, "you have known her for nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" agreed the Grand Duke, nodding his titanic white head. "It's because I know her, somewhat, that I suggest an occasional turn about in enacting the rôle of mat." He brought his hand down upon the table with a resounding crash. "In God's name, boy," he cried, "when will you learn that the sort of woman Alice is has got to be tamed—*tamed?* She's got to be mastered. Give her her head and she'll be a wretchedly unhappy termagant for the span of her natural life. Tame her and she'll adore you. Beat her, my

good Fritz! Beat her soundly! She's spoiling for it."

The Prince's face flushed.

"I will admit," said he, "that there have been times when it seemed to me that nothing else—when I was on the point—" And the elder man burst into a gusty roar of laughter which seemed to shake the entire wing of the Schloss in which they sat. "But I love her!" he said. "I couldn't speak harshly to her. I—I should feel like a beast."

The old gentleman turned grave again. He said:

"My boy, you and Alice have got to fight this thing out together. No third person can help. *I* can't help. You two must do it all. Alice needs a master, some one she's afraid of. If you're too chicken-hearted to play that part, why, then God have pity on both of you, say I. Now you'd best be getting about some sort of a reconciliation. Take her back to Schwartzburg and have it out with her. It's got to come sooner or later."

"Take her back?" said the younger man. "How can I do that? She won't go back. She won't even see me. I can't get near her."

The Grand Duke burst into a sort of roar.

"Gott in Himmel!" he cried. "I said *take* her back—not ask her to go back, not go down on your knees and beg her to go back. *Take her back*—if you're man enough."

The younger man's face went a little pale.

"Do you mean that?" he inquired, briefly.

"I do," said the old gentleman, with some decision.

The Prince rose from his chair and took a turn or two back and forth across the room. When at length he returned there was a little alert frown over his eyes, and the firm, strong lines of lips and jaws were somewhat more prominent than they had been for a long time.

He bent forward across the table and began to talk, and presently the elder man began to laugh. He laughed until he was purple in the face and had to be beaten on the back. And afterwards he laughed again. In the end he took the hands of his son-in-law and wrung them.





*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

SHE HEARD HIM SPEAK TO SOME ONE BELOW

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"I should like to see," he said, emotionally. "Herr Gott! I should like to see; but no. I shall be asleep, and I sleep very, very soundly. Remember that! We all sleep very soundly here at Ehrensee. It is incredible how soundly we sleep."

Some hours after this, which is to say about three of the morning, Prince Friedrich Karl, as noiselessly as possible, opened a door in the upper part of the west wing of the Schloss, and entering the room, closed the door after him. It was a large room dimly lighted by shaded candles. Just opposite to where he had entered, a great bed with a canopy of rose silk edged by gold lace stood out from the wall between two windows.

A woman's voice spoke from the bed in a sharp whisper:

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the voice spoke again, aloud:

"Who is there?"

Followed upon the ensuing silence a rustle of draperies as of one sitting up to look. Prince Friedrich moved forward into the light of the candles. He did not speak, but the woman in the bed caught her breath swiftly and said, whispering again:

"You? *You?*"

"I," said the man, quietly.

There was a little silence.

But at its end the Princess slipped out of her canopied bed and came forward. Friedrich Karl put his hands behind him and waited. He thought very bitterly that he had never seen her so beautiful. Her heavy red hair was in two thick plaits down her back. Her throat was bare and her arms bare to the shoulders. She looked, in her thin white night-robe, very sumptuously Greek—something slim and straight and round and infinitely more perfect than this decadent world brings forth—the pagan loveliness of a splendid past made warm and breathing.

A dampness came upon the man's brow as he watched, and he drew an unsteady hand across it and again stood waiting.

"Will you tell me," she said, in a low tone, "why you dare come here at this hour—to break in upon my privacy in

my father's house? Will you explain why you dare to do that?"

Prince Friedrich took a long breath.

"There is no question of daring," said he, and at the tone his wife looked at him in a sudden astonishment. The tone was new to her.

"I am your husband," he said, "and I have a right to come here at any hour that pleases me."

The Princess set her lips together and two spots of crimson flared in her cheeks.

"I must point out to you," said she, "that when I returned to my father your rights ceased—morally if not legally. Will you have the goodness to leave my room?"

"Will you," said Prince Friedrich, with cold courtesy, "have the goodness to get into your clothes? We are returning to Schwartzburg, and I desire to start at once."

She moved nearer to him, staring hard into his impassive face.

"Have you been drinking?" she demanded, sharply. "Are you out of your senses?"

"Please get into some clothes," he began again. "Warm ones. We go by carriage as far as Neustadt, over the border."

The woman gave a sudden, amazed, contemptuous laugh.

"Either you have been drinking," she said, "or you are crazy, or both. Once more, will you leave my room?"

"No," said he. "Not until you leave it with me."

She crossed the chamber and pulled the heavy bell-cord.

"Then I must have you dragged out," she said, and, in place of the former amazement, anger began to grow in her tone. She rang twice, and they waited a little while in silence. It was the man who spoke next.

"You are wasting time," said he. "No one will answer that bell. I'm not quite a fool."

The woman swung round upon him in a white fury. For a moment she was speechless, but when words at last came she stammered with sheer rage.

"When my father knows of this—this—outrage," she said, half whispering, "it will—go hard with you."

"When your father knows of it," said

Prince Friedrich, "he will laugh." And at that she fell into a helpless, nervous sobbing.

"Oh, coward! coward!" she said; but the man shook his head impatiently, saying:

"Your clothes, please! We're wasting time."

She stamped one little foot on the floor. "Do you think I mean to submit to you?" she cried out. "Do you think I mean to go?"

"I think," said her husband, dispassionately, "that you are to have nothing to do or say about it."

"I shall not take a step from this room!" she said. "Please understand that."

"You will not be required to step," said he. "I mean to carry you."

The woman stared at him, wide-eyed, wringing her hands together. It is probable that her world tottered upon its foundations.

She put out a faltering arm and touched him, and her face was the face of a bewildered, frightened child. She said in a still whisper:

"Fritz! Fritz! You—wouldn't do—that, Fritz?" she said. "It's unheard of—impossible."

"Will you or will you not get on some clothes?" demanded Prince Friedrich, and that seems to have stung her again into sheer anger.

"I will do nothing—nothing!" she cried. "If you are determined upon this—outrage, this barbarous insult to me, you shall do it all yourself—and take the consequences. I shall not aid you."

He turned a little from her and searched the room with quick eyes; but he was on his guard, and at the swift flutter of feet and draperies, sprang to the door before the woman could reach it. He locked the door and slipped the key in his pocket.

She faced him, breathing hard, her hands at her beautiful breast.

"I warn you, Fritz," she said, very seriously. "You are making a great and irreparable mistake. I shall never forgive you this." But her husband once more drew a shaking hand across his brow.

"I know the risk I am running," said he, "and I take it with open eyes. I

have been," he said, recalling a phrase,— "I have been a mat to your feet too long. I have been a fool.—Put this on!" He found a silk dressing-robe quilted with down and held it out to her. The woman looked once into his eyes and made no resistance when he wrapped the gown round her and slipped her arms through its wide sleeves. He found also a pair of bedroom shoes, fleece-lined, and the Princess allowed him to put them on her feet. Then he went to one of the long windows near the bed, pushed it open, and stepped out on the little balcony beyond. She heard him speak to some one below, but at once he returned to her.

"I am ready," said he. He did not ask her if she was ready. He said: "The horses are waiting below. We ride to the North Forest gate. Lieutenant von Arndt, one of my men, has obtained a key to the gate. Outside, the carriage will be ready, and we shall drive to Neustadt, which is over the border. From there to Schloss Schwartzburg is but two hours more.—Ah, there is one thing!" He looked down upon her thoughtfully. "You must not be allowed to scream or call for help," said he, "until we are well away from the castle. Will you give me your word of honor not to do so, or must I gag you?"

She gave a little gasp.

"Gag me?" she whispered.

"Yes," said he, composedly. "Something in the mouth to keep you quiet. Of course it would be uncomfortable."

"I—give you my word," she said, after a little pause, and the man said:

"Thank you!"

Then he stooped and took her up in his arms and carried her out through the window to the little balcony. He was tall and strong and could do it easily.

As a matter of fact, there was no earthly reason why he should not have gone down through the Schloss, singing or shouting as he went, but he probably knew what he was about.

There was a ladder set against the low rail of the little balcony, and the man made his careful way down it to the ground. There four horses stood waiting and three men, unrecognizable in the darkness, who silently saluted their Prince and stood at attention. He set the Princess upon one of the beasts which





*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

THE PRINCE LAY HUDDLED UPON THE STONES OF THE COURT





bore a woman's side-saddle, and he passed a strap, which was fastened to the saddle, twice round her waist and knotted it. Her hands he left free. One of the three men had mounted meanwhile, and he led the Princess's horse by a lunging-rein. Then the others swung to their saddles, and they were off down the winding drive and through the fir-groves and the forest beyond.

It was a warm summer night with a clear sky of stars, but no moon. In the forest road even the stars were hidden for the greater part of the way, and they rode through impenetrable gloom—silent save for the cadenced beat of the horses' hoofs.

So at length they came to the high iron gate which marked the limit of the castle's park. The sentry on guard there challenged them, his voice ringing oddly loud upon that still air, and two of those who rode went forward to speak to the man, one of them bending from his horse to give the password, while the other dismounted, unlocked the gate, and began to swing it open.

Suddenly the mounted man called out to his master:

"This fool doesn't know. He hasn't been told!" And at the same moment the sentry backed away, raising his rifle, and began to shout for the guard.

They came pouring out of the little guard-house, sleep-sodden, rubbing their eyes, in all stages of disarray. The young lieutenant in charge—a pink-faced boy without his tunic—ran at their head, pistol in hand, and, when he saw the open gate, sprang into it, facing the little party on their horses. The Prince called out to him, and the man who had already given the password to the sentry pressed forward and began to speak in a low, swift tone, but the young lieutenant only shook his head, saying:

"I know nothing of it. You must go back. I know nothing."

Prince Friedrich spoke to one of the guards who held a lantern.

"Bring that light here!" And he caught up the lantern and held it to his face. "Now will you believe?" he demanded, and his voice was sharp and angry. He said: "There has been some mistake. Herr Lieutenant von Biede was to have been in charge of this gate at this

hour. He understood that I was to leave the Schloss with the Princess and my aides. Some one has blundered. Now stand aside, please, and let us pass!"

The young lieutenant had given a quick exclamation of astonishment when he saw Prince Friedrich's face, and he lowered his pistol and began to apologize, but at just that moment the woman who sat bound to her horse in the midst of the little company leaned forward suddenly. She cried out:

"Herr Lieutenant, do not let them pass! They are taking me away against my will and without the Duke's knowledge. I am the Princess Alice. Do not let them pass, Herr Lieutenant. I command you not to let them pass."

Prince Friedrich stood up in his stirrups.

"Forward, von Arndt!" he cried. "Forward, all of you! Ride them down!" He set spurs to his horse, and the little company swept at a gallop through the open gate with their master at their head. The young officer stood his ground, and as the horses charged down upon him he raised his pistol and fired twice, but Prince Friedrich bent his horse a little to one side, so that the beast's shoulder caught the man in the chest a brushing impact and bowled him over, unharmed save for the tumble. The soldiers of the guard fired a scattering volley into the tree-tops—they had no stomach for shooting crown-princes—and the little company of horsemen swept round a turn of the road and disappeared in the darkness.

They came, a quarter of a mile beyond, to where the carriage waited—a closed carriage with two strong horses and a pair of outriders—and they halted there, and one of the men took the Princess down from her saddle and opened the carriage door for her. Prince Friedrich sat still on his horse.

The Princess had not spoken after that affair of the gate, but when she saw now that her husband had not dismounted she leaned out of the carriage, saying:

"You—mean to ride—still?" And he answered her:

"Thank you! I shall ride." He called Lieutenant von Arndt to him, and the two rode away together into the darkness. When, after five minutes, they re-

turned, Lieutenant von Arndt seemed to be urging something upon his royal master, and his tone was anxious and full of distress, though the words were indistinguishable. But, as before, Prince Friedrich answered only:

"Thank you! I shall ride." He said, "Is everything ready?" and when the men answered him, one by one, he said, "Forward, then!" and wheeled his horse southward toward Neustadt. He rode at the head of the company, and Lieutenant von Arndt rode beside him. The carriage came after, and the others behind that.

They were between two and three hours on the way, but they halted thrice, and Prince Friedrich and Lieutenant von Arndt rode away into the darkness together, returning after the space of a few minutes. They reached Neustadt with the dawn, and came clattering into the courtyard of the little inn there with a fine noise of hoofs and wheels.

Grooms ran forward to the horses' heads, and the landlord of the inn stood upon his step bowing to the ground. One of the escorts handed the Princess from her carriage. She was wrapped in a long cavalry-cloak outside the quilted dressing-gown, and presented not too astounding a picture. She stood beside the carriage door and looked towards her husband as if waiting for further orders. But Prince Friedrich sat still in his saddle, gazing before him, and there was something fixed and glassy in his stare. Von Arndt saw it from a distance, and he cried out suddenly:

"Look to the Prince! Look to the Prince!" and began to run forward across the courtyard, his arms outstretched.

But before he had come half-way, Prince Friedrich Karl fell very quietly sidewise out of his saddle, and lay huddled upon the stones of the court.

Afterwards—after an unmeasured interval of time—he opened his eyes upon an upper room of the inn and found that he had been laid upon a bed there. He had a confused and very dim recollection of being carried in men's arms—of the sound of many voices—of a painful redressing of his wounded shoulder—and lastly of a matter of tears and sobs and kisses. But in this last matter he

must have been mistaken, for when he opened his eyes he was alone in the room save for the Princess Alice his wife, who stood at a little distance from the bed where he lay, icy, hard-eyed, aloof. The man lifted a weak voice.

"I am—sorry," said he, "to have—kept you waiting—so long." He knew that he must have lain there a long time, for sunlight shone into the room and slanted across his bed. He said: "The boy at the gate—shoots well."

The Princess moved up beside the bed and looked down upon the man who lay there. Her face expressed nothing, and he could read nothing in her eyes. They were shadowy and inscrutable.

"I am very sorry, Fritz," said she. "I am sorry that your—madness has brought you to this pass. I warned you against it."

Prince Friedrich closed his eyes for a moment, saying:

"Yes—I know."

"You might have been killed!" she cried, with a sudden sharpness. "You might have been killed!"

"I would rather be dead, my dear, than despised," said Friedrich Karl. And she turned her head away, but her hands shook a little before her, wrestling together.

"We won't discuss that," she said. "I only wish to say that I am very, very sorry—for this mischance. I waited only to say that. And now I shall go."

The man frowned up to her.

"Go?" said he. "Go?"

"Back to Ehrensee," she said. "You cannot stop me. You cannot prevent my going yourself, and you will hardly send your men to hunt me down. I shall find some one in Neustadt to drive me back." She turned away from the bed, but hesitated and turned back again. "If you needed me, Fritz," said she, "I should not go until you were safe in Schwartzburg, but you have your very faithful men. I can be of no service—and so I go."

"You shall not leave this room!" said he.

"You cannot stop me," she said. "You dragged me from Ehrensee because you were—stronger than I—a matter of brute force. Now I am stronger



*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

HE KNEW THAT HE WAS NOT DREAMING





than you. You have failed, my friend. And I go back."

"Not yet!" he cried, in a great voice. "Not yet!"

She started to leave the place, but the wounded man was before her. Somehow, by some miracle, he got from his bed, and he seemed bodily to hurl himself across the wide room, and so plunged, face downwards, at his wife's very feet, but between her and the door—huddled against it so that it could not be opened. And he lay very still there—so still that she thought he was dead.

Another unmeasured space of time and he came to his senses, opened his eyes, and wondered why the upper room of the inn was so greatly altered. Then he was astonished to find that he was not in the inn at all, but in his own castle of Schwartzburg—and not that only, but that he lay in the inmost sanctuary of those rooms, since a month past, held sacred to the uses of the Princess Alice.

Something heavy and sweet lay close by, and a sound of sobbing came to him. He looked, and it was she—her face hidden, her cheek resting on his hand, which she clasped.

The world heaved up and swam for a little while in a fashion mad and unprecedented, but at the end she was still there, her soft cheek warm upon his hand, and he knew that he was not dreaming.

He put out a hand, astonishingly weak, and touched the coils of red hair that he had loved so well. She raised her head, and the two looked very long and very gravely into each other's eyes.

At last she said:

"Is there forgiveness for such as I, Fritz?" She said: "I seem to have been possessed of devils. I have well-nigh broken your heart and I have well-nigh brought you to your death—and yet I loved you always, always!" She said: "This love, my dear, is such a very odd madness. I do not understand it at all, and yet—it shakes me from head to foot. I understand nothing," she said, "save that I am shamed and very humble and that I love you, and that I made a very bad mistake when I thought you were—weak. Oh, Fritz, it is I who am weak. Will you forgive me, for Love's sake?"

Prince Friedrich's face twisted in a wry grin.

"I had meant," he said, whispering, "to beat you—soundly. Now, I cannot. There is no strength in me." But at that she broke into sobbing laughter and hid her face in the hollow of his throat.

"Oh, I will wait!" she cried, laughing, "I will wait, Fritz, until you're well. You shall beat me to your heart's content. You should have beaten me long ago. I—hoped you would. Oh, I'll wait, dearest! I'll wait. I'll wait."



# The New Divination of Dreams

BY *FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D., Ph.D.*

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THE old oracles degenerated long ago into the dream-books of the back stairs. But some of the ancient dream-diviners were reasonable. Artabanos, the Persian, said to Xerxes, who was frequently spurred to the advance on Greece by his dreams, that dreams reflected chiefly what a man thought of when awake. From that day to this there have been those who looked upon dreams reasonably and practically, and there have been others who as charlatans exploited them, wrote dream-books or told fortunes by them, and others still who regarded them as mystical penumbrae of another life or another world. There were believers in dreams in Nineveh when they kept a brick dream-book in the library, and in Babylon when the sibyls interpreted them, and in the days of Joseph and David and Daniel, and in the time of Christ, when Artemidoros wrote his dream-book (*Oneirokritika*) in five volumes, which you may read now if you wish, in several tongues. There are also believers in dreams to-day, at this dawn of the twentieth century, new interpreters from the field of science, new diviners, new oracles.

Let us now try to sum up what has been accomplished by all who have studied dreams since Aristotle declared them to be of demoniacal but not god-like nature. But as a preparation for this summing up, a little must be said about the brain and consciousness and sleep. We must look upon the brain as the repository of all our past experiences, a vast storehouse filled with pictures of past scenes and faces and things, replete with stored-up voices, sounds, words, and music, containing innumerable memories of scents, tastes and sensations, pleasant and painful; remembrances of incidents and conduct in the lives of ourselves and of our associates; and, above all, crowded with thoughts and emotions based upon

these sensory impressions — all traced and recorded and distributed among the billion tiny cells that compose the gray matter of the brain. And many more than a billion threads join these tiny cells together and bring them into countless associations under the control of the Ego with its memory, consciousness, judgment and will. Now nearly the whole of that great mass of brain-substance may be considered to be practically asleep most of the time. At least, as far as full consciousness is concerned, only a small island on that whole sphere or world of latent intellectual life is awake at any one moment in time. Consciousness, like a search-light, throws from its solitary tower its brilliant ray here and there over that wide expanse that stretches from infancy to old age and illuminates now this, now that islet or promontory. But this it does only sixteen hours of the day; then sleep comes to dim but not to extinguish the light. When night arrives, that habit of sleep, fixed by the alternating dark, which has acted upon our nervous system since its earliest beginnings in ancient days, turns low the light of consciousness, which still swings and sends its feeble ray now here, now there, upon the old familiar landmarks. If the full consciousness of the day be compared to the sunlight, then this subconsciousness of the night and sleep may be likened to moonlight. And this is the domain of dreams. It is the same landscape upon which the sun shone, but it takes on something of ghostliness and unreality under the eerie magic of the moon. The stuff of dreams is then of the same fibre as the stuff of our waking state. Into it enters no material save that of our own experience. So much as to the substance of our dreams and as to the feeling of being in a different psychic locality or in another world. The world of dreams is the same as the workaday

world, but seen in a dimmer and hence mysterious light.

But another factor which has to do with the manipulation of the stuff of dreams is that the search-light of full consciousness by day is more or less regulated and directed in its movements by the will. In the subconscious state the will has quite gone to sleep, while the search-light mechanism moves on as before, throwing its feeble light into various parts, but no longer with voluntary regulation. Now this hour's memories are lighted, now that, now this year's, now that of the far past. Even forgotten paths and roads and vistas appear, and without apparent sequence or association. Some scene of long ago appears side by side with one of yesterday, or between two of to-day; or two wholly different experiences may be so illuminated as to blend together in a sort of fantastic composite photograph. The drowsy consciousness that looks along that luminous beam will see near and far points simultaneously lighted up, now distinctly, now indistinctly, for the beam comes from a flickering, wavering fire, bespeaking a varying intensity in the energies that create this refulgence. In some such way must we make clear to ourselves the chaotic singularity of dreams—a mass of fragments stored in all sorts of out-of-the-way places in the brain, but brought out in sleep and combined into a sort of homogeneous mass, which may be compared to that conglomerate made of every possible kind of pebble gathered by river and glacier from all parts of the earth to be finally massed and compressed into stone. Another way to put before us the composition of dream-material is to consider it made up of endless films in a cinematograph, each film in itself being a line of natural memory-association; but in sleep the films are exchanged rapidly, or even occasionally put one over the other, so that a medley of incongruities appears upon the screen. Thus we may be walking along Fifth Avenue, when suddenly the Colosseum looms up upon our right and the Taj Mahal on our left, with Hofbräu in large gilt letters over the door; a steamer is on the roof of the house; we are on a lonely road and meet a man carrying his head in his hands; we begin to fall down an Alpine precipice,

but composedly open our umbrella and continue our ride in the gondola as if nothing had happened. The combination is new, but these fragments so put together are made of nothing outside of our own store of pictures, places, persons, memories.

From what has already been said here of dreams, some other facts may be drawn. For instance, the memory is often much sharpened in sleep, so that old experiences are revived quite outside of the waking power of recollection, identifiable only by some clue given in a subsequent dream or by discussion of the dream with some friend or relative who supplied the missing link in the association. This sharpened memory is called *hypermnesia*. A frequent experience in dreaming is a *hypermnesia* with regard to childhood scenes. It may be true, as is sometimes supposed, that nothing the brain has ever received through its avenues of communication is wholly lost, that every impression, however insignificant, is recorded and susceptible of reappearance in the waking or sleeping consciousness. Another habit of dreams is to concern themselves often with apparently trivial and inconsequential material rather than with poignant griefs and losses or intense joys. One may do so, but as a rule one does not dream of a dear one recently dead. The intense prepossession with a single idea or cluster of ideas constellated about a grief tends to exhaust the group of brain-cells occupied therewith: this group is more apt to sleep and stay hidden from the dream-consciousness than the other areas that may have rested and slept for days or years. I purposely said above "*apparently* trivial and inconsequential material" of dreams, because these indifferent fragments frequently have a deep significance when studied and traced to the idea-associations in which they really belong.

Thus far it has been pointed out that, among the mental faculties or activities, during dreams the light of consciousness itself is low and dim and wavering, the will is drowsy or fast asleep, while the memory is wakeful, active, even hyperactive. How is it with the emotions and ethical feelings and the judgment? Many dreams are comfortable and inter-

esting, some accompanied with exaltation, others by depression and fear and anxiety; yet in the main the emotions are somnolent, in abeyance. We manifest no surprise or amazement at the most astonishing metamorphoses of places, persons, things, or at the overturning of all natural law. The same is true of the ethical and moral feelings that are dulled or absent from dreams. Conscience sleeps or is more or less indifferent. Even those who claim to believe that the morality of the waking state is also the morality of one's dreams are unwilling to accept responsibility for dream-conduct. In dreams judgment also sleeps, and the dreamer believes in his dreams. He cannot apply the law of causality to the phantasms of sleep; the critical faculty fails. There is much difference of opinion among investigators as to the points just brought up, for there are dreams in which the emotions, the ethical feelings, the judgment, the critical faculties, do play their legitimate part. This can be explained, as in the case of consciousness, by the assumption of constant variation in the depths of their sleep—a flickering intensity, as it were. Only some such theory makes it possible to explain the remarkable dream-work that is sometimes accomplished, the solution of difficult problems, and the creation of poems, music, and romance.

The overactivity of the memory in dreams presents a remarkable contrast to the quick fading of the dreams on waking. Most dreams are at once forgotten on awaking, though some make so strong an impression as to be remembered for years. There are several reasons for this. The factors which help us to remember when awake are sharpness of impression, repetition of an impression, combination of an impression with an emotion and with other impressions in some sort of logical sequence or order, all of which factors are more or less lacking in dreams. The inchoate dream-composition, which has no analogue in our waking state, vanishes before the strong inrush of realities when we awake.

It is a curious feature of dreams that they are largely made up of visual pictures, which is also true of most deliriums. While the waking mind thinks ordinarily

in word-images and speech, the dreaming mind employs optic illusions or hallucinations to express its thoughts. The other senses also play a part at times.

Another peculiarity is the tendency of the dreamer to "make a story" of the kaleidoscopic images brought before his consciousness. He must give the conglomerate some sort of unity. This is a kind of necessity in his waking life also—to dramatize his experiences—and he carries this wish for a dramatic finish into dreamland with him. It must be confessed that the dramatic tendency follows him back from dreamland, and is often apt to embellish quite unconsciously his report of his dream-adventures next day.

There has been much discussion as to whether one dreams only on falling to sleep and during the act of waking up or whether dreams take place at any time during sleep. While not definitely determined as yet, the evidence seems to be rather in favor of the view that one may dream at any time during the night, or the whole night through. Dreaming is common to perfectly healthy persons, and in itself is no evidence of disorder.

Until now we have concerned ourselves somewhat briefly with the psychic nature and composition of dreams, and have said nothing of their exciting causes. We may roughly class these as sensory stimuli which reach the sleeping mind through the five senses from outside the body, sensory stimuli from the organs within the body, internal irritations in such sensory organs as the eye and ear, and finally purely psychic excitants.

The first two are so familiar to every one as to be almost proverbial exciters of dreams. The following are instances:

A hot-water bottle at the feet led to a dream of a journey to the top of Ætna. An attack of gout coming on in sleep induced a dream of the Inquisition and the rack. A light allowed to shine through red paper on a sleeper's eyes caused a dream of storm and hot weather. A bad taste in the mouth brought forth a dream of having taken a bite from a specimen preserved in alcohol. One investigator was stimulated by the clattering by of a horse in the street to dream of a banquet of giants whose jaws made a terrible clatter as they ate. A pleasant or

disagreeable odor may in the same manner arouse analogous phenomena.

A popular saying that many dreams come from indigestion is an example of an organic source, but general feelings of malaise, of thirst, of hunger, or special feelings based on disorders of the lungs, heart, stomach, or other organs in the body are prone to develop dreams. The functions of the healthy organisms do not come under the observation of consciousness when we are awake, but in sleep there is a hypersensitiveness of the subconsciousness to processes going on in the body even under normal conditions, and in sickness this hypersensitiveness may be much emphasized. Long ago Aristotle declared it possible for some incipient organic disorder to first manifest itself in dreams, and many modern authorities agree with him. As probably all normal individuals dream, and very likely every night, most physicians look upon these organic physiological stimuli as the chief sources of dreams. In illness they are more prolific causes. These excitants come from what a French author calls the "Splanchnic Ego"—or the Ego connected with the sympathetic nerves.

A theory as to cause which has much vogue among psychologists, if not among physicians, is the third mentioned above, internal sensory irritation, or the theory of hypnagogic hallucinations. Subjective sensations in the eye and ear, such as spots, dots, flashes, ringing or roaring in the ears, or even fainter conditions than these, remaining over from the waking state, may act as excitants of dreams. The theory has won much attention, particularly because the subconscious Ego tends so strongly to think in pictures or hallucinations.

The fourth source mentioned above, the purely psychic cause, is based upon the well-known though infrequent relation of dreams to the thoughts and interests of the waking state. But while the interests of the day do at times haunt the brain in sleep, this source is too uncommon to make it the etiological basis of all dreams. The truth is, that any of these excitants may act at any time to determine the exposures of old associations, and their anachronous and disorderly reproduction.

Dreams have a close relation to delirium and insanity, so close that insanity has

been described as a long dream, and dreaming as brief insanity. There is nothing in the phenomena of dreams that may not be encountered among the wide-awake patients of an asylum ward. Sometimes insanity first manifests itself in dreams, though the mind be still normal by day. Such dreams are then the precursors of aberration. Again, in patients just recovered from mental disorder, who are normal by day, there is sometimes a nightly recurrence for a time of the insane delirium in sleep, a nocturnal insanity. There have been patients who showed only this nocturnal form of insanity. In some cases anxious dreams have been the equivalents of epileptic seizures; and in alcoholism the dreams sometimes foreshadow the characteristic alcoholic delusions (of infidelity, etc.) that may or may not possess the waking consciousness later. Insanity and delirium have many features common to dreams, such as the prominence of visual and auditory hallucinations, the sharpened memory for the past, the imaginary fulfilment of wishes and desires, baroque associations, chaotic flight of ideas, weakened judgment, loss of sense of time, and division of personality. Indeed, so close is the relation that it has been said that insanity, though a pathological condition, is to be looked upon as the summation of periodically recurring normal dreams. It is a well-known fact that a terrible dream may usher in insanity, and that the insane delirium then concerns itself with the material of the forerunning dream. Dreams are also at times the cause of so-called imperative ideas or impulses, haunting thoughts that take possession of the waking mind to the exclusion of everything else. These imperative ideas are frequent in neurasthenia. The individual may be normal in speech and conduct, but cannot rid himself of the single and usually trivial thought that forces itself into his consciousness.

Thus we may look upon insanity as a species of reduction of consciousness, such as exists in the dream-state. If sanity be the sunlit day of consciousness, then insanity is the night of consciousness, full of mysterious, fantastic moonlight distortions of reality.

This is the age of rehabilitation and verification of old popular beliefs and su-



perstitutions. Just as the ancient alchemists would find to-day a justification in the behavior of newly discovered elements for their faith in transmutation, so, were the old oracles to be born again, they would discover new support for their divinations in the works of the dream-investigators of to-day. The method of explication is changed. The diviners of the past were symbolists and decipherers. The system of explanation by symbols is well exemplified in the dream of Pharaoh interpreted by Joseph. The seven fat kine that were followed and devoured by the seven lean ones were an allegorical prophecy of seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine. The second popular system of ancient days was a sort of cipher method. A dream was like a piece of secret writing or a rebus, in which each sign had a fixed and arbitrary meaning recorded in a dream-book. If, for example, you should dream one night of a letter and also of a burial, reference to the dream-book would show that to dream of a letter predicts danger; of a burial, a betrothal.

Now the modern diviners of dreams take little or no rank as prophets, but they claim that there are no dreams, however trivial as to contents, that are without significance. They employ neither the symbolic nor the cipher systems of interpretation, but a method quite their own, which may be called the analytic-synthetic. To them the subconscious Ego, out of which the dream comes, is an infinitely vaster personality than the conscious Ego, and keen analysis of the compressed conglomerate of a dream is discovery, is a revelation of wishes, desires, conflicts, tendencies, characteristics, hidden far down in the inmost depths of the dreamer's individuality. These broken fragments of unrelated experiences, woven by the dreamer's fantasy into a sort of dramatic unity, drift, like the ice-floe, on that invisible sea of personality. Separately piece by piece the fragments are studied, and their old motives, relations and associations traced out. Each fragment is in itself a condensation of some outlived experience. As the paleontologist reconstructs his hypothetical monster from its only remains, a scale or a footprint, so the dream-diviner makes his synthesis from the vestige uncovered in

the strata of dreams. He examines the apparent material of the dream, but he must also follow closely all clues to the latent material underlying it. A curious and interesting fact established by the dream-analysts is that a large proportion of dreams represent the fulfilment of a wish or desire. This is particularly true of children, whose dreams are of the simplest nature. Any one may convince himself of this by a little inquiry. There are thirst dreams and hunger dreams, wealth dreams, fame dreams, and so on through the whole catalogue of man's desires. The sick dream of health, the unhappy of happiness, the childless of children, the penniless of golden ducats, and in his winter attic in the city the poet dreams of summer in the country. The discovery of the desire at the basis of dreams is not always easy, for it may be hidden from the dreamer himself, and this is a riddle that the new oracles enjoy solving. When one dreams that he sees his enemy lying dead before him, the fundamental wish is clear. But when one dreams of the death of a friend or relative, a parent or sister, he is horrified by the diviner's suggestion that here, too, a desire lies hidden, albeit probably some old long-forgotten infantile wish such as children often express in irritation. Such at least is an explanation which has been authoritatively offered, though the writer feels that it is more than questionable. Common as a wish is as an impetus to dreams, it is not a constant or invariable factor. But whence come the wishes and why do they so often seek fulfilment in our dreams? Wills, wishes, desires, struggles, conflicts, hopes, needs, the manifold complicated expression of the one Great Will, lying at the foundation of all consciousness and subconsciousness, repressed and censored in the waking state by reason and judgment, have a clear field at night when reason and judgment are asleep.

But the modern investigators have not unravelled the whole mystery of dreams. There is still "an incommensurable rest," and perhaps will always be, with which the mystics may busy their brains. There is still the vast domain of the subconscious, wherein the brownies, as Robert Louis Stevenson called them, may write stories or compose poems.

# Vanitas Vanitatum

BY MARIE MANNING

THEODORA did not know much about her uncle James. He was one of those unknown quantities that few families escape and that may presently manifest themselves in the form of a simple cipher or again as a vulgar fraction. He was her mother's brother, which doubtless accounted for the lack of data concerning him on the part of his "in-laws." That he was coming to "Harkaway" to make his niece's acquaintance was the extent of the information vouchsafed by Aunt Winship on her daily round of inspection. For Theodora was still "The Lady of the House,"—no stepmother nor resident governess having presented herself to wrest from the youthful chatelaine her sceptre of office.

On the whole, the prospect of Uncle James's visit left Theodora tepid; she was not well up on uncles. With regard to aunts, now, she regarded herself as a connoisseur—and her critical judgment did not dispose her the more favorably to their male counterparts. Aunt Winship was the hair-shirt of her daily life, the constant prickle that served to recall hourly the evanescent quality of human happiness. And though fate spared Theodora a residence beneath the same roof of this argus-eyed relative, it inflicted her jointly as a next-door neighbor and recording secretary of the judgment-book.

In view of what happened to bring about this tale, it might be well to mention that before Aunt Winship married Uncle Winship—a mild-mannered man with a bald spot—she had been "wedded to art," which, Theodora understood, from various family comments, "accounted for a good deal." Aunt Winship's dalliance with art asserted itself, after her marriage, in a headlong pursuit of the picturesque—her house, her children, her servants, even Uncle Winship with his bald spot, were but so many "effects"

to be arranged and rearranged in a continual series of pictures.

In appearance Aunt Winship rather suggested a fowl, one that would never hurry even for the most delectable of worms. Her head thrust out a few inches before the rest of her body, and her carefully undulating walk, more than carried out the suggestion. But Aunt Winship fondly imagined that she was a Botticelli in type and carefully dressed for the part.

"When your uncle James arrives," she admonished her niece, "you must remember that though you are a little girl you are also his hostess, and you must do everything to make him comfortable. I should stay to dinner, but I feel, as he has come all the way from Australia to see you, he would probably prefer having you to himself this evening. Your father will be here in a day or two, at the latest."

Theodora was so entranced with her dignity as hostess that she could hardly wait for Aunt Winship to go before rushing off to consult a newly found authority. This was a brown leather book that she had but recently discovered in her late grandmother's sitting-room and that bore the title, *Miss Dingley's Household Book and Compendium of Etiquette*. It had a nice musty odor when opened, and the pages were slightly wavy as if they had been fluted and pressed. At the bottom of the title-page was, "Philadelphia, 1812." The first half of the book was given over to household matters, the latter half to questions of etiquette. Was there anything in the household part that ought to apply to an impending uncle? A glance at the table of contents revealed such tidbits of information as:

"How to sweeten an old cask."

"How to buy or bespeak a sofa."

"How to make coffee-starch for mourning chintzes."

What was a mourning chintz, and did

Uncle James have any? She read eagerly and discovered that the usual white starch "gave a slovenly and ashen appearance to black materials destined to be laundered." That might be a nice thing to tell to a visiting aunt, but an uncle wouldn't be interested.

She turned to that portion of the book dealing with the amenities: "The real duties of the genteel hostess—Duty to a male guest—Duty to a female guest, page 367." It seemed, according to Miss Dingley, that a vital requisite for a guest of either sex was a large pincushion and a reticule furnished with reels of thread, silk and buttons "congruous to the garments of both sexes." Theodora ran to the guest-room. There was neither pincushion nor reticule. What would Uncle James think of her? The reticule she could manage by the simple expedient of borrowing—but the pincushion?

"We highly recommend a brick pincushion," proclaimed Miss Dingley, "as one that has a substantial and handsome appearance on the dressing-table and at the same time will be an important article of convenience when sewing long seams, running breadths or hemming the ruffles of a gentleman's shirt-bosom, and may also be employed in keeping a door ajar. It is too heavy to overset, and its very weight will insure its longevity, as offering a menace to the idle, who are much given to handling and examining articles of beauty.

"Secure a large clean brick, not in the least broken or scaled off at the edges, and encase it completely in strong tow linen. Next make a bag of thick linen, allowing two or three inches larger each way than the top of the brick. Stuff the bag to the utmost repletion with bran, using at least three quarts or even more. Cover with handsome silk damask and embellish with a cord and tassel. We have known pincushions of this kind to be used by the best families in Philadelphia consecutively for twenty-five years."

Theodora began to sew with frantic haste. In the intervals of bran-packing she would peep furtively between the pages to glean further instruction regarding the duties of the genteel hostess toward her guests. "If the guest be a person of distinction, the servants should be drawn up, according to their position

of importance in the household, to greet him in the entrance-hall." Surely an uncle from Australia was a person of distinction; she must see to that.

It seemed that the guest, on his part, was not devoid of obligations. If a "male guest" he was earnestly requested "to refrain from duelling whilst sojourning beneath the roof of a friend, though if his honor had been menaced he might make it plain that a challenge would be forthcoming at the conclusion of the visit then engaging his attention." He was also urged "not to overindulge in wine or ardent spirits," and was cautioned against reading in bed, lest he doze off and "ignite the bedclothes and thus inconvenience his hostess with the vexation of a fire." Theodora, reading these things, determined to judge her uncle James accordingly. If he fought duels or set the house on fire she would have a poor opinion of him as a guest and an uncle.

At last the pincushion was finished—a behemoth of a thing, wearing rather a blowsy look despite its gorgeous attire. For a beautiful old yellow crêpe shawl and a green silk cord and tassel from one of the drawing-room curtains had been sacrificed in the interest of hospitality.

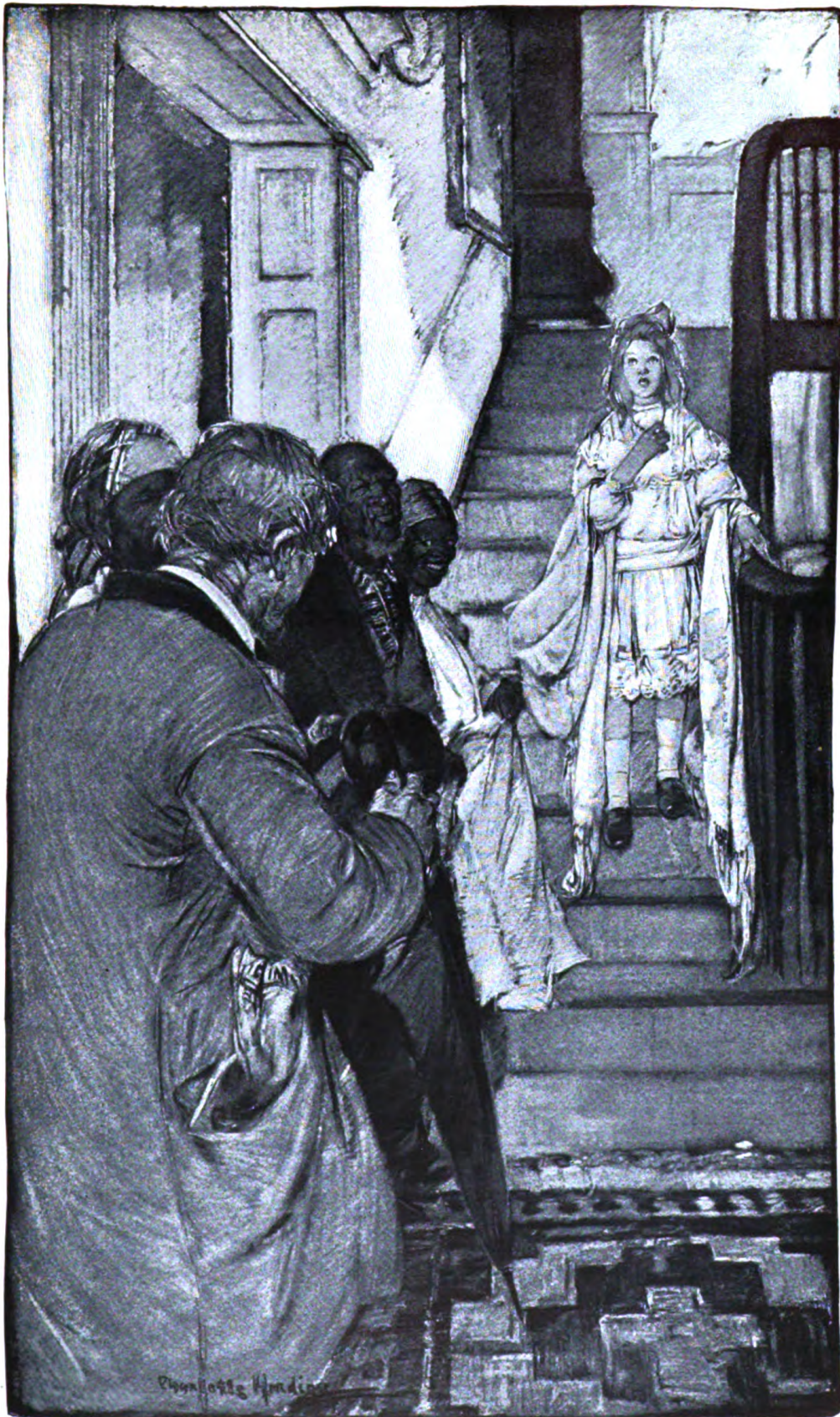
The next thing was to instruct the servants "to be drawn up" in the hall on the arrival of Uncle James. Miss Dingley in hand, to prove that she had chapter and verse for her authority, Theodora descended to the kitchen. Aunt Sally, the cook, was dismembering a chicken for frying when the Lady of the House entered.

"W'y, Miss T'eedo', ain' you-all done change yo' dress yet? Yo' uncle from dat savage country am boun' to catch you in dat gingham ap'on if you doan' swiften up yo' motions some."

"I'm going fo' to change it, Aunt Sally, but I want to tell you-all first that you must stand in the front hall"—she moistened a finger, turned to the page and read impressively—"in the order of your relative importance' when he arrives."

"Fo' de Lord, Miss T'eedo', I doan' know w'at dat langwidge done mean. But if hit's anyt'ing purtaining to de axions of folks in dem savage countries, dey ain't no call to interjuice 'em hyer-





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

THEODORA WAS ELEGANTLY SAUNTERING DOWN THE STAIRS

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abouts. Out dar dey done eat mission-ayries. I doan' say yo' uncle do hit, but hit am done."

"Aunt Sally, it don't mean any more than, when Uncle James steps out of the carriage, that you and Uncle Josh and Cindy and Tommy are to stand in the hall and make a low bow to him. You will, of course, stand first," interposed the youthful Machiavelli, "as you are the most important servant in the house."

"But how am Josh to 'commodat' himself to dat foolishness, if he done drive yo' uncle f'om de deepo; how he gwine to leave his horses at de do' an' stan' grinnin' in de hall, too?"

"Easy enough."

"An' how am I fo' to leave my chicken burnin' in de pan—"

"I don't know, Aunt Sally; I only know it's got to be done; this book says so, and this was grandmamma's book. It's what made her a lady of the old school, 'cause it was written in 1812, and I'm going to be a lady of the old school, too. So there, now, you've all got to stand in the hall."

"Ole Mis' never done got her manners out'n no book; dey done growed in her same as her teef an' finger-nails, an' she never ordahed no sich foolishness as standin' in de hall w'en comp'ny come."

"Aunt Sally!" said Theodora, with the real ring of Tryon authority, "I'm the Lady of the House now, and I insist upon it."

"All right, Miss, but if yo' uncle has to eat bu'nt chicken doan' you-all blame Aunt Sally."

Having asserted her position definitely, the Lady of the House retired to her own room for a final conference with her mentor. This supreme authority, it seemed, was not without her moments of human weakness. Here, for instance, was a dissertation on earrings—things that heretofore Theodora had considered as the height of foolishness, if indeed she had considered them at all. "The earring," proclaimed Miss Dingley, "is the most elegant of all adornments for the genteel female. The great bard of Avon employed the earring not only for the embellishment of his own person, as witness several of his portraits, but at the same time dignified it by a reference in his immortal verse, viz.: 'It seems she

hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'"

Evidently earrings were something that no true lady should be without, and here was she waiting to receive an uncle from Australia and not the sign of a pair.

It was an amazed and somewhat bewildered Uncle James that stepped from the old-fashioned chariot into the wide hall at "Harkaway." Uncle Josh, the negro driver, with whom he had been enjoying an amusing chat on his way from the station, bounded in from the carriage, and taking his place between the dignified Aunt Sally and the grinning Cindy, seemed to deny all previous acquaintance by the blank countenance presented.

Theodora, unconsciously plagiarizing the pose of Louise of Prussia, was elegantly sauntering down the stairs, the remainder of the yellow crêpe shawl, after the inroads of the pincushion, trailing from her shoulders.

"Fo' de Lawd!" exclaimed Aunt Sally under her breath, and forthwith forgot the crucial condition of her chicken browning in the pan.

"I trust you are not fatigued after your long journey?" inquired the Lady of the House—this being the opening sentence of the formula recommended by Miss Dingley to "a female guest or a gentleman of advanced years."

"Eh, what?" roared the ex-sea-captain. He had never been able to lose his seafaring voice, and shouted his kindest inquiries as he would have issued commands in a thunder-storm.

Theodora repeated her inquiry.

"Nothing to report to Lloyds; calm as a duck-pond, no one lost a meal. But don't I get a kiss after my long journey.—eh, what?"

The chatelaine considered. Yes, surely an uncle was down in that table of consanguinity within whose limits an osculatory embrace was countenanced by Miss Dingley. She accordingly proffered a cheek.

At dinner the hostess sat at the head of the table and gravely made conversation that she imagined to be suitable and agreeable to an elderly gentleman.

"You have no little boys and girls of your own, have you, Uncle James; you're what's called a bachelor, aren't you?"



Uncle James didn't remember being so flustered since the bishop examined him for confirmation, some fifty-odd years ago. But after a prefatory "Eh, what!" he managed to say, "Always sailed my craft alone, my dear—skipper, mate, cook and cabin-boy; lonesome sometimes, but no mutiny."

"A great freedom from responsibility, having no children," gravely commented the hostess. "Every one seems so sorry for papa. They come here and suggest things the same as if I was chills and fever, or a cold, or something you had to take medicine for. The last thing they suggested was a stepmother, but I prayed every night to be made so wicked that no one would have me, and after a while God answered my prayer. I was very wicked indeed."

"God bless my soul! what d'you do?"

"It wouldn't be right for me to tell you, Uncle James; you might do the same thing yourself if you wanted any one to let you alone very much."

Theodora couldn't understand why the foreign uncle laughed so heartily as he said: "A bit too old now, my dear; it's steam-yachts they're after, an old hulk of a sailing-vessel's not their prize. But there was a time, my dear, there was a time—" said the old sea-dog reminiscently. The Lady of the House felt that she must run to Miss Dingley's *Household Book and Compendium of Etiquette* the minute dinner was over, and see if she could find anything to throw light on Uncle James's remarks.

As Uncle James grew better acquainted with his little niece he began to tell the most delightful sea-yarns—tales of voyages to far-away countries, tropical storms, shipwrecks and troubles with natives. To these recitals came the Winships. They, too, called him "Uncle James" and voted him the finest relative of their acquaintance. Even their mother found him an "interesting type," and things were going so well with the foreign uncle that Aunt Winship actually allowed Amaryllis to go with him and Theodora on a little excursion to the next town. To understand the adventurous charm of this expedition, particularly to Amaryllis, let it be said that her life was bounded by health-food, "The Little Classics," picturesque clothes and

discipline at all hours. Despite the awful consequences of that day, Amaryllis spoke of it long afterward as the happiest of her life.

On this occasion Uncle James proved that he lacked the dismal superiority of the average grown-up and that age had not debauched his taste in sarsaparilla and ginger-snaps, a treat of these delicacies being the curtain-raiser of the enterprise. And when it came to buying dolls and little dishes he simply wouldn't look at any but the finest quality. A Wild West Show came next in the order of events, and, with this, treats of a strange pinkish lemonade that reminded the little girls of the way uncle's and father's heads smelled when they came from the barber's. Amaryllis, who imagined everything to eat and drink must be health-food, wondered why her mother never had any of this delicious variety at home. There were peanuts and pop-corn; also vastly superior to the brands of health-food to be met with on one's own table, and these articles, it seemed, could be eaten in public. But the crowning event of the afternoon came as a complete surprise. Uncle James proposed taking them to the local jeweller and letting them pick out a pair of earrings to remember the day by. It must be confessed that Theodora had confided this deficiency of ornament to her uncle on several occasions, even hinting that Miss Dingley had no opinion of a lady who did not wear them.

"Ain't it better'n Christmas?" Amaryllis turned from the inspection of a pair. "'Cause at Christmas you have to take just what you find in your stocking."

"Yes, indeedy, and half the time it's some old game or book to improve you. Oh, look, Amaryllis, aren't they just splendid?" The jeweller was holding out a pair of earrings that he had despaired of selling since the Civil War. They were not quite the size of a frying-pan, but their architecture was infinitely more complex. They started out with a coral ball of goodly proportions; their next stage was a gold crescent elaborately carved and pierced; this was followed by another crescent that went its predecessors one better, the finale consisting of alternating gold and coral fringes that dangled, as the jeweller said, with every

movement of the head. Theodora held them to her ears, which were not pierced, but she managed to get the effect, and the effect ravished her.

Amaryllis Winship, who had never been allowed to exercise her individual taste in the smallest matter, but who was continually being brought to bay by the words "Good taste," in the mouth of her mother, was beginning to feel positively light-headed at being allowed to choose such a thing as a pair of earrings.

"Haven't you another pair zackly like those?" She had a famished tone; it was just like Theodora to snap up that splendid pair. No, the jeweller had not, but he had in stock other ante-bellum high crimes and misdemeanors against the ears of ladies, and Uncle Jameses didn't come every day. Ponderous three-storied affairs they were, that our great-aunts used to wear to the utter confusion of our great-uncles, along with hoop-skirts and Garibaldis.

Amaryllis was beginning to take heart at sight of twin atrocities that seemed to display a wealth of plot almost similar to Theodora's. These were a collection of gold balls, somewhat suggestive of a pawnbroker's sign, but saving themselves from the humiliating similarity by a set of loops heavily encrusted with turquoise.

Amaryllis immediately decided on these, even as Theodora had not hesitated a moment over the corals, but some latent feminine instinct asserted itself—was it well to let a shopkeeper see that you were completely carried away with his wares? No, it was not the part of wisdom. They nudged each other and discussed the matter in stage whispers—the jeweller meanwhile wearing a highly abstracted air.

"Will these wear well?" Amaryllis inquired, holding up the barbaric ornaments, and trying to curb her abject admiration for them.

"There is no end to the wear in 'em," replied the jeweller, thinking of the years they had travelled from window to show-case.

Theodora knew that the next question in the shopping catechism should be, "Will they wash?" but it seemed a foolish thing to ask about earrings, so she compromised with, "Will they clean well?"

Being assured that coral would clean wonderfully, Amaryllis demanded a similar character for her turquoise. The honest tradesman assured her that in the matter of earrings the turquoise would last a hundred years—in a ring, now, he wouldn't recommend them, as they were apt to turn green on coming in contact with water or grease. That settled it; Amaryllis would have none of them. The jeweller brought forth the last of his wares of that stone age of personal adornment—a pair of mourning earrings—linked lozenges of onyx, embellished with pearl ears of corn. These would wash, clean, mend, make over, wear well—the jeweller gave them unimpeachable character; he was going to take no further chance on mourning earrings of the vintage of 1860. Uncle James paid the bill, and the children departed, each bearing earrings warranted to defy the ages.

Evil now entered into Theodora and had dominion over her. She knew that in so important a matter as having her ears pierced she would have to get as many as two permissions, one from her father and the other from Aunt Winship. Also, that the permissions once granted, they might hang fire, for years, like a claim before Congress, while in the case of Amaryllis she saw difficulties grow a hundredfold. Ear-piercing would be almost certain to come within the category of disapprobation—perhaps it wasn't artistic, or refined, or exclusive. Why not take occasion by the hand? She and Amaryllis were for once in their lives removed from the immediate custody of their constant mentor; they were under the care of this divinely tolerant Uncle James, who never took advantage of his preeminent position as a grown-up to thwart the wishes of the young. It seemed madness to trifle with such a heaven-sent opportunity.

Here they were with really splendid "lady earrings" in their pockets, actually at large in the same village with an ear-piercer, one Miss Granger, who in addition to her business as dressmaker was known to perform this minor act of surgery with needle, thread, and bit of cork on the lobes of her patrons' ears.

Similar considerations seemed to be taking possession of the mind of Amaryllis, manifesting themselves at first by a





Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"AREN'T THEY JUST SPLENDIFEROUS?"

bright spot on either cheek, and a tendency to outdistance Uncle James and Theodora from pure excitement. She invited Theodora to race up to the corner, and took advantage of their momentary privacy to say:

"You know, Theo, mamma is so tender-hearted that I'm afraid she won't ever let me have my ears pierced—you know how she always has the water warmed whenever she has the kittens drowned. An' never wants to hear anything about suffering—I just don't know how she's going to stand it when it comes to having my ears pierced; I suppose she'll faint."

"No, she won't," said Theodora; "she'll make us put it off till we're ladies—maybe she won't even let us have it done then; maybe it ain't artistic."

"So few things are," dismally corroborated Amaryllis.

"I'm right glad Uncle James ain't artistic, ain't you?"

"'Deed I am!"—long pause. "Do you think it would be a kindness to mamma to have it all done and over with before we get home? You know she's always telling me that I ought to do at least one kind act a day, and to-day I've forgotten all about my kind act till just now."

"Wouldn't that be a kind act to ourselves, having our ears pierced when we're so anxious to have it done?"

"I suppose it would, but it would be a kind act to mamma, too, and it seems to me that a kind act that would do good to three people is a kinder act than one that does good to only one."

"Miss Granger's door is only four—no, five doors up; she'd do it in a minute"—the proximity of the ear-piercer was too much for Theodora. "Let's ask Uncle James; he's grown-up and we're under his care for the afternoon."

"Eh, what—have your ears pierced? I suppose, as you're girl kiddies, it's got to be done sometime, hasn't it. Eh, what? You're not afraid it 'll hurt you?—Makes me think of the way the jackies want to be tattooed the minute they smell salt water. She lives here, does she, the lady who pierces ears? Well, cut for the companionway."

The ear-piercer presently made her appearance in answer to their ring. She was a short-sighted little woman who

peered at them through the very thickest of spectacles. Her skirts were covered by a long apron and her bodice was of the basque design and fitted as a cover fits its pincushion.

"Do you pierce ears?" demanded Theodora.

"I do for my customers, as an accommodation, but it's not my regular business; I'm a dressmaker." Miss Granger spoke as incisively as if she was snipping her words with her sharpest pair of scissors. She was a Northern woman and had never acquired the Southern accent.

"Oh, we're regular customers of yours," promptly announced Theodora. "Or at least our grandmother, Mrs. Bushrod Tryon, was before she died. I should be one now, but no one has bought me any dresses lately. You see, I'm still in half-mourning. And this is my cousin, Amaryllis Winship. Nobody makes her clothes, because they are artistic; her mother dresses her like pictures."

"Indeed!" said Miss Granger. The implication was that she did not think much of picture clothes. "Come in." The preparatory details for the operation were not especially harrowing. The aspirant martyrs sat on the slippery hair-cloth sofa and watched Miss Granger make ready for the rites. The actuality was a slight twinge in the lobe of the ear as the needle went squeaking through the cork—a moment for the tying of the silk thread and the thing was done. They wanted the new earrings put in immediately, but the dressmaker said they would have to wait till their ears "got well" first, and after thanking her profusely they went their way with slightly chastened feelings. It would have been something to present themselves at home decked in magnificent jewelry—this would have been worth suffering for; but to return with only a little silk string in one's ears was quite another matter. Uncle James, wholly unconscious of the atrocity to which he had lent countenance, told them sea-yarns on the way home.

Amaryllis turned in at her own gate. She was not devoid of character, and what had to be she preferred having over quickly, so, taking a deep breath, she went in unto her fate.



When Theodora reached home, there was great news in store for her. Judge Tryon had arrived, and even the ear-piercing was forgotten in the delight of having her father once more for her very own. She was sitting on the parental knee, holding a brand-new doll and nibbling the coat off a chocolate almond, and it seemed that the fates had nothing further to offer in the way of happiness—when the library door was flung open by no uncertain hand and there stood Aunt Winship holding the guilty Amaryllis at arm's length as if she were a sword about to be brandished on the company.

"Charles! Charles! What do you think of this?" The tone of her inquiry would have done very well if she had returned home and found her family assassinated and her house in flames.

"Think of what?" demanded her brother.

"Why, these children, Theodora and Amaryllis, have ruined themselves, utterly ruined themselves, and the custom has gone out among nice people twenty years ago."

"The custom of ruining one's self? By Jove, I wish it had—"

"How can you take it so calmly, Charles—it's utterly barbaric—"

"Seems to agree with 'em, whatever it is."

Aunt Winship sobbingly had recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, but it was as a leaf in a storm. "Charles Tryon," she demanded, "don't you know that this inhuman practice was utterly obsolete when I was a girl—that when they grow up it's going to make them seem years and years older than they really are?"

"But what is it they've done—"

"That it will, in a measure, rob them of their youth—"

"For Heaven's sake, Juliana, tell me what it is—"

"And that it is absolutely inartistic?"

Her last word in some measure restored his composure. If it was inartistic, perhaps then it could not have been murder, arson, or the other deadly sins. "Children, what have you been doing—now out with it?"

The sole surviving followers of this alleged lost art among "nice people" were quiet a moment, then Theodora announced, "We've had our ears pierced!"

Judge Tryon, regarding the falsely hall-marked in the light of this new intelligence, was conscious of four dangling bits of string in the lobes of their several ears as the culprits stood before him.

"Uncle James took us to town and bought us the loveliest earrings"—Theodora, scenting her father's amusement, determined to make a clean breast of it—"and we stopped at Miss Granger's and had 'em pierced, and it was our kind act for the day not to let Aunt Winship know till it was all over."

Aunt Winship, in the unconscious impersonation of the avenging angel, seemed to take a tighter grip on the flaming sword as unconsciously portrayed by Amaryllis. The cause of the tableau, unaware of the criminal nature of the proceeding to which he had given countenance, was making his way toward the library, "to pay his respects" to the avenging goddess within, when Judge Tryon signalled to him by a species of desperate "wig-wags" that the move was not a wise one; and the seafaring bachelor, never certain of his bearings where any of the fair sex were involved, turned and began to tack toward the grape-arbor.

Mrs. Winship bore home her pierced and, to her mind, mutilated offspring. The earrings were confiscated and Amaryllis set at the first of that long series of tasks that her mother imposed to purge away the crime. Of course, the silk threads were removed from both pairs of ears on the day of the piercing, in the vain hope that they might "grow up," which in all probability would have happened had not the youngsters, like Penelope of old, undone by night the work that went on by day. Broom straws applied on retiring and withdrawn before morning inspection were found to be wonderfully efficacious, despite the torture involved. Indeed, both devotees of fashion felt something of the same pride in their lacerated lobes that a Heidelberg student is said to feel in his scars.

As for the divinely tolerant relative who was at the bottom of the trouble, his visit came to an end all too soon—from the little girls' point of view, at least. He went away happily ignorant of the iniquity laid at his door. And the little



girls paid him the compliment of a joint resolution that when they grew up they would marry Uncle Jameses or "never anybody at all."

It was about a fortnight after his departure that Amaryllis remarked to her cousin, casually but with importance, "Do you know, Theo, we could wear real sure-enough earrings now, any time they'd let us."

Theodora said nothing.

"I know, 'cause I borrowed the cook's yesterday and they didn't hurt at all."

Theodora stubbed her toe in the dirt, but still said nothing.

"Maybe they are going to give us back our own earrings at Christmas for a surprise."

"I don't want mine."

Amaryllis looked positively frightened; this sudden apostasy from the ranks of those who would pierce and adorn their ears was heresy to the other conspirator.

"Amaryllis Winship, we have been deceived, and it's all that horrid old Miss Dingley's fault. The earring is not 'the most elegant of all adornments for the genteel female.' The earring has gone out of fashion, and I've decided not to be a lady of the old school anyhow, so there!"

"Then mamma was right, after all."

"Yes, she was right, and I'm going to apologize to her, too. Yesterday a beautiful magazine was left at our door by a man who said he'd come back to see if the lady of the house would take it. I read it to see if I would take it, if I had any money. And there was a piece in it that read, 'The Death Knell of the Earring,' and oh, Ryllis, it said, a long time ago Cleopatra, Columbus, Martha Washington and the very nicest people wore them, but now they were not to be seen except in the ears of dear old grandmothers who clung to outgrown customs."

Amaryllis clapped her hands to her ears with a gesture of despair. "And pierced places won't ever grow up; the cook told me so yesterday—how happy it made me then!"

"We might try poulticing them."

"Did you read that in your old Dingley book?"

"Yes, I did," confessed Theodora.

"I'm going to ask my mother if poulticing will close 'em up before I do it, and I'm going to say I'm sorry, too."

"Well, you're not the only person who's going to say she's sorry. Still," and there was a ring of loyalty in Theodora's voice, "I forgive Uncle James from the bottom of my heart—it was me that put it into his head."

## Song

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TIME cannot take away  
What Time did give;  
Sad as our hearts may be,  
We once did live.

And, howso robbed, who knows  
But those strange friends,  
Death and Eternity,  
May make amends.

# The Problems of Industrial Alcohol

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—IX

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

IN Organic Chemistry there is a very large and ever-growing family of substances known as the alcohols. Each member of this family has its own prænomen—methyl, ethyl, propyl, butyl, amyl, benzyl, and so on. The one bearing the name of *ethyl* is the subject of our paper.

We wish particularly to consider this ethyl alcohol as it functions industrially in the affairs of men—the scope of its utility as a chemical body, as a solvent, as a source of light and heat, and, most important of all, its status as a generator of power for the internal-combustion engines which in these days have so enormous a field of usefulness in driving automobiles.

From the beginning of history men have drunk certain liquids because they contained a *spirit* that could be commingled with the spirit of man; they drank cheer, courage, oblivion, lust, and murder. Only at a late period did it come to be known that all these feelings abided potentially in a certain definite liquid that appeared alike in all the multitudinous drinks of man—in beer, wine, whiskey, gin, brandy, rum, arrack, absinthe, pulque, koumiss, and saké—and that, in point of fact, ethyl alcohol was the people's one drink.

Until the 1st of January, 1907, the United States was the only important manufacturing and commercial country in the world that made no distinction in taxation between alcohol as a beverage and alcohol as an industrial substance. Germany, on the contrary, liberalized her laws sixteen years ago, and wholly freed alcohol to industry. The fact that in 1904 the Germans consumed 73,887,610 "tax" gallons of tax-free alcohol, and the Americans not one gallon, is the real reason why in certain industries Ger-

many has grown, head and shoulders above America, the power paramount. On the 1st of January, however, our government actually did give industrial alcohol a limited freedom, which on September 1, owing to an amendment to the law, will amount to a practical emancipation. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, of course, must positively see to it that no alcohol intended for industrial purposes is used for purposes merely bibulous—as pretty a problem as government has had to solve. For alcohol (95 per cent.) has been selling, let us say, at \$2 50 a gallon; out of this the government takes \$2 08 as a tax, and the distillers receive 42 cents; it costs, perhaps, 22 cents to make. With the removal of this enormous tax on alcohol for industry, everybody would evade it on alcohol for drinking; for, as everybody knows, alcohol is what every devotee of Bacchus drinks, and it is just as consistent to drink it, if pure, with a suitable dilution of water and the addition of a little sugar, as it is to drink it with all its natural impurities in the form of natural whiskey or wine. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that the Commissioner must in some practical fashion be able to know that the alcohol intended for one purpose is not being used for the other. This is accomplished by the enactment that tax-free alcohol for use in the arts and manufactures shall have first admixed with it certain substances that destroy its character as a beverage. On losing its character as a beverage it becomes denatured, as they say. Industrial alcohol of to-day is *denatured* alcohol.

The ideal substance for denaturing alcohol has not yet been found. It must be nasty—that is, it must be utterly repugnant to the taste and intolerable to

the stomach, and yet not "sudden death"; it must be very cheap, else the resulting industrial alcohol will not be cheap; it must be so difficult to remove from the alcohol that it will not pay to attempt it, otherwise in the sky-scrapers of New York and in the ranches of Kansas there will be moonshining plants renaturing for beverage purposes the denatured material; its character and quantity must be easy of determination by revenue officers; and, finally, it must not be of a nature such as to interfere with the industrial purposes for which the denatured alcohol is intended. There is no one substance or mixture of substances that ideally fulfils these conditions, and this despite the prizes, ranging from four to twenty thousand dollars, offered by the governments of Russia, France, and Germany, and despite, too, the large amount of work done upon the subject by highly competent chemists during the past twenty years. But there are substances that for practical purposes seem to have answered fairly well within the experience of European governments. Out of these the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had but to choose. His first choice was governed by the peculiar exigencies of the situation. The makers of the deleterious methyl alcohol had built up a large usage for their material, owing to the fact that the tax of \$2 08 on ethyl alcohol caused the untaxed methyl alcohol to be employed as a substitute at, say, seventy cents a gallon in all those industries for which alcohol as a solvent was absolutely necessary. The freedom from taxation of industrial ethyl alcohol meant, or at least they said it meant, the destruction of their industry, for no one would use methyl alcohol at seventy cents when he could obtain the incomparably better ethyl alcohol at about half the price. We now know that this claim of theirs was unjustified, owing to the fact that the other products obtained in the distillation of wood—acetate of lime and charcoal—would enable them to continue their manufacture with methyl alcohol selling at a quarter the price. In order, however, to cause as little damage as possible, and to afford a definite market for the methyl-alcohol industry, it was decreed that the first general denaturant

should, in imitation of the French practice, consist of this very methyl alcohol mixed with a little benzene. In other words, that for industrial purposes every 100 gallons of ethyl alcohol (not less than 90 per cent.) must have mixed with it ten gallons of crude methyl alcohol in its most offensive form, together with one-half gallon of benzene. The result of this first ruling was interesting. The methyl-alcohol "trust" immediately sold out to the so-called "whiskey trust," who raised the price of the denaturing material to a height so prohibitive that nobody could make denatured alcohol but themselves. The independent distillers, on complaining to the government, received solace in the permissive ruling of a second general denaturant. This consists, after the German practice, of adding to the 100 gallons of alcohol only two gallons of methyl wood-spirit, together with half a gallon of pyridine bases, the peculiarly offensive constituents of bone-oil. It is safe to say that neither mixture when mixed with alcohol constitutes a beverage that any man with a regard for his inner well-being would care to swallow.

One of the great industrial uses of alcohol is its solvent power. It is in this respect next to water in importance, and complementary to water in its action. Thus it is used to "cut" shellac, and shellac so dissolved in alcohol literally paints our civilization. It enters intimately into the manufacture and materially into the cost of furniture and of all kinds of wood products, such as passenger-cars, carriages, pianos, billiard-tables, burial-caskets, rattan goods, whips, trunks, shoe-dressing, shoes, fireworks, pipes, umbrellas, and innumerable other articles upon which men use varnish. It is used, again, whenever men employ shellac as a binding material, as, for example, in the manufacture of lead-pencils, in which the shellac dissolved in alcohol binds together the moulded graphite; or as in the production of electrical motors and generators, in which the many coils of insulated wire are held in place of this binding shellac; or in the manufacture of stiff hats, silk hats, and straw hats, where the shellac is incorporated in the body of the hat by the aid of alcohol. In all these industries.

the removal of this onerous tax on alcohol has relieved the manufacturer in cost, and the workman of a deadly menace to his health, by eliminating the use of the more expensive, the less efficient, and the very mischievous methyl alcohol from wood. Similarly, it enters as the principal item of cost into the manufacture of the lacquer which is used to enamel the surface of all types of metal objects in order to preserve their lustre—hardware, iron and brass beds, gas and electric fixtures, lamps, brass musical instruments, bird-cages, clocks, watches, and toys; all such articles materially benefit in cost of production from tax-free alcohol. Then, again, there are the industries dependent upon cellulose. Celluloid, for example, can be made only through the solvent power of alcohol, or of ether, made from alcohol, and so there result material advantages in the manufacture of piano and organ keys, billiard-balls, paper-cutters, combs, doll-heads, and a great variety of articles.

Allied to the celluloid industry there is the collodion manufacture, which deeply concerns photography. The people of the United States spend annually about \$175,000,000 on finished photographs. Yet into the films from which they are made, and into the papers that form them, this collodion, which is made indirectly and directly from alcohol, largely enters; the tax on alcohol has constituted two-thirds of the cost of collodion. Another industry related to cellulose concerns the manufacture of artificial silk. This substance, the product of a wide manufacture in Europe, has in the past been impossible of establishment in this country owing to the tax on alcohol. It is estimated that one factory of artificial silk would consume annually about 1,000,000 gallons of alcohol.

Perhaps one of the most annoying effects of the tax on alcohol was its hindrance to the development of the manufacture of explosives. Every pound of smokeless powder requires for its manufacture about 1.4 times its weight of alcohol, and the tax, therefore, upon this powder, due to the alcohol used, amounted to thirty-seven cents a pound. This industry, manufacturing between three and four million pounds of smokeless powder, is thus freed by the removal

of the tax from all restraint, and should now be enabled to make its cheapest powder the best; it should, in fact, speedily bring the day when black powder will be as effete as the bow and arrow. One might go on and on with the enumeration of the solvent powers of alcohol—how thus alcohol enters into the manufacture of incandescent mantles; how, with tax-free alcohol, Americans may now manufacture their own transparent soap, which they have been importing to the amount of 14,400,000 cakes from one manufacturer alone; how it permits the establishment of a wholly new industry, such as the alcohol process for the extraction of stearic acid and oleostearin. But it is already manifest that it is concerned with almost every article of luxury or convenience.

Another, wholly different, phase of alcohol is its utility as a chemically active body. Its solvent power in the manufacture of smokeless powder is supplemented by its chemical power in the manufacture of fulminate of mercury, the indispensable constituent of blasting-caps, percussion-caps, and cartridges. Almost every pound of this fulminate used in the United States has been made in Canada, owing to the fact that every pound of fulminate produced requires the use of over nine times its weight of alcohol laboring under a tax of \$2 08 a gallon. Another utility is found in its chemical function in the production of ethyl ether. This substance, invaluable to humanity, may now be made at a price of \$2 08 a gallon cheaper than before—the amount of the tax removed. Another anæsthetic which, with cheap alcohol, will now, like ether, enter widely, as it has never done before, into manufacturing operations as a most valuable solvent, is chloroform. Again, there is ethyl chloride, which, with “free” alcohol as the raw material of its manufacture, should soon be available to the farmer as a domestic refrigerant superior to the anhydrous ammonia now used, and very much cheaper. To cite still another out of many chemical utilities, there is the function of alcohol in the production of dyes, where, as a solvent, or as a medium of interaction, or as a chemically active body, it is invaluable to the in-

dustry. The fact that the dyes annually produced in this country are worth only \$2,500,000, while Germany exports \$30,000,000 worth, is significant in part of the difference to industry between taxed and untaxed alcohol. Finally, there is the manufacture of fine chemicals, into which, of course, alcohol enters. The total value of the fine chemicals produced in this country amounts to less than \$5,000,000 a year, while the amount annually exported by Germany exceeds \$50,000,000; with "free" alcohol this disparity will undoubtedly be lessened. The utility of "free" alcohol as a solvent and as a chemical body may be summed up in the statement that more than 10,000 factories, representing thirty distinct industries, with an aggregate capital exceeding \$500,000,000, and employing 300,000 workmen, have been using either taxed alcohol or an inferior substitute; with the removal of the tax these figures will be enormously extended.

One embarrassing situation created by the manifold usefulnesses of alcohol is the fact that for many manufacturing purposes the general denaturants mentioned above are unsuitable and injurious, and it therefore became necessary for the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to authorize special denaturants for special purposes. Thus, the manufacturers of celluloid are permitted to denature with camphor, the photoengravers with cadmium iodide, and the manufacturers of embalming fluids with considerably less wood-alcohol. One interesting paragraph of the recent amendment permits the use of denatured rum containing not less than 75 per cent. alcohol. This rum is used in the manufacture of nearly all tobacco for the purpose of "cutting" the liquorice which enters into it as, apparently, an essential ingredient, and for the purpose, also, of imparting to the tobacco certain attractive flavors; the Commissioner permits its denaturation with nicotine.

But the great fountain of usefulness of industrial alcohol has so far been left unnoticed—its function as a source of light and heat and power. One gram of alcohol on burning furnishes 7200 calories of heat, and this fact has interesting and important applications. Thus, while

the flame of burning alcohol is practically non-luminous, its heating value makes it, nevertheless, an elegant source of illumination. This is accomplished by permitting the alcohol flame to embrace an incandescent mantle of the type used in gas-lighting. In Europe there are hundreds of patents governing the manufacture of alcohol-lamps for lighting purposes, and dozens of different types are upon the market.

The fact that it takes from thirty to sixty seconds to light is the one annoying feature of the alcohol-lamp, and to overcome it the governments of France and Germany have offered prizes of \$10,000 to the successful inventor. Its advantages, on the contrary, are many. The relative efficiency of the alcohol-lamp is 1732 candle-power hours, as compared with 883 candle-power hours for the kerosene-lamp. It thus results that industrial alcohol at forty cents a gallon is able to compete with kerosene at eighteen cents. The light is peculiarly agreeable; it cannot smoke, its odor is quite inoffensive, it is not affected by draughts, it gives but little heat, for the heat of combustion is in large measure converted into light; its wick does not burn; the alcohol, if spilled, evaporates and leaves no spot on the carpet or odor upon the hands; and it is so safe that insurance companies make no objection to its storage. It seems certain that the appearance of alcohol-lamps will meet a grateful acceptance, particularly among the farming communities; all this, of course, on the supposition that industrial alcohol sells at a reasonable price.

But the 7200 calories of heat are good not only for lighting our homes, but for heating them. In Germany and France a multitude of heating mechanisms have been developed, and are being used for the application of alcohol as a source of fuel—stoves for cooking, stoves for heating, and stoves for every human purpose, from heating flatirons to drying one's hair. The newest stoves are those which, instead of burning the alcohol at the wick, first vaporize it into a "gas-chamber," and burn it in the form of a gas flame. All the advantages inherent in alcohol for lighting naturally belong to alcohol for heating. An interesting form of alcohol now on the German market



is the so-called "solid alcohol," or "Smaragdin," consisting of alcohol with a little ether soaked in a harmless form of guncotton; it sells for about sixty cents a pound, and requires no special form of stove. Of course, just as with kerosene, the products of combustion of the large alcohol-stoves should be carried out of the room through a stovepipe; though it should be said that, weight for weight, the carbonic acid evolved from the burning of alcohol is hardly one-half that from kerosene.

One of the most interesting developments of the past decade has been that of the internal-combustion engine, which functions to such an extent in driving automobiles. This type of engine employs a liquid fuel, generally gasoline, which, when vaporized and mixed with air, is compressed and exploded in the clearance chamber of the engine; the energy derived from the explosion drives the engine. While no gasoline-engine is technically or even "practically" perfect, their conveniences are such that there are to-day in this country over 400,000 in use, and their annual production amounts to 150,000. The question of profitably substituting in these engines alcohol for gasoline is one enormously controversial, but out of the warring testimony there have appeared certain facts that seem unquestionable. Some of these facts relative to the advantages and disadvantages of alcohol as a motive power we shall briefly present.

For the advantages: Alcohol is reproduced in the cycle of the seasons; it is absolutely inexhaustible; it is made out of sunshine and air, and its composition does not lessen the value of the soil or the energy of the earth. Gasoline, on the contrary, represents a part of the stored energy of the earth; it exists only to the extent of about two per cent. in petroleum, and its supply will in the future inevitably fail. To-day, the supply of gasoline is so much less than the demand that it practically cannot be obtained by many who would use it. If all the gasoline-engines in America worked continuously for a day of ten hours they would consume some 4,000,000 gallons of gasoline! Then, industrial alcohol is practically constant in composition; gasoline, on the contrary, is a

mixture, and is generally badly adulterated. Again, alcohol is beyond all question safer and more cleanly to use. Its safety lies in the fact that it is not so readily inflammable, and that it dissolves in water; in the event of fire, its dilution with water, even to its per cent. in whiskey, will at once extinguish it. Gasoline, on the other hand, is extraordinarily inflammable, and, what is much worse, it floats on water; in a gasoline fire the more the water is used the more the fire spreads. This fact for alcohol is of extreme importance in the question of insurance and in its use for motor-boats. Still again, with alcohol, the smell of the exhaust is almost imperceptible; at any rate, gasoline, in this respect, could not endure comparison. Another advantage for alcohol lies in the fact that cylinders and valves do not become plugged with residual products, as with gasoline, and that its combustion is cleaner and its ignition more perfect. Perhaps the greatest advantage possessed by alcohol in a struggle with gasoline rests in the higher compressibility of its vapor; the compression of alcohol vapor may safely be carried to 200 pounds per square inch, while that of gasoline cannot endure more than 80 pounds without the danger of premature explosion. Next, it requires no more skill to operate an alcohol-engine than a gasoline-engine. Finally, it may be expected that alcohol can always be made in the locality of the demand; it will not require, like gasoline, transportation through extensive distances.

That the foregoing advantages have significance is best seen in this, that while in 1904 there were 3000 alcohol-engines in use in Germany, in 1906 there were 6000; the use has been doubled in two years.

But there are disadvantages also unquestionable. The great positive disadvantage is the disparity in the heating value; for, weight for weight, the heating value of alcohol is only 0.6 that of gasoline; this means, in accordance with practical experimentation recently carried out by Professor Lucke, of Columbia, that, other things being equal, a small engine requires 1.8 times as much alcohol as gasoline per horse-power hour. A second disadvantage inheres in its

higher vaporizing point, for this necessitates a special modification in the engine in order to secure the complete vaporization of the alcohol and its very best consequent working. The third disadvantage refers to what seems to be a fact, that it is singularly easy to burn an excess of alcohol fuel without detecting it, much more so than with gasoline.

As a result of these warring factors, and so far only as to-day is concerned, it seems established that:

(1) With proper manipulation, any engine working with gasoline or kerosene can operate, unaltered, with alcohol.

(2) It can be operated with alcohol only at about twice the cost of gasoline. This is shown in a recent test of fuel economy, in which three automobiles, running on alcohol, a mixture of kerosene and gasoline, and gasoline, respectively, travelled from Trenton, New Jersey, to Atlantic City, 106.8 miles. While the alcohol-engine ran perfectly at a rate of thirty-five miles an hour, it consumed  $14\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of alcohol, at 37 cents a gallon, constituting a total cost of \$5  $36\frac{1}{2}$ , as against the performance of its rival, which consumed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of gasoline, at 22 cents, with a total cost of \$1 65. The relation of the two is best shown as the cost per ton mile, which for alcohol works out to \$0.0392, and for gasoline \$0.01354, about half as much.

But there are certain factors, three of them, which, taken together, may, and probably will, before very long throw the advantages to the side of alcohol. It should be remembered that, with equal cost of running, the advantages of alcohol are unquestionable.

First, the supply of gasoline is rapidly diminishing, while, as we have shown, the demands on it are increasing, and it is easy to see, and reasonable to predict, that its price will continually rise; this despite the fact that the producers of gasoline *could* sell it at a far lower price.

Second, the disadvantage that alcohol has hardly more than half the heating value of gasoline may be compensated by the advantage that its vapor will endure a vastly greater compression, and will thus yield a corresponding increase in power. The development of engines in which full advantage is taken of this and other coincident facts will doubtless

materially alter the ratio in the relative economy; and this development the American inventor, now that he has the alcohol to work with, may certainly be trusted to promote. Even now the development has started through a proposal to use, mixed with the alcohol vapor, acetylene from the action of watered alcohol upon carbide.

The third factor, however, working with the other two, is the one which ultimately may be expected to make of alcohol a universal source of power. This third factor is the cheapening of the production of alcohol.

Alcohol may be produced from any substance containing starch or sugar. Consequently, the raw materials of its manufacture lie everywhere, and long-distance carriage is eliminated. Whether it is most profitably produced from sugarcane, beets, fruits, potatoes, rice, wheat, rye, or Indian corn, depends simply on locality. Whenever the price of a crop sinks below a critical value, either through overproduction or through damage, it may be profitably stored in the form of alcohol. Industrial alcohol will thus steady the price of grain; it will act to the farmer as an insurance policy against loss, for it will provide him with an outlet against a glutted market. While for this reason anything may be turned into alcohol, from bad grain to rotting fruit, the one great present-day source of industrial alcohol, produced to the amount of nearly three billion bushels, and grown in every State in the Union except Nevada, is Indian corn, and it is upon Indian corn that the price of alcohol will for some time rest. Now, one bushel of Indian corn will yield about 2.7 gallons of 95-per-cent. alcohol; and if we regard the average price of corn as 40 cents a bushel, the cost of the raw material is thus 15 cents for each gallon of alcohol. But to this must be added the cost of production. The production is actually extraordinarily easy. It results through fermentation, due to the action of minute substances, known as enzymes, contained in the bodies of certain micro-organisms. It is so easy, in fact, that it is stated that a convict in the Missouri Penitentiary made himself a distilling "worm" out of an old musket-barrel that had been

used as a poker, distilled through it the pieces of corn bread he had saved, and made himself drunk with the tippie. It seems reasonable to suppose, on the basis of recent data, that the cost to the large distilleries per gallon of 95-per-cent. alcohol is about 3.5 cents. One gallon of 95-per-cent. alcohol thus costs 18.5 cents altogether. But industrial alcohol contains only nine-tenths of a gallon of ethyl alcohol, the other tenth being the denaturing wood - alcohol. Allowing, then, 16.65 cents as the cost of the nine-tenths of a gallon of ethyl alcohol, and 4 cents as the cost of the tenth of a gallon of wood-alcohol, the cost of industrial alcohol amounts to 20.65 cents a gallon. The people of the country may therefore surely properly expect industrial alcohol at a retail price of 30 cents a gallon, while in certain localities, where the price of corn is low, and where farmers band together for its distillation, it may be expected to enter into active competition with gasoline, pound for pound. The people of Germany have been paying for their alcohol 18 cents to 30 cents a gallon, a price dependent upon the abundance of the potatoes, from which their 6000 farm distilleries make it. In Cuba, where the alcohol is made from base molasses, it sells at a price of 10 cents a gallon, and as vast quantities of molasses are dumped on the American shores at 3 cents a gallon, and as two gallons of molasses will furnish one gallon of alcohol, it appears that notable quantities of alcohol ought to be possible of manufacture on the Eastern coast at a cost not exceeding 10 cents a gallon. By and large, 30 cents a gallon seems a wholly reasonable present-day price for industrial alcohol. At the same time, much depends on the extent of governmental restriction.

In accordance with the amendment to the law which goes into effect September 1, the manufacture of alcohol is no longer confined to the industrial distilleries, but, just as in Germany, farmers and communities of farmers may freely make it for industrial purposes. This they may do by distilling it into sealed tanks, in which the alcohol may be denatured on the spot, or which,

with the contents, may be transported, free of tax, to central denaturing establishments. But in the regulation of all this the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is given a free hand. If he insists upon an onerous and offensive supervision, if he insists on following the alcohol after it has been denatured, if, in a word, he winds it around and about with red tape, he will delay indefinitely the progress of its utility. The informed part of the community will watch with interest his action, and will hope that he will find it advisable to *begin*, at least, by letting down bars which he may afterwards replace as experience shows he must. For otherwise he will increase the cost by lessening the production, and, as well, by throwing the manufacture into the hands of a community of interests.

To-day, the retail sale of industrial alcohol is largely, and most regrettably, in the hands of druggists, instead, as should be the case, of the hardware-dealers and grocers.

It is obvious in many different ways that it will be some time before the manufacture of industrial alcohol is properly delimited, and before, too, the people understand how invaluable a servant it is. But it may be said that just as with Germany and with France, so with the United States, there will be, with its liberation to arts and manufacture, an ever-growing appreciation of its qualities. What has led all governments to an appreciation of this, including, finally, the United States, is not the use of alcohol at its present price of production, but its future price. Men do not look forward to corn and potatoes as the ultimate source of alcohol, but to *cellulose*. There already exist numerous patented processes for the transformation of cellulose into alcohol. Simmonsen, for example, claims that 110 pounds of wood shavings will yield him 6 quarts of alcohol, and Classen claims that the same amount of shavings will yield him 12 quarts. Were these claims true it would mean that sawdust, stubble, straw, chaff, corn-cobs, and old rags would all be veritable mines of alcohol. In due time it may be possible to buy alcohol, through its production from cellulose, at from 8 to 10 cents a gallon.

# The Spectator

BY MADGE C. JENISON

VIRGINIA HOOKER had always wanted to be in the midst. She did not know exactly where the midst was. She had thought in Grand Island that it was in Chicago. She was at the age when she did not know what was the matter with her. She only felt that life was going to pass her by if she stayed on in Grand Island, and two years after her schooling was over she came to Chicago to make her way. At first the mere sights of the city, the spectacle of life upon the streets, fed her ardent, hungry blood. As she looked back afterward on those first months they seemed to her like one long psychological debauch.

After a time she had a very good position. There was some subtle touch in Virginia's personality which led the firm, instead of making love to her, to raise her salary. This was the more strange because she had a sparkling glance, a warm, sweet color, like old wine, and a wit which went on nimble feet. There was something bubbling and crystal, as it seemed, in her very spirit, as if the waters of some little fountain had turned suddenly into white arms tossed aloft and its gleam had become the glance of bright shy eyes, or of burnished hair filleted about with grape. A creature so sweet and sparkling should have played out her airy existence in a place where many could see and dance to her tune, yet, with all her murmuring and flashing in the sun, the cool springs from which she came seemed to run underground, and secretly, and somewhat apart from the ways where others passed by. There was much of the fleeing Arethuse in her still.

She stayed on with Nathan Harris, broker, for three years, hanging on at the last desperately, and wondering why nature had fastened upon her this strange greed for experience. She felt, as she explained to herself, like a little

sawdust doll with all the sawdust running out.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she said one night to the girl who sat beside her every night at dinner,—"but I can't—I can't be a stenographer any longer."

"Well, it's better than driving the cattle home," returned her neighbor, who looked upon all the world outside of Chicago as one great cow-pasture.

When she went back to Grand Island for two weeks in the summer, she found Dr. John Randolph there. He came in on several evenings to see her mother and father, and sat for an hour on the bottom step of the piazza, bright under the summer moon, and Virginia would watch the red point of his cigar waning and brightening in the clear evening light, with the half-sick panic that had been growing in her in the past year fading and brightening as did the point of fire.

"If I knew what I wanted to do," she told him when he was taken one evening into the family council, "it would be simpler. But I just want to live. I feel as if I were always looking on."

Dr. John bent a closer glance upon the shadowy figure deep behind the trellis. Then he turned away and crushed off the ashes of his cigar.

"There are a good many people about who are just looking on," he said after a moment. "They have a feeling for drama, but they aren't in the cast themselves. They are the spectators of life. But if you want to play a part, you will. You are safe," he concluded, and they began to speak of something else.

Dr. John had been brought up in Grand Island; he had gone away fifteen years before and become a great New York specialist. Virginia had always known Dr. John. He was an old friend of her father and mother. She could not remember a time when there had not





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

MRS. JOHN TALKED A LITTLE ONE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE



been a Dr John. He had been accepted by her as an inevitable part of things, having appeared on her horizon when she had first begun to have a horizon. Yet to all Grand Island he brought with him, when he came back in the summers, the prestige of the great round world, and she had felt this distinction and set him somewhat apart from the other people who encompassed her. She questioned, as she watched him this summer through the week of his stay, whether she had come to see with a wider eye in the past year, that his face so held her mind. We pass such faces in the street, or see them thrown into sudden relief by a corner lamp, or a fire upon the shore—faces full, to the most casual sight, of some tragedy nobly met. With a quick instinct of health, the girl seized upon the unbroken power which she felt in her father and mother's friend, as she had seized upon the word he had given her, and armed herself with them to fight against that lassitude and disease of the blood, that languor of the soul which she feared in herself. For she had come vaguely—sensing rather than thinking, since the natures of the young see in such narrow spaces—to fear that which a long line of ministers and scholars behind her had made of her. Some hot love of life, all the hungry inheritance of her mother's family, grappled in her, with a feeling of detachment which had come upon her even in her girlish scenes of love—the feeling of the observer, apart and aloof, as if she stood by, motionless, and watched.

Through her week at home, she took Dr. John more and more to typify her longings. As she thought of him, many memories of him came back into her mind, falling into a kind of array. She remembered her mother's stories of him, staples of the mental life of an ardent woman who lived upon thoughts. Mrs. Hooker had fired her children's hearts with these stories. Dr. John had left Grand Island when he was sixteen, and put himself through college. He had gone abroad to study, with sixty dollars in his pocket, and had stayed two years. An hour before he left Calais on his return, he had sold his cuff-buttons, and thus assuaged a hunger two days old. He had almost gone blind just when he

finished his training, and a rich young woman who came upon him in one of the settlements had given him help, so that he could go away and rest. Through such things as these he had made his way to fame, to a beautiful wife, and to a great field for his work.

Virginia remembered well the first time he brought Mrs. John to Grand Island. That was after he had been away for many years—five or ten; a child does not count by years. How graceful and stately, how beautifully dressed she had appeared to the child!—and with a little coldness in the gentle patrician ways she practised which did not detract from the awe in which the young girl had held her. Mrs. Hooker spoke of her always as a wonderful woman; Virginia did not know just how wonderful, but she felt the wonder too.

As she sat on the piazza one golden summer afternoon, there came back into her mind the remembrance of a day when she had heard his voice as she played in the garden, and had run in as fast as her small white legs could carry her, to hear about the three little pigs and their house of straw. The memory returned to her with that peculiar freshness with which a child's mind sometimes receives an impression, like a seal upon wax. Her mother had put her out of the room with a hand which trembled on her neck and was cold. Children do not remember tragedies; they remember the way their fathers and mothers looked and acted on certain days. The girl seemed to feel again the sensation of chilling horror that had followed her as she strayed about the sunny garden, and heard through the open window those familiar voices, so curiously changed. She wondered now what that day had meant. Her mind went back to the only explanation she knew.—To be a surgeon and go blind! What way could one turn, she asked herself. She studied his face anew.

When she went back after her vacation she gave up her position with Nathan Harris and took one where she worked only half a day. She did it by sheer force of will. She began to take music lessons. She played for some dancing classes. It did not look very promising; at times it looked uncompro-

mislingly hopeless. But there were returns. She had a better outlook upon her dreams.

One evening in January, Dr. John's card was brought up to her. He had been called to Chicago on an operation and come around, he said, to see how she was making out. He stayed for an hour and a half. They spoke very little of what she was doing. He told her about the operation he had attended, and about some new model dairies in Westchester County. They debated whether they liked the organ or the 'cello better. Virginia marvelled as she thought afterward how she felt, from these fragments of talk, as if she had been acted upon by a warming flame. She was keen enough to recognize why he did not offer to help her, but rather to show her some things that it was possible for one to become. After all, it was not a matter of any one's helping her except herself.

"You had better get on to New York some day," he had said, as he gathered up his coat and stick. "I think you would like it. There are quite a few people about and the scenery is very nice."

It was not to be expected that Dr. John would remember this invitation. When Virginia opened a letter which came to her the first of May, and a pass to New York dropped out, she changed color and gasped. The letter was from Mrs. John. It said that they were going to be home all summer; they wanted Virginia to spend her vacation with them; she could have some lessons if she wished. It took the girl two days to settle down to any serious realization of what had happened. She just floated about over the situation at first, but at length she sent off a stiff little note of acceptance, which read as if it had been hewn out of the solid rock.

She did not get off until the first of August. She had never been East before. She had never been anywhere except to Chicago and Grand Island. It was excitement just to see the landscape stepping by, plotting itself out upon the rising uplands like a wall decoration laid off in the colors of distant fields and grains. She was in that mood when everything seems peculiarly important and suggestive—of untold value. The

stupidest people in the train held her attention as if they had in them some essential dramatic quality. So she entered upon the land of pure delight. The great streets uncoiling themselves with their show of color and fabric; great clean hospitals; the workrooms for jewels and stained glass; the sea with its traffic, and its show by night of craft lying like great glittering candelabra upon the water; and the people—people shifting in masses, streaming this way and that upon their separate businesses, each one with his pangs and prospering ends written upon his face—all the exuberance of beauty and passion of New York played upon her as if her heart-strings were a lute. Often she had seen long awnings stretched out over the sidewalk, and as she returned from work had stood in the little group which watches the carriages drive up and the women sweep in, with their soft skirts held up under their lace cloaks and the jewels glittering in their hair, and the men picked out under the lights in sharp black and white. Now she became herself one of the women who swept in.

"You just sit and pray," she said to Mrs. John as they went home from an early August wedding—"you just sit and pray that you won't wake up."

She was as merry as a marionette all the time. "I try not to look pleased," she said. "I adjure myself not to look pleased. Nobody in New York looks pleased. Everybody will know I'm from Grand Island."

But she saw toward the last that none of the rest of it was going to be to her anything like what Dr. John and his wife were. They opened up great sweeping spaces of thought to her. She heard a great deal of talk about Dr. John's work, and she fed her mind upon the man's great tenderness, his capability for pity,—meditating of the physician of souls. She studied Mrs. John.

"She's not as big as he is," the girl thought, "but she's fine."

She had been reared in a pleasant home, but there was something, as it seemed to her, peculiarly closely knit in the natures of the man and woman before her. Sometimes she saw a look pass between them, a glance of quiet speech, which made her feel as if the

shadow of some great bright wing had rested upon her just for a moment.

Mrs. John talked a little one day of her marriage, as if she were unloosed by the girl's fervor of warm feeling. "I have always been a woman with reservations," she said, "but I have felt from the first day as if I were in the right place with John. I am afraid sometimes—that there is danger—that it is a limitation—for the last five years I don't seem to be a woman any longer; I am a feeling," she said, with a kind of heat, as if some stream in her had suddenly been set free and were descending in torrents.

Three days before Virginia was to go home, Mrs. John was called suddenly to Denver by the death of her sister. Dr. John could not get away. He had cases which he could not leave. It was agreed that Virginia was to stay on for a week or two until Mrs. John returned. Dr. John was very far from well. Virginia had never seen him look as he did some days this summer when he came in from the hospital. Mrs. John did not like to leave her husband. She said hurriedly to Virginia, as she bade the girl good-by, that if she was needed, she must be telegraphed for.

It was pleasant being the mistress of the great house. Mrs. Pottle, the housekeeper, came in every morning to ask if Virginia had any orders, and the girl felt like a princess with an ermine train. Everything in the beautiful house gave her pleasure. Luxury seemed to be hers by right, and with every nerve in her hungry little body she drank it up, stored it away as if it were a native element of which she was presently to be deprived.

The second day after Mrs. John had gone, the news came early in the afternoon that Mrs. Grey had been hurt. Her horse had run in the Park and she had been thrown. Did Miss Virginia know where Dr. John could be found? The girl flew down the stairs to answer the telephone for herself. Mrs. Grey was the woman who had helped Dr. John when she was young and rich and beautiful and he was young and starving and perhaps going blind. Virginia caught him at St. Luke's; when she gave him the message he made no answer. She heard the telephone click on the re-

ceiver sharply. Late in the evening he called her up to say that he would not be home that night. Mrs. Grey was still living, he said. The next day a nurse told her that Dr. Randolph could not get away; Mrs. Grey was still alive. She sat down to dinner alone. At half past seven he had not yet come, and not until she was taking her coffee did she hear him on the stairs. She was startled by the way he looked when he came into the light; he was gray with fatigue and his lips and chin had the cut-in look of the dead. The man put him a chair and he sank into it.

"She lived until two o'clock," he said to Virginia. "She was conscious all the time and she had to get ready to die." He put his hands up to his face and drew his breath sharply, as if the memory of those hours cut into him like a knife. His shoulders rose and fell. He tried to tell her what had happened, but he could talk little. He tried to eat, breaking off a piece of bread and carrying it to his lips and then putting it down to prop his head again in his shaking hands. This enormous emotionality was a new side of him which she had come even to suspect only during this visit. She had never in her life seen any one so unnerved. She did not speak. She sat looking at him, frowning, pressed against the table. With bitter despair the man looked back at her, so fresh, so sweet and unrent by pain—so free, while he was thus bound, set in steel by all the fine, impalpable barriers which he had built up about himself. For hours an old feeling had been upon him. He was deadly, mortally spent, as if he must die if he could not slake, not a mere physical thirst, but a madness of the soul, the passion which comes from something long desired and set aside until it becomes a burning phantom seen ever distant, dancing across a fen. Virginia folded her arms across her breast, leaning upon the table, staring at him, biting her lip. She owed him much and now she repaid to the uttermost pang, with a sympathy terrible in its intensity as if it deafened at her. Suddenly, as he sat looking at her, the man felt her ability to go over into the nature of another, as if she had knelt by his side. As if some great stream had



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

VIRGINIA DID NOT LET HERSELF PITY HIM

swept him up like a leaf, it seemed to him for a moment as if this girl's tenderness and his own need of it were the only things in the world. He seemed never to have seen her before. Sometimes in the faces of those who have been long ill there is to be seen a shade of coarseness,—as if the presence of physical suffering, as if the engrossing presence of pain, had worked some insidious obliteration of the soul. He sat staring at his plate. "My God," he thought, "am I made of hell?" He would have fought his anguish through; he knew the road well. But fear possessed him now. He did not look at her again. There were some patients to come at eight o'clock, he said, and he sprang up and left her alone.

Virginia sat under the lamp in the drawing-room thinking of him and living through the story she had just heard. An unaccustomed exaltation lay upon her. Like a rich and lustrous cloak all the idealism in the girl's nature wrapped itself about him. At ten o'clock she laid down her book and rose to go to bed, hesitating, looking from the clock to the door. The house was very quiet. She thought how Dr. John had looked at dinner. It seemed impossible to her to leave him alone. The long window of the library looked out upon the court on which his office gave; she had heard people going in and out all evening, and she went across to see if he were still up. As she drew up the shade she saw the light from the window streaming out upon the night, and Dr. John himself close beside the glass. If he had walked before the footlights she could not have seen him with more vividness. He stood beside the medicine cabinet pouring forth a draught into a glass, quickly, his hand shaking like a man in deadly peril. The liquor spilled over; and then, perhaps as its odor reached his brain, he dashed down the glass upon the floor and stood trembling, looking at the wreck he had made. As by a flash of blinding light, all the vague suggestions that had passed the girl by gathered themselves up. In a certain way drunkenness meant little to her; it meant nothing poignant; it was but the name for an inherited sentiment. But the way had been well laid for her to know that it

meant ruin here. She leaned against the casement of the window, watching the man stretched across the table, with his head upon his arms. So as she watched him, he sprang up and tore open the cabinet, pouring his tumbler and drinking it off as if it entered upon him like victory. What the girl saw was far more terrible to her, in the life of the spirit which she had lived, than any single vice could be,—his face worked upon by some chemistry unknown to her, quivering and bestial, flaming with appetite, set full in the light. He seemed to her scarcely human. He was as far from the man she had worshipped as if some mighty hand had crumpled him like tin-foil. She seemed to hear all about her the cry of worshippers when a sanctuary is despoiled. She could have shrieked with horror and pain, and with fear, and she fled to her room and locked the door, and stood motionless against it, listening and shuddering. In a few moments she heard him go out. The door closed behind him with a crash, and she ran to the window to see him passing with a quick step into the darkness. She looked at her bare arms and filmy dress and caught up the coat upon the chair. Where was she to follow him?

"Oh, what a coward am I!" she cried with white lips, and sank upon her knees beside the chair.

All night the girl lay with her mind revolving about the three figures which rose gigantic before her. She thought of Mrs. John's five years of happiness, too sweet to last. She thought of his work—this power to save from pain—lying deep in his keen trained mind. She seemed to look into a sea of pale faces turned to him with joy. She thought of his years of victory lost. With a scrutiny almost of passion the girl gazed upon herself. For once, she was far stronger than he. Dr. John had given her a word, and she made her plan and exulted as she girded herself like a strong man who goes forth to save his land.

Moving back of all her thoughts was a repulsion which she could not master, a sickening horror of the man she had seen in the lighted window, which strained with all she had felt before, until the very fibres of her life seemed to



crack. Again and again she looked from him to that other behind him like a face in a prison window, meditating on this dual nature, two beings in one man, forever at war, each crushing out the other; not the good and the bad, but the body and the soul; and they never separate, always one; laced together, as if the soul were the pattern in some fine and serried mesh.

"Perhaps people are greater who have their roots deep in the physical life—I don't know! I don't know!" she said to herself.

Once only did she look into her own heart, and even as she stood thus eye to eye with herself, she could not have said what it was that so filled her with fear. She had no name to give that upon which she looked. All that daunted her she put behind her resolutely. Soon after the dawn broke. She stole out and sent a letter and a telegram to Mrs. John to come home. She said that Dr. John was ill.

All morning she sat in her room and answered her purpose against herself. When luncheon was called she heard his door close and his step on the stair. She came in to the table crisply pleasant to look at, her lavender dress shading like the hues of autumn into her brown eyes and hair and the faint scarlet of her cheeks and lips. Dr. John's haggard eyes dwelt upon her for an instant with pleasure, and then he turned away. There may have come upon him in his defeat the thought of her temporary florescence, of her passing and spiritual youth,—Virginia, even her name becoming, after a time, something else. He talked to Mrs. Pottle about the lawn and about a burst pipe in the laundry. He sat with his elbow on the table, his hand very tremulous, his face pitiful. He acted as if he had scarcely strength enough to keep himself erect. Virginia did not let herself pity him. She checked her thoughts. When he came down to start on his round, he found her waiting for him in the hall with her hat on.

"Will you let me drive you this afternoon, Dr. John?" she asked, drawing on her gloves. "I have some things for the hospital. Besides, you are ill. You ought not to go alone to-day."

The man turned toward her quickly, his face setting; but her brown eyes met his as cool and fresh as if a spring breeze were playing about her head.

"What have you done with Sam?" he asked, wavering, checked by something which steadied him, trying to see what had happened to her.

Virginia laughed, turning toward him from the top step. "I have left him at the telephone," she said, "to tell everybody that you are lost,—ill,—in prison,—living in the suburbs,—converted to Christian Science. You see, Mrs. John told me to take care of you," she concluded with a little chuckle of delight, "and I'm going to take care of you, Dr. John, if—if I have to—to make a funeral of Sam. The Lawd ain' a-goin' to hol' up one po' niggah again' me," she concluded, her sleek little face breaking up into Sam's broad easy smile.

They were gone all afternoon. She said little. One does not start out for two days in the saddle on a canter. Dr. John smoked one cigar after another, talking at first excitedly, almost wildly, with long intervals of silence; but after a time his excitement abated. It seemed to the girl that he had relinquished his freedom with a kind of relief. He began to speak of some experiments in the administration of anæsthetics, of Mrs. John and of Mrs. Gray. She sat quietly, trying to conjecture what he was thinking, wondering, wondering if she had done wisely in what she had said.

"There is a unity between us better than any veiled diplomacy could have been," she said to herself. "There comes a desolation upon which one cannot play with lies." She considered with pity that a man with a secret vice must give over wondering whether people know about it.

The man, for his part, saw, almost as clearly as if she had told him, where she stood. He could only guess what she knew, and in how far she understood herself, but he guessed generously, and he saw surely the cachet, the stamp of life, which had been set so suddenly upon her in the night. The very desperation of her venture, so bravely encountered, filled the man with respect; it seemed to take from him any right of resentment.



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"EUGENIE," SAID DR. JOHN

"I think we'll take a turn in the Park," he said, when he came down from a house on Seventy-second Street, taking the reins and tucking the robe about her knees. "You are looking so crisp, as if you ought to be shown off." He seemed to have gathered himself up with a kind of grasp.

It was almost seven when they came in. A stream of patients engaged him all evening. He came up from the office at ten o'clock and sat for an hour talking with her. She had never seen him so clearly; he had never seemed to the girl so noble. The night before seemed very far away and vague.

For a long time after she had gone to her room, she sat looking out upon the moonlit Park. Thousands of fireflies sparkled for an instant on the lawn and disappeared in the velvet dark. Rich night odors from the earth came out of the darkness, and some stalks of tuberoses in the rooms below laid their incense upon the night like oil. She felt quietly happy and at peace, like a man who walks the ramparts and is glad to see a second day break and he has not yet fallen. She thought of the woman fleeing across the land. Her heart rose at the thought of Dr. John himself. She thought of his talk of that afternoon and she thought of him as she had seen him that evening. Yet, as she sat there her sense of security passed. Her thoughts became a fire. She saw with acuteness how slender was the thread with which he was bound to her, how lightly he could toss it aside, how tinsel and paste it was at best—her music, her gay little tales, what beauty and spirit she had to please him. Why had she not heard from Mrs. John? What fatal thing was about to interpose itself? As carefully as she had planned the day just gone, she planned another. Her task was simpler, in that she did not need now to devise reasons; but it seemed to her too much to hope that another could befall so fortunately as that just gone. She tried to prepare herself for things that might happen, so that nothing could catch her unawares. There was only one more day. During the night she dreamed that Dr. and Mrs. John were sinking in the water, and she could see their hands, and she awoke shuddering,

in the darkness that comes on an August night just after the moon goes down.

She had wondered if the second day would not be worse than the first. A second day is always worse, she told herself. She saw soon that it was. Dr. John was really ill. She heard him tell a young interne who came down to the carriage at St. Luke's that he could perform no operations that morning. "If you can hold that Arthur case over for three or four days, I can do it then," he said after a moment's hesitation. He talked from time to time of Mrs. Grey, who was to be buried in the afternoon. His mind harked back to her again and again. The girl trembled for him. He ate little luncheon. She did not see him again until dinner-time. Those were evil hours for her. She knew that he had come in about four o'clock. What hopes and fears rose in her heart, in those three hours of waiting, who can tell? She dressed early and went downstairs. The Carbys, who lived three houses down the Avenue, were to come to dinner. When she saw the man going over with a note to Mrs. Carby, she had a feeling of physical resistance, as if she must go up and by mere animal strength keep him safe. At first she had been much pursued by the thought of Mrs. John. Her woman's nature had been with the woman's pain. But now Mrs. John had come to seem no part of the battle. The whole field of ravage was within this single man's soul. She was consumed with the thought of her impotence, of the impotence of all. She saw how we all stand forever looking on at others, no matter how near, always spectators, always without.

"I'm a spectator," she thought. "But so is Mrs. John."

The shadows in the room grew deeper. As she sat there waiting, her thoughts opened upon a wider place. She saw that the spectator of life is, after all, not less vital than others, but less blind.

"We are spectators," she thought, "not in proportion to our failure to act, but in proportion to our power to see."

She sat alone in the darkening room until dinner was called and she heard Dr. John's step on the stair. For a moment she stood leaning against the wall, wondering what she was about to see. How did

people like this act? She was upon untrodden ground. It seemed to her, when he came into the room, that he would almost have put out his arms to her, so heavy was his need.

"I sent word to the Carbys not to come. Will you mind being alone with a sick man for dinner to-night, my child?" he said. He had come very near to the end. He tried to talk to her, but she saw that the time was past when he could any more than blindly hold himself at bay. And so, with all her youthful strength, she stood him fair. Hers was a nature all sown and harrowed and ripe to harvest; and now it sprang up, as if life had called it from sleep. Dr. John watched her hungrily as if he begged her to talk on, to feed his mind, to give it healthful food. She was full of stories of things that had happened to her that day. A great many things could happen to Virginia in a day. Anything funny would go a mile out of its way to pass Virginia. She was chattering and gesturing. He must have wondered many times in those two days whether she really knew in what dark place they stood thus so strangely together. She seemed so undisturbed, so natural, that he could not but doubt whether she could reconcile this case—with so self-conscious a task as he fancied that she had set herself. He stood watching her slim little shoulders as she sat down at the piano. He liked her music. The cool springs of pleasure in her bubbled over, sweet and gay, and she sent up her little jet of melody upon the lighted room. As she played, she talked to him over her shoulder. Did he remember this song from *Madame Tinton*? She liked this. You could always hear children's voices in a meadow. He sat with his head on his breast, very pale. When Virginia turned on her bench to talk to him, she met in his eyes a look of defeat which made her turn back blindly. She saw to her dismay that her hands were trembling. For a moment she did not know what she was playing. She seemed to hear a ghostly melody far distant, as one does who sinks into some unnatural sleep. All her decision seemed to waver, to give way. She played on, trying to get herself in hand. When she turned

toward him to speak to him again, she saw—that he was gone. She was alone. For a moment she could scarcely believe that it was true. Her brain, stiffened to battle, could not for the moment sense defeat. So completely had she lived in Dr. John's mind for two days that she had lost in some measure her own identity. She had become, as Mrs. John had said, a feeling. She half rose from the bench, pressing her hands together, looking desperately this way and that, like a creature at bay; then with a gesture of quick abandonment she turned and buried her face on her arm on the music-rack. Great waves of feeling rolled over her. There must have been many battles like that in this house—a lifetime of them—many years to come. Perhaps if she had known how to draw nearer,—she stood up heavily trying to think, to act, and she saw—that he had come back. She turned toward him a face so blanched, with eyes so full of grief, that the man in the doorway spoke.

"My child," he said, "you are a brave woman. I shall not fail you."

Virginia sat looking at the keys a moment, trying to master herself, and then she began to sing. People who were passing by on the street in the summer night paused to listen to the girl's voice, so full of joy and passion was its tone. She sang on. Her heart seemed to be singing, singing like the heart of a bride. Dr. John sat sunk into his chair with his head on his hand. He did not speak again or look at her. She wondered if he had fallen asleep or had floated away into some merciful peace. And so, as they sat, the girl's voice laving the sickened soul of the man beside her, Mrs. John came back. They did not know that she had come until she swept into the drawing-room, gracious and beautiful.

"Why didn't you meet me?" she said in the doorway. "Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Eugénie!" said Dr. John. He took her hands. Mrs. John's eyes met his. The girl shrank back against the piano, watching them. In a moment she stole away to her room. Late into the night she lay fully dressed, with her hands clasped over her face. Then she rose and began to put her clothes into her trunk.

## Editor's Easy Chair

**B**EFORE its removal to the country for that long summer in which the Easy Chair has indulged itself of late years, it experienced some of the delights of the opening season in the city. As every one knows who has lived through the spring of the present year, the summer opened very fitfully, and before the rose had fully expanded it had frequent moments of shutting and being a bud again: being, in fact, rather less than a bud, being no more than a wintry thorn. But between these moments of reversion there were days, or at least half-days, in the latter part of May, when the summer seemed so nearly here that the great town put on its shirt-waist and straw hat, and realized to the observer something of its habitual abandon in the vernal solstice. By August, its gayety will be worn and dusty, its abandon have lost the primal charm; but while it is, or seems, only late June, it would be hard to find a city anywhere that offered to the stranger, or even to the intimate, a more vivid impression of what a young, opulent, luxurious, and not too scrupulous metropolis should be.

Probably no city of the actual world is now so suggestive of the Old World in certain successive epochs: with, say, Babylon, and Rome, and Venice, and Paris for prototypes. Somehow the tradition does not include such politer centres as Athens, or Florence, or Boston; these stand for something else; but New York, when you look upon her in the picturesqueness of her first summer effulgence, is in the order of the cities which have ministered to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life in that palpable sort which allures while it alarms, and imparts a wild gladness to the soul, not unmixed with a foretaste of poignant regret. In that enchanted and enchanting hour a veil seems to fall from the sky and hide from memory the squalor of the winter: the foul freezing and thawing; the filthy heaps of sodden

snow; the holes in the rascally pavements, the wild disproportion and chaos of the architecture, and the mad rush of the many-murdering trolleys and motors, and trucks and carts. A magical influence pervades the air and subdues the roars and shrieks and groans of the anguished streets, and the long howls and wails of the embracing rivers. A tide of expensive and extravagant fairies floods the public ways, and eddies in and out of the shops; and at a thousand hotel and restaurant windows a myriad lunchers are feeding like one behind measureless crystal expanses, where all the hunger of the world might well satisfy itself with the mere sight of the guttling and guzzling.

But it is after nightfall that the sense of New York gayety most possesses the beholder; and if he is young and ignorant, as we hope he is, fills him with the longing to abide among its splendors life long. He is then strong enough on his legs to walk from the Columbus Circle all that length of Broadway which blazes with electric light, as far as Union Square; but if he is an elderly innocent, he can do fairly well by taking an open trolley, and getting out from point to point for the more impressive effects. In either case he will not realize at once how purely mercenary the magnificent displays are, but only after several nights of enjoyment will he become aware that the immense gayety is not the expression of some inward and spontaneous joyousness in the dwellers on the shining avenue, but is the calculated appeal of people who want his money for something or other.

Yet no beholder of those glories is obliged to buy any of the brands of whiskey or brews of beer which they mainly advertise; he is master to choose whether or not he will supply himself with this autocar or that or none; he is not forced, even by the ticket-speculators, into the theatres which blazon their attractions



against the night; he need not singe his wings at the fires in which the actresses' names burn aloft in constantly shifting colors, emulous of the flamy flowers that emblossom the legends of Würzburger or Budweiser. If the appeal is finally and essentially to the pocket, and is as hollow a piece of commercialism as any, say, that entreats him to read the largest seller in fiction as something fitted to his singular and immediate intellectual needs, still its commercialism does not detract from its loveliness; the one quality is quite separable from the other; just as in the publishers' advertisement the glowing language, the lambent style, is something apart from the question whether you shall buy the book it vaunts, or wait and get it out of a public library for nothing, or perhaps not read it at all.

Commercialism is not the peculiar reproach of our age, and as to gayety, we may gravely doubt whether there was not always something hollow in it; whether, in fact, there was ever any such thing as gayety, in the commonly accepted sense of the word. We have a belief, never imparted before, that perhaps Babylon was not wholly a scene of unalloyed and gratuitous delight. Our mind misgives us that the soul of the Babylonian youth, entertaining at a theatre supper the young lady and her chaperon (some of the Babylonian youth were very correct) with whom he had been seeing the latest comedy-drama from Nineveh or Memphis, was darkened by an apprehension of the waiter who

Brought in his bill in cuneiform,  
Indented on twelve tiles,

at the close of the refection. Some such drop of gall there always has been in every honeyed cup, and must be; it is by the bitter that we know the sweet. The Roman millionaire, crowned with flowers and served by roseate girls while he reclined at the feast of nightingales' tongues, must at moments have thought reluctantly of the emetic which would enable him to endure so much enjoyment and live. Venice herself, queen of all the joys of sense, had hours, doubtless, and perhaps days, when her six months' masquerade palled upon her, when she would have given all their date for a summer afternoon among the fields with

the tanned reapers, or with the vintagers treading the purple grapes in autumn. She must have felt the hollowness of her gayety, as Paris must have felt the hollowness of hers before the dreadful time when the wine in her cup thickened to the blood she drank from it. The form of gayety changes, but the spirit never, and the gayety of those centres of pleasure was not less sordid than the commercial gayety of New York advertising itself in the night-long splendors of Broadway, and inviting the beholder to buy whiskey or beer or automobiles, or to go and see actresses. Most likely the veneer of their pleasures was as thin, and hid a fibre of selfishness as gross as ours.

In certain aspects the form itself does not change, and one who on a night of early summer looked into the vast supper-room of a great New York hotel might have seen in the artificial moonlight under the vine-clad, grape-hung pergolas the image of the world-old, age-long revelry, which had been in Babylon, and in Rome, and in Venice, and in Paris, repeating itself in terms that scarcely differed in their secular sameness. The gay young things, or the gay things painted and peroxidized to look young, are like the ghosts of the pleasures of the past, as they sit at their thronging tables; and the old young or the young old men with them are like the men who from immemorial time have made them and themselves believe that this is life and joy. No doubt the young things and the things that look young are for the most part good and kind and sweet enough, but somehow the reflux glamour of the past transfigures them in a phantasmal community with those in whom when the tongue asked,

"Lead we not here a merry life  
Betwixt the sun and shade?"

the soul replied,

"Thou wagg'st, but I am sick of life,  
And feel like flowers that fade."

It seems always and everywhere the same ghastly thing, that effort to escape from the seriousness of life, and to substitute pleasure for peace. But shall there be no cakes and ale, then? Shall the ginger never be hot in the mouth? It is a hard question, and perhaps we had better put it by with some such

answer as that such things are not the good of life, and warn people, both those who are young and those who try to look young, that they are not to be held before them as the goal of their longing, as their heart's desire. Was it Goethe, who at the end of his eighty years and more, looked back, and could not remember that he had known fifteen minutes' happiness? If not, it is surely Tolstoy who teaches that any such thing as personal happiness, the wish to be blessed in and for one's self, is forever impossible. He tells us that what we call the happiness of one must displace the happiness of another, and that it cannot be permitted. Perhaps it is the deep innerlying consciousness of this which drives our poor human race to the madness of gayety, the perdition of pleasure, and has made New York one with Babylon, and Rome, and Venice, and Paris, not to specify the Cities of the Plain. Gayety is something appreciable, palpable; it can be bought for money, in the form of whiskey, and beer, and automobiles, and theatre tickets; but happiness, if it refines itself away as the gratification of the wish for the well-being of others, is a thing too volatile not merely for our hold but for our desire. We say to ourselves that we do not ask to be blest at the expense of somebody else, but that if it will not greatly inconvenience the Creator we should like a little felicity of our own, in which we can enjoy some such delight as flows from the possession of private property. While we are still young, or painted and peroxidized to look young, we strive for this sort of happiness, and are not always so very scrupulous about inconveniencing the Creator, and when we have bought it at great cost, and got it home, we find that our purchase is that old sham happiness, that gayety, which has deceived so many before us. Some of us even grow old in the pursuit of an impossible beatitude, and till we die will not acknowledge that the blessing we share with the rest of the world is the only blessing there is. That is why we go wandering forever up and down a glorified Broadway, under the glow of a million lamps advertising whiskey and beer and automobiles and actresses, and fixing our eyes on them as if they were

the lights of the starry heaven above us or the moral law within us.

What, then, O preacher, shall the race do which loves cakes and ale and ginger hot in the mouth? Time out of mind, your calling has preached the vanity of human wishes, but has never yet told why the vain wishes were given to humanity. Are they not as much the gift of the Creator, who denies them fruition, as any of the other things He has given us? Come, for once be honest, for once be fair, O preacher, and own that you do not know, and cannot say. Why, if the hope and heart of youth must be forever disappointed and betrayed, were we not born old and disillusioned to begin with?

We will own that we cannot answer these questions. The only thing that can help in the moral world is the greater knowledge which alone has helped in the physical world. As yet we are each an unexplored wilderness, with only a few plain guides, such as a sense of good and evil, right and wrong, to lead our wandering steps in self-exploration. These, like such elementary knowledge as that fire will burn and water quench, fortunately suffice for our immediate needs, and doubtless others will be supplied us on our way. Perhaps as the spectrum analysis has enabled science to identify our simple, familiar earth in substance with the sun and all the lesser and larger stars, psychology will invent a means to make us feel our oneness with our divine source and all our heavenly associates, and the mysteries which we now find so insoluble will yet be made plain. Then we shall know why certain instincts, desires, volitions were implanted in us only, apparently, to be defeated and denied, or if effected and indulged, to work us nothing but harm.

Self-knowledge may be the last knowledge that will come to us, but undoubtedly it will come, and it will be extremely interesting. It will be so deep and satisfying, so fascinating, so perpetually absorbing, that we can easily spend eternity in grasping its details, and following up clue after clue, with continually greater enlightenment, till the whole riddle is read, and we have the answer to every doubt upon our tongues.

## Editor's Study

IF the popular audience has for two centuries determined the progressive phases of literature in England and in America—ever since there has been such a thing as American literature—why is it that so many of our best writers of fiction seem to eschew popularity? And why do our best periodicals seem distinctly to evade it?

It is within our memory—we might say almost within the limits of a single generation—that great novelists have, consciously or unconsciously, confined their appeal to readers of advanced culture. The writers most eminent in fiction during the Victorian era had extensive popularity. Readers differed in the kind and degree of their esteem of them, but only as individuals, not by classes. Thackeray came nearest to the exclusion of the unpolite. Later, George Meredith, with aristocratic *hauteur*, forced that exclusion, and even, through individual peculiarities of style and method, made his fiction insufferably difficult to many of the polite. But he always had largeness of theme. Thomas Hardy, the greatest master of English fiction, presents no such difficulty, and has compelled all classes of readers. He is the preeminent living example, showing that neither the possession of genius nor the exercise of true art need impose any limit to general appreciation.

It certainly cannot be said that the majority of our new writers are averse to popularity, when so many of them seem to have no other goal. Nor is there any lack of strenuous fiction antagonizing every known abuse of our time—there never was more of it—to say nothing of many other forms of antagonism in the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals. It is a crusade, involving a large proportion of current literature.

The only ground of possibly justifiable complaint is that the best of our new writers seem inclined to avoid any close touch with the large body of the people,

surrendering that field entirely to their inferiors, while they devote themselves to the culture of an exquisite art and to the entertainment of a polite audience. It is not expected of them that they should bid with others for popularity or even directly espouse special causes, but only that they should cherish ideals which refine and uplift all society, and should so embody these in their noble art as to win popular sympathy.

We were about to say, apologetically for our new writers, that they are of course also young writers, and we look to maturity for the widest and deepest sympathy. But immediately the reflection is forced upon us that it was the earlier work of most of their elders that was especially inspiring to the popular mind and heart. *Daniel Deronda* could not mean to the common people as much as *Adam Bede* meant, or *Scenes of Clerical Life*. How often it happens that with the development of a writer's art he comes to dwell in a more select neighborhood, sequestered from the common regard! Instances of this seclusion only too readily come to mind. But we have the contrary instances of novelists like Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Margaret Deland, who in their latest fiction have evoked the widest popular response, thus showing that even large sales are not incompatible with artistic excellence, and that there exists a really thoughtful and appreciative audience much more extensive than the fastidiously æsthetic writer or critic supposes—and more worthy of a master's consideration, because just that portion of it which exceeds the narrow limitations so arbitrarily set makes the greatest exaction upon his creative powers. The work is worthier which meets the extreme exaction.

The most exquisite art without largeness of theme lapses into dilettantism, which is encouraged by a small, idle, *boudoir* audience, asking only for light

entertainment. The extreme opposite of this audience is the vulgar crowd which also demands entertainment only, through sensational excitement and, whatever the theme, through the crudest art. Between these audiences lies that of the great imaginative writer, variously constituted according to differing tastes and degrees of culture, but united in its insistence upon substance rather than upon form, regarding the theme, indeed, as the most essential thing in art. It would be a supremely magical compulsion—far beyond that of Du Maurier's *Trilby*—which would give to any book absolute control of every part of this intelligent audience.

The diversification is not into distinct classes of readers, but is the result, rather, of a highly developed individualism. As the writers, who themselves emerge from this audience, are differentiated by the same individualistic development, their affinities are determined by a natural selection; but appreciation is so catholic that the intensity of admiration for a "favorite author" yields to at least the tolerant acceptance of many others, in a wide range of varied distinction.

As a whole, this large body of fairly well-educated readers has been emancipated from certain traditions. A writer to-day could not count upon an audience for a novel based upon a protest against any particular form of creed; and he would have still less chance with the morbid religious sentimentalism which gave popularity to *The Wide, Wide World*. The silly love-romance so much in vogue fifty years ago would now generally seem positively distasteful. The old-fashioned didactic novel has no longer any audience. The mock-heroic, the morbid, and the obvious have disappeared from respectable contemporary literature. Faith and romance have not, therefore, vanished, nor has their everlasting alliance with creative imagination been broken; they have been born again into that new truth and beauty which genius itself realizes in its own renaissance.

Conduct, Matthew Arnold said, is three-fourths of our existence; as the vestiture of human life, it is all of it that is visible. Didactic discourse cannot alter the springs of human action.

The great novelist touches these hidden fountains, not by precept nor by juggling with old formulas, but through living embodiments which appeal to sympathy rather than to formal judgment. It is this sympathetic quality in the treatment of life which especially distinguishes contemporary fiction, excluding the old satire which was so easy and seemed so forceful, but was, after all, arbitrary and superficial. The new method is more deeply spiritual—is it any less moral?

Inevitably imaginative literature, in its advanced development, seems in some respects shorn of its old strength. The good and evil, blended as they must be in any true portrayal of our human nature, have no such dramatic presentment as when they were arrayed against each other in mortal conflict. The elimination of unadulterated hatred and downright malice from the conventionally cherished villain of the play spoils the effect expected in the dénouement. Almost entirely, too, the dramatic incident, as the turning-point of the story, leading so directly and easily to an effective adjustment of conditions which in the ordinary course of our real life are apt to prove hopelessly intractable, must be surrendered, and with it that objective impressiveness which the inferior craftsman readily turns to his advantage.

Our advanced novelist seems unduly handicapped at the start, having at his command, apparently, only an equally advanced portion of the vast and intelligent audience which is ever eagerly awaiting the master of its thought and feeling. Really it is due to the fault of his choice or to his lack of adequate genius if that mastery is not his, in the proportion of his own greatness, and without the sacrifice of any true principle of art. This audience is not willingly reactionary. But it cannot, or the great majority of it cannot, breathe the rarefied air of that exalted region to which too many of our best writers retire, making much of "art for art's sake." Some who do not thus wilfully seclude themselves and who are most democratic in spirit yet hold themselves in leash, with excessive reserve suppressing impulse until it atrophies, while the people need the full sunburst of their genius.

Imaginative literature, for English-

speaking peoples, must lack the inspiration of stirring outward events such as had poignantly heroic significance to former generations. The struggle for civil and religious liberty is no longer martial. We hear no drum-beats and witness no processions of martyrs to the stake or the scaffold. The emancipations of the human spirit go on peacefully; and while they often involve agitating inward conflicts, they are not outwardly impressive. With this retirement from the extreme scenic projection, the novelist shifts the stress formerly given to the plot to a series of situations whose dramatic effect is quite entirely of a psychical character. His temptation is toward a complete retirement, where he has recourse to analysis, with a view mainly to the intellectual satisfaction of his readers or to an exquisite æsthetic satisfaction through the subtle play of his fancy. But while he is forced to deny himself so much, he need not deny himself the whole throbbing world outside; indeed, the more he admits that world, with comprehending sympathy, the more effective will be his art and the wider the popular response to it. What effects may be secured, and in how wonderful variety, may be seen in the fiction—the short stories and serial novels—of a first-class periodical. This kind of periodical has reinforced the tendencies of the new art, with all its renunciations of merely outward impressive effects, but it has also saved it from degenerating into the production of an anæmic and disembodied literature.

Neither the best periodical literature nor the writers who are making it deliberately evade popularity. It is just here that we see most clearly how far the specialization of literature corresponds to the specialization of culture in the popular audience. No one can deny that an imperative obligation compels certain magazines to maintain the most advanced standards, and that any relaxation in this respect involves corruption for which there can be no compensating advantage—certainly none in the interests of literature. Here a limitation is evident. But are we not apt to be mistaken, when we consider it a fixed limitation, when we attempt to determine the capacity of the audience, apparently inaccessible to such magazines, to appre-

ciate the best? Let us to a magazine otherwise of the highest quality add the attraction of pictorial illustration equally excellent. The audience is at once more than doubled. There has been no lowering of standards. The increased popularity is not due to the fact that pictures are of necessity more interesting than the text can be, but it is significant as showing a natural demand for the visualized embodiment, the definite objective projection not usually attained to in the text. Only a few story-writers reach a degree of visualization that makes pictorial illustration superfluous if not impertinent.

But there is possible to such periodical literature and books as sustain the loftiest standards of art a much greater expansion of popularity through a larger appeal. Here we confront a positive condition; that which determines the technique of the literary art, while it is indispensable, is negative. Here, too, the magazine, the book, the audience wait, as perforce they must, upon the genius of writers.

Some great masters of the past who have come under the harrow of our advanced criticism had at least the excellence of their defects. Shall those new writers who accept—as indeed they must and ought—the dictates of this criticism simply or mainly show the defects of their excellences?

Why is it that the sales of Dickens's works, in England alone, amount in a single year to more than those of any later novelist during his whole lifetime? The readers of his novels do not lack intelligence, and a good number of them are of a sufficiently advanced culture to detect his faults. But whatever the higher criticism may disclose against him, there still remains the fulness of his robust human sympathy and that mastery of genius which forever holds the mind even of children, as that of Shakespeare's does.

We do not want another Dickens. We turn him over with that other old playwright, Shakespeare, to the tender mercies of Tolstoy. But we look, surely not in vain, for writers who shall weave the very substance of human life into their fiction, as all the great masters in the past have done, in whatever stage of the art.



## Editor's Drawer

### Beverly's Egg Pedigree and Dating Machine

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"I AM sure, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "that all of you will be interested, with the possible exception of the Judge, who seems to be asleep—"

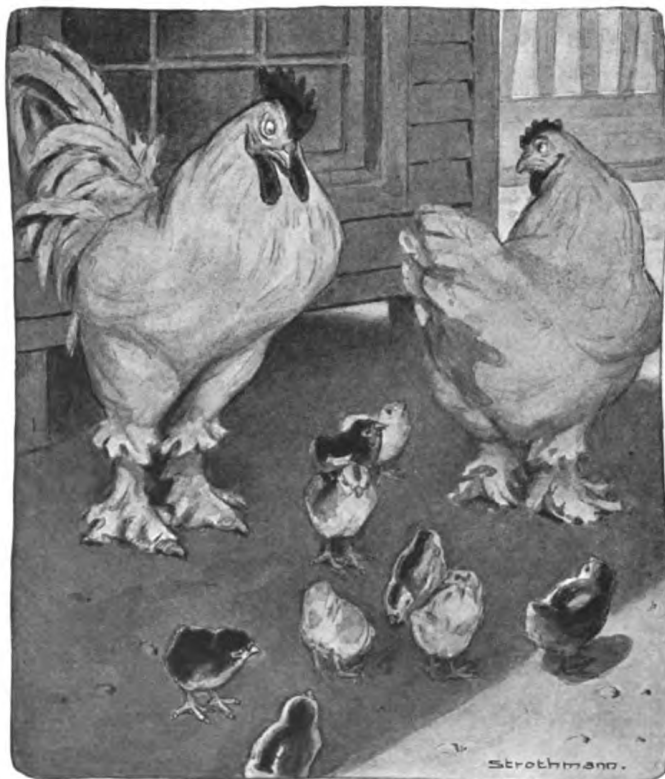
"I am *not* asleep!" the Judge broke in, sharply. "My eyes have been closed for some time past because I have been thinking. When I think, I always close my eyes: to the end that I may safeguard my mind in its ratiocinative processes from the disturbing intrusion of trivial extraneous objects of an annoying nature. In the present instance, if you desire that I shall be specific, I may say that the trivial extraneous object of an annoying nature from which I have sought to detach myself is the Doctor—who, during the past half-hour or so, has been twiddling his thumbs and fingers in a manner so vacuous as to be to the highest degree exasperating."

"Stop right there, Judge!" said the Doctor. "I have been doing some ratiocinative stunts myself, and in using the word 'vacuous' you are away off your eggs. In point of fact—"

"Excuse me, Doctor," interrupted the Colonel. "Your reference to eggs is precisely in line with the matter to which I am in the act of inviting general attention. As I have said, I am sure that all of you will be interested—"

"Excuse me, Colonel," said the Doctor, warmly. "I am not going to let the Judge whack at me that way without having my whack back at him. When I was 'twiddling my fingers and thumbs,' as he politely calls it, I was going through the various cat's-cradle motions (as even he would have seen if I'd had the string on my fingers) which Dr. Cunningham, the eminent English ethnologist, has found in use among certain savage tribes in East Africa. Dr. Cun-

nington thinks that being able to do them is a proof of exceptional intellectuality, and I was trying to find out how much intellectuality it takes to put them through. My notion is, it takes about as much as you'll find in an average kitten. But that is a side issue. The nub of the matter is that what the Judge calls a vacuous performance really was top-notch ethnological investigation—and I reckon it began at a point a long chalk ahead of where his blessed half-asleep ratiocinative processes stop short. The trouble with the Judge is, he's too much given to bossing; but I want him to understand that when he tries his pig-headed hectoring court ways on me—"



A BEWILDERING CONFUSION OF RACES

"Tut! Tut! My dear Doctor," interjected the Bishop in kindly tones, "I am willing to concede—and I am sure that the Judge, on second thought, will be willing to concede—that a little warmth on your part is quite excusable. But let us not go too far. Remember King Solomon's just observation that 'he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty'; and the similar, and equally apposite, counsel given in his General Epistle by St. James. Forgive, my dear Doctor, this not wholly uncalled-for interpellation; and believe me when I say that it is prompted as much by my warm friendship for yourself and for the Judge as it is by the duty that I owe to my cloth."

"And now, my dear Colonel," continued the Bishop, with a winning episcopal smile, "I trust that—similarly pardoning my obviously well-meant interruption—you will resume your narrative. You had got as far as stating that what you were about to add would interest us; and from the few other words which you let drop I inferred that the subject of your intended discourse was not unrelated to eggs. Much may be said about eggs that usefully may be listened to, and especially about cooking them. Personally—my tastes being simple both by natural disposition and by cultivation—I prefer them boiled; to be exact, medium boiled. In that way— But it is you, my dear Colonel, from whom we are waiting to hear. How do you like them cooked yourself?"

"The matter concerning which I have en-

deavored—but, so far, conspicuously have been unable—to speak," said the Colonel, wearily, "has nothing whatever to do with egg-cooking: save in that, to be quite accurate—the initial production of an egg being a necessary precedent condition to its subsequent culinary treatment—it relates to egg-cooking's first cause. However, I will take advantage of the present momentary lull in the very animated general conversation—which, so far, a little has checked my effort to add to our common stock of rational entertainment—and proceed. I repeat, gentlemen, you all will be interested!"

"I am sure we will be!" interjected the Bishop, genially.

"—in knowing that my friend Beverly, during one of his rare seasons of abstinence from inventive creation, devoted his energies to chicken-raising. Partly for the sake of mental relaxation, partly that he might make sure of always having fresh eggs at breakfast, he applied himself—"

"Pardon me a single word of interruption, Colonel," said the Bishop. "But a moment ago I asserted that we certainly would be interested in what you were about to tell us. Permit me now to add that the line on which your theme is developing makes my assurance—so far as my own individual interest is concerned—doubly sure. As a boy—being wisely encouraged by my excellent parents to engage in productive industry—I myself raised chickens. Whatever you have to tell of your friend Mr. Beverly's efforts and ex-

periences in that avocation will make to me a very strong appeal; and the stronger as the perturbations which I am well satisfied beset him approximate to my own. In this connection I remember, and recall because of the amusement that a recital of my boyish troubles will afford you, the difficulties I had with one particular old hen—she was brown, and was named 'Peggy'—who was the most inveterate strayer you ever saw! To me, at the time, there was no amusement in her erratic performances. Her breed was of the best—she was my only Cochín-China—and I was keenly desirous of knowing both when and where she laid her eggs: that, collecting them, I might put them to set under a hen of a more stable—"

"Unwittingly, Bishop," the Colonel broke in a little desperately, "you have touched upon the precise point of my present narrative. My friend Mr. Beverly found himself 'up against'—if I may be permitted to use an expressive colloquialism—the



THE GREAT PEDIGREE AND DATING MACHINE

very difficulty that you have mentioned; and his creation of a simple but most effective mechanical device to overcome such ovarian irregularities—and thereby to reduce chicken-raising to an exact science—affords yet another illustration of the unlimited inventive genius and endless resourcefulness with which he was endowed."

"Did he patent it?" asked the Judge. "I trust, in his own interest, that he did not. My own wide experience in patent causes has led me to the curious conclusion, gentlemen, that the wisest course to pursue for the safeguarding of a valuable invention is *not* to patent it. You see, the moment that specifications are filed—"

"Permit me, Judge," interposed the Colonel, "to stay the flow of your lucidly inapplicable charge by the statement that Mr. Beverly's invention was not patented; and to add—merely, of course, as a suggestion—that you will manifest a nicer sense of the requirements of common courtesy by reserving your interpellative questions and comments until a direct request on my part shall prompt their deliverance."

"To continue: Being a man of ample means, my friend was in a position to fill his poultry-yard with a superb collection of fowls of the finest breeds. Naturally, from such blooded stock he expected—both in strain and for breakfast purposes—the best results; and he suffered, therefore, an equally natural disappointment when, in the matter of strain, a most bewildering confusion of races attended his first spring hatching; and when, almost from the time that egg-laying began, he encountered at his breakfast-table a series of the most disagreeable surprises. Investigation on Mr. Beverly's part led to the discovery—as you, Bishop, will infer from your experience with your hen 'Molly'—"

"'Peggy,'" corrected the Bishop, and added: "Yes, I see just how it was. The hens had been laying in each other's nest, and the eggs got mixed up when it came to setting them. The surprise eggs, of course, were strays. Why, I remember once—"

"You have hit it exactly, Bishop. Investigation on Mr. Beverly's part led to the discovery that the annoying emergence of three or four different sorts of chicks from the same setting was due to the vagrant disposition of the hens to lay their eggs in any nest that happened to come handy, with a resultant uncertainty as to their genesis when they were put to set; and to the farther



GENTLY BUT FIRMLY EJECTED THE HEN FROM THE NEST

discovery that the surprise eggs at breakfast had been laid in such out-of-the-way places that they had not been found and collected until long after their period of edible usefulness was past. His admirable invention was intended to remedy these objectionable conditions—"

"I wish he'd got along with it on the egg I struck yesterday morning!" said the Doctor, with feeling. "That egg was a corker! Why, when I cracked it—"

"—and in theory, at least," continued the Colonel, with insistence, "it did compass that desirable result. In principle—as was the case with all of his more important inventions—my friend's Egg Pedigree and Dating Machine combined efficiency with simplicity to a very remarkable degree. Stated briefly, it was constructed in the following manner:

"Along the sides of the poultry-house were placed commodious nests—adequate to the requirements of all the hens on the establishment—which severally were numbered, and also severally were colored, with a conspicuous clearness. Each of these nests was poised on a simply contrived spring balance; in the bottom of each was a small hole—just large enough for an egg to pass through it easily—that gave access to a padded cup poised on a spring lever directly beneath the orifice; in the rear of each was a simply operated wooden arm with an extensible attachment; and above each was a double-action spring plunger fitted at its lower ex-

tremity with a dating apparatus—a rubber cylinder set each morning by an auxiliary clockwork connection—that carried also the number of the nest on a supplementary rubber stamp.”

“Did I understand you to say, Colonel, that simplicity was one of the more obvious characteristics of Mr. Beverly’s egg-machine?” asked the Judge.

“You did, sir,” replied the Colonel. “If there is anything that you would like me more fully to explain I shall—”

“No! No! I beg of you don’t,” exclaimed the Judge. “I’ve had about as much explaining now as I can stand. Go right ahead, Colonel, in your own way.”

“Motive power for the extensible arms and the plungers,” continued the Colonel, “was supplied by a small hot-air engine: so contrived—Mr. Beverly’s constant effort was toward the economical utilization of conserved forces—that its surplus energy heated the poultry-house in cold weather, turned a grindstone as occasion demanded, and drove an ingenious little machine in his kitchen (one of his by-inventions) that at one operation cleaned the table-knives and polished the family shoes. In addition to these several simple appliances, a tank of suitable capacity—its faucet governed by a simple connection with the appropriate plunger—was placed over each nest; and these tanks severally were filled with innocuous fluids severally identical in color with the colors, severally, of the nests over which they were ranged. Finally, to the back of each hen was gummed fast each morning a suitably proportioned sheet of paper—tough in texture, but light in body and pliable, that carrying it around on their backs might impose upon the hens the minimum of annoyance—so adjusted as to be precisely in place for the records which they were destined to receive.”

“How did it all work?” asked the Doctor. “Did the hens use the jugs of different-colored inks to make notes with their claws on their backs about when they laid their eggs, and what they thought they were worth a dozen?”

“To a mind of the most moderate apprehensive grasp,” replied the Colonel, coldly, “the general working of Mr. Beverly’s admirably simple mechanism is self-evident. However, as I obviously have to reckon with at least one mind of a rudimentary type, I will explain how it worked in terms of a rudimentary simplicity. The entry of a hen into any one of the spring-balanced nests—by disturbing the nest’s nicely adjusted equilibrium—released a spring that operated a simple clutch which coupled up the motive power with the extensible wooden arm and the double-action plunger. Thereafter the egg—being laid, and necessarily dropping through the orifice at the bottom of the nest provided for its exit—fell into the padded cup, and by its weight so depressed the lever to which the cup was attached that another spring was released that moved a crank by which the machinery was set in

motion. Then, gently but firmly, the plunger came down upon the hen’s back: and the stamping apparatus there recorded—on the paper arranged to receive these statistics—the number of the nest in which, and the date on which, the preliminary maternal duties of that particular hen had been discharged—a record that was transcribed from the hen’s back into a properly tabulated stock-book at a later period in the day.

“The dating of the hen being accomplished, the plunger returned to its place, and the extensible wooden arm gently but firmly ejected the hen from the nest; whereupon the plunger—again descending, but operating with a relatively greatly lengthened stroke—passed down through the hole in the bottom of the nest, and similarly numbered and dated the egg in the receptacle below. Finally—the second return upward of the plunger momentarily opening the appropriate faucet—a few drops of the colored liquid in the superposed tank fell through the roof of the nest and through the orifice in its bottom upon the egg: and thus assured beyond a peradventure—the colors of the several liquids and the colors of the several nests being, as you will remember, identical—the egg’s positive identification. Date and pedigree being thus—”

“Did Mr. Beverly take opium habitually, Colonel?” asked the Judge.

“Mr. Beverly did not take opium,” the Colonel replied, severely, “habitually or any other way. May I inquire what prompts a question at once so offensive and so irrelevant?”

“Oh, nothing in particular. It just happened to occur to me, that is all. Pardon me if I have said anything to ruffle you, Colonel. What you are telling us is most curious and most interesting. Pray continue. You have said that Mr. Beverly did not patent this very original apparatus. May I ask if he brought it into effective working order for his own use?”

“In theory,” replied the Colonel, “he did; but I regret to add that his first—and, indeed, only—attempt to make it operative was not crowned with a complete practical success. By an unfortunate error in the adjustment of the mechanism—a mere detail, but productive of most serious consequences—the order of the action of the plungers was inverted: that is to say, the long down stroke calculated to pass through the bottom of the nest and date the egg preceded the short down stroke calculated to stop midway in the nest and date the hen. The result is painfully obvious. On that lamentable occasion no less than twenty-seven of the nests were occupied—as it happened, by the choicest of Mr. Beverly’s blooded stock—and twenty-three of their unfortunate occupants instantly perished. Moreover, the excessive action of the plungers unduly operated the faucets of the tanks: with the farther result that the whole quantity of colored liquid in each of the several tanks was discharged into each of the several nests—and in a stream so sudden and so over-



whelming that the crushed hens collectively looked like a disarranged rainbow, and the four which miraculously had escaped crushing simultaneously were colored tastefully and drowned. By way of completing this very general devastation, the several wooden arms—being set in motion by the dropping of the several eggs into the several poised cups before the catastrophe began—were driven so irresistibly against the several immovable masses of pressed hen that they severally were snapped off short: thereby inducing a sudden stoppage of all the machinery that reacted—by dislocating the connecting gear—on the hot-air engine and caused it to explode with such violence that

what little remained intact of the apparatus was shattered, and the poultry-house was entirely destroyed."

"Well, I'll be—" began the Doctor; but, meeting the Bishop's cautioning reproachful glance, checked himself and substituted: "What did old Beverly do, anyway, Colonel, when it was all over?"

"Perceiving the futility of attempting to repair material damages of so radical a nature," replied the Colonel, "and having lost in the general wreck almost the whole of his stock of poultry, Mr. Beverly presented to a deserving charitable institution for culinary purposes the negligible remainder, and engaged in other pursuits."



## The Explorer Man

BY EDWARD HALL PUTNAM

IF I were an Explorer Man  
I'd cross the lake so wide,  
The way Columbus once began;  
And, on the other side,  
I'd first discover all the land,  
Then look around to see

If there were savages at hand  
Who might discover me!  
But sunset-time is dark and cold,  
And I am only me;  
And though, of course, I'm pretty bold,  
I really need my tea!



## Thought it was a Motor

A COUPLE of New-Yorkers, while on a recent visit to Baltimore, were one afternoon driving in a wagonette just outside the city, when a spark falling from the cigar of one of the occupants of the vehicle set fire to some straw at the bottom of the wagonette.

The flames soon drove them from their seats, and while they were extinguishing the fire, a countryman, who had been following them, came up to assist them.

"I'd been watchin' that smoke fer some time," said he.

"Then why didn't you tell us?" demanded one of the New-Yorkers, astonished.

"Well," responded the countryman, "there air so many new-fangled contraptions nowadays that I thought maybe you were a-goin' by steam."



JUDGE PELICAN. "Your grandfather was a gay old bird."

TOMMY CRANE. "That so?"

JUDGE PELICAN. "Yes; haven't you heard about 'The Hanging of the Crane'?"

## An Example

LITTLE JOHNNY, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit upon a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnny's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this, and do your best."

## Nothing Else to Do

A BOSTON minister tells of a little girl friend of his who, one day, proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No, sir; it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied, as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again, and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so soiled that I just *had* to eat it."

## Honesty

"YOU can say what you please, but there are a few honest people in the world," a New York broker remarked to a group of friends the other day. "I had an illustration of it this morning.

"It came about in this way: Ten years ago, before I was possessed of an office-boy, I needed a postal card, and asked a lad who happened to be hanging about to step round the corner and get me one. I have never seen that boy from that day to this."

"You don't imply that he was honest?" a friend questioned, puzzled.

"Oh yes, I do," the broker assured him, "and I was just coming to that point. You see, this morning I received a postal card, on which was written: 'Dear sir, here is your card. I used your cent to start into business, and have prospered. Many thanks.'"



DIOGENES. "Ah, an honest man at last!"

## The Little Seedy Man

(With the necessary apologies)

BY C. B. D.

ONE morning, as I walked abroad,  
I met a little seedy man  
Who carried something in a hod  
And also a tomato-can.

From time to time he'd stop and scan  
The earth and sky perplexedly,  
And peer into his hod and can;  
And finally he looked at me.

"What do you here? What seek you here,  
Good sir?" I asked in some alarm.  
Whereat he came on tiptoe near  
And seized me by the arm.

"If I should take a hat," said he,  
And add a little blind-man's-buff  
And multiply by fifty-three,  
Do you think I'd have enough?"

"Enough of what, good sir?" I cried;  
But he was looking in the can.  
"Objection number one," he sighed;  
"Perhaps I'd better try a fan.

"If I should take a fan," said he,  
"And add some Madagascar mice,  
And then divide by fifty-three,  
Do you think it would suffice?"

"Would what suffice, good sir?" I cried.  
But he was looking at the sky.  
"Objection number two," he sighed;  
"Perhaps I'd better try a pie.

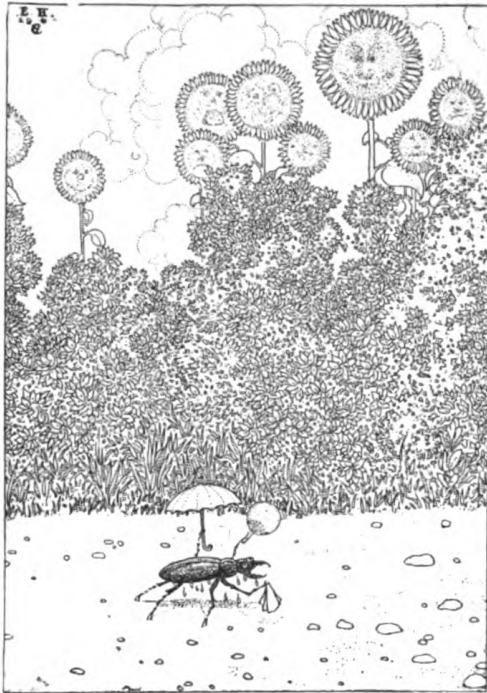
"If I should take a pie," said he,  
"And add an apoplectic hen,  
And multiply by fifty-three,  
Do you think I'd have it then?"

"Have what, have what, good sir?" I cried.  
But he was looking at his nose.  
"Objection number three," he sighed;  
"Perhaps I'd better try a hose.

"If I should take a hose," said he,  
"And add a wretched razor-strop,  
And then divide by fifty-three,  
Do you think that I could stop?"

"Stop what? Stop where, good sir?" I cried.  
But he was tying up his shoe.  
"Objection number four," he sighed;  
"Perhaps the number's fifty-two.

"If you will be so good," he said,  
"We'll try them now with fifty-two:  
If I should take—" But I had fled  
And what he took I never knew.



### A Hot Day in Bugville

*"No wonder the thermometer into the hundreds runs;  
I ne'er before have seen a land that had  
so many suns!"*

### A Strategist

A LITTLE girl in Cleveland was playing with her trinkets on the parlor floor while an older sister with much persistency was drumming on the piano.

"Play louder, Eloria," spoke up the child.

The girl at the keys felt flattered, and, with an elated smile, asked, "So you like to hear me play, do you, darling?"

"No, I don't," came the unexpected and emphatic reply. "I wanted you to play louder so papa would tell you to stop."

### Optimistic

A STORY was recently told of a colored servant who left a comfortable home and kind mistress for the uncertain felicities of matrimony. A few weeks later her former master meeting her on the street inquired how she was getting along, and if her husband were doing well by her.

"Oh yes, indeed, sir!" she replied with a beaming face; "why, he's got me already three places to wash!"

### If I was Big

I WANT a ladder awful high  
Like Jack had, so that I can see  
Right where the stars are in the sky;  
I want to sail across the sea  
Like Sindbad did; and I want three—  
Or maybe four—fat hens: they'd lay  
Some golden eggs to have for tea.  
I wish that I was Big to-day.

I want to go a-riding by  
A castle with a golden key.  
To find a princess, who will sigh  
And wait for one to come and free  
Her from the giant's spell that he  
Has cast about her: and I'll slay  
The great big giant! Yes-sirree!  
I wish that I was Big to-day!

And sometime, maybe, if I try,  
I'll find a Dragon, too, and he  
Will try to eat me up, and I  
Will be as brave as I can be,  
And I will kill him, and, "To thee,"  
The King will cry, "we bow! You may  
Become a Knight at once!" Oh me!  
I wish that I was Big to-day!

### ENVOY

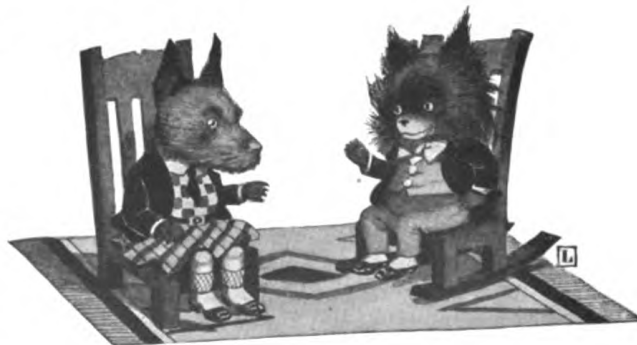
Lad, life holds much of mystery,—  
Beautiful visions far away!  
Oh, would that I might change with thee!  
I wish I were a lad to-day!

CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON.

### Neglected Johnny

ONE evening, at the circus, a small boy was gazing entranced at the trapeze performers, when a gentleman who sat next to him said, "Well, Johnny, do you wish you could do that?" The little fellow's eyes danced, but he shook his head mournfully.

"Yes, I guess I do!" he exclaimed, "but my mother always makes me go to school, and never will let me learn *anything*."



POMERANIAN. "Do you come from old Scottish ancestry?"

SCOTCH TERRIER. "Ay, mon! From the 'Black Doglass'!"







Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Lincoln's Last Day"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

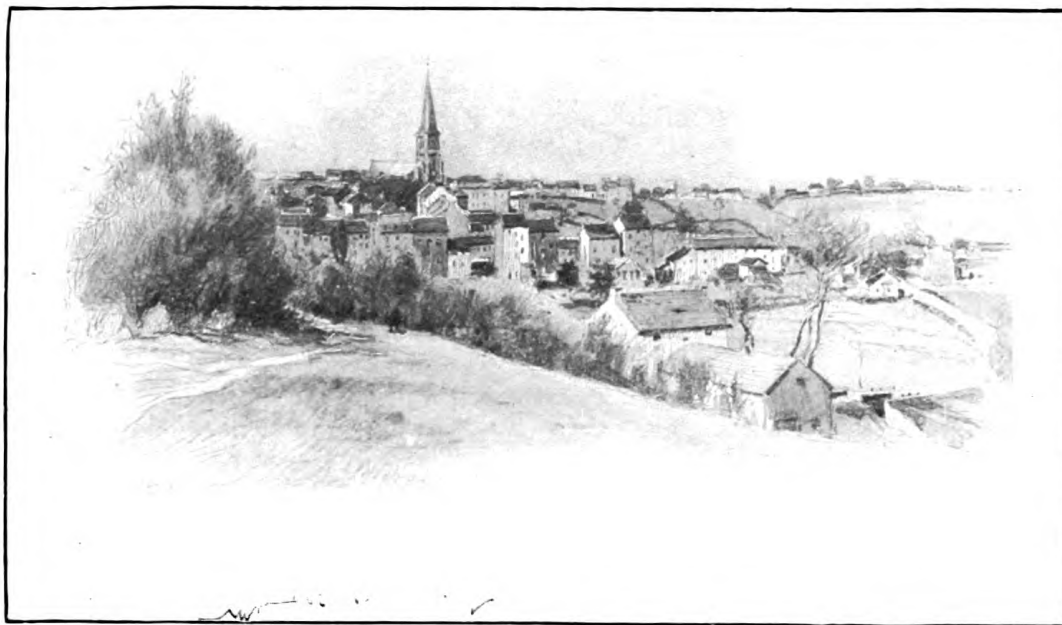


# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE POINTED SPIRE AND CLUSTERED ROOFS OF KELMIS

## A Country Under Two Kings

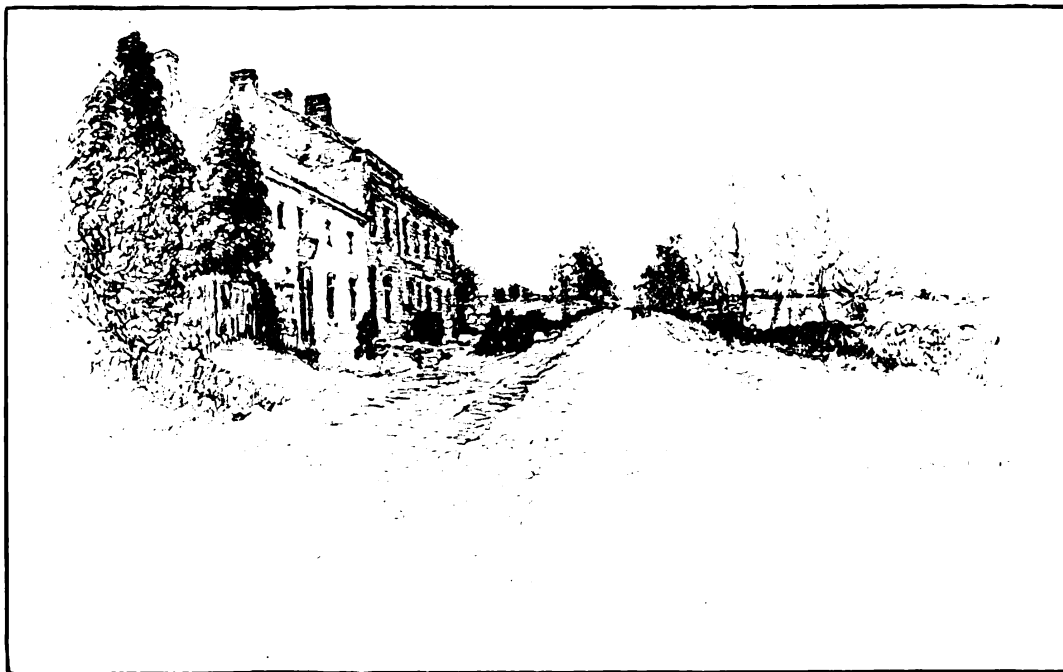
BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

WITHIN the triple encompassment of Belgium and Holland and Prussia, and in actual juxtaposition with all three, there lies a bit of land which for almost a century has been under the dual rule of rival kings. Originating in mistake, the anomaly has been perpetuated by jealousy, by the inability of the two governments to concur in partition.

There was awe in the conception of the man without a country; but in Neutral Moresnet there are 3781 without a country. "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die," demanded Ancient Pistol; but change the threat to Moresnian and there would be 3781 unable to give the saving word.

It came about through a geographical blunder of that Congress of Vienna which,

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PRUSSIA ON THE RIGHT; THE NEUTRAL LAND ON THE LEFT

after the sending of Napoleon to Elba, parcelled out Europe anew. Through a district known as Moresnet, which under the French Empire had been assigned to the Department of the Ourthe, the negotiators drew a line, intending to make division between Prussia and the Netherlands. The northern end of this line demarcatory, the point where the departments of the Ourthe, the Meuse, and the Roere converged, was well known, but about the southern end, so it was discovered, there were views variant. Prussia wished to stand by the description in one article of the treaty; the Netherlands claimed under another; and contingent upon which article was to have force was the status of a triangle of land, in the middle of Moresnet, some three miles by two miles by one, with an area of 850 acres.

A decision was postponed. There were more insistent problems. Part of Moresnet was unquestionably Prussian, part Netherlandian; and between the two portions should be this Neutral Moresnet, this No Man's Land. It was to be under the civil administration of both countries, but under the military jurisdiction of neither.

When the Kingdom of the Netherlands was separated into Holland and Belgium, it was Belgium that retained an interest in the Triangle; when Prussia became part of Germany, it was still to Prussia and its king that the Triangle gave recognition.

Prussia and Belgium unite in the administration and divide the taxes; the money and the stamps of either country may be used; the courts of either may be appealed to; the burgomaster is alternately from one country and from the other. And there can be no garrison and no fortifications.

From its ancient and still worked deposits of calamine, the hydrous silicate of zinc, the territory is sometimes known as *Vieille Montagne*, or *Altenberg*, although the "old mountain" is but a lowish hill. From "calamine" comes "Kelmis," the name of the town where, as if by some law of precipitation, the population has settled at the bottom of the Triangle.

Although Neutral Moresnet is but a few miles from Aix-la-Chapelle, and although an electric-car line will within a few months be continued from the city to its edge, it is a lost territory. It is

easily reachable from the village of Her-genrath, but this I did not easily learn. On the evening of my arrival in Aix I inquired at the hotel, at some neighboring shops, and at both of the railway stations, but no one could tell me how to reach Neutral Moresnet; they had no idea at all, or guessed at random at various impossible stations. But I set out next morning on the quest, and after some hours of travel and search was so fortunate as to find it. They love to tell, in the Triangle, of a recently appointed Prussian post-office inspector who went from Aix to visit Neutral Moresnet officially, but who, misdirected from station to station, returned baffled at night to his starting-point.

No railway has its line through the neutral bit. Tracks are in Prussian Moresnet on one side, in Belgium Moresnet on the other.

The burgomaster, above whose office door are the juxtaposed coats of arms of Prussia and of Belgium, not only dispenses punishment for petty delinquency, but is the active governing power of the Triangle. He is assisted by a Council of Ten, a Committee of Beneficence, and a Committee for Schools; but even the awesomely named "Ten" wield no real power, for counselors and committeemen are alike chosen by the burgomaster himself and exercise functions that are only advisory.

Nor have the people of the Triangle any power of voting in regard to any public matter whatever.

Yet the burgomaster is far from being an untrammelled despot. There are two commissioners, one appointed by

Prussia and one by Belgium, who visit the Triangle whenever they see fit and to whom every act of the burgomaster must be pleasing. Should the two commissioners differ, the matter must go to Berlin and to Brussels for decree.

Of the 3781, 1858 are males and 1923 females; 1642 are rated as Prussian, 1302 Belgian, 372 Dutch, 2 Italian, 2 Russian, and 1 Swiss. The remaining 460 are descendants of those who were inhabitants when the Triangle became neutral, and they are highly privileged. For their taxes remain the same as their ancestors paid in 1814, and they are free from any military service whatever. Alarmed at losing men from their armies, Prussia and Belgium some years ago began to claim a few years' service from such as entered the Triangle from their respective territories, but neither country has ever attempted to alter the status of the indigenes.



"FOUR BOUNDARY STONES, ONE FOR EACH OF THE FOUR JURISDICTIONS"

Approaching the Triangle from Her-genrath, there are seen a low-rounding hill, a pointed spire, and clustered roofs half hidden among trees; and that is Kelmis.

The houses are built to the line of cobbled sidewalk, most of them are of two stories, of brick or of brick-trimmed stone, and often a front is plastered in yellow or brown or pink; nor is the town without houses of little windows, wooden-shuttered in white or green. The floors are tiled or bricked, the kettles are copper, the crockery of ponderousness. Rain-barrels are of monster magnitude. Mot-toes are darned in flaming colors, as, "May the good God give us good luck!"

Many a house has flowers in its windows, many a door is iron-knocked, many a fruit-tree is trained against the wall. Flowers grow freely, but not in great variety; and most prized is a yellow violet which the people deem infallible as an indicator of zinc.

When evening approaches, and the men come back from digging in the wet earth and pushing little cars on narrow tracks, the people group genially for gregarious gossip. The young folk walk together up and down, or gayly and informally dance. The children play. Music sounds from the refreshment-gardens.

May the first is moving-day; and then the streets are filled with little two-

wheeled carts, heaped high with things of the household, and one gains the impression that nearly every one is changing his domicile—and, indeed, the citizens will tell you, with quiet complacency, that each family manages in time to live in nearly every house in town! With all the world before them where to choose, they will not leave the Triangle, but variedly find the spice of life within its slender borders.

There are many signs for the sale of oleomargarine, drugs, and drink, thus hinting at a possible procession-al cause and effect. Within this tiny acreage there are eighty places where beverages are dispensed! "*Sang und Liebe, Witz und Wein, Sind des Lebens Sonnenschein!*" Thus, prominently letter-



"FREQUENTLY, BY THE ROADSIDE, THERE ARE SEEN THE CRUCIFIX AND SHRINE"



HOUSES OF TWO STORIES BUILT TO THE LINE OF THE COBBLED SIDEWALK

ed in one of the houses, are the desiderata of this humble Moresnian life expressed; only, in realization, the wine is generally beer and the wit is a humor rather broad.

Taxing is done with cheerful freedom. Restaurants and cafés naturally bear an important share, and every dance, every little concert, is a taxable occasion. Dogs, too, are taxed; but only dogs of harness—"les chiens de trait"—the poor "dog Tray." Yet taxes, in all, seem to be a little lower than in Prussia and only a little higher than in Belgium.

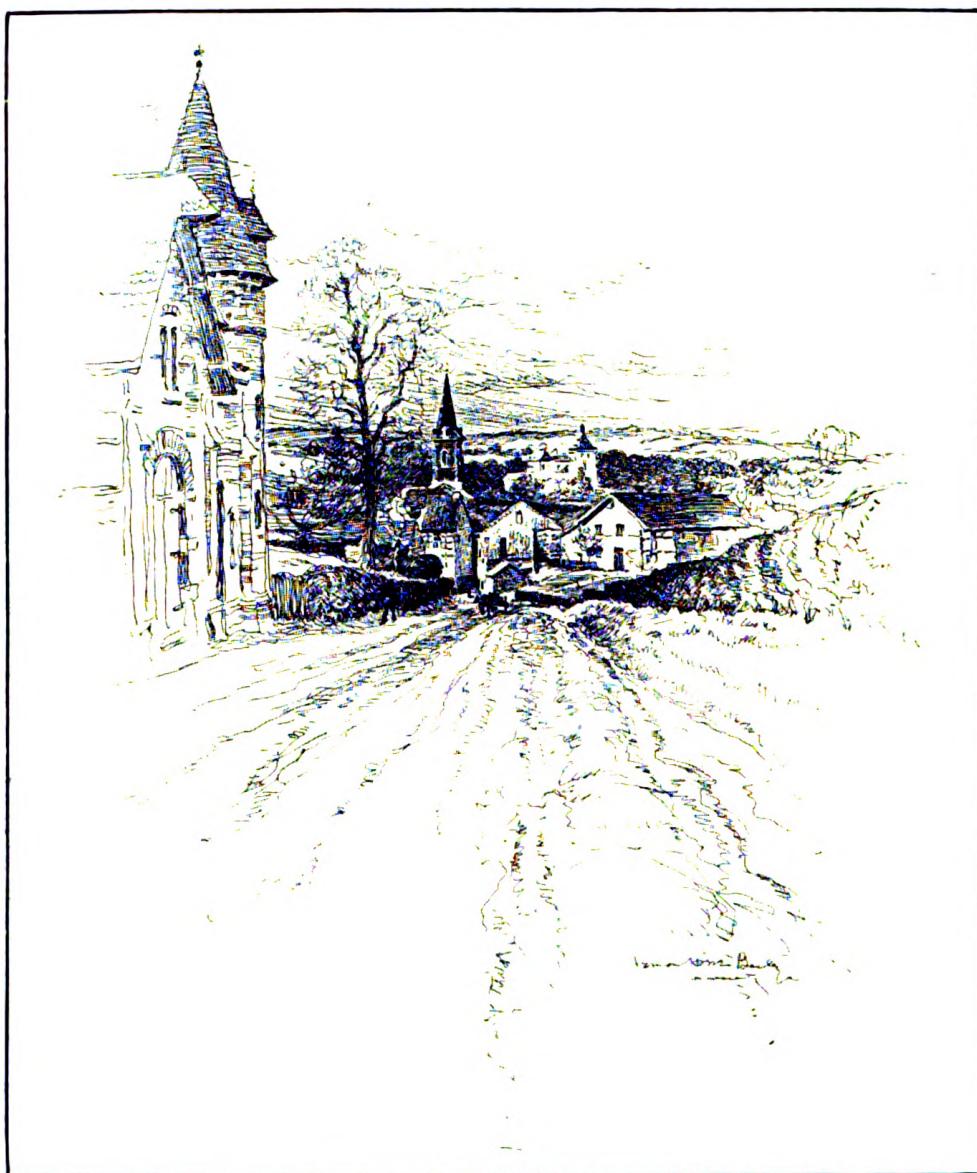
The solitary policeman of the Triangle, jocularly known as the "Secretary of War," goes about with hurried assiduity, stooping under his responsibility. Diligent in his business, he stands for two

kings. But in cases of need the soldiers of Belgium or of Prussia may be called in; and, indeed, Prussian soldiers, patrolling with slung rifles, are a familiar sight along the border-line. They are watching the custom; for although Moresnet is the only place in Europe where there is not the slightest customs examination for articles entering, everything which goes out is carefully scanned!

On the whole, it is an honest sort of place. "A man can go safely anywhere, night or day," declares the burgomaster; and it is doubtless mere exuberance of heed that leads the barber to take in every evening the gleaming basin of brass that twinkles in front of his shop as the outward and visible sign of his calling.

The Prussian Eagle and the Belgian





JUST OVER THE BORDER IN BELGIAN MORESNET

Lion have lain down together, but one intangibly gains the impression that the lion has not held the lion's share. Prussian governmental influence seems to be stronger. There is a preponderance of the flaxen hair and blue eyes of Germany. Although Walloon, Dutch, Flemish, French, and German are all spoken, the number of languages being inversely as to the population, German has practically conquered the rest; but it bears the marks of the tongues it overcame.

The vaccination of the children is a function civil and military. The burgo-master keeps the record. A Prussian soldier marshals the throng. The lining-up, the registering, the baring of arms, the incision, the relegation to the drying rows—all is swift, methodical, capable, amusing.

There have been numerous plans for partitionment. A guide-book, taking a tentative decision for the deed, recently stated that partition was accomplished.

Another plan is now under active consideration, and it is possible that while this is being written the final decision has been made.

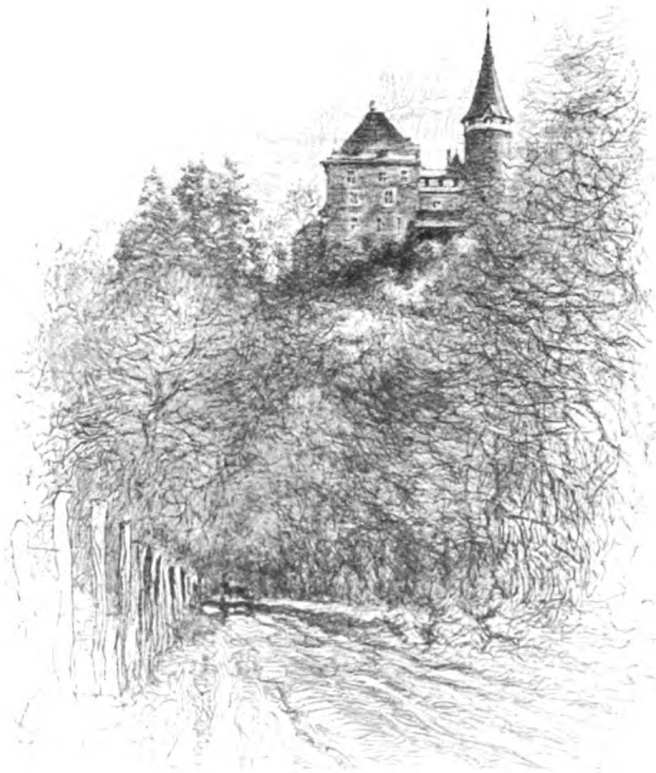
In 1903 the absence of definite rule attracted the attention of men who wished to establish a great gambling resort; it was decided to locate here, large sums were spent in preparation, and gambling on an extensive scale was actually begun. The Code Napoleon, still operative in the Neutral Territory, prohibits the gathering of more than twenty persons for such a purpose, at one time, without specific authority. But the gambling promoters proceeded with much circumspection. They first decreed that no inhabitant of the Triangle should be permitted to gamble, and thus there was to be no local injury. And they arranged to play in relays of twenty! They believed that the burgomaster and Belgium favored them, and that so long as the law was observed they could ignore Prussia.

But the man behind the sword cut the cleverly tied Gordian knot of strict legality. The Prussian King declared that unless gambling should instantly cease the territory would be partitioned and the neutrality should end. So the gamblers vanished, and the neutrality remained.

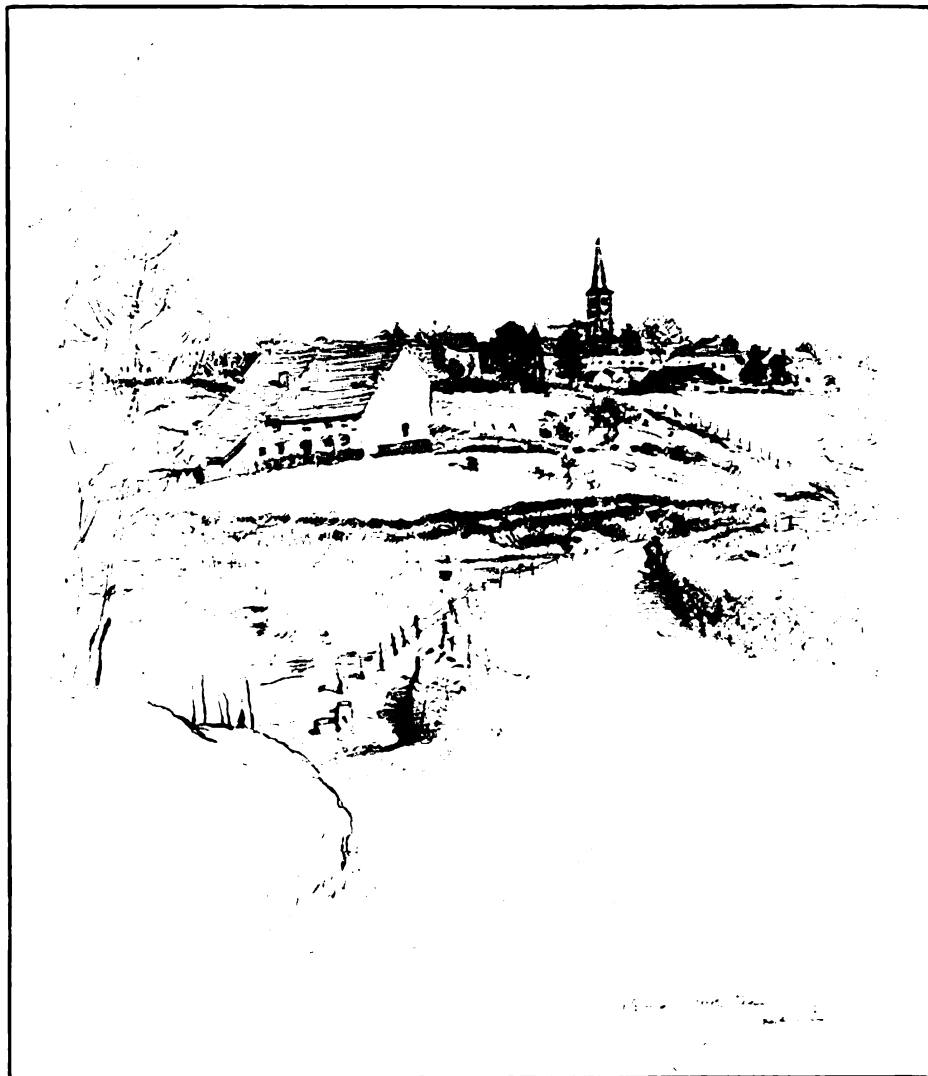
Within Neutral Moresnet there is no court except the petty tribunal of the burgomaster. A plaintiff may bring his suit in either Prussia or Belgium, as he may prefer. The Code Napoleon, altered

from time to time by mutual edicts of the two kings, forms the basis of law, but this law must be administered in accordance with the procedure of Belgian or Prussian courts. Pregnant of perplexity, all this. To Belgian Aulic or Prussian Eupen, to the court of Verviers or that of Aix-la-Chapelle, on appeal to Liège or Cologne—such is the whimsical alternativeness. A criminal may find himself before a Prussian or a Belgian court.

My advent caused a genuine flutter. That I could be merely an American, travelling unofficially, seemed incredible; and officials, Belgian and Prussian, and even an English consul from a Belgian



CHATEAU OF THE STORY OF CHARLEMAGNE, EMMA, AND EGINHARD



THE NEUTRAL TERRITORY (FROM THE SOUTH)

town, kept dropping in, one after another, acknowledging to me, over tall beakers, that they had been anxiously wired anent my presence there.

The nearness of Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite city of Charlemagne, tinges the entire region with fascinating historical color; and here, at the very edge of Neutral Moresnet, is Emmaburg, which was his favorite resting-place. A little stream goes bending about the rock on which the château stands; and one vividly realizes that the brook has gone on, unchanged, throughout the thousand years that have passed since the time of Charlemagne and Emma and Eginhard.

Emma was the Emperor's daughter, Eginhard his secretary. A poet, a scholar, a musician, handsome, ingratiating, one whom Charlemagne himself trusted—small wonder that Emma and he fell in love. But, Eginhard being only a secretary, they did not dare to meet except in secret. On one occasion the princess allowed the young man to remain until well toward morning—"And then they parted; but at parting, lo! they saw the palace courtyard white with snow!"

Confronted by such an emergency, Emma acted with a readiness and decision worthy of her illustrious parentage.

She had certainly been imprudent in her entertaining of Eginhard with her father unaware; but her speeding of the parting guest was beyond all praise. For she promptly took Eginhard upon her shoulders and carried him to where his footsteps would not be evidence condemnatory!

But Charlemagne, unknown to them, was a spectator from one of the tower windows! Yet it all came out right, just as a sweet old tale ought to do, and they married and lived happily ever after. The sour Carlyle speaks derisively of it. "Charlemagne with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow," he jibes; but his intemperate pluralization shows how bent he was upon avoiding all sweetness and charm.

The château has been much bewindowed and largely rebuilt, but tradition holds that the most prominent tower was standing in Charlemagne's time, and there is no reason to doubt that the lines of the courtyard are unchanged.

Trees are attractively massed about Emmaburg, yet do not hide it from the view of Kelmis. Even within Kelmis itself there is a general aspect of trees and greenery. To the northward the Neutral Territory is covered thick with woodland, as are portions of Holland and Belgium and Prussia there adjoining.

At the extreme northern point of the Triangle are clustered four boundary-stones, one for each of the four jurisdictions.

In the midst of the woods, southward from this, I chanced one day upon an ancient stone, hidden among trees and bushes. It bore the date of 1615 and was blazoned with a defiant inscription and a long-forgotten coat of arms. Men fought, three hundred years ago, to place that stone there and maintain it. And now, so completely forgotten! stumbled upon by a stranger, and lost to all other knowledge.

I found even this tiny territory to be not without its own exemplification of the truth, which the traveller should always remember, that the foreign mind works differently from his own. After vainly trying to be pleased with the assimilation of lukewarm coffee, I explained to the excellent waitress that I desired it hot. Really, my German was right enough—but she fetched me not hot coffee, but a cup heated to untouchableness!

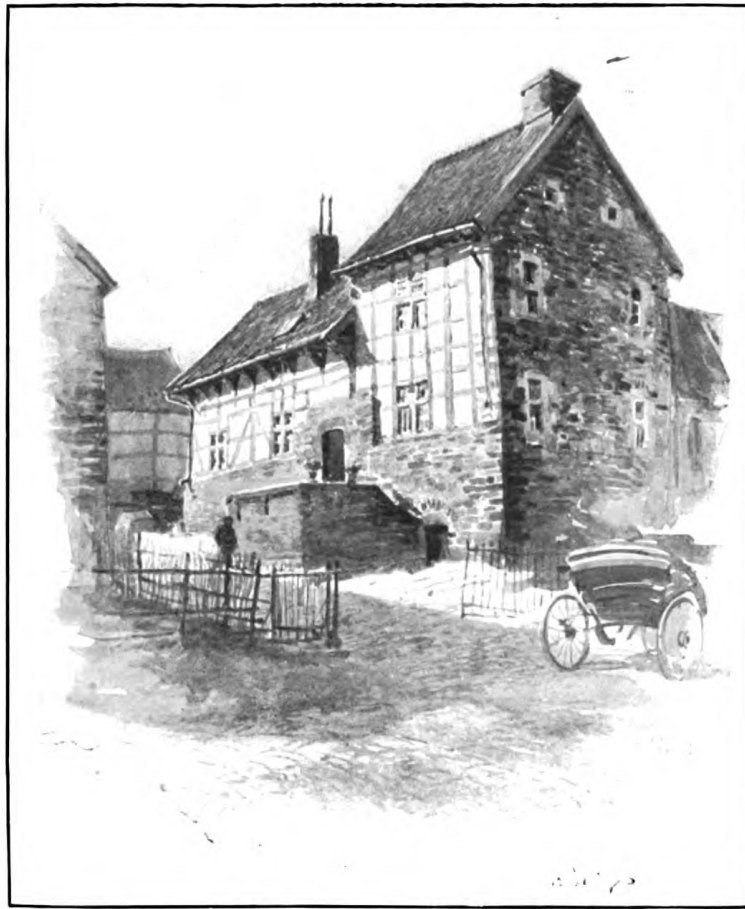
On the first morning of my stay there I laid out a roll of laundry. After breakfast I looked for it, to give to a messenger; but it had disappeared! The maid, so I found, had thought the articles, laid together, to be the American sleeping-complement, and, with imaginable wonder at what she must have deemed an embarrassing multiplicity, she had tucked everything out of sight at the foot of the bed.

The charivari is prominent among the diversions of the Triangle. Not always invoked for the delectation of the newly wedded, this, but, by a humorous perversion, even more for the distinguishment of such as have not married! The most popular music at these open-air concerts is that made by holding a great scythe against the tire of a revolving wheel; and so excruciating is it as to make a lapse from virtue a matter for serious regret.

Religious feast-days transcend in importance the celebration of any secular festivals. Even in secular recreations the religious element is likely to be conjoined; in parades, priestliness and playfulness may affiliate; and there is no better place for a secular outing than one of the stations of the Cross. Frequently, by the roadside, alike within the village and in the wild-woods, there are seen the crucifix and shrine. "Yet the people are not too good," says the priest, with subtle and tolerant philosophy.

For the First Communion the entire population joins in the celebration. Great banners are hung on the outward walls, and in the cool light of early morning the streets are thronged. Led by a band, playing a stately march, the children come in procession around a corner and, the priest leading, circle through a grove of trees toward the entrance of the church.

I saw not only the First Communion, but the Last. One day I met the priest going on his way to the death-bed of a woman. The küster—the sacristan—preceded him, dolefully ringing a little bell and bearing a light which glimmered strangely beneath the hot sun in its cloudless sky. Following was a constantly augmenting group, and each man's head was bared, and all were awed and still. They came to a village house, and the priest went in, and the women silently followed, and the men stood reverently



OLD DWELLINGS IN KERMIS

at the door. And with candle and water and sprigs the last communion was administered, and a few great tears rolled from the eyes of the woman dying there.

The amusements of Neutral Moresnet are important and numerous. There are associations musical, associations gymnastic, associations theatrical, associations for bowling, for dancing, for shooting at the mark.

These people, small though their territory, will not be cabined, cribbed, confined. There are two clubs for the training and flying of carrier-pigeons! And I met a man whose delight is the gathering of newspapers in the languages of all the world.

For the men there are twenty clubs, but for the women there is none! "They cook, they work, they make their children's clothes," said the priest, gravely

outlining their diversions. "On Sunday they go to church. On Sunday afternoon they walk out with their husbands and children. They know nothing else. They wish nothing else. They are content. Is it not well?"

Yet one need not deem them to be always under repression. I remember hearing a morning quarrel with the milkman; and—such are the geographical advantages of the place—not only the Neutral Land, but Prussia and Holland and Belgium as well, listened perforce to the woman's side of the argument.

There is general pervasiveness of content. There is a sort of *al fresco* freedom of life, an untrammelledness which comes naturally from long-continued absence of centralized restraint. The people only fear the possible impermanency of their pleasing status.



# A Sermon and a Sinner

BY FORREST CRISSEY

FROM the meadow, between the road and the West Woods, came the sweetly shrill note of the meadow-lark and the riotous warblings of bobolink. But these finer voices of the resurrected year fell sadly upon the heart of the boy, heavy with its dreadful burden of secret sin.

Although perching in desperate discomfort on the slippery edge of the oil-cloth cushion, wedged between his parents on the narrow buggy-seat, Ezra was keenly sensible of the spell of the spring, the jubilant gushing of lark and bobolink. Under their magic his being seemed trembling and expanding with life like that which thrilled the hushed earth.

The very mystery of these impressions multiplied their power and intensity—but the grim shadow of his sin could not be dispelled, even by the vernal gladness about him.

At the cross-road from Thompson's Woods to the cheese-factory, the glistening tombstones of the graveyard came into view.

The presence among them of a man standing knee-deep in a grave which he was digging gave the child a keen shock. Death! And on such a morning as this! At all times terrible, its shadow on the peace of this Sabbath morning made him shiver. He counted the shovelfuls of earth the sexton threw upon the slowly growing mound at his side.

How many shovelfuls would it take to empty the grave? Who were they going to put in that black hole? Was it one who had died a Christian? When would they dig his—Ezra Rue's—grave? Was he a Christian? And all the time he counted the shovelfuls of earth! Suddenly it came to him:

"If I don't see him throw out twenty more shovelfuls I shall die this year!"

"One—two—three—four," he counted, denying in each interim the claim of the

suggestion, but still counting with tragic earnestness. How slowly the man moved! Oh, if only Totman would get out the twenty shovelfuls! Ezra almost prayed that the old horse would move slower or the sexton faster—but in his soul he felt either to be hopelessly impossible.

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen," he continued.

The man rested on his shovel; the boy held his breath. Would he never begin again?

"Seventeen—eighteen!"

A cloud of butterflies arose from a drying puddle; the horse started into a trot, and a corner of the woods shut off the boy's vision of the sexton just as the nineteenth shovelful dropped upon the mound.

Thompson was backing his horse into the shafts of his democrat wagon as they passed.

"D'y' know Sassman's Will died last night?" he called out in cheerful tones.

After halting for "the particulars," the Rues drove on, discussing with unsparing realism the details of death by this awful contagion, while the child's soul winced under the cumulative terrors which found their visible exponent in the grave-digger. For Death which could invade such a morning as this and lay its majestic silence upon the lips of his noisiest playmate, instead of those of some old man or woman, was more terribly near him than ever before. And he had not seen that twentieth shovelful of grave-dirt fall upon the pile!

He recollected the last time he had seen Will—pitching horseshoes. Now he was in *Eternity*! The word spelled itself in the child's imagination with letters greater than capitals—something like those the stars might make, on a clear night, if they should all suddenly rush together into the eight great blazing letters!

At the church his mother shook out the front of her skirts, stepped inside

the vestibule, lifted Ezra's speckled straw hat, wet her fingers, and plastered back the lock of whitish hair that seemed determined to curl upon his forehead. Then they all went solemnly to the family pew.

Although Ezra had put on the garb of summer, in the form of baggy linen trousers and calico waist, his hair had not yet suffered the inevitable spring "shingle," but strung along down his thin neck like the frayed eaves of a sun-bleached straw thatch. His face was delicately white, save for two bright spots which flushed and faded in his cheeks with the rising and falling tide of his self-consciousness. His long, straight nose, high cheek-bones, and well-rounded chin redeemed from weakness the dreamy expression which large blue eyes and softly curved lips would otherwise have given to his face.

His hands were never at rest. When not fumbling his starched shirt, his long, slender fingers were clutched tensely into his palms.

As Miss Albright, the new teacher, arose behind the organ and began the solo, Ezra for the first moment forgot his sin.

All the details of her personality—her curving lips with mischievous corners, her big gray eyes in which lurking bubbles of laughter seemed unconsciously to sparkle up to the surface, her soft-gray dress, her slender erect figure, the curling gray plumes of her silvery straw hat, and especially the little bunch of blue violets that trembled at her throat—all these epitomized themselves in the impression which the boy received as she sang:

"I stood outside the gate—  
A poor wayfaring child,  
And in my heart there beat  
A tempest loud and wild."

Her rich alto was full of depth and power that he had never before heard in a woman's voice. Then and there he experienced his first, definite, personal consciousness of womanly beauty—and this new revelation banished the mystic fears of the morning to that second consciousness into which Fear sometimes withdraws only to clothe itself in darker and more terrible guise.

Ezra could now barely see the plumes of Miss Albright's hat above the organ and was watching eagerly for some movement which would give him another view of her face, when the preacher arose and read the text:

"Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Ezra gasped and grew ashen at the terrible words! How had Elder Kingsbury learned his awful secret? And would he be called by name and denounced before the whole congregation?

The preacher was a stern product of New England and had a genius and passion for "conviction."

Ezra, the condemned, sat on the edge of the seat, his mouth open and the pupils of his eyes wildly enlarged. He breathed with the husky respirations of one sleeping or unconscious, and his heart throbbed like an engine. His clothing trembled about his thin, shaking ankles, as if an icy draught were blowing underneath the pews. His cheeks were whiter than his bleached linen trousers. He had lost consciousness of time and place. He had entered into eternity—the eternity of agony of those guilty of the Unpardonable Sin.

To him the preacher was the direct oracle of God, the voice of Jehovah! He caught each word from the threatening lips and received it as an inspired and revealed truth.

The preacher grew more terrible and fiery as he witnessed his own power. Women wept audibly and men dropped their chins uncomfortably upon their shirt bosoms. The orator's imagination grew strangely heated and gave forth fierce and wonderful figures that surprised even himself: Eternity—the unending cycles through which the blasphemers should drink the burning cup of their torment and die a million deaths—how long was it? If a bird should fly from the sun once in a thousand years, and each time carry from the



EZRA, THE CONDEMNED, SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE SEAT

earth one grain not larger than a mustard-seed—when it had carried away the inhabitants of the whole earth and all the buildings and devices of man, had levelled the mountains and eaten into the bowels of the earth, when the world had been wasted by this infinitesimal decay—one grain, one in a thousand years—to a single floating atom to be borne away by this sunbird, then eternity would have *just begun*; it would be *no nearer its end than at the beginning*.

The preacher closed his Bible and sank back into his chair with a consciousness of victory. He had carried conviction! The Lord had strengthened his arm mightily and he had dealt valiant blows against the strong walls of unbelief. He did not know that his awful blows, which had shattered the indifference of tired, discouraged, and gain-engrossed men, had fallen with their full brutal force upon the heart and conscience of a sensitive child. It was as if he had smitten the eyeball of the boy's soul with his knotted fist.

The "baptized believers" were now invited to remain after the general dismissal of the congregation. Then the minister made an announcement.

"Friends," said he, "in the midst of life we are in death! Last night Brother Sassman's boy, aged twelve years, was summoned to meet his God! On account of his malignant disease the burial will be private. Let this death be a solemn admonition to all—but especially to the young—that Death may pass the aged and lay his hand upon the child. The youth may be nearer the grave than those full of years; he must make his peace with God and accept mercy while it is offered to-day—or death may overtake him in his sins!"

Ezra drifted out with the ebbing tide which filled the aisles—so dazed that his mother pushed him gently forward, in a perfunctory way, as she exchanged nods of recognition with those about her.

The fearful vision of the blasphemer's fate was still before the boy's eyes. Ezra's first awakening to consciousness of





EZRA DREW NEAR THE GROUP

his environment was with the sense of a faint, delicious odor. Miss Albright, the new teacher, was shaking hands with his mother. He knew before he saw her that the "perfumery" belonged to her. He felt a thrill as her dress brushed his hand, and its perfume seemed to penetrate to his heart like a kind word.

Heretofore this had been to him simply an opportunity to escape to the horse-sheds with his mates; but to-day he lingered, and, with a strange fascination, watched those who were saved go in to partake, while the unsaved went to the post-office or loitered about. It seemed to him like the judgment scene

in the Bible, where the sheep are separated from the goats.

"Do you—ah—go in?" asked Mrs. Deacon Thompson of Miss Albright, who had also paused at the foot of the stairs.

"No, thank you, I'm going to the post-office," was her cheerful reply.

This surprised not only the watching boy, but the group of women—who seemed also to have been waiting to learn whether the new teacher should be classed with the sheep or the goats—for they hushed their conversation to hear her answer.

Ezra wondered how Miss Albright could have sung the hymn so wonderfully

if she were not a Christian. Then he went out upon the wide, slanting platform and listened to the talk of the men sitting on its steps or leaning against the trees and discussing crops. He passed on down the walk and leaned shyly against the fence, where he could listen to those about the stile-post, at the end of the walk.

Recognizing the group as "hired men," Ezra drew nearer, for he judged all hired men by Chet and all farmers by his father; and he was not afraid of the hired men. Chet was his daily companion, told him stories, turned hand-springs and played ball with him, and sometimes slung him over his shoulder like a bag of wheat. Besides, hired men, to him, represented the great unknown outside world. Chet had been to California and had seen a man shot. Here was wisdom, experience, bravery! What matter that for seven days in the week this hero milked cows, cleaned stables, and "worked like a dog"—clothed in faded blue overalls and a slouch-hat shot full of holes? He was still, to Ezra, one of the Immortals! This menial hero was not too great to talk to a boy about something besides driving cows, picking up stones, bringing in wood and "mind-ing" in general. It was the proudest thing in Ezra's experience to have a man who had been to California and seen a man shot talk to him "about things," just as if he were another hired man!

"Yes, sir," said Chet, as he took from his pocket a brass-mounted buck-horn knife (with which he had killed a mountain-lion, skinned seven bears, and stabbed a road-agent "up in th' S'er-ras"), and began recklessly to carve one of the posts, continuing:

"I knew a fellow out in Californy that said if he could save himself from hell by hanging on to a hemlock knot he'd be damned if he'd do it!"

"He must 'a' been an awful hard case, an' a mighty big fool t' boot, to talk like that," said an indigenous hireling, whose worldly experience was confined to having once taken a drove of cattle to Philadelphia.

"Well, he had mighty good stuff in him," was the only answer.

"What end did he come to?" asked another.

"Died with his boots on!" Chet admitted, candidly. "Got in a row with a Greaser over his claim, an' the feller dropped him right into the sluice-box one fine mornin'."

This seemed to be regarded as a righteous judgment by the home-grown hired man, who screwed up courage to say:

"I'll bet he'd never 'a' dared talk that way if he'd a-heard the old elder's sermon this morning."

"Wouldn't, eh?" exclaimed Chet, contemptuously, as he jabbed his knife into the post. "I'll tell you this much, boys: If the real religion's the kind that th' ol' man give us this mornin', *I'm agin' it—hell 'r no hell!*"

Then he withdrew the knife, closed it, hitched up his suspenderless trousers, and strode off.

These words made Ezra gasp. Yet, as he turned towards the horse-sheds, he felt a dim comfort in the thought that in hell he would have the companionship of so brave a soul as Chet.

He hoped that the Sunday-school would last a long time—for he dreaded the thought of the long, still day at the farmhouse. Chet would not be back until milking-time; and even if he were to be there throughout the afternoon, the recollection of his terrible words of defiance against the preacher's God would have kept Ezra from companionable intercourse with him. There would be only the dreary day, oppressive with the heavy stillness of a country Sabbath!

As he reentered the church and took his seat he felt a return of the sensation which had gripped him during the sermon, and he would have rushed from the room if he dared.

The superintendent was seeking a substitute teacher for Ezra's class in the place of the afflicted Mrs. Sassman. Ezra wondered if Miss Albright would not take the class, and it gave him a queer flurry of fear and joy as he saw her approaching with the superintendent.

"Boys," said he, "this is Miss Albright, your new teacher. Please show her where you sit for the lesson."

The boys, except Ezra, made a boisterous break down the aisles into the room below.

When Miss Albright and Ezra came in, the boys were throwing hymn-books and



leaping over the blue benches, which bore the scars of previous ill usage. A sudden silence seized upon the rioters as the teacher took her seat among them and drew off her gloves. A touch of the awe of her womanhood, which had appealed so subtly to Ezra, also impressed his less sensitive companions, and they eyed her in a sustained silence of which their former teachers would hardly have believed them capable.

"We shall not do much with the lesson to-day, for I want to get acquainted with you. I like boys and I want you to know me, so that you will like me and we can be good friends," she said, and then opened the enamelled gold locket which hung from her chain and showed them the miniature which it contained—the face of a merry little fellow whose eyes seemed so much like her own that Ezra involuntarily glanced up into her face as she bent close above him so that he might inspect the portrait.

"Yes," she said, as if in answer to a question, "he's my little brother, and I'm sure you would all like him—he's so full of fun and mischief."

It made Ezra thrill with new and strange excitement to have her come so close to him—this beautiful, girlish woman; this rare, gentle lady in gray! The sweet, glad brightness of her smile as she bent above him touched his morbidly excited sensibilities like a soothing and reviving draught.

And she liked boys and hoped they would like her! Like her? The love which Ezra gave her in that instant was an abject surrender greater than she would have dared to wish, for it was almost worship.

It was with a sense of awakening from a pleasing dream that Ezra climbed into the buggy after Sunday-school and gradually twisted his neck about in the effort to keep Miss Albright in view as long as possible while the old horse took the homeward road.

The dinner, which was more elaborate than upon week-days, was eaten with uncommon deliberation. As a consequence all ate more heartily than usual, and Mr. Rue arose from the table with a dull, heated, "Sunday feeling," pulled off his boots, laid aside his coat, and settled back into the deep rocker with the denomina-

tional paper in his hands and his feet in a kitchen chair. The warm sun came in through the window and lay in a bright zone across his knees. The paper fell from his hands, the purring cat leaped into his lap, and soon he was deep in the comfort of his afternoon nap.

As Ezra's mother cleared the table, in subdued tones she hummed the solo which Miss Albright had sung—sometimes repeating snatches of the words, then vaguely following the melody only. The boy, listening in silence and wiping each dish with laborious care, felt that there was something in it that he had not noticed when Miss Albright sang: a vague, indefinite hint that his mother's thoughts were upon the wretched little boy—for it seemed to him that the "poor wayfaring child" must have been a boy—who "stood outside the gate," rather than upon the music.

Anyway, he knew that if it had been his mother she would have let the wretched child in and would have helped him in his trouble. Looking at her toil-worn hands, a new sense of their meaning came to Ezra and he felt sure that they would, if they could, undo at any cost the gate that shut him out from heaven. They became typical of her—stood for her, spoke for her in a dumb, appealing way as no words could have done!—for words were so small a part of her life that they could not epitomize her personality. It took hands, small, worn, wrinkled hands, to do that!

After the dish-washing was done Ezra strolled into the yard, feeling that he would be less alone out-of-doors than in the house with his sleeping father, and his silent mother reading her Bible.

He went to look at the pigs, and watched the hens scratching in the straw; his soul ached with envy of the comfort of their dumb, unthinking existence. Just to stop thinking—what a heaven that would be!

The ceaseless "C-r-r-oo-oo!—oo-oo!" of the doves, as they inflated their breasts and dipped their heads in a menacing way before their mates strutting on the wagon-shed roof, seemed a deliberate mockery of gloomy thoughts. Suddenly the doves circled away on swift wings towards a neighbor's barn. Vaguely conscious of the grace of their flight, he was



"EZRA! OH, EZRA!" SHE CALLED TO HIM

glad to have them gone with their mournful noise. The soft grays of their plumage, however, made him think of Miss Albright, and again he saw her standing behind the organ—the bunch of blue violets trembling at her throat.

Violets! There were hundreds of them down in the hollow of the orchard. He went to where they grew, feeling that they would somehow make her seem a little nearer to him. In the hollow, near the brook, the turf was blue with them, and he soon gathered all his hand could hold and started for the house, realizing that the excitement of choosing and picking them had broken in upon his haunting fears, and, if only for a moment, the

awful presence of his sin had faded into less painful consciousness.

What should he now do? Again the violets, with their faint suggestion of Miss Albright, brought a hope of momentary relief.

He stretched himself out upon the cellar "hatchway," divided his violets into two equal bunches, and began a process with which every country boy is familiar. Drawing two violets from the same bunch, he locked their heads, and with a quick jerk snapped the head of the weaker one from its stem. The victorious specimen was then pitted against others from the same bunch until it met an antagonist with a hardier neck, and

the slaughter was continued until only one of the first bunch remained.

This victor was placed under the shade of a big burdock-leaf, to contest the ultimate honor with the survivor of the second bunch.

When the several heads and stems of all save these two sprinkled the hot boards of the hatchway, he locked the two "champions" in mortal duel, paused a moment to guess which would prove victor, and then gave the fatal jerk. The violet of his choice survived!

But what of it? What of anything? He did not even take the pains to toss the stem aside, but let it drop listlessly from his fingers on the heap of the slain. Then he rolled over on his back, pulled his hat partially over his eyes, clasped his hands above his head, and again took up his problem.

A blackbird filled the air with the contented sound of its mellow "twinge-e-e!" as it spread and skewed its vanelike tail and ruffled its glistening wings; a kingbird pestered a crow in its flight, and from the barnyard came plaintive bleats of a bereaved cow mourning for the bull-calf upon whose carcass the crows were feasting in a corner of the meadow fence.

From the death of the calf it was a quick and inevitable step to the death of his playmate—to the universal death on every hand! There was no sunshine bright enough to dispel its black shadow, no music glad enough to hush its fearful voice. Then he went over each incident, thought, and emotion of the day. The day? Could this be the same day in the morning of which he had seen the sexton digging Willie's grave and heard the awful sermon? It seemed a year. Then there was the night—days and nights, nights and days—and then *eternity* before him! Oh, if he might never have been born! If he might only have died like the calf, which had no eternity!

Over and over again he turned the awful problem, always to find himself again at the point of beginning. But kindly Nature showered her sunshine down upon the wretched boy, until his eyes closed, the lines about his mouth relaxed, and he slept.

A listener might have caught from his intermittent mumblings the broken words:

"One—thousand—years—*eternity*!"

These echoes of his troubled dreams finally ceased and a natural smile came upon his lips. When he awoke it was from a dream of a beautiful gray angel that had stooped above him and kissed his forehead. He was going to ask her to plead with God to have mercy on him—but she was gone, and he awoke with a start to hear his father, who stood in the door rubbing his eyes, calling:

"Come, Ezry! It's time t' fetch th' cows!"

At school he did not even venture to speak to Miss Albright unless she first spoke to him.

The days slipped by without the intimacy with his teacher for which Ezra hungered. At times, however, the impulse was strong within him to go to her and confess his secret, feeling sure that she at least would give the comfort of pity. But these impulses were usually followed by a reaction in which he was violently beset with the fear that even she might gain a suspicion of his awful guilt. Once he had seen through the bars of a jail a man under sentence of death. Ezra fancied that if his sin became known he would become an object of public horror and shame like this condemned murderer.

Such was his mental state one day toward the end of Miss Albright's first term. During the whole of the drowsy afternoon he sat listlessly toying with his slate and pencil, gazing abstractedly at the patch of bare wall just above Miss Albright's head, from which the plastering had dropped, and watched the dancing dust motes in the shafts of sunlight.

The reading class recited in droning tones, and even Miss Albright seemed inoculated with the dreamy indolence of the day, for she listened with a far-away look in her eyes and was strangely indifferent to the blundering singsong rendering of "The Queen of the May."

But instead of lulling Ezra to peace, could no longer master the sobs that he had been swallowing back.

Miss Albright said no more, but drew his head close against her, laid aside his hat, and stroked his hair and tear-wet face. It was many minutes before he regained sufficient control of his emotions to speak.



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

"I-I-I CAN'T TELL YOU, IT'S TOO AWFUL!"



the day awakened his sensibilities to a painful extreme. The stillness seemed tense and oppressive—surcharged with some tremendous, mysterious excitement. What could be about to happen so great that the earth must hold its breath? What if the world should come to an end?

When school was dismissed the teacher was too preoccupied to notice the shy, troubled face which, for a moment, lifted its large blue eyes in an appealing glance to her and then passed swiftly out of the entry door.

There was something essentiallyylvan in her nature, and its drawings were strong upon this August afternoon. Leaving all behind her, she took a short cut through the meadow and along the path to the centre of Thompson's Woods. Her movements were noiseless as those of a hunter, and did not even disturb the chatter of the red squirrels chasing each other about in the beeches.

The sunlight fell in quivering blotches upon the pale sward of the more open spaces. But it was not these for which the young woman hungered. Across the factory road, beyond the cemetery, were the Big Woods whose deep shadows had vanquished the grass and brought forth ferns and mosses. In these still depths the partridge reared her speckled brood and foxes burrowed among the roots; and here, in the cool dampness, the ground-nuts expanded their delicious bulbs and the crumpled joints of bitter crinkle-root ran their zigzag fingers through beds of buried leaves. She was annoyed at the sight of the intrusive picnic tables and benches and deserted lemonade-bunks a little distance beyond her. Without a pause she hurried on towards the Big Woods. But as she neared a booth, a strange sound arrested her. She stopped to listen. Surely it was not the cry of a bird, the scolding of a squirrel, or the creaking of rubbing branches? It was the sobbing of a human being!

Her first thought was to retreat, but curiosity for the moment held her and she continued to stand and listen.

Again it came—this time clear and distinct. There could be no mistake about it to her ear, long habituated to the wails of unhappy youngsters. It was the sound of a boy crying.

She crept softly to the booth and

peered in through a crack in the rough boards. Kneeling in one corner of the shed was Ezra Rue, his head bowed against the splintery sides of the boards. He had been praying, but now articulate words were lost in the confusion of his sobs.

She stole quietly away and watched the door of the shanty until, after several minutes, he came out. His pale, troubled face, shining white hair, and thin, stooping form—as he stumbled along, his chest still heaving with occasional and involuntary sighs—made as forlorn and pitiable a figure as she had ever seen. It touched to the quick the latent motherhood in the young woman. The slow, weary, hopeless effort with which he climbed the fence and rested a moment on the top rail, betrayed his exhausted condition!

"Ezra! Oh, Ezra!" she called to him.

He started nervously at the sound of her voice, and seemed about to run up the road, but when he saw her he paused and stammered:

"Yessum."

She came quickly to him and said:

"If you are not in a hurry, come back into the woods with me; I want you to show me where you think would be the best place to put up the swings when we have our school picnic."

He led the way back towards the centre of the woods, where the skeleton picnic-tables stood under the tallest trees, near a central clearing.

When they reached the safe seclusion of the benches Miss Albright sat down and drew aside her skirts to make a place close beside her for the boy. As he shrank timidly upon the edge of the bench, she put her arm around him and said:

"Ezra, something is troubling you. I can't bear to see you go on feeling this way, for I love you, and I want to help you, if you will let me. Nothing helps us so much as to have some true friend to whom we can tell all our troubles and who will understand and love us, whatever may be the matter."

The touch of her arm along his back, the gentleness of her voice, and the words "I love you," were so strange, so sweet, so humanly tender beyond all his experience, that the overwrought child



"I—I—I—*can't*—tell you. It's—too—too—too—awful! You—would—have to—*hate* me if I told you," he sobbed.

She laughed—a low, gentle, loving laugh.

"My poor child! That couldn't be! It's ridiculous. You never *did* or *thought* an awful thing in your life. If it seems to you that you have, it's because somebody has put it into your head—not into your heart; and it's their thought, not yours," she said, taking from her pocket her dainty handkerchief and wiping his cheeks and forehead.

"How long have you been so unhappy, Ezra?" she asked.

The perfume—so sweet and kindly—from the handkerchief, seemed to envelop him in the subtle atmosphere of her personality and gave him courage to answer:

"Since that Sunday when the minister preached about—about—"

"About blasphemers!" she interrupted,—"*that awful, cruel sermon!*"

Ezra felt her shiver as she said the words, and he glanced up into her face in time to see a harder, sterner look in her eyes than he had ever seen in them before.

"But why did it frighten you?"

"Because—I—I—*he meant me,*" was the choking response. Then, as she took her handkerchief and brushed from his knees the fragments of dead, crumpled leaves which clung to his clothing, he continued:

"The Saturday before, us boys went in swimmin'—down on the flat by the old elm. The other boys played baptize, but I was afraid to, an' they made fun of me. Then Joe said, 'Let's play something else.'

"'All right; play I'm the devil!'

"'An' I'm Peter!'

"'An' I'm John the Baptist,' another one said.

"It sounded awful bad; it didn't seem so bad then as it did afterwards. I was the only one left, so I said:

"'I'll be the Holy Ghost!'

"And then you went to church next day and listened to that terrible sermon?"

He nodded his head in assent. She could feel him tremble—with the terror that again seized him at the vividness of the recollection as he put his sin, for the first time, into spoken words.



SHE STOOPED QUICKLY AND KISSED EACH OF HIS CHEEKS

"It's just as I thought, Ezra," she finally said, more tenderly than before, her voice taking something of the deep alto that had made her singing tones seem wonderful. "You are no more guilty of the Unpardonable Sin than I am, or than a baby in its mother's

arms. You didn't know the meaning of the words you used. If I can't make you see clearly now that you are entirely innocent of the sin that you imagine you have committed, I want you to take my word for it and trust that sometime I can make it very clear to you. So don't worry any more about it; but be as happy and have as good a time as you possibly can; *that* is always a boy's duty. And I want you to come and see me the next evening your father comes to town and will bring you. If you like we'll have some music."

Then she arose and walked with him towards the factory road.

When they reached the fence he paused a moment in embarrassment, his thumbs caught awkwardly in his pocket slits and his cheeks flushing hotly as he struggled to contrive words in which to express his gratitude. But before he could speak she laid her hands on his shoulders, and looking tenderly into his upturned eyes, said:

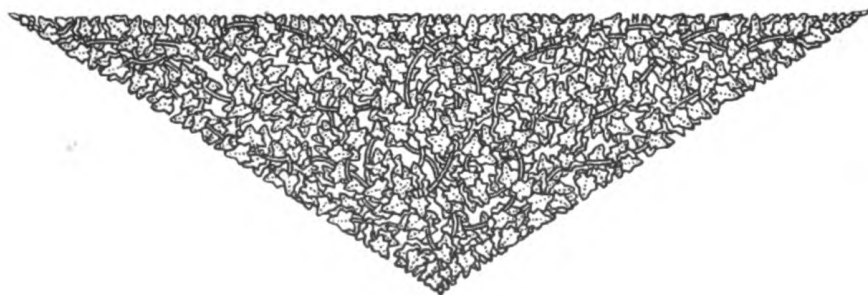
"No one will ever know from me what you have told me. Now, Ezra, remember that I *understand* you and *love* you, and that your sin, as you call it, is all a mistake. Now good-by"—and she stooped quickly and kissed the bright red spot in each of his cheeks, then turned and left him standing in blissful confusion beside the fence.

He remembered the last time his mother had kissed him—when she came home from a month's visit with her rela-

tives in Dutchess County. That was a year ago. He had not known a kiss since. But to feel upon his cheeks the quick, firm, impulsive pressure of Miss Albright's lips was almost as far beyond the boy's dreams as it would have been had a beautiful angel, like the one clinging to the stone cross in the frontispiece of the parlor Bible, suddenly swooped down from the clouds and kissed him. His timid, shrinking, fear-tortured heart grasped this expression of Miss Albright's sympathy with a far more desperate grip than that with which the angel in the picture clasped the cross to hold itself from sinking into the angry flood beneath. After all, she might be right—and, anyway, *she* loved him, whether God did or not!

Before he reached home he was whistling, "When the Birds Shall Return, Nellie Wildwood," and thinking that, although the violets were long since gone, he would rummage the West meadow for a bunch of "brown-eyed susans," to be laid as a thank-offering upon Miss Albright's desk.

Ah, but it was good to look into the sky again and not see upon the blue vault of the heavens the awful word "Blasphemer"! His new peace was even so great that he fell to wondering if Shucks would really trade him the splendid red rooster, with sharp and valiant spurs, for the ponderous and pantalleted old lord of the Shanghai flock in the henhouse at home.



# Lincoln's Last Day

NEW FACTS NOW TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS PERSONAL BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AS March 31, 1865, drew near, the President (then at City Point, Virginia) knew that Grant was to make a general attack upon Petersburg, and grew depressed. The fact that his own son was with Grant was one source of anxiety. But the knowledge of the loss of life that must follow hung about him until he could think of nothing else. On the 31st there was, of course, no news. Most of the first day of April Mr. Lincoln spent in the telegraph-office, receiving telegrams and sending them on to Washington. Toward evening he came back to the *River Queen*, on which we had sailed from Washington to City Point.

There his anxiety became more intense. There had been a slight reverse during the day; he feared that the struggle might be prolonged. We could hear the cannon as they pounded away at Drury's Bluff up the river. We knew that not many miles away Grant was pouring fire into Lee's forces about Petersburg.

It grew dark. Then we could see the flash of the cannon. Mr. Lincoln would not go to his room. Almost all night he walked up and down the deck, pausing now and then to listen or to look out into the darkness to see if he could see anything. I have never seen such suffering in the face of any man as was in his that night.

On the morning of April 2d a message came from General Grant asking the President to come to his headquarters, some miles distant from City Point and near Petersburg. It was on Sunday. We rode out to the entrenchments, close to the battle-ground. Mr. Lincoln watched the life-and-death struggle for some time, and then returned to City Point. In the evening he received a despatch from

General Grant telling him that he had pushed Lee to his last lines about Petersburg. The news made the President happy. He said to Captain Penrose that the end of the war was now in sight. He could go to bed and sleep now. I remember how cheerful was his "Good night, Crook."

On Monday, the 3d, a message came to the President that Petersburg was in possession of the Federal army, and that General Grant was waiting there to see him. We mounted and rode over the battle-field to Petersburg. As we rode through Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—as the men had named the outposts of the two armies which faced each other, not far apart—many of the dead and dying were still on the ground. I can still see one man with a bullet-hole through his forehead and another with both arms shot away. As we rode, the President's face settled into its old lines of sadness.

At the end of fifteen miles we reached Petersburg, and were met by Captain Robert Lincoln of General Grant's staff, who, with some other officers, escorted us to General Grant. We found him and the rest of his staff sitting on the piazza of a white frame house. Grant did not look like one's idea of a conquering hero. He didn't appear exultant, and he was as quiet as he had ever been. The meeting between Grant and Lincoln was cordial; the President was almost affectionate. While they were talking I took the opportunity to stroll through Petersburg. It seemed deserted, but I met a few of the inhabitants. They said they were glad that the Union army had taken possession; they were half starved. They certainly looked so. The tobacco warehouses were on fire, and boys were carrying away tobacco to sell to the soldiers.

I bought a five-pound bale of smoking-tobacco for twenty-five cents. Just before we started back a little girl came up with a bunch of wild flowers for the President. He thanked the child for them kindly, and we rode away. Soon after we got back to City Point news came of the evacuation of Richmond.

In the midst of the rejoicing some Confederate prisoners were brought aboard transports at the dock near us. The President hung over the rail and watched them. They were in a pitiable condition, ragged and thin; they looked half starved. When they were on board they took out of their knapsacks the last rations that had been issued to them before capture. There was nothing but bread, which looked as if it had been mixed with tar. When they cut it we could see how hard it was and heavy; it was more like cheese than bread.

"Poor fellows!" Mr. Lincoln said. "It's a hard lot. Poor fellows—"

I looked up. His face was pitying and sorrowful. All the happiness had gone.

On the 4th of April, Admiral Porter asked the President to go to Richmond with him. At first the President did not want to go. He knew it was foolhardy. And he had no wish to see the spectacle of the Confederacy's humiliation. It has been generally believed that it was Mr. Lincoln's own idea, and he has been blamed for rashness because of it. I understand that when Mr. Stanton, who was a vehement man, heard that the expedition had started, he was so alarmed that he was angry against the President. "That fool!" he exclaimed. Mr. Lincoln knew perfectly well how dangerous the trip was, and, as I said, at first he did not want to go, realizing that he had no right to risk his life unnecessarily. But he was convinced by Admiral Porter's arguments. Admiral Porter thought that the President ought to be in Richmond as soon after the surrender as possible. In that way he could gather up the reins of government most readily and give an impression of confidence in the South that would be helpful in the reorganization of the government. Mr. Lincoln immediately saw the wisdom of this position and went forward, calmly accepting the possibility of death.

Mrs. Lincoln, by this time, had gone

back to Washington. Mr. Lincoln, Taddie and I went up the James River on the *River Queen* to meet Admiral Porter's fleet. Taddie went down immediately to inspect the engine and talk with his friends the sailors; the President remained on deck. Near where Mr. Lincoln sat was a large bowl of apples on a table; there must have been at least half a peck. The President reached forward for one.

"These must have been put here for us," he said. "I guess I will sample them." We both began to pare and eat. Before we reached the Admiral's flagship every apple had disappeared—and the parings too. When the last one was gone the President said with a smile, "I guess I have cleaned that fellow out."

When we had met Admiral Porter's fleet the question of the best way to get to Richmond had to be decided. While some effort had been made to fish the torpedoes and other obstructions out of the water, but little headway had been made. The river was full of wreckage of all sorts, and torpedoes were floating everywhere. The plan had been to sail to Richmond in Admiral Porter's flag-ship *Malvern*, escorted by the *Bat*, and with the *Columbus* for the horses. But it was soon evident that it would not be possible to get so large a boat through at Drury's Bluff, where the naturally narrow and rapid channel was made impassable by a boat which had missed the channel and gone aground. It was determined to abandon the *Malvern* for the captain's gig, manned by twelve sailors. When the party, consisting of President Lincoln, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Taddie and myself, were seated, a little tug, the *Bat*, which the President had used for his trips about City Point, came alongside and took us in tow. There were a number of marines on board the tug. We were kept at a safe distance from the tug by means of a long hawser, so that if she struck a torpedo and was blown up, the President and his party would be safe. Even with this precaution the trip was exciting enough. On either side dead horses, broken ordnance, wrecked boats, floated near our boat, and we passed so close to torpedoes that we could have put out our hands and touched them. We were dragged over one wreck which

was so near the surface that it could be clearly seen.

Beyond Drury's Bluff, at a point where a bridge spans the water, the tug was sent back to help a steamboat which had stuck fast across the stream. It seems that it was the *Allison*, a captured Confederate vessel, and Admiral Farragut, who had taken it, was on board. The marines, of course, went with the tug. In the attempt to help the larger boat the tug was grounded. Then we went on with no other motive-power than the oars in the arms of the twelve sailors.

The shore for some distance before we reached Richmond was black with negroes. They had heard that President Lincoln was on his way—they had some sort of an underground telegraph, I am sure. They were wild with excitement and yelling like so many wild men: "Dar comes Massa Linkum, de Sabier ob de lan'—we is so glad to see him!" We landed at the Rocketts, over a hundred yards back of Libbey Prison. By the time we were on shore hundreds of black hands were outstretched to the President, and he shook some of them and thanked the darkies for their welcome. While we stood still a few minutes before beginning our walk through the city, we saw some soldiers not far away "initiating" some negroes by tossing them on a blanket. When they came down they were supposed to be transformed into Yankees. The darkies yelled lustily during the process, and came down livid under their black skins. But they were all eager for the ordeal. The President laughed boyishly—I heard him afterward telling some one about the funny sight.

We formed in line. Six sailors were in advance and six in the rear. They were armed with short carbines. Mr. Lincoln was in the centre, with Admiral Porter and Captain Penrose on the right and I on the left, holding Taddie by the hand. I was armed with a Colt's revolver. We looked more like prisoners than anything else as we walked up the streets of Richmond not thirty-six hours after the Confederates had evacuated.

At first, except the blacks, there were not many people on the streets. But soon we were walking through streets that were alive with spectators. Wherever it was possible for a human being to find a foot-

hold there was some man or woman or boy straining his eyes after the President. Every window was crowded with heads. Men were hanging from tree-boxes and telegraph-poles. But it was a silent crowd. There was something oppressive in those thousands of watchers without a sound, either of welcome or hatred. I think we would have welcomed a yell of defiance. I stole a look sideways at Mr. Lincoln. His face was set. It had the calm in it that comes over the face of a brave man when he is ready for whatever may come. In all Richmond the only sign of welcome I saw, after we left the negroes at the landing-place and until we reached our own men, was from a young lady who was on a sort of bridge that connected the Spottswood House with another hotel across the street. She had an American flag over her shoulders.

We had not gone far when the blinds of a second-story window of a house on our left were partly opened, and a man dressed in gray pointed something that looked like a gun directly at the President. I dropped Tad's hand and stepped in front of Mr. Lincoln. Later the President explained it otherwise. But we were all so aware of the danger of his entrance into Richmond right on the heels of the army, with such bitterness of feeling on the part of the Confederates, the streets swarming with disorderly characters, that our nerves were not steady. It seems to me nothing short of miraculous that some attempt on his life was not made. It is to the everlasting glory of the South that he was permitted to come and go in peace.

We were glad when we reached General Weitzel's headquarters in the abandoned Davis mansion and were at last among friends. Every one relaxed in the generous welcome of the General and his staff. The President congratulated General Weitzel and a jubilation followed.

The Jefferson Davis home was a large house of gray stucco, with a garden at the back. It was a fine place, though everything looked dilapidated after the long siege. It was still completely furnished, and there was an old negro house-servant in charge. He told me that Mrs. Davis had ordered him to have the house in good condition for the Yankees.

"I am going out into the world a



wanderer without a home," she had said when she bade him good-by.

I was glad to know that he was to have everything "in good condition," for I was thirsty after so much excitement, and surely his orders must have included something to drink. I put the question to him. He said,

"Yes, indeed, boss, there is some fine old whiskey in the cellar."

In a few minutes he produced a long, black bottle. The bottle was passed around. When it came back it was empty. Every one had taken a pull except the President, who never touched anything of the sort.

An officer's ambulance was brought to the door, and President Lincoln, Admiral Porter, General Weitzel with some of his staff, Captain Penrose, and Taddie took their seats. There was no room for me.

"Where is the place for Crook?" Mr. Lincoln asked. "I want him to go with me." Then they provided me with a saddle-horse, and I rode by the side on which Mr. Lincoln sat. We went through the city. Everywhere were signs of war, hundreds of homes had been fired, in some places buildings were still burning. It was with difficulty that we could get along, the crowd was so great. We passed Libbey Prison. The only place that we entered was the Capitol. We were shown the room that had been occupied by Davis and his cabinet. The furniture was completely wrecked; the coverings of desks and chairs had been stripped off by relic-hunters, and the chairs were hacked to pieces.

The ambulance took us back to the wharf. Admiral Porter's flag-ship *Malvern* had by this time made her way up the river, and we boarded her. It was with a decided feeling of relief that we saw the President safe on board.

We did not start back until the next morning, so there was time for several rumors of designs against the President's life to get abroad. But although he saw many visitors, there was no attempt against him. Nothing worse happened than the interview with Mr. Duff Green.

Duff Green was a conspicuous figure at the time. He was a newspaper man, an ardent rebel. He always carried with him a huge staff, as tall as he was himself—and he was a tall man. Admiral Porter

published an account of the interview in the New York *Tribune* of January, 1885, which was not altogether accurate. What really happened was this:

As Mr. Green approached him, the President held out his hand. Mr. Green refused to take it, saying, "I did not come to shake hands." Mr. Lincoln then sat down; so did Mr. Green. There were present at the time General Weitzel, Admiral Porter, one or two others, and myself. Mr. Green began to abuse Mr. Lincoln for the part he had taken in the struggle between the North and the South. His last words were:

"I do not know how God and your conscience will let you sleep at night after being guilty of the notorious crime of setting the niggers free."

The President listened to his diatribe without the slightest show of emotion. He said nothing. There was nothing in his face to show that he was angry. When Mr. Green had exhausted himself, he said,

"I would like, sir, to go to my friends."

The President turned to General Weitzel and said, "General, please give Mr. Green a pass to go to his friends." Mr. Green was set ashore and was seen no more.

That night Taddie and I were fast asleep, when I was startled into wakefulness. Something tall and white and ghostly stood by my berth. For a moment I trembled. When I was fairly awake I saw that it was Mr. Lincoln in his long white nightgown. He had come in to see if Taddie was all right. He stopped to talk a few minutes.

He referred to Mr. Duff Green: "The old man is pretty angry, but I guess he will get over it." Then he said, "Good night and a good night's rest, Crook," and he went back to his stateroom.

Our return trip to City Point was in the *Malvern*, and quiet enough in comparison with the approach to Richmond. When we reached the "Dutch Gap Canal," which was one of the engineering features of the day, the President wanted to go through it. Admiral Porter lowered a boat, and in it we passed through the canal to the James below. The canal cuts off a long loop of the river. We had to wait some time for the *Malvern* to go round.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to City Point with a party which included Senator Sumner and Senator and Mrs. Harlan. They made a visit to Richmond, accompanied by Captain Penrose, while the President remained at City Point, the guest of Admiral Porter, until the 8th. Then, having heard of the injury to Secretary Seward when he was thrown from his carriage in a runaway accident, he felt that he must go back to Washington. He had intended to remain until Lee surrendered.

We reached home Sunday evening, the 9th. The President's carriage met us at the wharf. There Mr. Lincoln parted from Captain Penrose; he took the captain by the hand and thanked him for the manner in which he had performed his duty. Then he started for the White House.

The streets were alive with people, all very much excited. There were bonfires everywhere. We were all curious to know what had happened. Tad was so excited he couldn't keep still. We halted the carriage and asked a bystander,

"What has happened?"

He looked at us in amazement, not recognizing Mr. Lincoln:

"Why, where have you been? Lee has surrendered."

There is one point which is not understood, I think, about the President's trip to City Point and Richmond. I would like to tell here what my experience has made me believe. The expedition has been spoken of almost as if it were a pleasure trip. Some one says of it, "It was the first recreation the President had known." Of course in one sense this was true. He did get away from the routine of office work. He had pleasant associations with General Grant and General Sherman and enjoyed genial talks in the open over the camp-fire. But to give the impression that it was a sort of holiday excursion is a mistake. It was a matter of executive duty, and a very trying and saddening duty in many of its features. The President's suspense during the days when he knew the battle of Petersburg was imminent, his agony when the thunder of the cannon told him that men were being cut down like grass, his sight of the poor torn bodies of the

dead and dying on the field of Petersburg, his painful sympathy with the forlorn rebel prisoners, the revelation of the devastation of a noble people in ruined Richmond—these things may have been compensated for by his exultation when he first knew the long struggle was over. But I think not. These things wore new furrows in his face. Mr. Lincoln never looked sadder in his life than when he walked through the streets of Richmond and knew it saved to the Union, and himself victorious.

Although I reported early at the White House on the morning after our return from City Point, I found the President already at his desk. He was looking over his mail, but as I came in he looked up and said pleasantly:

"Good morning, Crook. How do you feel?"

I answered: "First rate, Mr. President. How are you?"

"I am well, but rather tired," he said.

Then I noticed that he did look tired. His worn face made me understand, more clearly than I had done before, what a strain the experiences at Petersburg and Richmond had been. Now that the excitement was over, the reaction allowed it to be seen.

I was on duty near the President all that day. We settled back into the usual routine. It seemed odd to go on as if nothing had happened; the trip had been such a great event. It was a particularly busy day. Correspondence had been held for Mr. Lincoln's attention during the seventeen days of absence; besides that, his office was thronged with visitors. Some of them had come to congratulate him on the successful outcome of the war; others had come to advise him what course to pursue toward the conquered Confederacy; still others wanted appointments. One gentleman, who was bold enough to ask aloud what everybody was asking privately, said,

"Mr. President, what will you do with Jeff Davis when he is caught?"

Mr. Lincoln sat up straight and crossed his legs, as he always did when he was going to tell a story.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that reminds me"—at the familiar words every one settled back and waited for the story—

"that reminds me of an incident which occurred in a little town in Illinois where I once practised law. One morning I was on my way to the office, when I saw a boy standing on the street corner crying. I felt sorry for the woe-begone little fellow. So I stopped and questioned him as to the cause of his griefs. He looked into my face, the tears running down his cheeks, and said, 'Mister, do you see that coon?'—pointing to a very poor specimen of the coon family which glared at us from the end of the string. 'Well, sir, that coon has given me a heap of trouble. He has nearly gnawed the string in two—I just wish he would finish it. Then I could go home and say he had got away.'"

Everybody laughed. They all knew quite well what the President would like to do with Jeff Davis—when Jeff Davis was caught.

Later in the morning a great crowd came marching into the White House grounds. Every man was cheering and a band was playing patriotic airs. The workmen at the Navy-Yard had started the procession, and by the time it had reached us it was over two thousand strong. Of course they called for the President, and he stepped to the window to see his guests. When the cheering had subsided he spoke to them very kindly and good-naturedly, begging that they would not ask him for a serious speech.

"I am going to make a formal address this evening," he said, "and if I dribble it out to you now, my speech to-night will be spoiled." Then, with his humorous smile, he spoke to the band:

"I think it would be a good plan for you to play 'Dixie.' I always thought that it was the most beautiful of our songs. I have submitted the question of its ownership to the Attorney-General, and he has given it as his legal opinion that we have fairly earned the right to have it back." As the opening bars of "Dixie" burst out, Mr. Lincoln disappeared from the window. The crowd went off in high good humor, marching to the infectious rhythm of the hard-won tune.

On the afternoon of the same day, about six o'clock, a deputation of fifteen men called. Mr. Lincoln met them in the corridor just after they had entered

the main door. They were presented to the President, and then the gentleman who had introduced them made a speech. It was a very pretty speech, full of loyal sentiments and praise for the man who had safely guided the country through the great crisis. Mr. Lincoln listened to them pleasantly. Then a picture was put into his hands. When he saw his own rugged features facing him from an elaborate silver frame a smile broadened his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for this token of your esteem. You did your best. It wasn't your fault that the frame is so much more rare than the picture."

On the evening of the 11th the President made the speech which he had promised the day before. Had we only known it, this was to be his last public utterance. The whole city was brilliantly illuminated that night. The public buildings were decorated and, from the Capitol to the Treasury, the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue bore witness, with flags and lights, to the joy everybody felt because the war was over. Streaming up Pennsylvania Avenue, which was the one great thoroughfare then, the only paved street, and from every other quarter of the city, came the people. In spite of the unpleasant drizzle which fell the whole evening and the mud through which every one had to wade, a great crowd cheered Mr. Lincoln when he appeared at an upper window. From another window Mrs. Lincoln bowed to the people and was greeted enthusiastically. The President immediately began his speech, which had been in preparation ever since his return from City Point. The care which he had taken to express himself accurately was shown from the fact that the whole address was written out. Inside, little Tad was running around the room while "papa-day" was speaking. As the President let the sheets of manuscript fall, Taddie gathered them up and begged his father to let them go faster.

The President spoke with reverence of the cause for thanksgiving that the long struggle was over. He passed rapidly to that question which he knew the whole nation was debating—the future policy

toward the South. In discussing his already much-debated "Louisiana Policy" he expressed the two great principles which were embodied in it: the mass of the Southern people should be restored to their citizenship as soon as it was evident that they desired it; punishment, *if punishment there be*, should fall upon those who had been proved to be chiefly instrumental in leading the South into rebellion. These principles were reiterated by Senator Harlan, the Secretary of the Interior to be, who spoke after the President; they were reiterated, of course, by the President's desire. During President Andrew Johnson's long struggle with a bitter Northern Congress, I have often recalled the simplicity and kindness of Abraham Lincoln's theory.

During the next three days—as, in fact, since the fall of Richmond—Washington was a little delirious. Everybody was celebrating. The kind of celebration depended on the kind of person. It was merely a question of whether the intoxication was mental or physical. Every day there was a stream of callers who came to congratulate the President, to tell how loyal they had been, and how they had always been sure he would be victorious. There were serenades; there were deputations of leading citizens; on the evening of the 13th there was another illumination. The city became disorderly with the men who were celebrating too hilariously. Those about the President lost somewhat of the feeling, usually present, that his life was not safe. It did not seem possible that, now that the war was over and the government—glad to follow General Grant's splendid initiative—had been so magnanimous in its treatment of General Lee, after President Lincoln had offered himself a target for Southern bullets in the streets of Richmond and had come out unscathed, there could be danger. For my part, I had drawn a full breath of relief after we got out of Richmond and had forgotten to be anxious since.

Because of the general joyousness, I was surprised when, late on the afternoon of the 14th, I accompanied Mr. Lincoln on a hurried visit to the War Department, I found that the President was more depressed than I had ever

seen him and his step unusually slow. Afterward Mrs. Lincoln told me that when he drove with her to the Soldiers' Home earlier in the afternoon he had been extremely cheerful, even buoyant. She said that he had talked of the calm future that was in store for them, of the ease which they had never known, when, his term over, they would go back to their home in Illinois. He longed, a little wistfully, for that time to come with its promise of peace. The depression I noticed may have been due to one of the sudden changes of mood to which I have been told the President was subject. I had heard of the transitions from almost wild spirits to abject melancholy which marked him. I had never seen anything of the sort, and had concluded that all this must have belonged to his earlier days. In the time when I knew him his mood, when there was no outside sorrow to disturb him, was one of settled calm. I wondered at him that day and felt uneasy.

In crossing over to the War Department we passed some drunken men. Possibly their violence suggested the thought to the President. After we had passed them, Mr. Lincoln said to me:

"Crook, do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life?" Then, after a pause, he said, half to himself, "And I have no doubt they will do it."

The conviction with which he spoke dismayed me. I wanted to protest, but his tone had been so calm and sure that I found myself saying instead, "Why do you think so, Mr. President?"

"Other men have been assassinated," was his reply, still in that manner of stating something to himself.

All I could say was, "I hope you are mistaken, Mr. President."

We walked a few paces in silence. Then he said, in a more ordinary tone:

"I have perfect confidence in those who are around me, in every one of you men. I know no one could do it and escape alive. But if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

By this time we were at the War Department, and he went in to his conference with Secretary Stanton. It was shorter than usual that evening. Mr. Lincoln was belated. When Mrs. Lin-

coln and he came home from their drive he had found friends awaiting him. He had slipped away from dinner, and there were more people waiting to talk to him when he got back. He came out of the Secretary's office in a short time. Then I saw that every trace of the depression, or perhaps I should say intense seriousness, which had surprised me before had vanished. He talked to me as usual. He said that Mrs. Lincoln and he, with a party, were going to the theatre to see *Our American Cousin*.

"It has been advertised that we will be there," he said, "and I cannot disappoint the people. Otherwise I would not go. I do not want to go."

I remember particularly that he said this, because it surprised me. The President's love for the theatre was well known. He went often when it was announced that he would be there; but more often he would slip away, alone or with Tad, get into the theatre, unobserved if he could, watch the play from the back of the house for a short time, and then go back to his work. Mr. Buckingham, the doorkeeper of Ford's Theatre, used to say that he went in just to "take a laugh." So it seemed unusual to hear him say he did not want to go. When we had reached the White House and he had climbed the steps he turned and stood there a moment before he went in. Then he said,

"Good-by, Crook."

It startled me. As far as I remember he had never said anything but "Good night, Crook," before. Of course it is possible that I may be mistaken. In looking back, every word that he said has significance. But I remember distinctly the shock of surprise and the impression, at the time, that he had never said it before.

By this time I felt queer and sad. I hated to leave him. But he had gone in, so I turned away and started on my walk home. I lived in a little house on "Rodbird's Hill." It was a long distance from the White House—it would be about on First Street now in the middle of the block between L and M streets. The whole tract from there to North Capitol Street belonged either to my father-in-law or to his family. He was an old retired sea-captain named

Rodbird; he had the hull of his last sailing-vessel set up in his front yard.

The feeling of sadness with which I left the President lasted a long time, but after a while—I was young and healthy, I was going home to my wife and baby, and, the man who followed me on duty having been late for some reason, it was long past my usual dinner-time, and I was hungry. By the time I had had my dinner I was sleepy, so I went to bed early. I did not hear until early in the morning that the President had been shot. It seems incredible now, but it was so.

My first thought was—If I had been on duty at the theatre, I would be dead now. My next was to wonder whether Parker, who had gone to the theatre with the President, was dead. Then I remembered what the President had said the evening before. Then I went to the house on Tenth Street where they had taken him.

They would not let me in. The little room where he lay was crowded with the men who had been associated with the President during the war. They were gathered around the bed watching, while, long after the great spirit had flown, life, little by little, loosened its hold on the long, gaunt body. Among them, I knew, were men who had contended with him during his life or who had laughed. Charles Sumner stood at the very head of the bed. I know that it was to him that Robert Lincoln, who was only a boy for all his shoulder-straps, turned in the long strain of watching. And on Charles Sumner's shoulder the son sobbed out his grief. But the room was full, and they would not let me in.

After the President had died they took him back to the White House. It was to the guest-room with its old four-poster bed that they carried him. I was in the room while the men prepared his body to be seen by his people when they came to take their leave. It was hard for me to be there. It seemed fitting that the body should be there, where he had never been in life. I am glad that his own room could be left to the memory of his living presence.

The days during which the President lay in state before they took him away for his long progress over the country



he had saved were even more distressing than grief would have made them. Mrs. Lincoln was almost frantic with suffering. Some women spiritualists in some way gained access to her. They poured into her ears pretended messages from her dead husband. Mrs. Lincoln was so weakened that she had not force enough to resist the cruel cheat. These women nearly crazed her. Mr. Robert Lincoln, who had to take his place now as the head of the family, finally ordered them out of the house.

After the President's remains were taken from the White House, the family began preparations for leaving, but they were delayed a month by Mrs. Lincoln's illness. The shock of her husband's death had brought about a nervous disorder. Her physician, Dr. Stone, refused to allow her to be moved until she was somewhat restored. During the whole of the time while she was shut up in her room Mrs. Gideon Welles, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was in almost daily attendance upon her. Mrs. Welles was Mrs. Lincoln's friend, of all the women in official position, and she did much with her kindly ministrations to restore the President's widow to her normal condition. It was not until the 23d of May, at six o'clock, that Mrs. Lincoln finally left for Chicago.

Captain Robert Lincoln accompanied her, and a colored woman, a seamstress, in whom she had great confidence, went with the party to act as Mrs. Lincoln's maid. They asked me to go with them to do what I could to help. But no one could do much for Mrs. Lincoln. During most of the fifty-four hours that we were on the way she was in a daze; it seemed almost a stupor. She hardly spoke. No one could get near enough to her grief to comfort her. But I could be of some use to Taddie. Being a child, he had been able to cry away some of his grief, and he could be distracted with the sights out of the car window. There was an observation-car at the end of our coach. Taddie and I spent a good deal of time there, looking at the scenes flying past. He began to ask questions.

It had been expected that Mrs. Lincoln would go back to her old home in

Illinois. But she did not seem to be able to make up her mind to go there. She remained for some time in Chicago at the old Palmer House.

I went to a friend who had gone to Chicago to live from Washington and remained with him for the week I was in the city. I went to the hotel every day. Mrs. Lincoln I rarely saw. Taddie I took out for a walk almost every day and tried to interest him in the sights we saw. But he was a sad little fellow and mourned for his father.

At last I went back to Washington and to the White House. President Johnson had established his offices there when I got back.

Now that I have told the story of my three months' association with Abraham Lincoln, there are two things of which I feel that I must speak. The first question relates to the circumstances of the assassination of President Lincoln. It has never been made public before.

I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now and, as far as I have been able to discover, all of his family. So it is no unkindness to speak of the costly mistake he made.

It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could

see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whiskey in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.

However that may be, Parker's absence had much to do with the success of Booth's purpose. The assassin was armed with a dagger and a pistol. The story used to be that the dagger was intended for General Grant when the President had been despatched. That is absurd. While it had been announced that General and Mrs. Grant would be in the box, Booth, during one of his five visits of inspection, had certainly had an opportunity to observe that the General was absent. The dagger, which was noiseless, was intended for any one who might intercept him before he could fire. The pistol, which was noisy and would arouse pursuit, was for the President. As it happened, since the attack was a complete surprise, Major Rathbone, who, the President having been shot, attempted to prevent Booth's escape, received the dagger in his arm.

Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the attempt that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could surely have managed to make some outcry—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy thing for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who

was not a man of great physical strength. It was the suddenness of his attack on the President that made it so devilishly successful. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President had said, just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust all his guards. And then to think that in that one moment of test one of us should have utterly failed him! Parker knew that he had failed in duty. He looked like a convicted criminal the next day. He was never the same man afterward.

The other fact that I think people should know has been stated before in the President's own words: President Lincoln believed that it was probable he would be assassinated.

The conversation that I had with him on the 14th was not the only one we had on that same subject. Any one can see how natural it was that the matter should have come up between us—my very presence beside him was a reminder that there was danger of assassination. In his general kindness he wanted to talk about the thing that constituted my own particular occupation. He often spoke of the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. With the exception of that last time, however, he never treated it very seriously. He merely expressed the general idea that, I afterwards learned, he had expressed to Marshal Lamon and other men: if any one was willing to give his own life in the attempt to murder the President, it would be impossible to prevent him.

On that last evening he went further. He said with conviction that he believed that the men who wanted to take his life would do it. As far as I know, I am the only person to whom President Lincoln made such a statement. He may possibly have spoken about it to the other guards, but I never heard of it, and I am sure that had he done so I would have known of it.

More than this, I believe that he had some vague sort of a warning that the attempt would be made on the night of the 14th. I know that this is an extraordinary statement to make, and that it is late in the day to make it. I have been waiting for just the proper opportunity to say this thing; I did not care to talk idly about it. I would like

to give my reasons for feeling as I do. The chain of circumstances is at least an interesting thing to consider.

It is a matter of record that on the morning of the 14th, at a cabinet meeting, the President spoke of the recurrence the night before of a dream which, he said, had always forerun something of moment in his life. In the dream a ship under full sail bore down upon him. At the time he spoke of it he felt that some good fortune was on its way to him. He was serene, even joyous, over it. Later in the day, while he was driving with his wife, his mind still seemed to be dwelling on the question of the future. It was their future together of which he spoke. He was almost impatient that his term should be over. He seemed eager for rest and peace. When I accompanied him to the War Department, he had become depressed and spoke of his belief that he would be assassinated. When we returned to the White House, he said that he did not want to go to the theatre that evening, but that he must go so as not to disappoint the people. In connection with this it is to be remembered that he was extremely fond of the theatre, and that the bill that evening, *Our American Cousin*, was a very popular one. When he was about to enter the White House he said "Good-by," as I never remember to have heard him say before when I was leaving for the night.

These things have a curious interest. President Lincoln was a man of entire sanity. But no one has ever sounded the spring of spiritual insight from which his nature was fed. To me it all means that he had, with his waking on that day, a strong prescience of coming change. As the day wore on, the feeling darkened into an impression of coming evil. The suggestion of the crude violence we witnessed on the street pointed to the direction from which that evil should come. He was human; he shrank from it. But he had what some men call fatalism; others, devotion to duty; still others, religious faith. Therefore he went open-eyed to the place where he met, at last, the blind fanatic. And in that meeting the President, who had dealt out justice with a tender heart, who had groaned in spirit over fallen Richmond, fell.

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More and more, people who have heard that I was with Mr. Lincoln come to me asking,

"What was he like?"

These last years, when, at a Lincoln birthday celebration or some other memorial gathering, they ask for a few words from the man who used to be Abraham Lincoln's guard, the younger people look at me as if I were some strange spectacle—a man who lived by Lincoln's side. It has made me feel as if the time had come when I ought to tell the world the little that I know about him. Soon there will be nothing of him but the things that have been written.

Yet, when I try to say what sort of a man he seemed to me, I fail. I have no words. All I can do is to give little snatches of reminiscences—I cannot picture the man. I can say:

He is the only man I ever knew the foundation of whose spirit was love. That love made him suffer. I saw him look at the ragged, hungry prisoners at City Point, I saw him ride over the battlefield at Petersburg, the man with the hole in his forehead and the man with both arms shot away lying accusing before his eyes. I saw him enter into Richmond, walking between lanes of silent men and women who had lost their battle. I remember his face. . . . And yet my memory of him is not of an unhappy man. I hear so much to-day about the President's melancholy. It is true no man could suffer more. But he was very easily amused. I have never seen a man who enjoyed more anything pleasant or funny that came his way. I think the balance between pain and pleasure was fairly struck, and in the last months when I knew him he was in love with life because he found it possible to do so much. . . . I never saw evidence of faltering. I do not believe any one ever did. From the moment he, who was all pity, pledged himself to war, he kept straight on.

I can follow Secretary John Hay and say: He was the greatest man I have ever known—or shall ever know.

That ought to be enough to say, and yet—nothing so merely of words seems to express him. Something that he did tells so much more.

I remember one afternoon, not long

before the President was shot, we were on our way to the War Department, when we passed a ragged, dirty man in army clothes, lounging just outside the White House enclosure. He had evidently been waiting to see the President, for he jumped up and went toward him with his story. He had been wounded, was just out of the hospital—he looked forlorn enough. There was something he wanted the President to do; he had papers with him. Mr. Lincoln was in a hurry, but he put out his hands for the papers. Then he sat down on the curbstone, the man beside him, and examined them. When he had satisfied himself about the matter, he smiled at the anxious fellow, reassuringly, and told him to come back the next day. Then he would arrange the matter for him. A thing like that says more than any man could express. If I could only

make people see him as I did—see how simple he was with every one; how he could talk with a child so that the child could understand and smile up at him; how you would never know, from his manner to the plainest or poorest or meanest, that there was the least difference between that man and himself; how, from that man to the greatest, and all degrees between, the President could meet every man square on the plane where he stood and speak to him, man to man, from that plane—if I could do that, I would feel that I had told something of what he was. For no one to whom he spoke with his perfect simplicity ever presumed to answer him familiarly, and I never saw him stand beside any man—and I saw him with the greatest men of the day—that I did not feel there again President Lincoln was supreme. If I had only words to tell what he seemed to me!

## Exultation

BY MARY EASTWOOD KNEVELS

THE day an invitation is  
To bathe myself in blue,  
To cleave as with a swimmer's arms  
The radiancy through.

What lies beyond, what lies behind,  
What stretches every side?  
The wind is growing populous,  
The air is deified.

Things touch me, now the blue's alive,  
I feel the whir of wings,  
And little clouds go flying by  
On pilgrim wanderings.

I drink the very color where  
The West has filled his cup;  
The dizzy stars look down at me.  
The staring world looks up.

A vagabond in scarlet rags,  
A lost leaf in the air,  
A reckless, eager, joyous thing  
The wind blows everywhere.







*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

JEHANE, "THE CONSTANT LOVER"

# The Navarrese

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with the ninth tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1386, upon the feast of St. Bartholomew (thus Nicolas begins), came to the Spanish coast Messire Peyre de Lesnerac, in a war-ship sumptuously furnished and manned by many persons of dignity and wealth, in order they might suitably escort the Princess Jehane into Brittany, where she was to marry the Duke of that province. There were now rejoicings throughout Navarre, in which the Princess took but a nominal part and young Antoine Riczi none at all.

This Antoine Riczi came to Jehane that August twilight in the hedged garden. "King's daughter!" he sadly greeted her. "Duchess of Brittany! Countess of Rougemont! Mistress of Nantes and of Guerrand! of Rais and of Toufon and Guerche!"

"Nay," she answered, "Jehane whose only title is the Constant Lover." And in the green twilight, lit as yet by one low-hanging star alone, their lips met, as aforetime.

Presently the girl spoke. Her soft mouth was lax and tremulous, and her gray eyes were more brilliant than the star yonder. The boy's arms were about her, so that neither could be quite unhappy; and besides, a sorrow too noble for any bitterness had mastered them, and a vast desire whose aim they could not word or even apprehend save cloudily.

"Friend," said Jehane, "I have no choice. I must wed with this de Montfort. I think I shall die presently. I

have prayed God I may die before they bring me to the dotard's bed."

Young Riczi held her now in an embrace more brutal. "Mine! mine!" he snarled toward the darkening heavens.

"Yet it may be I must live. Friend, the man is very old. Is it wicked to think of that? For I cannot but think of his great age."

Then Riczi answered: "My desires—may God forgive me!—have clutched like starving persons at that sorry sustenance. Friend! ah, fair, sweet friend! the man is human and must die, but love, we read, is immortal. I am fain to die, Jehane. But, oh, Jehane! dare you to bid me live?"

"Friend, as you love me, I entreat you live. Friend, I crave of the Eternal Father that if I falter in my love for you I may be denied even the bleak night of ease which Judas knows." The girl did not weep; dry-eyed she winged a perfectly sincere prayer toward the incorruptible Saints. He was to remember the fact, and through long years.

For even as Riczi left her, yonder behind the yew-hedge a shrill jocularix sang, in rehearsal for Jehane's bridal feast.

Sang the jocularix:

"When the morning broke before us  
Came the wayward Three astraying,  
Chattering a trivial chorus,—  
Hoidens that at handball playing,  
When they wearied of their playing,  
Cast the Ball where now it whirls  
Through the coil of clouds unstaying,  
For the Fates are merry girls!"

And upon the next day de Lesnerac bore young Jehane from Pampeluna and presently to Saillé, where old Jehan the Brave took her to wife. She lived as a queen, but she was a woman of infrequent laughter.

Young Antoine Riczi likewise nursed



his wound as best he might; but about the end of the second year his uncle, the Vicomte de Montbrison—a gaunt man, with preoccupied and troubled eyes—had summoned him into Lyonnois and, after appropriate salutation, had informed Antoine that, as the Vicomte's heir, he was to marry the Demoiselle Gerberge de Nérac upon the ensuing Michaelmas.

"That I may not do," said Riczi; and since a chronicler that would tempt fortune should never stretch the fabric of his wares too thin, unlike Sir Hengist, I merely tell you these two dwelt together at Montbrison for a decade, and always the Vicomte swore at his nephew and predicted this or that disastrous destination so often as Antoine declined to marry the latest of his uncle's candidates—in whom the Vicomte was of an astonishing fertility.

In the year of grace 1401 came the belated news that Duke Jehan had closed his final day. "You will be leaving me!" the Vicomte growled; "now, in my decrepitude, you will be leaving me! It is abominable, and I shall in all likelihood disinherit you this very night."

"Yet it is necessary," Riczi answered; and, filled with no unhallowed joy, rode not long afterward for Vannes, in Brittany, where the Duchess Regent held her court. Dame Jehane had within that fortnight put aside her mourning, and sat beneath a green canopy, gold-fringed and powdered with many golden stars, upon the night when he first came to her, and the rising saps of spring were exercising their august and formidable influence. She sat alone, by prearrangement, to one end of the high-ceiled and radiant apartment; midway in the hall her lords and divers ladies, gorgeously apparelled, were gathered about a saltatrice and a jongleur, who diverted them to the mincing accompaniment of a lute; but Jehane sat apart from these, frail, and splendid with many jewels, and a little sad, and, as ever (he thought), was hers a beauty clarified of its mere substance—the beauty, say, of a moonbeam which penetrates full-grown leaves.

And Antoine Riczi found no power of speech within him at the first. Silent he stood before her for an obvious interval, still as an effigy, while meltingly the jongleur sang.

"Jehane!" said Antoine Riczi, "have you, then, forgotten, O Jehane?"

Nor had the resplendent woman moved at all. It was as though she were some tinted and lavishly adorned statue of barbaric heathenry, and he her postulant; and her large eyes appeared to judge an immeasurable path, beyond him; only now her lips had fluttered somewhat. "The Duchess of Brittany am I," she said, and in the phantom of a voice. "The Countess of Rougemont am I. The mistress of Nantes and of Guerrand! of Rais and of Toufon and Guerche! . . . Jehane is dead."

The man had drawn one audible breath. "You are Jehane, whose only title is the Constant Lover!"

"Friend, the world smirches us," she said half pleadingly. "I have tasted too deep of wealth and power. Drunk with a deadly wine am I, and ever I thirst—I thirst—"

"Jehane, do you remember that May morning in Pampeluna when first I kissed you, and about us sang many birds? Then as now you wore a gown of green, Jehane."

"Friend, I have swayed kingdoms since."

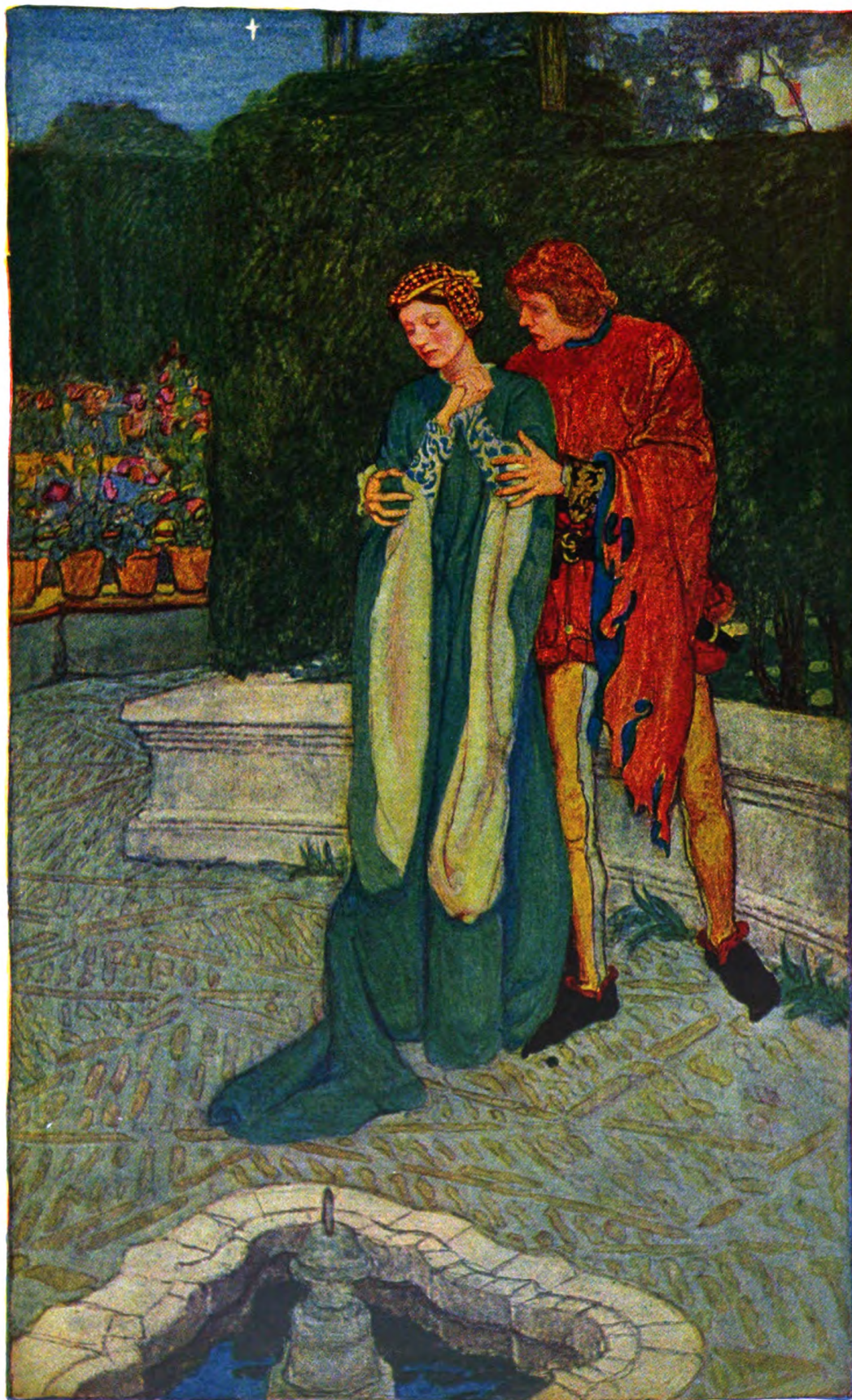
"Jehane, do you remember that August twilight in Pampeluna when last I kissed you? Then as now you wore a gown of green, Jehane."

"But no such chain as this about my neck," the woman answered, and lifted a huge golden collar garnished with emeralds and sapphires and with many pearls. "Friend, the chain is heavy, yet I lack the will to cast it off. I lack the will, Antoine." And with a sudden roar of mirth her courtiers applauded the evolutions of the saltatrice.

"King's daughter!" said Riczi then; "O perilous merchandise! a god came to me and a sword had pierced his breast. He touched the gold hilt of it and said, 'Take back your weapon.' I answered, 'I do not know you.'—'I am Youth,' he said; 'take back your weapon.'"

"It is true," she responded, "it is lamentably true that after to-night we are as different persons, you and I."

He said: "Jehane, do you not love me any longer? Remember old years and do not break your oath with me, Jehane, since God abhors nothing so



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

NEITHER COULD BE QUITE UNHAPPY

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much as perfidy. For your own sake, Jehane—ah, no, not for your sake nor for mine, but for the sake of that blithe Jehane whom, you tell me, time has slain!”

Once or twice she blinked, as dazzled by a light of intolerable splendor, but otherwise sat rigid. “You have dared, messire, to confront me with the golden-hearted, clean-eyed Navarrese that once was I! and I requite.” The austere woman rose. “Messire, you swore to me, long since, an eternal service. I claim my bond. Yonder prim man—gray-bearded, the man in black and silver—is the Earl of Worcester, the King of England’s ambassador, in common with whom the wealthy dowager of Brittany has signed a certain contract. Go you, then, with Worcester into England, as my proxy, and in that island, as my proxy, wed the King of England. Messire, your audience is done.”

Latterly Riczi said this: “Can you hurt me any more, Jehane!—nay, even in hell they cannot hurt me now. Yet I, at least, keep faith, and in your face I fling faith like a glove—old-fashioned, it may be, but clean—and I will go, Jehane.”

Her heart raged. “Poor, glorious fool!” she thought; “had you but the wit even now to use me brutally, even now to drag me from this dais—!” Instead he went from her smilingly, treading through the hall with many affable salutations, while always the jongleur sang.

Sang the jongleur:

“There is a land the rabble rout  
Knows not, whose gates are barred  
By Titan twins, named Fear and Doubt,  
That mercifully guard  
The land we seek—the land so fair!—  
And all the fields thereof,  
Where daffodils grow everywhere  
About the Fields of Love,—  
Knowing that in the Middle-Land  
A tiny pool there lies  
And serpents from the slimy strand  
Lift glittering cold eyes.

“Now, the parable all may understand,  
And surely you know the name o’ the land?  
Ah, never a guide or ever a chart  
May safely lead you about this land—  
The Land of the Human Heart!”

And the following morning, being duly empowered, Antoine Riczi sailed for England in company with the Earl of Worcester, and upon St. Richard’s day the next ensuing was, at Eltham, as proxy of Jehane, married in his own person to the bloated King of England.

Afterward the King made him presents of some rich garments of scarlet trimmed with costly furs, and of four silk belts studded with silver and gold, and with valuable clasps, whereof the recipient might well be proud, and Riczi returned to Lyonnois. “Depardieux!” his uncle said; “so you return alone!”

“As Prince Troilus did,” said Riczi—“to boast to you of liberal entertainment in the tent of Diomedes.”

“You are certainly an inveterate fool,” the Vicomte considered after a prolonged appraisal of his face, “since there is always a deal of other pink-and-white flesh as yet unmortgaged— Boy with my brother’s eyes!” the Vicomte said, and in another voice: “I would that I were God to punish as is fitting! Nay, come home, my lad!—come home!”

So these two abode together at Montbrison for a long time, and in the purlieus of that place hunted and hawked, and made sonnets once in a while, and read aloud from old romances some five days out of the seven. The verses of Riczi were in the year of grace 1410 made public, and not without acclamation, and thereafter the stripling Comte de Charolais, future heir to all Burgundy and a zealous patron of rhyme, was much at Montbrison, and there conceived for Antoine Riczi such an admiration as was possible to a very young man only.

In the year of grace 1412 the Vicomte, being then bedridden, died without any disease and of no malady save the inherencies of his age. “I entreat of you, my nephew,” he said at the last, “that always you use as touchstone the brave deed you did at Eltham. It is necessary a man serve his lady according to her commandments, but you have performed the most absurd and cruelest task which any woman ever imposed upon her servitor. I laugh at you and I envy you.” Thus he died, about Martinmas.

Now was Antoine Riczi a powerful baron, and got no comfort of his lordship, since in his meditations the King

of Darkness, that old incendiary, had added a daily fuel until the ancient sorrow quickened into vaulting flames of wrath and of disgust.

"What now avail my riches?" he said. "How much wealthier was I when I was loved, and was myself an eager lover! I relish no other pleasures than those of love. Love's sot am I, drunk with a deadly wine, poor fool, and ever I thirst. As vapor are all my chattels and my acres, and the more my dominion and my power increase, the more rancorously does my heart sustain its misery, being robbed of that fair merchandise which is the King of England's. To hate her is scant comfort and to despise her none at all, since it follows that I who am unable to forget the wanton am even more to be despised than she. I will go into England and execute what mischief I may against her."

The new Vicomte de Montbrison set forth for Paris, first to do homage for his fief, and secondly to be accredited for some plausible mission into England. But in Paris he got disquieting news: Jehane's husband was dead, and her stepson Henry, the fifth monarch of the name to reign in Britain, had invaded France; and through this sudden turn was the new Vicomte, the dreamer and the recluse, caught up by the career of events, as a straw is by a torrent, when the French lords marched with their vassals to Harfleur, where they were soundly drubbed by the King of England; as afterward at Agincourt.

But in the year of grace 1417 there was a breathing-space for discredited France, and presently the Vicomte de Montbrison was sent into England, as ambassador. He got in London a fruitless audience of King Henry, whose demands were such as rendered a renewal of the war inevitable, and afterward, in the month of April, about the day of Palm Sunday, and within her dower-palace of Havering-Bower, an interview with Queen Jehane.

*Nicolas omits, and unaccountably, to mention that during the French wars she had ruled England as Regent, and with marvellous capacity,—though this fact, as you will see more lately, is the pivot of his chronicle.*

A solitary page ushered the Vicomte

whither she sat alone, by prearrangement, in a chamber with painted walls, profusely lighted by the sun, and making pretence to weave a tapestry. When the page had gone she rose and cast aside the shuttle, and then with a glad and wordless cry stumbled toward the Vicomte. "Madame and Queen—!" he coldly said.

A frightened woman, half distraught, aging now but rather handsome, his judgment saw in her, and no more; all black and shimmering gold his senses found her, and supple like some dangerous and lovely serpent; and with a contained hatred he had discovered, as by the curt illumination of a thunderbolt, that he could never love any woman save the woman whom he most despised.

She said: "I had forgotten. I had remembered only you, Antoine, and Navarre, and the clean-eyed Navarrese—" Now, for a little, Jehane paced the gleaming and sun-drenched apartment as a bright leopardess might tread her cage. Then she wheeled. "Friend, I think that God Himself has deigned to avenge you. All misery my reign has been. First Hotspur, then prim Worcester harried us; followed the dreary years that linked me to the rotting corpse which God's leprosy so hideously devoured while the thing yet moved. All misery, Antoine! And now I live beneath a sword."

"You have earned no more," he said. "You have earned no more, O Jehane! whose only title is the Constant Lover!" He spat it out.

She came uncertainly toward him, as though he had been some not implacable knave with a bludgeon. "For the King hates me," she plaintively said, "and I live beneath a sword. Ever the big fierce-eyed man has hated me, for all his lip-courtesy. And now he lacks the money to pay his troops, and I am the wealthiest person within his realm. I am a woman and alone in a foreign land. So I must wait, and wait, and wait, Antoine, till he devise some trumped-up accusation. Friend, I live as did St. Damocles, beneath a sword. Antoine!" she wailed—for now was the pride of Queen Jehane shattered utterly—"within the island am I a prisoner for all that my chains are of gold."

"Yet it was not until o' late," he ob-



*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

SO THESE TWO, AT MONTBRISON, HUNTED AND HAWKED





served, "that you disliked the metal which is the substance of all crowns."

And now the woman lifted toward him a huge golden collar garnished with emeralds and sapphires and with many pearls, and in the sunlight the gems were tawdry things. "Friend, the chain is heavy, and I lack the power to cast it off. The Navarrese we know of wore no such perilous fetters about her neck. Ah, you should have mastered me at Vannes. You could have done so, and very easily. But you only talked—oh, Mary pity us! you only talked!—and I could find only a servant where I had sore need to find a master. Then pity me."

But now came many armed soldiers into the apartment. With spirit Queen Jehane turned to meet them, and you saw that she was of royal blood, for the pride of ill-starred emperors blazed and informed her body as light occupies a lantern. "At last you come for me, messieurs?"

"Whereas," their leader read in answer from a parchment—"whereas the King's stepmother, Queen Jehane, is accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft that with diabolical and subtle methods wrought privily to destroy the King, the said Dame Jehane is by the King committed (all her attendants being removed) to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who will, at the King's pleasure, confine her within Pevensey Castle, there to be kept under Sir John's control: the lands and other properties of the said Dame Jehane being hereby forfeit to the King, whom God preserve!"

"Harry of Monmouth!" said Jehane,—"oh, Harry of Monmouth, could I but come to you, very quietly, and with a knife—!" She shrugged her shoulders, and the gold about her person glittered in the sunlight. "Witchcraft! ohimé, one never disproves that. Friend, now are you avenged the more abundantly."

"Young Riczi is avenged," the Vicomte said; "and I came hither desiring vengeance."

She wheeled, a lithe flame (he thought) of splendid fury. "And in the gutter Jehane dares say what Queen Jehane upon the throne might never say. Had I reigned all these years as mistress not of England but of Europe—had nations

wheeled me in the place of barons— young Riczi had been avenged, no less. Bah! what do these so-little persons matter? Take now your petty vengeance! drink deep of it! and know that always within my heart the Navarrese has lived to shame me! Know that to-day you despise Jehane, the purchased woman! and that Jehane loves you! and that the love of proud Jehane creeps like a beaten cur toward your feet, and in the sight of common men! and know that Riczi is avenged, you—you milliner!"

"Into England I came desiring vengeance—Apples of Sodom! O bitter fruit!" the Vicomte thought. "O fitting harvest of a fool's assiduous husbandry!"

They took her from him; and that afternoon, after long meditation, the Vicomte de Montbrison entreated a fresh and private audience of King Henry and readily obtained it. "Unhardy is unseely," the Vicomte said at its conclusion. Then the tale tells that the Vicomte returned to France and within this realm assembled all such lords as the abuses of the Queen-Regent Ysabeau had more notoriously dissatisfied. Then presently these lords had sided with King Henry, as had the Vicomte de Montbrison, in open field. Latterly Jehan Sans-Peur was slain at Montereau; and a little later the new Duke of Burgundy, who loved the Vicomte as he loved no other man, had shifted his coat.

Meantime was Queen Jehane conveyed to prison and lodged therein for five years' space. She had the liberty of a tiny garden, high-walled, and of two scantily furnished chambers; the brace of hard-featured females Pelham had provided for the Queen's attendance might speak to her of nothing that occurred without the gates of Pevensey, and she saw no other persons save her confessor, a triple-chinned Dominican; and in fine, had they already lain Jehane within the massive and gilded coffin of a queen the outer world would have made as great a turbulence in her ears.

But in the year of grace 1422, upon the feast of St. Bartholomew, and about vespers—for thus it wonderfully fell out—one of those grim attendants brought to her the first man, save the fat confessor, whom the Queen had seen within five years. The proud, frail woman looked



and what she saw was the common inhabitant of all her dreams.

Said Jehane: "This is ill done. The years have avenged you. Be contented with that knowledge, and, for Heaven's sake, do not endeavor to moralize over the ruin Heaven has made, and justly made, of Queen Jehane, as I perceive you mean to do." She lay back in the chair, very coarsely clad in brown, but knowing her countenance to be that of the anemone which naughtily dances above wet earth.

"Friend," the lean-faced man now said, "I do not come with any such intent, as my mission will readily attest, nor to any ruin, as your mirror will attest. Nay, madame, I come as the emissary of King Henry, now dying at Vincennes, and with letters to the lords and bishops of his council. Dying, the man restores to you your liberty and your dowerlands, your bed and all your movables, and six gowns of such fashion and such color as you may elect."

Then with hurried speech he told her of five years' events: how within that period King Henry had conquered entire France, and had married the French King's daughter, and had begotten a boy who would presently inherit the united realms of France and England, since in the supreme hour of triumph King Henry had been stricken with a mortal sickness, and now lay dying, or perhaps already dead, at Vincennes; and how with his penultimate breath the prostrate conqueror had restored to Queen Jehane all properties and all honors which she formerly enjoyed.

"I shall once more be Regent," the woman said when he had made an end; "Antoine, I shall presently be Regent both of France and of England, since Dame Katherine is but a child." She stood motionless save for the fine hands that plucked the air. "Mistress of Europe! absolute mistress, and with an infant ward! now, may God have mercy on my unfriends, for they will have great need of it!"

"Yet was mercy ever the prerogative of royal persons," the Vicomte suavely said, "and the Navarrese we know of was both royal and very merciful, O Constant Lover."

The speech was as a whip-lash. Abruptly suspicion kindled in her eyes,

as a flame leaps from stick to stick. "Harry of Monmouth feared neither man nor God. It needed more than any death-bed repentance to frighten him into restoral of my liberty." There was a silence. "You, a Frenchman, come as the emissary of King Henry who has devastated France! are there no English lords, then, left alive of all his army?"

The Vicomte de Montbrison said: "There is perhaps no person better fitted to patch up this dishonorable business of your captivity, wherein a clean man might scarcely dare to meddle."

She appraised this, and more lately said with entire irrelevance: "The world has smirched you, somehow. At last you have done something save consider your ill treatment. I praise God, Antoine, for it brings you nearer."

He told her all. King Henry, it appeared, had dealt with him at Haverling in perfect frankness. The King needed money for his wars in France, and failing the seizure of Jehane's enormous wealth, had exhausted every resource. "And France I mean to have," the King had said. "Yet the world knows you enjoy the favor of the Comte de Charolais; so get me an alliance with Burgundy against my imbecile brother of France, and Dame Jehane shall have her liberty. There you have my price."

"And this price I paid," the Vicomte sternly said, "for 'Unhardy is unseely,' Satan whispered, and I knew that Duke Philippe trusted me. Yea, all Burgundy I marshalled under your stepson's banner, and for three years I fought beneath his loathed banner, until in Troyes we had trapped and slain the last loyal Frenchman. And to-day in France my lands are confiscate, and there is not an honest Frenchman but spits upon my name. All infamy I come to you for this last time, Jehane! as a man already dead I come to you, Jehane, for in France they thirst to murder me, and England has no further need of Montbrison, her blunted and her filthy instrument!"

The woman shuddered. "You have set my thankless service above your life, above your honor even. I find the rhymester glorious and very vile."

"All vile," he answered; "and outworn! King's daughter, I swore to you, long since, eternal service. Of love I



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"ALL MISERY, ANTOINE! AND NOW I LIVE BENEATH A SWORD"





freely gave you yonder in Navarre, as yonder at Eltham I crucified my innermost heart for your delectation. Yet I, at least, keep faith, and in your face I fling faith like a glove—outworn, it may be, and, God knows, unclean! Yet I, at least, keep faith! Lands and wealth have I given up for you, O King's daughter, and life itself have I given you, and lifelong service have I given you, and all that I had save honor; and at the last I give you honor, too. Now let the naked fool depart, Jehane, for he has nothing more to give."

She had leaned, while thus he spoke, upon the sill of an open casement. "Indeed, it had been far better," she said, and with averted face, "had we never met. For this love of ours has proven a tyrannous and evil lord. I have had everything, and upon each feast of will and sense the world afforded me this love has swept down, like a harpy—was it not a harpy you called the bird in that old poem of yours?—to rob me of delight. And you have had nothing, for of life he has pilfered you, and he has given you in exchange but dreams, my poor Antoine, and he has led you at the last to infamy. We are but as God made us, and—I may not understand why He permits this despotism."

Thereafter, somewhere below, a peasant sang as he passed supperward through the green twilight:

"King Jesus hung upon the Cross,  
'And have ye sinned?' quo' He,—  
'Nay, Dysmas, 'tis no honest loss  
When Satan cogs the dice ye toss,  
And thou shalt sup with Me,—  
*Sedebis apud angelos,  
Quia amavisti.*"

"At Heaven's Gate was Heaven's Queen,  
'And have ye sinned?' quo' She,—  
'And would I hold him worth a bean  
That durst not seek, because unclean,  
My cleansing charity?—  
Speak thou that wast the Magdalene,  
*Quia amavisti.*"

"It may be that in some sort the jingle answers me!" then said Jehane; and she began with an odd breathlessness: "Friend, when King Henry dies—and even now he dies—shall I not as Regent possess such power as no woman

has ever wielded in Europe? can aught prevent this?"

"Naught," he answered.

"Unless, friend, I were wedded to a Frenchman. Then would the stern English lords never permit that I have any finger in the government." She came to him with conspicuous deliberation and laid one delicate hand upon either shoulder. "Friend, I am weary of these tinsel splendors. I crave the real kingdom."

Her mouth was tremulous and lax, and her gray eyes were more brilliant than the star yonder. The man's arms were about her, and an ecstasy too noble for any common mirth had mastered them, and a vast desire whose aim they could not word or even apprehend save cloudily.

And of the man's face I cannot tell you. "King's daughter! mistress of half Europe! I am a beggar, an outcast, as a leper among honorable persons."

But it was as though he had not spoken. "Friend, it was for this I have outlived these garish, fevered years, it was this which made me glad when I was a child and laughed without knowing why. That I might to-day give up this so-great power for love of you, my all-incapable and soiled Antoine, was, as I now know, the end to which the Eternal Father created me. For, look you," she pleaded, "to surrender absolute dominion over half Europe is a sacrifice. Assure me that it is a sacrifice, Antoine! O glorious fool, delude me into the belief that I deny myself in choosing you! Nay, I know it is as nothing beside what you have given up for me, but it is all I have—it is all I have, Antoine!" she wailed in pitiful distress.

He drew a deep and big-lunged breath that seemed to inform his being with an indomitable vigor, and doubt and sorrow went quite away from him. "Love leads us," he said, "and through the sunlight of the world he leads us, and through the filth of it Love leads us, but always in the end, if we but follow without swerving, he leads upward. Yet, O God upon the Cross! Thou that in the article of death didst pardon Dysmas! as what maimed warriors of life, as what bemired travellers in muddied byways, must we presently come to Thee!"

"But hand in hand," she answered; "and He will comprehend."

# Decisive Battles of the Law

## A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

THE UNITED STATES *VS.* CALLENDER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

EARLY in the morning of June 3, 1800, a number of horsemen could be seen straggling along the rough country roads towards Richmond, each encircled in a little cloud of dust. Here and there the riders joined forces, jogging together past the scattered plantations on to the outskirts of the town, and then threading their way more carefully through the narrow, ill-made streets of the capital, until they reached the Common, whose deep ravines, covered with stunted pines, necessitated a still more cautious approach.

All the travellers were evidently bent upon the same errand, for they halted at a building before which a dozen or more men were already assembled, and having dismounted and tied their horses to the hitching-rails, mingled with the earlier arrivals. It was a picturesque gathering of Virginians that awaited the opening of the United States Circuit Court on that summer morning, for the ugly fashions of the French Revolution had not as yet found much favor in the Old Dominion, and knee-breeches, low shoes, buckles, buttons, and queues tied with ribbons were still in vogue. And yet it was not their dress, but their faces and bearing, which particularly distinguished these gentlemen as they stood talking with one another under the wide-spreading trees at the edge of the public square. Many of them were clothed like English farmers, but they wore their dusty garments with an unmistakable air of distinction, and their clean-shaven, clear-cut features bespoke dignity and intelligence. The centre of one group was especially notable, his strong and somewhat stern face indicating character in every line, and the ease with which he held his auditors singled him out as a

master of men. This was John Marshall, diplomat and jurist, and soon to become the official chief of the hated judge whose official programme was summoning all the countryside. In another group near Marshall stood a handsome, neatly dressed man about thirty years of age, tall, well-formed, and graceful, with a hearty laugh and a confident manner that seemed to fascinate those about him, particularly one keen, boyish-looking listener who hung upon his every word; for William Wirt was already the beau-ideal of the junior bar, and Philip Nicholas had reason to felicitate himself on being associated with such a rising young advocate. In this same group stood George Hay, soon to become one of the best-known lawyers in the country, and beside him stood the distinguished leader of the Virginia bar, Edmund Randolph.

All these men were to meet again at the same place under very different conditions to conduct one of the most famous trials in American history, but for the time being all professional and political differences were merged in their loyalty to the Virginia bar, whose dignity and influence bade fair to be seriously affected in the trial of James Thompson Callender for seditious libel against the President of the United States. There was no wide-spread popular sympathy with this editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and no particular interest among the best citizens concerning his individual fate. He was a brilliant, drunken, fearless, mercenary product of Grub Street, whose scurrilous pen was at the service of the highest bidder, and whose libels were produced to order. In such a hireling neither patron nor opponent could manifest any very



deep concern. He received his price and took his chances, and under ordinary circumstances no one would probably have raised a finger in his behalf. The circumstances, however, were not ordinary, but most extraordinary, for the law invoked against Callender for the publication of his libelous pamphlet, "The Prospect Before Us," was the odious Sedition Act, the passage of which (together with the Alien Law) had aroused such deep resentment throughout the country that Kentucky had protested in a set of defiant resolutions, declaring it null and void within her borders, and inviting the other States to join her in seceding from the Union. This invitation had met with a decided rebuff from all the legislatures addressed save that of Virginia, which had responded with another set of resolutions expressing devoted attachment to the Union, but heartily joining in Kentucky's condemnation of the law as a dangerous menace to the freedom of the press and an outrageous breach of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution.

Under the provisions of this law, any one who wrote, printed, uttered, or published any false, scandalous, or malicious matter against the government, the Congress, or the President of the United States, or which tended to bring them into hatred or contempt, could be punished by heavy fines and imprisonment; and the statute was so worded as to penalize not only honest criticism of the Executive, but even the free expression of opinion. No legislation more fatal to the popularity of Adams's administration could possibly have been devised; but although the sole responsibility for its enactment has frequently been charged to the President, it cannot justly be laid at his door. His fussy, sensitive, conscientious, crotchety, tactless nature had doubtless been more stung by the lampoons and critical attacks of the pamphlets and newspapers than that of any other official; but the abuse of the press had been so general that scarcely a man in public life had escaped defamation, and the act had been rushed through both Houses of Congress by a vote which distinctly stamped it with the approval of the whole administration party.

The fact that this was the first law

passed by the national legislature against the freedom of the press, and that its enforcement in Virginia threatened to provoke a conflict between the State and the Federal authorities which might involve the stability of the Union, was quite sufficient to arouse unprecedented interest among lawyers in Callender's case and make his trial the first real State trial upon record. Nevertheless, it is probable that it was not these momentous issues that attracted the majority of the profession, but rather the personality of the judge who proposed to try the case, for Samuel Chase was probably the most violent partisan who ever sat upon a bench. Indeed, his entire public career had been marked by such intemperance of word and action that he seemed "to move perpetually with a mob at his heels," which sometimes pursued but quite as often followed him. In the stirring days preceding the Revolution he had been one of the "Sons of Liberty" who had attacked the public offices of Baltimore during the Stamp Act, and later he and his band had actually compelled a group of old malcontents, including his own father, to take the oath of allegiance to the Continental Congress. Nor were these the only manifestations of such playfulness credited to his account, for when certain Pennsylvania Quakers had refused to illuminate their houses in honor of a Revolutionary success, he had swooped upon the offending citizens with his followers, bundled them into carts, and deported them in the depth of winter to Virginia, where they were uncereemoniously deposited and left to shift for themselves.

All this youthful boisterousness would probably have been attributed to exuberant vitality and misdirected zeal had not his conduct as a member of the Maryland Colonial Legislature and the Continental Congress been almost equally turbulent and provocative of riot. The man was, however, an incorrigible bully, with a genius for offence; and when at the close of the war he found himself a member of the Maryland House of Delegates, he straightway became involved in political broils which resulted in an attempt at his impeachment. But here his fighting qualities stood him in good

stead, for he not only fought his enemies to a standstill, but had himself rewarded, first with the Chief-Justiceship of the Criminal Court of Baltimore, and then with the Chief-Justiceship of the General Court, both of which offices he tenaciously held and administered in flagrant defiance of the law, until his action was officially declared unconstitutional. Nevertheless, his name was writ large in the Declaration of Independence, his personal honesty, courage, and patriotism were unquestioned, and though he had at first opposed the Constitution, he had become in course of time the most ardent of Federal enthusiasts.

Such was the man whom Washington had appointed to the Federal bench in 1796, and there was to be nothing in his conduct of that office to belie his previous record. Domineering, fearless, vain, confident, and honest, he had many of the qualities necessary to establish the authority of the new court, but no one did more than he to make his tribunal obnoxious to the bar. With a good classical education and considerable experience and ability as a lawyer, he had the majority of the attorneys who practised before him at a distinct disadvantage, and those whom he could not unhorse with legal learning he cowed and silenced with jocular or brutal tyranny, as best suited his humor. But perhaps his gravest offence was his political activity, with which he never allowed his judicial duties to interfere, and he had not been long upon the circuit before angry outcries were raised against his aggressive Federal partisanship. Opposition of this character, however, merely excited his belligerency, and he never made the slightest effort to conceal his political opinions either on or off the bench. Indeed, when the Sedition Act became a law, he had openly rejoiced at the opportunity it afforded for silencing critics of the administration, and his actions were soon to speak louder than words. During the trial of Fries, his arbitrary rulings practically forced the prisoner's counsel to retire from the case in disgust; and when Thomas Cooper, member of the Pennsylvania bar, convicted of libelling the President, was arraigned for sentence, he announced in

open court that if he could discover that the Democratic party was behind the prisoner, he would inflict the severest penalties known to the law.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the most alarming rumors of this judicial tyrant's programme for Virginia found willing ears in Richmond when he descended upon the town with Luther Martin's marked copy of "The Prospect Before Us" in his avenging hand. That he had publicly exhibited this libelous pamphlet to various persons and expressed his determination to punish its author was a matter of common knowledge, but the story that he had instructed the marshal to see that "none of those creatures called Democrats" was summoned on the grand jury found quite as many believers. Moreover, rumor had it that on being informed that the leaders of the Richmond bar had volunteered to appear for Callender and test the constitutionality of the law, he had retorted, with a coarse laugh, that he'd put the whole lot of them over his knee and teach them and all such nullifiers a lesson they would not soon forget, and it must be confessed that the thought of the learned profession in this undignified posture appealed to the popular humor and lent an added significance to "The Prospect Before Us."

The threatened clash between the bench and the bar was, of course, particularly interesting to lawyers, but there were many laymen among those gathered before the court-house on the morning of the trial, for the country was thoroughly aroused over the attempt to enforce the Sedition Law within a State whose Legislature had officially condemned it, and the conflict between the Federal and State authorities was far more important to the average Virginian than the settlement of any professional differences. Not all the horsemen who came trailing across the Common were present from choice, however, for the marshal had invaded the most distant plantations in his search for jurors, and some of the victims had ridden ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles in obedience to his summons, spreading the news of the impending event through the outlying districts, until the rapidly gathering crowd prom-

ised to surpass that of any previous court day in Richmond. Nevertheless, no one of the waiting throng seemed to be in any haste to move indoors, and jurors, witnesses, spectators, and lawyers remained clustered about the entrance or scattered along the edge of the Common, discussing the case until nearly ten o'clock, when they slowly moved towards the scene of action, and a few minutes later the court-room was filled to overflowing.

At a table beside the judicial desk sat William Marshall, clerk of the court and brother of the future Chief Justice, and near him stood Mr. Nelson, the District Attorney, with David Robertson, the shorthand reporter, whose notes were to prove an invaluable exhibit in the subsequent impeachment of the judge. The attention of the audience, however, was mainly directed to the prisoner, his bondsman, Meriwether Jones, and his counsel, Messrs. Hay, Wirt, and Nicholas—a formidable array for any hostile judge, and a trio with whom the bar of Richmond were well content to trust their dignity and honor. Indeed, these champions had already given Chase a taste of their quality by virtually forcing him to grant adjournments on two previous occasions, and it was whispered that they intended to manœuvre him out of the case altogether by continuing their dilatory tactics until the term expired. In fact, the word passed from lip to lip across the crowded chamber that the judge had walked into a very neat trap at the last hearing by granting an adjournment to procure the attendance of a certain witness named Giles. This, it was claimed, was a fatal concession, for if the non-appearance of this witness justified a postponement on Monday, it equally demanded it on Tuesday, for he was still missing, and the case could not therefore be tried until he was produced, which would be the day after never.

The audience chuckled approvingly as this story went the rounds, gleefully anticipating the discomfiture of the judge; and the general opinion was that, for once, at least, Chase had met his match—a result particularly agreeable to local pride. Judicial tyrants might bully and awe the Pennsylvania or Maryland

bar, but the profession in Virginia knew a trick or two which would—

The chatter and laughter suddenly ceased as the door opened, disclosing the not too heroic figure of the District Judge, Cyrus Griffin, a rather futile, colorless, and timid personage, who appeared to be propelled into the room by a burly, bustling, red-faced man, who strode rapidly to the bench, nodding a not too gracious salutation at the assemblage, while the court crier bellowed his familiar announcement.

The individual whose arrival had had the effect of a schoolmaster entering a noisy class-room was a man of about sixty years of age, huge of bulk, coarse of feature, masterful in manner. On his massive head sat an ill-made wig, and his garments were those of the ordinary citizen with no particular regard for appearances, but there was no mistaking his authoritative bearing as he loomed up behind the judicial desk and glowered at the silent audience. To most of those who returned his scrutiny he was an entire stranger, for until the present term of the court he had never set foot in Richmond, and doubtless many of the spectators were prepared to find him a fiend in human shape. But though his expression was somewhat forbidding, his large, strong, clean-shaven face was not uncomely, and his giant frame suggested strength rather than brutality. Nevertheless, his small, snappy, shifty eyes had a dangerous glint, and there were ominous lines about the corners of his mouth, betraying possibilities of an ugly droop, and other indications of a quarrelsome disposition were not wanting. The whole aspect of the man, however, suggested energy and determination, rather than intellectual power, and, contrasted with the group of lawyers who faced him, he appeared at a disadvantage. The moment the proceedings opened, however, this impression quickly faded, and as he leaned over the desk and listened to Mr. Hay's long and not too ingenious plea for an adjournment, his gaze was so uncomfortably intelligent that the speaker, obviously embarrassed, made poor work of his argument. Still, no interruption reached him from the bench, and, growing more confident, the

advocate began to shift away from the question of the missing witness, craftily turning the discussion towards the constitutionality of the Sedition Act. Then he circled back to the witness whose testimony he boldly asserted would help to determine whether Callender's pamphlet consisted of libelous statements or merely matters of opinion, which question he declared would have to be considered by the jury in assessing the fine.

"*That's a wild notion!* It's not the law. The jury have nothing to do with assessing the fine, sir!"

If some one had suddenly dashed water in Hay's face he could scarcely have been more astonished. To be flatly contradicted on a legal question was ruffling enough to a man of his dignity, but to have his opinion derided as *a wild notion* was too insulting for words, and some moments elapsed before he recovered himself sufficiently to retort. Then he announced with dignified severity that it was possible to answer *argument*, but quite impossible to refute *authority*. If he were permitted to proceed, however—

But he was not permitted to proceed. A blow had been given and returned, and the battle was now for the strong. His Honor did not propose to listen to any arguments regarding the constitutionality of the law. If the counsel imagined that the Court was bound to keep on granting adjournments until the missing witness Giles was produced, he was mightily mistaken. In the Court's opinion, if the trial had to await that gentleman's appearance, it would never take place at all. There had been ample opportunity to compel the attendance of the witness. Let the jury be impanelled at once!

Startled and chagrined as the counsel were by this unexpected turn of affairs, which completely upset their well-laid plans, they were still more disconcerted by the overbearing manner and tone which had been adopted towards them, and, tingling with resentment, they announced that since His Honor saw fit to force an immediate trial upon them, it would be their duty to take advantage of every technicality known to the law, which, to a man of Chase's temperament, was nothing more nor less than an open

declaration of war. Indeed, the very next move demonstrated the tactlessness of such a defiance, for the moment young Nicholas advanced a formidable challenge to the entire panel of jurors, which, despite the extraordinary exertions of the marshal, comprised only eight candidates, he was flouted and routed with a finality that not only overruled his objections, but cast serious aspersions on his legal attainments. Seeing the junior counsel thus harried and dragged over his own obstacles, Mr. Hay promptly came to the rescue by proposing to examine the jurors individually as to any prejudices they might entertain against the accused; but before he could frame his opening question he was roughly interrupted from the bench. No questions could be asked of the jurors, he was informed, save such as were first reduced to writing and submitted for the approval of the Court.

For a moment the three lawyers stared at the bench in speechless amazement, and then burst into angry protest. It was absolutely futile, however, to attempt to swerve Chase from this extraordinary course, and when the exhausted attorneys finally yielded and submitted written questions for the jurors, their interrogatories were declared improper and rejected forthwith. According to the Court, it did not make any difference if a talesman had read and formed an unfavorable opinion of "The Prospect Before Us." He was still eligible for the jury, provided he had not formed an opinion concerning the charge on which the prisoner was indicted, and as none of the candidates had read the indictment, they were all qualified to serve on the case. In the face of these unheard-of rulings, the Virginia lawyers apparently abandoned all hope of securing an impartial jury, for when one of the talesmen, a conscientious planter by the name of Basset, volunteered the information that he had read Callender's tract and had formed a positive opinion that it came under the Sedition Law, they failed to record any objection to his retention.

Having herded the jurors into the box in this peremptory fashion, Chase was now ready to try the case, and directing the District Attorney to proceed, he calmly settled back while that official described the enormity of the prisoner's

crime to the eight men entrusted with his fate. Only certain portions of the offending pamphlet had been recited in the indictment, and they made rather mild reading, even at that time, while in these days they would scarcely be regarded as sensational, to say nothing of criminal. Nevertheless, they were clearly within the provision of the Sedition Law, and proof of their authorship was practically all the prosecutor needed to complete his case. This was easily established by the testimony of the printers who had put the manuscript into type and the booksellers who had sold it as a pamphlet, and when Hay protested that those men could not be compelled to answer the questions put to them, they being accomplices equally guilty under the law, and privileged from testifying against themselves, the Court not only overruled his objections, but virtually promised the hesitating witnesses immunity as a reward for their confessions. Indeed, it was said that Chase frequently identified himself with the prosecution in this and other ways, even using the word "we" to indicate a common purpose between the District Attorney and himself.

Having succeeded in proving that the prisoner was the author of "The Prospect Before Us," the prosecutor next attempted to introduce the whole pamphlet in evidence, but here the defence again protested, claiming that only those portions of the document which were recited in the indictment could be considered by the jury, especially in view of the Court's decision that the jurors were concerned only with the offence charged in the official papers and were not disqualified by their prejudices against the pamphlet as a whole. Chase was in no mood, however, to allow his previous rulings to be turned against him. The prisoner was being tried for writing "The Prospect Before Us," and he was not to escape punishment because only mild selections from it appeared in the indictment. A little informality of that sort was best rectified by allowing the jury to read the whole pernicious production. In vain Hay protested against this illogical and injurious action. He was interrupted and contradicted, hurried, harried, and baited until the whole

room roared with laughter; for nothing is so infectious as the wit of the bench on which a bully sits enthroned.

The prosecution practically ended with this exhibition of judicial tyranny, and the defence was immediately instructed to proceed. Unprepared as they were to dispute the authorship or publication of the pamphlet, the counsel still had a chance of influencing the jury by proving the truth of its statements, and to that end they called a well-known citizen, named Colonel Taylor, to the stand. Before he could utter a word, however, the judge interrupted, declaring that every question put to him must be first examined and approved by the Court. This preposterous order fairly staggered the indignant counsel. They had submitted when forced to conduct the examination of the jury in this fashion, but to be similarly hampered in questioning their own witness was an imposition unheard of in any court of law, and they remonstrated in no uncertain terms.

Neither protest nor argument nor authority, however, had the slightest effect upon the judge, and after a fierce controversy the attorneys abandoned their struggle, only to discover that no testimony that did not prove the truth of the whole paragraph complained of in the indictment would be admitted. Struggling to conceal their exasperation, they protested that one witness might prove the correctness of one statement in the pamphlet, and another another, and that no one individual could be expected to substantiate the whole of it, and at last Chase was compelled to go through the empty form of consulting the District Judge. That shadowy official, however, meekly concurred in the views of his superior, and, finding himself supported, His Honor attempted to put an end to discussion. But the fighting blood of the Virginia attorneys was now thoroughly aroused, and, refusing to be silenced, they pressed their contentions with a force that lashed Chase into a rage, and the bitter wrangle which ensued soon had the room in an uproar. Contemptuously referred to as "you young gentlemen," and goaded by every public slight and sneer which brutal authority could inflict upon them, the three lawyers stood their ground, insisting that the rulings of



the Court were equivalent to a complete denial of justice, and virtually defied the bench. Finally the judge made a pretence of requesting the District Attorney to allow the questions upon which "the young gentlemen were so insistent," and when he prudently declined, the magistrate brought the matter to a close by hammering his opponents to their seats.

With this final suppression of their only available testimony, the defence had no recourse but to address the jury and endeavor to take advantage of the existing prejudice against the Sedition Law. Wirt led this forlorn hope; but the moment he began to argue against the constitutionality of the law he was unceremoniously halted, and informed that the jury would not be permitted to consider any question of that kind. The jurors were the judges of the facts, and not of the law, declared the Court—a proposition which, under ordinary circumstances, no lawyer would have endeavored to dispute. Wirt, however, intimated that the Court had suppressed the facts, and that he was therefore reduced to the necessity of discussing the law. Interrupted and told not to reflect on the Court, he retorted with a repetition of his statement in another form, and for a perilous moment the two men faced each other, speechless with rage, while the frightened audience watched them in fascinated silence.

Then the intrepid Virginian again turned slowly to the jury and resumed his argument, attacking the law with studious disregard of the official mandate. With a roar of anger Chase ordered him to his seat, and as he quietly obeyed, the man on the bench launched into a frenzied tirade.

"Hear my words!" he ranted. "I wish the world to know them! My opinion is the result of mature deliberation!"

He then reiterated with increasing violence that the facts were for the jury and the law for the Court—an elemental principle of which the world had been previously informed, and of which no one was better advised than the experienced lawyers he was instructing. The tables were now turned, however, and it was the judge and not the counsel who was being baited. Indeed, Chase had no sooner concluded his pompous proclama-

tion than Wirt once more turned to the jury, and, quoting directly from the third section of the Sedition Act, which provided that the jury "should determine the law and the fact under the direction of the Court, as in other cases," calmly proceeded to discuss the forbidden subject. The Constitution was the law, he declared; and as the jury had a right to determine the law, they had logically the right to consider the Constitution.

"A *non sequitur*, sir!" shouted Chase, and the audience roared; whereupon Wirt sat down in disgust, and Nicholas took up the same line of argument until he was virtually smothered by interruptions from the bench. Then Hay resumed the attack, but by this time the judge had worked himself into a fury, and the senior counsel, flatly contradicted, badgered, and insulted almost every time he opened his lips, suddenly brought the unseemly contest to a close by taking his seat and gathering up his papers.

For a few moments the angry magistrate did not apparently comprehend what was happening, but as Hay's associates followed his example, and began packing up their books and documents, the situation slowly dawned upon him, and for the first time he seemed to realize that he had perhaps carried matters beyond the point of safety. The retirement of the lawyers in the Fries case had not troubled him in the least, but the repetition of that rebuke at the hands of the Virginia bar might, he well understood, be fraught with much more serious consequences; and when Hay rose and turned towards the door, he addressed him with surprising deference.

"Please to proceed, sir," he requested, "and be assured that you will not again be interrupted by me. Say what you will."

The senior counsel, however, vouchsafed no response to these advances, and, amid intense silence, he and his associates walked gravely to the rear of the room.

There was something unmistakably ominous in their quiet dignity and bearing, and the judicial tyrant was now thoroughly alarmed.

"I think it right to interrupt counsel when mistaken in the law," he protested. "Yet I do not mean to inter-

rupt improperly. There is no reason to be captious."

Receiving no reply to this apologetic utterance, the speaker's red face assumed a purple hue, and his vindictive little eyes, following the retreating figures, glittered with rage. Finally, as the door opened, he half rose from his chair, and roaring, "As you please, sirs!" turned to the jury and began a long and careful charge.

Two hours later a verdict of guilty was recorded, and the prisoner sentenced to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred dollars, and required to find sureties for good behavior for a period of two years.

Thus closed the last case ever tried under the Sedition Law, but it was fated

to be heard of again. From his cell in the Richmond jail the prisoner continued to issue his libels until Jefferson pardoned him, only to be rewarded by venomous attacks from his pen, after the hated act had been repealed; and five years later Chase was impeached before the Senate for oppressive and vexatious conduct during the trial, and indecent solicitude for the conviction of the accused. Politics and Luther Martin, however, interfered in his behalf; and after a brilliant defence at the hands of the lawyer for whose support in his last illness the Maryland Legislature taxed all members of the bar, he was acquitted, and resumed his duties without ever again repeating the offences for which he had been arraigned.

## The Launch of the Leaves

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE yellow leaves go sailing down the stream  
Whose whispering waters run to seek the sea,  
Where slender alders and pale aspens gleam  
And every wych-elm seems a golden tree.

Amber, and brown, and red the light leaves float;  
You cannot see the Pixy at the prow,  
But each gay galleon is a faery's boat—  
The good folk throng the craft from poop to bow.

You cannot hear the laughter and the song,  
Though to sweet reedy pipes they laugh and sing;  
You'd say—"So late the robin sings and long  
This autumn twilight has a sound of spring."

The Hunter's Moon is rising, broad and bright,  
A bronze lamp in the ashen-colored sky,  
To light their shallops down the stream to-night—  
Far through the woods I hear the white owls cry.

From the low bridge I watch them on their way,  
Fleeing the sunless, starveling days to be—  
How would my heart rejoice if, even as they,  
I, too, might follow summer oversea.

# Made in Heaven

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"I SOMETIMES think," announced Sweetie, "that watching married people is for all the world like watching our neighbors go down the hill under our dining-room windows. I know them all by the way they take that hill. Some go down in such splendid shape; some—just go down the hill; some go down like a ten-dollar horse; some roll down. Don't you think that's about the way it is with married life?" I was spared a reply by Sweetie's not waiting for an answer.

"I call it dreadful," she continued—"dreadful! Just when we know least about—anything, we have to marry. Isn't that a topsyturvy plan? We ought to marry at the ends of our lives, of course, after we know what we want, not at the beginning.

"I've never been married—and we're taught it's exceedingly indelicate to talk too much about such things; then how in the world am I to be expected to know what I ought to want—or whom I do want? How did you know?"

At this startlingly direct question I hedged promptly.

"You have no mother, Sweetie. If you had your mother to talk with, you would find it so different."

"Does Daphne talk over these things with you?" inquired Sweetie.

"No-o," I admitted. The question startled me. In that moment of swift searching through my memory I could not recall a single instance when I had directly discoursed on any such questions with Daphne.

She was so young, surely I was justified in waiting. Yet, when I come to think of it, Sweetie was not so many years older than my own little girl. Also—whatever Daphne might be thinking, it was by no means true that such ideas regarding her were absent from my mind. As a matter of fact, I had already picked out for her—our first-

born, the pride of our hearts—the husband I ardently wanted for her. This would be, it seemed to me, one of those matches made in heaven—not that I wasn't giving it a little earthly aid. We had known Jim Bonny since he was a boy, and all his people before him. He and Daphne had gone to kindergarten hand in hand. We had watched him develop from a quiet, bashful boy into the strong, resourceful man he has become—the kind of man any mother might "thank Heaven, fasting," for sending to her daughter.

My husband and I had never quite put into words any such project, yet I felt Daphne's father would not be exactly opposed to the idea if the right time came to present it.

When I told Sweetie she had no mother to counsel her in her choice of a partner for life, I was thinking more of this intangible *Dea ex machina* assistance that most mothers give than of any direct verbal advice. Was I failing in my whole duty to Daphne? Might it be that she was looking, in vain, for some outspoken prompting from her mother?

What if I tried now to give to Sweetie, as she seemed so to desire it, a little direct instruction, and by that effort learn, perhaps, how better to speak to my own child if the occasion arose?

Mothers are selfish, but it was not alone maternal anxiety to gain practice in my mother-rôle that made me return to Sweetie with a certain excitement, for she herself was far too interesting to be looked on as a mere understudy for one's own daughter.

"How am I to know," said Sweetie, "that I want to marry at all? Did you marry just to be a married woman—in some ways it's convenient—or because you—couldn't help yourself?"

I gazed at Sweetie a little helplessly. As she had stated, she was unmarried, and she claimed a bottomless ignorance

on the subject of the choice of a husband; yet her analysis of why one marries, if she understood what she had said, struck me as so peculiarly penetrating that I felt as if she had swept out of my mouth words that I might have spoken.

"I—I married," I admitted, blushing provokingly, "because I—I suppose I—couldn't help myself."

"How did you know you couldn't help yourself?" asked Sweetie, mercilessly. Then, not waiting for my tardy reply: "Our waitress tells me she knows she's in love because her head hurts whenever she thinks of your butler. Is that love?"

"It might be," I admitted, cautiously.

"Father," Sweetie went on, "has been married four times. When my last mother died father told me—poor man!—that he was not only grieved, he was mortified. Was that love?"

"Only yesterday I went to see a girl I was bridesmaid for last year; she told me she believed her husband married so as to have a home of his own where he could be as rude as he pleased. Is that love? They seemed awfully fond of each other when they married."

"Father came home the other day with the story of a poor woman who wanted him to get her a divorce, and he couldn't make out her ground of complaint. Her husband didn't beat her, he gave her plenty of money—she didn't seem to have anything to accuse him of. She said she'd 'los' her intrus' in him.' Father thought that was *funny*. It was tragic! I was awfully sorry for her. I knew how she felt. I wouldn't mind my husband beating or starving me, but if I 'los' my intrus' in him—'Is intrus' love?"

"I know it's no sign at all that husbands and wives don't love each other—just because they scratch out each other's eyes. When I was a little girl I had a fight, every single summer day, with a water-snake that lived in a pool on our summer place. I used a big bean-pole, and I tried my best to kill it. One day I did. I broke its back. And I cried and cried and cried and cried and cried. Father had to buy me a Shetland pony to console me. Haven't you seen married people like that?"

"Suppose—suppose you quarrelled

with somebody every time you met him? Suppose you didn't want to love him and made up your mind you *wouldn't*, and were so sure you didn't love him that you killed yourself laughing at the very idea of it—and—and suppose you never thought of anything else, all day and all night, but how glad you were you'd had the common sense not to love him? Is—is that I—love?"

"They say there's 'all the difference between loving and being in love that there is between drinking and being in drink.' I've seen plenty of people who didn't know when they were in—"

"Oh, Sweetie!" I cried.

"Well, I have," retorted Sweetie, "and so have you; so have all of us. Father says any one can be sure he's in—you know!—if he finds he can't talk, or if he can't stop talking. Is a girl—in love—when she can't stop—talking?"

"Sweetie, dear child," I broke in, "come here! *Can't* you stop talking? Don't you want to tell me? *Can't* you tell me? You aren't deceiving me with all this nonsense. Who is he? You love him, and you know you do."

"No!—no!" cried Sweetie, wildly. "I *don't* know. That's just the trouble. It may not be love at all—but—but, it keeps me guessing!"

As I took her in my arms, Sweetie laid her head on my shoulders and burst into tears.

"Do you—do you believe," she sobbed, "that people are happy when—when there's disparity in their ages?"

Then I knew! Our old friend Peter do Koven is years, and by many of them, Sweetie's senior. They have been so much together of late, I might have suspected this—but I had not. The news came as a surprise, a pleasant one to me; for I was almost despairing of our old friend's marrying any one. What with a—let us call it catholic—taste in women, an ability to brush so often near to marriage, yet invariably pursue a single way, I had begun to believe Peter would forever escape. Surprised as I was, I had nought but "bless you my children" to say—and a heartfelt blessing. In many ways this, too, was a Heaven-made match. Under all her nonsense, it was daylight plain that Sweetie had lost her heart, and

her whole heart, to the object of her declared uncertainty.

"Whoever he is, he's a lucky man, Sweetie," I said—"a lucky, lucky man."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that yet," said Sweetie, wiping her eyes. She was recovering.

"He's asked me," she went on, "but I haven't yet answered. There's a good deal to consider."

"Then don't consider it!" I cried, eagerly. . . .

"So that's what you think, is it?" said Sweetie.

"Yes," I answered, "that's what I think. If you love each other—that's the whole point. You've waked up too late to part.

"Let us suppose the worst," I went on, cautiously, for she had not yet named Peter de Koven to me, and I hesitated to be the one to fit the cap in too direct words. "Suppose—suppose you found you cared for some one who is greatly your—your *junior*? That would be more serious, of course, than if he were greatly your senior, so we'll take the worst event.

"I couldn't advise any girl to throw herself in the way of an ill-assorted marriage in years—there are reasons against it; but I am sure there are none that ought to weigh where two people *know* they have come to care for each other as deeply as I can see you—"

"That's just what Mr. de Koven says!" cried Sweetie. "He declares it's nonsense to hesitate. I tell him it's all your match. You did it—you know you did! Do you remember the last time Daphne was home from school, and Jim came in to call, and, after he left, you told us—oh, all kinds of things about him! I don't think I should ever have looked at Jim Bonny if it hadn't been for you. I never thought of him except as the nicest boy—till then."

"Jim Bonny—" I repeated, mechanically.

"Of course," said Sweetie. "Who else could it be? I told Mr. de Koven— isn't he the dearest old fellow! I don't know what I should have done without him to confide in—I told him how you did everything to bring this about. For months I've never been asked here that Jim wasn't invited."

It was quite true. Our oldest boy informs me that when his monthly allowance arrives he hastens to lend it to all the safe boys in his school; there is nothing then left to lend when the doubtful borrowers come around.

In somewhat the same spirit—I knew it now—I had, in Daphne's absence, thrown Jim Bonny constantly with Sweetie—she being so much his senior it never occurred to me. I trust that our oldest son is wiser in his generation, selecting safer loan deposits for his treasure than his mother proves capable of choosing. Plainly, I was not born for a banker.

I really behaved very well. If Sweetie missed anything from my felicitations, and I think she felt no lack, it was not because I failed to try, honorably, to play my assumed mother-rôle to the child.

She has drawn a prize, indeed, in life's lottery. Who knows that better than I! Suppose she is five, six years—more, perhaps—the senior; Jim is already years older than she in all that counts—wisdom, strength, real experience. All this I expatiated upon to Sweetie. I said all I ought.

As for Sweetie herself, she will at once develop into that meek and sweetly obedient creature which every woman becomes who marries a man younger than herself.

"Jim vows he won't let father make me any allowance," stated Sweetie. "He has about ten thousand a year of his own, you know. We must scratch along on that, Jim says. That's just like him, isn't it?"

It was.

"Won't let . . . must . . . Jim says . . . !" This from Sweetie, who has spent her father's thousands like water and taken no orders from any quarter.

No, it isn't a bad arrangement, not at all; except for the fact that I—but that is to be forgotten.

From to-day Heaven can make all the marriages, in my family and outside, with no assistance from me!

"If you, my dear, were my own child," I told Sweetie, "I could only say that there is not a man of our acquaintance to whom I would so happily give you as to Jim Bonny, and I have never spoken a truer word!"



# A Resemblance

BY CLARE BENEDICT

THE first act was nearly over—the play, *Macbeth*. James Lorimer, with the amateur's undying pleasure in comparison, admitted that the performance was very good. Yet the present actress was far too suave and womanly for such a rôle. This gracious, soft-voiced creature would not deliberately incite to murder; she must have been driven to it by some mighty passion—love, perhaps, rather than ambition. He found himself already making excuses, inventing ways by which she might be cleared from blame. People had been stupid; they had taken her speeches literally; but Shakespeare knew that women speak to hide their thoughts. In real life the thane's wife would be most smooth and gentle, submissive to the man whom she adored. But when that man was threatened by disaster—failure means disaster to some souls—then her dauntless spirit would rise up and dominate, though only for the moment; the crisis past, she would resume her passionate allegiance, her eager subservience to her lord. Yes, she was, no doubt, an injured heroine, unduly execrated for her one impetuous fault.

He broke off, frowning; this was not his view at all; he had always thought the opposite; it must be a certain magnetism on the actress's part. The idea was repugnant; he fixed his eyes resolutely upon the seats in front of him; he would not let her influence him. Her voice in blank verse was full of subtle harmonies. Well, he would listen—that was all. By degrees he began to see what he was staring at—a gaunt man with stooping shoulders and a woman with reddish hair. He noticed that they were different from their neighbors. Presently he commenced to wonder why. Upon a short inspection he decided that the couple were distinctly ill at ease—suburban products, probably,

or possibly provincial ones. He could judge much better, though, if they would only glance his way. He prided himself on his ability to dissect strange faces, to read people's characters in their eyes; physiognomy had always been a favorite pastime. Unluckily he could not see these people's faces, except in profile, and that not always—only when the woman turned her head. She did so, surreptitiously, at frequent intervals. Lorimer began to analyze her languidly.

She was a tall, lithe creature of thirty-two or thereabouts, with striking features, a clear skin, and an anxious forehead. But the most remarkable thing about her was her hair, which was a vivid auburn, a splendid mass of color piled up in heavy coils. Her head was small, well-shaped, and, oh, so weary! He could not see her eyes, but imagined them to be appealing. Her dress was carefully in fashion, though inappropriate; even Lorimer realized that it was wrong,—hot and elaborate when it should have been light and dainty, for the weather was oppressively warm.

Then Lorimer made a new discovery,—the pale, suburban woman was perturbed. She tried repeatedly to attract her husband's notice—he was her husband; Lorimer had observed neglected wives before. To his surprise, however, he saw that she was proud of this relationship, proud of her dependence on the man; for Lorimer's delicately trained instinct soon perceived that the latter governed her insistently both by his silences and by his rare remarks. She watched him furtively; she had been taught to do so, to keep her eyes incessantly on guard. Once she forgot—it was while Lady Macbeth was speaking; her husband touched her sharply on the arm. She started and leaned back again, glancing at him swiftly; her innocent enjoyment had been checked. Morose himself, he wished

her to be so, likewise. Lorimer was not unacquainted with this type of man.

Suddenly Lorimer became aware that the play was quite unknown to them; they were following it with a kind of eager dread, as nervous children might listen to an unfamiliar fairy-tale, one that might have ghosts in it to terrify. The idea thrilled him. *Macbeth* a novelty! What a glorious sensation, a thing worth living for, like the first sight of Etna—unprepared! While he was musing thus, the final words of the first act were being spoken, after which the great red curtain fell.

The woman's husband rose precipitantly, pushing past his wife without a word. Lorimer divined her feminine dismay at this abrupt desertion, and with curious inconsistency wished the man in Jericho for leaving her. He wondered whether he could make the least excuse for speaking to her; most of the audience had gone out to seek fresh air. He bent forward doubtfully; it was not fair to take a mean advantage; she was inexperienced, he could see that at a glance. The very way she muffled herself in her opera-cloak betrayed a kind of rustic shyness, for the theatre was uncomfortably hot. Her cloak was ugly, too—a thick, fuzzy thing with buttons. He wished she could change places with her magically robed stage prototype. Yes, she was her prototype—Lady Macbeth, that is. He had not recognized this at the beginning; it had grown upon him gradually—the strange, elusive likeness between the two. There was the same splendid hair—in the one case natural,—the same majestic carriage, the same drawn mouth and fitful glances, only the eyes were surely different, much more soft and tender. He hesitated; the stalls were nearly empty; at any moment, though, the surly husband might return. She was looking for him anxiously; Lorimer grew more indignant. How could the fellow torment this quivering creature so!

A sudden idea occurred to him. What if he should drop his opera-glasses in the row ahead of him? He did so, on the impulse. The woman started violently; her cloak fell back, revealing noble shoulders. She did not, however, turn her head.

Lorimer bent forward.

"I beg your pardon—it made a horrid clatter. One's nerves are strung up, too, at such a play. May I poke them back? I think I can get at them."

The woman stooped and picked up the fallen glasses, handing them to their owner across the seat; then she sat quite straight, as if on duty, holding her head haughtily erect.

Lorimer felt a momentary misgiving, but he roused himself impatiently; his chance was slipping from him. What were mental subtleties compared with human life? And this woman was very human, or so he fancied: a bundle of gentle fears and soft naïvetés, a strong, sweet product of the hills; for he had discarded the suburban theory. This proud aloofness must be country-born.

"I am extremely sorry," he began, addressing her shrinking shoulders; "I didn't mean to bother you. But can't I get you something—an ice—some drinking-water? This place is hideously hot, almost like the witches' caldron. But they didn't have one, did they? I suppose they flew off on their broomsticks at the very mention of such a thing!"

She threw him a sidelong glance; evidently she was not used to pleasantries; life to her had been extremely grave—a dull, flat expanse of little worries. He broke off, for at last he had her eyes.

"I don't care for anything, thank you."

The tone was formal. In a second she spoke again, this time involuntarily, as if impelled to it by some strong inner force.

"I suppose the play ends badly?"

Lorimer was startled; he had not looked for such an opening.

"I have read most of Shakespeare," she explained, in a deprecatory tone.

"How I envy you!" he cried, recovering himself at this. "I presume you planned it? I wish I had had the sense to do the same—to keep back one great masterpiece, I mean. Usually one reads them when one does not care a straw. I remember, as a schoolboy, I thought *Hamlet* a horrid bore."

Again he caught her wondering glance. She had not, he concluded, been much spoiled by masculine amenities.

"Do you really want to know the end?" he asked. "Wouldn't you rather let the thing unfold itself before your eyes?"

He knew that he was treating her like

an inferior—a child, rather, an untrained pupil, one to whom each step must be explained; and yet she was a woman—a sad one, too, he fancied. What right had he to play the tutor in this way?

"It ends badly?" she persisted. "That lady is very cruel."

"You think so?" he said. "That is one view, of course, but there is another. The lady who plays her part means to make you pity her."

"It is bad to tell men things."

Lorimer was puzzled.

"You mean she shouldn't have told him how she felt? But the other side maintains that she read his purpose in his face; that she merely put his purpose into words."

"She loved him very dearly."

This statement did not, like her other speeches, seek confirmation. Lorimer felt the difference instantly.

"That interests me very much," he said. "So you are not against her? Most ladies are; they say she is a man's woman, and I suppose she is, at least when this lady plays her; for my part I am intensely sorry for her."

Lorimer paused; her eyes were on him—those wonderful blank eyes that told so little, those furtive, tender, deep-blue eyes of hers.

"Yes," he continued, "I pity her sincerely—tied to a brute whom she adores, and whom, nevertheless, she drags down to a still lower level by her very eagerness to have him rise."

The woman drew her cloak up suddenly, turning away from Lorimer to fasten it, and not turning back again when it was done. Instead, she seemed to be absorbed in her small programme, reading and rereading the various names.

Lorimer was extremely disconcerted. Was it her intention to be rude? He waited; but she made no further movement. She sat there, motionless, as if turned to stone. He was therefore forced to acquiesce in her decision. The brusqueness of it pleased him curiously; it seemed somehow to fit into his view of her. He glanced about him; the house was filling rapidly. Perhaps she had caught sight of that unpleasant man.

He came in presently, flushed and talkative. His wife received his jokes with

patient smiles; but when the lights went down, her manner altered; she seemed to be bracing herself for some new trial. She watched her husband ceaselessly, though always cautiously, as a devoted dog might watch a captious master. Once she even ventured to lay her fingers on his coat sleeve,—it was in the dialogue between the guilty couple after the murder of Duncan had been achieved. The man, stupefied, no doubt, by his potations, took no apparent notice of the hand; it stayed there, nervously, making little soothing movements, little faint attempts to stroke his arm.

When the act was done, the man remained beside the woman, nor did he, until the play was over, leave his place again. They sat there silently, to Lorimer's great disappointment; they were only stupid country people, after all. The mighty drama had failed to stir their sluggish senses; the woman's weird beauty had made him fancy things. In reality she was an unintelligent non-entity, subject to a man of coarser mind. That was disastrous to a woman; he remembered to have argued with Miss Raleigh on this point.

The fifth act began. Lorimer returned to his analysis; the woman was still immovable, staring into space. He fancied this, at least; he could not see her actual expression. What he did see was that she had relaxed her watchfulness. At length the man saw, too, and roused her by a gesture. She straightened herself, glancing at him sidewise with frightened eyes, after which she resumed her anxious watching, keeping herself carefully in hand.

Meantime Lorimer was elaborating theories; his point of view had changed again. His heroine *was* moved in spite of her stolidity, profoundly moved and awestruck by the play. An unread person would certainly be upset by so much horror, and she was, mentally, still a child. Her tremulous obedience strengthened this conviction; no normal woman would submit to such control.

When the audience finally rose, after a depressed ovation to the actors, the man and woman rose too, and left their row. Lorimer followed them with a certain sense of injury. Was it possible that she would go without a look?

At the door she seemed to hesitate; the man had stepped ahead of her. Lorimer moved forward so as to be in her line of vision if she should turn; but she did not turn, though Lorimer fancied that she had meant to. Her husband at this moment jerked her arm. She shrank towards him miserably, and he pulled her quickly onward; Lorimer had never realized that one could shrink towards.

He walked home that night—it was good to get the air again. What a furtive, hunted creature, to be sure! Why couldn't she have sunk her own small worries in the mighty tragedy? Nothing helped so much as change of thought. He himself had been exceedingly depressed at the beginning—old memories—the lapse of time—some other things; but by deliberately fixing his mind first on *Macbeth* and then on his fellow creatures, he had practically succeeded in driving off the blues. The woman's mind, of course, had not received the necessary training; she probably did not know how to concentrate her thoughts. Well, it was a pity; her eyes were certainly unusual.

"Al, can't I go with you?"

It was the red-haired woman who spoke.

The man made no reply; he had moved a little nearer to the door.

"Al, don't leave me to-night; London is dreadful to me!"

The man surveyed her grimly.

"You wanted to come, you know."

"I thought it would be better for you; but it hasn't been, after all."

"What do you mean by that?"

She hesitated, searching his face.

"I didn't mean anything special."

"Oh yes, you did," he exclaimed. "You meant that I would stop drinking, and I haven't stopped. Well, what could you expect?"

"Not that, Al," she faltered; "you were always so steady—before."

The man was silent again; his wife waited anxiously.

"Don't you think," she ventured at last, "that we had better go to bed?"

"Bed?" he cried, vehemently—"bed for us—after that play?"

"The play has nothing to do with us."

"Lies don't help," he said.

"Don't, Al; you are excited. You fancy things to-night; but to-morrow—"

He interrupted her.

"To-morrow won't be better than to-day."

Something in his tone seemed to break the woman down; she began to cry hysterically.

"No, nothing will ever be better; you won't let it be—for me. It is either too much hilarity, or—or—the other thing. I never know which to expect until I see your face; but, oh!—I wouldn't mind anything if only you would always be yourself!"

Her husband faced her gloomily.

"What drove me to it?" he asked.

"It's your own mind; you—you—twist things. He died of heart-disease."

"But if he hadn't been stirred up by what I said about the will, would he have gone off like that before my very eyes?"

The woman did not speak.

"Answer me!" he commanded. "You're the only one who knew. The doctor told *you* how low he was—told *you*; and yet you urged me to go."

His excitement had risen rapidly. His wife lifted terrified eyes.

"Don't talk of it," she pleaded.

"We will talk of it as long as I choose."

The woman's face quivered with pain.

"You are cruel to me," she cried.

"Of course I am cruel," he retorted; "criminals always are. *Macbeth* was—and Lady *Macbeth*. You would be, too, if you had the chance."

"You are not a criminal," she panted.

"You are not like that terrible man!"

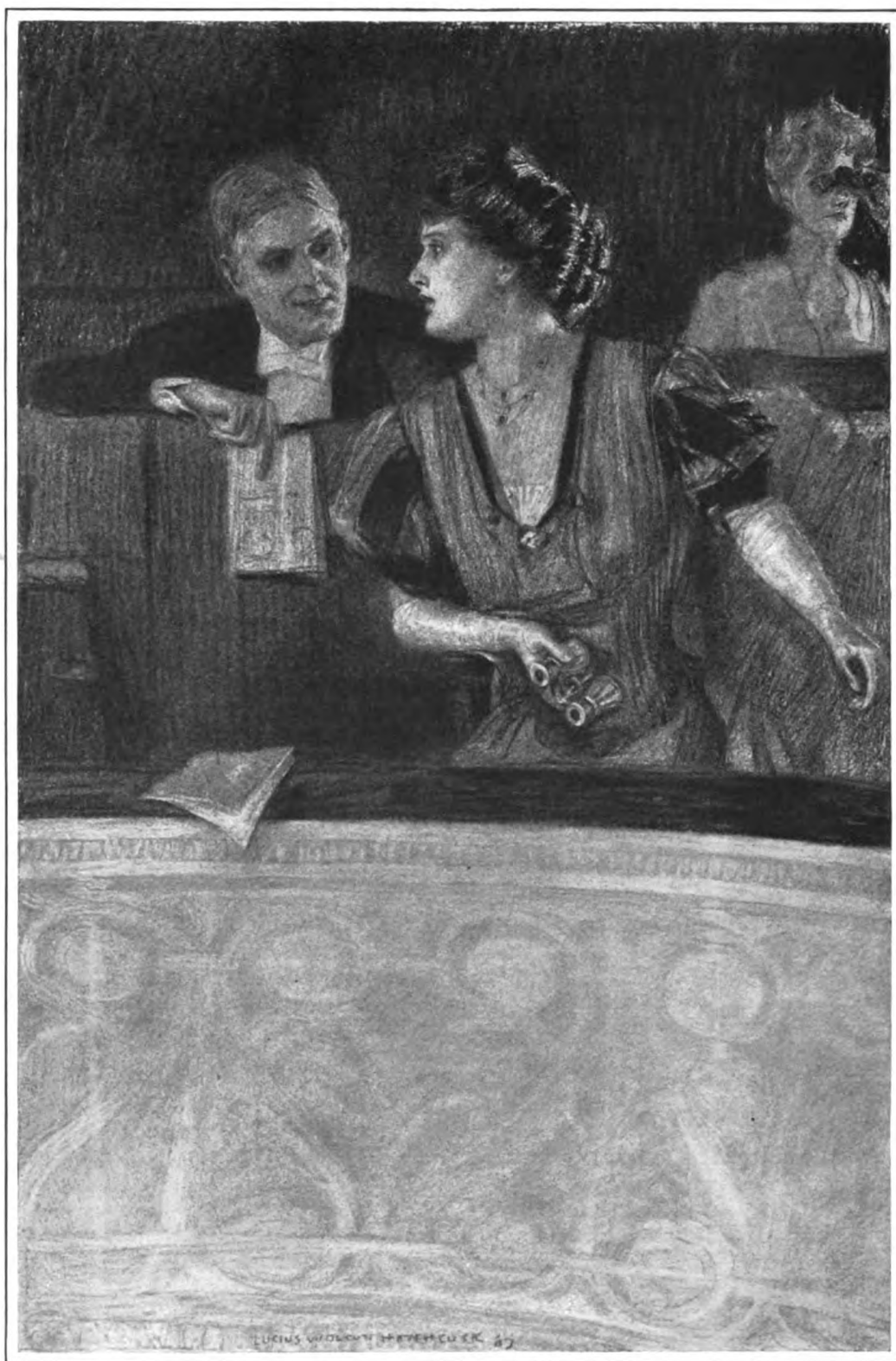
"Yes, I am—and you are like that woman. Don't you see that those people are ourselves? It was an awful judgment on us that we happened to go to that play. But we didn't happen; we were sent there—we were sent there to see our sin."

"It wasn't a sin!" she cried, desperately. "Oh, listen to me, Al!"

He had gained the door while she was speaking. She sprang forward; her cloak dropped to the floor. The man swore a sudden oath.

"Take off those devilish stones!"

She obeyed in frantic haste, first unfastening her small brooch, and then



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

LORIMER BENT FORWARD

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tearing two ornaments from her hair—awkwardly, her gloves being on.

"I—I—didn't want to wear them. I—thought I had to—to look well. Oh, don't go!—don't go!—don't go!"

"What are you afraid of?" he demanded.

The woman threw out her hands.

"Of you—of myself—of everything; of talking—of being alone."

"That's not true; you're only afraid of one thing."

Their eyes met. His were wild and feverish; hers, furtive and full of dread.

"You mustn't think of it," she murmured faintly; "it isn't good for you—at night."

"Not think of it?" he ejaculated. "Why, I always think of it—at church—at breakfast—when I am drinking. Nothing ever drives it away."

She braced herself against the door.

"Al, won't you let me speak?"

He made a prohibitory gesture. The woman did not flinch. She feared his anger bitterly, but she feared another thing more.

"Al—I didn't begin it. You wanted the money first."

"Well, you ended it, and you ended me. I have never held my head up. What good is the money to me?"

This time the woman flinched, remembering Lorimer's words—those words about Lady Macbeth: how she had ruined her husband by her very eagerness to have him win. Her head sank on her breast.

"Yes, I did one wicked thing, but your uncle had done a hundred. Why shouldn't he be brought up for his sins? Is it only because he is dead? If I died, would you—"

She broke off, and then began again. "He had no right to cut you off—to threaten you with it, that is—it meant ruin to us—and you had done nothing wrong—it was only a sick man's whim. No one was nearer than you—no one had been so true—no one deserved it so!"

"Don't say that," he groaned.

"I shall say it as long as I live."

Her voice electrified the man; he glanced at her in dazed surprise. His glance became a stare. Her beauty startled him, just as it had startled Lorimer by its weird unearthliness.

The woman straightened herself; a faint pink had come into her cheeks.

"Al, I have thought what we could do," she continued, tremulously. "We could go out West, where no one knows us. There is plenty of room there, and chances. You are so clever at farming, and I should love to work. We could leave nearly all the money to—a hospital, or something at home. We could begin again at the beginning."

"We can't bring back our boy."

The woman grew very white.

"I can't bear that," she said.

He turned on her in unreasoning rage.

"No, you can't bear that, and I can't bear other things. Your eternal cringing to me—it sickens me—it maddens me. Why can't you pluck up a little spirit? I've been a brute to you for six years—I've been a brute to you. Don't you know it?"

She was shaking now uncontrollably, but she threw him a stubborn glance. "You have never been that," she protested. "Never, even when you weren't yourself."

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept across the man; he caught his wife's hand in his. "Don't tremble so, Flo," he said, miserably.

She looked up in eager surprise, but the look told against her again. It recalled the terrible likeness—the likeness he was trying not to see.

He dropped her hand with an exclamation.

"Oh, do put up your hair!"

She shrank back, reading his thought. Then, without a word, she did as she was told.

The man paced the room once or twice, taking up and putting down things. Finally he addressed his wife abruptly.

"I am going to-morrow morning," he announced.

She gave a frightened cry.

"To-morrow? Why, how can we? You said we could stay five days."

Her voice broke; the disappointment was very bitter, and behind it lurked the old fear—the fear that she could not keep up with him if he continued to travel in this way.

"It's impossible!" she cried, with white lips.

He glanced about the room; it was

full of their various things, arranged with elaborate care, as though for a stay of some time.

"All the same," he repeated, "I am going."

She gazed at him in tragic appeal.

"Won't you wait one day, Al?"

He shuddered, avoiding her eyes.

"Do you think I could stay another evening in the town where that play is going on?"

She crept a few steps nearer, keeping her eyes on his face.

"But we have travelled so incessantly—we are breaking down under it, Al; we haven't stopped a minute. What's the use in getting to new places every night?"

"What's the use?" he retorted. "If I didn't do it, I should go mad."

His wife sprang to his side.

"Oh, I could comfort you!" she cried.

"We have no right to comfort—you and I."

The woman stretched out her arms.

"Al, we must stick together—we have no one else in the world. Think how much worse it would be if either of us were alone."

She raised passionate eyes to his, but he did not meet her gaze. A dreadful doubt entered her mind.

"I can be ready to-morrow," she gasped.

He cast a significant look about the room—the doubt gained terrible ground. She began to talk incoherently, not knowing what she said, for one thought possessed her completely, a thought that she dared not express.

"You said we would stay five days, so I took out some of our things. Oh! I don't care to stay. Only I wouldn't have taken them out if you hadn't said we could stay."

The reiteration got on his nerves; everything got on his nerves; above all, his wife's white face.

He reached out unsteadily for his hat, then, without looking behind, he opened the door and went out.

"Good heavens," thought Lorimer to himself, "there is my red-haired woman!"

He was standing on the threshold of his door, having been attracted thither by an unusual noise in the hall.

"Good heavens!" he thought again; "how odd that she should be at my hotel!"

He strained his eyes in the gloom. She seemed to be arguing some point; there were a number of people about her, employees of the hotel. Lorimer's curiosity was keenly aroused. What was she doing here at this hour? She had evidently just come out of her room; the door was wide open behind her. He waited, expecting the man. But no one else appeared. The woman talked steadily on. Her voice was loud and excited, though he could not distinguish the words. The whole dim hall was between them. He traversed it rapidly.

He saw, as he approached her, that she was wearing a dark street-gown; he saw also that by morning light her face was still more wan. The pallor of her cheeks was intensified by her hair, which to Lorimer's fancy seemed to glow mysteriously.

He drew nearer. After last night he was not sure whether his aid would be desired; nevertheless, he was resolved to proffer it, for now he knew that she was in some great trouble.

"You must find him," she was saying, as Lorimer came up to the group. "You must search everywhere instantly! Don't you hear me?" she added, vehemently.

The men exchanged doubtful glances; the women whispered among themselves. At last the head chambermaid spoke.

"You had better go back to your room, madam."

The woman threw a wild look round. Her eyes met those of Lorimer; she gave a start of recognition.

"Let me help you," he said, moving forward. The servants made way for him at once. "I know this lady," he announced. "I will do whatever is necessary. Kindly leave us."

They dispersed unwillingly, yielding to the authority in his tone.

Lorimer addressed his companion quietly. "Shan't we talk it over in your room?"

She followed him without demur; the thought flashed across him how many times she must have submitted to people before. He closed the door behind them, after which, half involuntarily, he cast a swift glance round. The room had an



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HER ARMS WERE ABOUT HIM THE NEXT INSTANT

unoccupied air; nothing lay about, though he noticed three large trunks ready strapped, and on a table near the door he saw two travelling-bags and a rug. A sense of impending departure made itself sharply felt, a sense of precipitate preparations. He turned back to the woman at his side. She was standing with tightly clenched hands. Her recent agitation had passed, leaving a kind of torpor in its place.

"Can I help you?" he inquired, trying to assume a cheerful tone, for her terrible, tragical dumbness affected his sensitive nerves.

"He's gone," she answered dully. "He didn't come home all night. I don't know where to find him."

Lorimer surveyed her with eager concern. This sequel to last night's adventure excited him curiously.

"I know London very well," he remarked, striving to maintain an easy tone. "Have you any idea where he went?"

"No; he never tells me," she said.

Her apathy puzzled him. He made mental notes on the subject.

"I didn't give the alarm before," she went on, as if he had spoken, "because I thought he would come every minute."

Lorimer waited; she would tell him better so. Her acceptance of him had been so simple that he forgot to be surprised. It seemed quite natural somehow that they should be talking in this way.

"We were going this morning," she continued, still in a monotonous voice. "He told me before he went out, so I packed up all our things."

She paused, glancing about her; what she saw seemed to bring her to herself. "I must find him," she cried in sudden terror; "I must go out and find him myself."

Lorimer made a gesture of dissuasion.

"You must let me do that for you."

She confronted him with feverish eyes. "Will you go right away, then?" she demanded.

"As soon as you have given me a few points. When he left you, was he in his usual spirits?"

She gave him a frightened stare. "He is never very cheerful," she murmured.

"Then you had a pleasant parting? Nothing unusual occurred?"

She faltered, unclasping her hands. "There was nothing unusual," she replied.

Lorimer hesitated.

"Well, then I should imagine—"

She interrupted him.

"Oh, it's not that—it's his mind; he is worried—he thinks things that are not true—he has been that way for some time; that's why we travel so much—it helps him—the doctor says so—"

She broke off, panting for breath. Lorimer felt a thrill of compassion—poor, desolate Lady Macbeth!

"You mean that he is nervous?" he said.

The word was a happy choice; she grasped at it eagerly.

"Yes, he is just that; it was that terrible play."

Lorimer started in spite of himself.

"The play?"

She caught herself up. "Oh, won't you go and find him?"

"I will do my best," he said, suppressing a sigh. "I will go to the police station first; they may have something to suggest. Or would you prefer a private detective?"

She brightened.

"Yes, I would like one, please—they always find people right away." Then her voice broke suddenly. "I don't think I can wait here," she cried.

Lorimer moved towards the door; her suffering was painful to him. He had always avoided painful things.

At the door, however, she stopped him. "Wait—there is something else."

Lorimer moved back towards the woman; she came up close to him, enveloping him in her gaze.

"It was the play," she began in a whisper. "It reminded him of—things. He got so wild last night—that—that—I was afraid."

Lorimer's expression changed.

"Oh, not of him—not of him! He is always good to me—even when he isn't himself." The hot blood mounted to her forehead. "He only does it because he is unhappy—he was always so steady before. But since then he has been different. Oh, it isn't *his* fault!"

She was losing her self-command; great tears had come into her eyes. The man thought her very beautiful.

"I understand," he said, soothingly.

"No, you don't!" she retorted. "He wanted to get away from *me*; I reminded him of that lady."

"Of Lady Macbeth?" Lorimer asked quickly.

"Oh!—then you see it?" she gasped.

"There is a certain likeness; but surely you don't object?"

She paid no heed to his last words. "He minds, because of what I told you."

"But you haven't told me," Lorimer put in.

The woman gave him one look, then her eyes fell before his. Lorimer recoiled, for the anguish of that look had told him far more than any words.

"I will find him," he said, abruptly, as he started for the door. It opened before he could reach it, and a man stumbled into the room.

The woman gave one sharp cry, but she did not stir from her place; she seemed to be waiting for something, for some sign by which she might know.

The man turned a dazed face towards her; his eyes were unseeing and blank. Then he made a groping movement.

"Flo," he called uncertainly.

Her arms were about him the next instant, her lips were pressed to his, to his hands, to his coat, to his collar—to anything that was his. She did not speak, she did not sob, she did not question—she only kissed him unceasingly.

A ray of rare London sunshine lit up the haggard pair, but they were quite oblivious of their surroundings.

Lorimer slipped out of the room.

"What have they done?" he asked himself repeatedly, as he paced his floor in great agitation. The scene he had just taken part in had shaken him more than he realized.

"Whatever it is, it is killing them—him directly, and her through him. They have reached the end of their endurance—Macbeth as Nemesis! Great heavens, how I misjudged her! My analysis was hopelessly wrong. An unintelligent nonentity? That woman has been through heaven and hell."

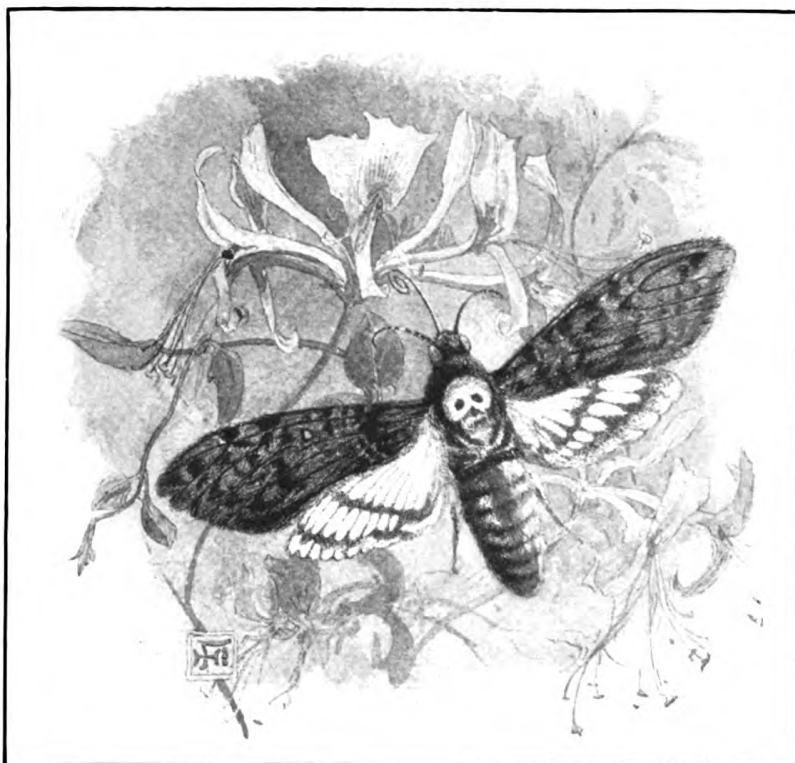
Lorimer paused in front of the window. He felt restless and exceedingly perturbed. He could not settle to anything; he was thinking of the woman.

How strangely it all had happened, how wonderfully it all had fitted in—the woman's remarkable resemblance and the atmospheric setting of *Macbeth*! But the real drama had not reached its conclusion; the fifth act was still to come. He could imagine them travelling and travelling until one of them dropped dead—the man probably. He had nothing to sustain him, whereas she had her devotion to him.

Were they really guilty, he wondered, or was it a disease of the brain? Had Shakespeare brought on a crisis or did they live in this horror habitually? In any case, what a tragedy! It made him shudder to think of their lives—the man drinking, the woman enduring, both weighed down by some secret remorse. And yet there was one priceless possession which that beast of a man had secured—a possession that Lorimer envied—a woman's unflinching love.







DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH, WHICH MIMICS THE PIPING OF A QUEEN BEE

## The Language of Insects

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.

MEN commonly think of language as a vocal medium for conveying thought and emotion from one individual to others. As thus defined, insects are dumb, for they have no true voice, nor organs of speech such as belong to "articulate speaking men." They also lack the means of uttering the cries that characterize birds and brutes. But if we take language as simply an understandable medium for expressing emotions, insects are thus endowed. By certain movements of the body, and of parts of the body, especially the wings, antennæ and jaws, and by sounds made by various organs in sundry ways, they convey to one another the primitive and simple emotions of their kind, and of all animate beings.

The language of insects may be re-

garded as *mimetic*, when emotions are expressed by gestures or acts; *pteratic*, when by wing vibrations; *spiracular*, when made known by sounds issuing from the breathing-tubes or spiracles; *stridulatory*, when conveyed by the friction of one organ against another; and *antennal*, when the antennæ, or "feelers," are the media of communication.

Insects express emotions by bodily gestures. And mimetic language, though far more limited, is not less intelligible than vocal speech. Indeed, a glance of the eye, a movement of the hand, a shrug of the shoulder, a stamp of the foot, a toss of the head, may betray in man the true thought or feeling, even when spoken language is used to conceal it. We may find, perhaps, that this medium serves in-

sects no less effectively for communication, within that limited range—of ideas, shall we say?—to which their faculties are confined.

Let us stand before this oak-tree and watch a double stream of mound-making ants (*Formica exsectoides*) thronging up and passing down the well-marked trail that leads to a herd of aphides upon some branches that overhang a stone fence. The motion of a finger near the trunk attracts the attention of a sentinel—one of a number that seem to be guarding the flanks of the column. It halts, thrusts out its antennæ, and shows signs of excitement. As an experiment, the finger is approached within an inch or more of the ant. Its antennæ wave rapidly. Its head and body jerk with eager intenseness. It stretches forth its head and reaches out its fore legs,

with jaws eagerly agape and antennæ quivering. The whole attitude and every bodily detail clearly express to the observer the ideas of vigilance; of suspicion; of a challenge; of a purpose to repel. As plainly as if it had spoken, the sentinel has said: "I suspect you. I test you. I bid you begone!" We onlookers understand this. Is it supposable that ants themselves do not understand?

From the tree-path we turn to the conical mound whence these ants are issuing. It stands silent in the shadow of the tall surrounding trees, its quietude broken only by the movements of a squad of worker ants who are lazily dumping pellets of soil from one of the few upper ports. At the base of the cone, where most of the gates are located, the column stretches across the grove to the aphid-

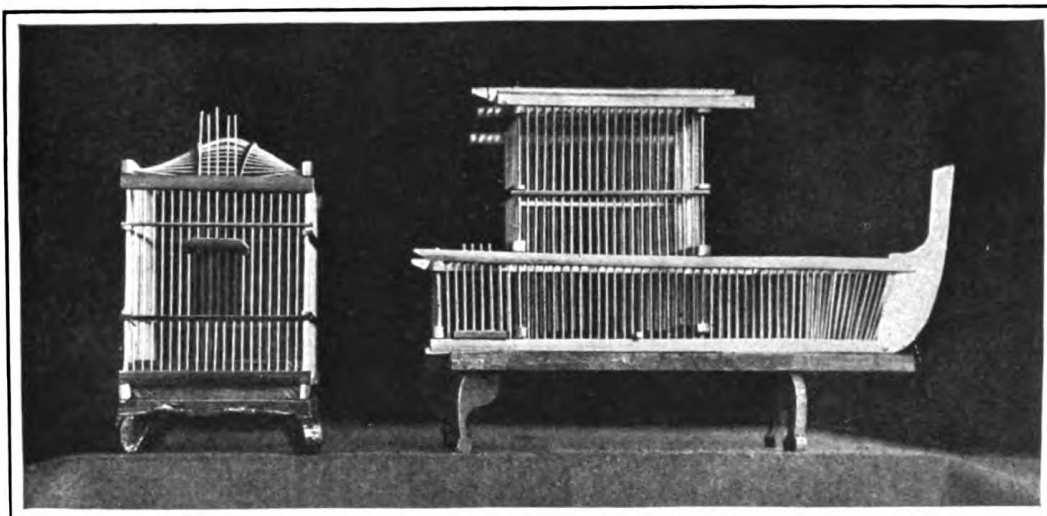
covered oak. Give the mound a sharp blow with the foot or hand. What a change! Instantly the whole community is aroused. From every gate pours forth a surging torrent of irate sentinels, followed by other inmates, until in an incredibly brief time the mound is covered with angry insects. They run to and fro, their bodies quivering as they go. They challenge one another with crossed antennæ. They peer at every unusual object in their way. They startle, and stand rampant at the vibration of every sharp sound. The surface fairly buzzes with the excited creatures, their whole mien and action saying unmistakably: "Our home has been attacked; we are in danger! Rally to the defence! Death to our enemies!"

If an unarmed man be threatened by his fellow, his almost unconscious mode of expressing his feelings will be to dodge



PIERATIC LANGUAGE

Dr. M. Cook with his flute testing the key-note of wing-strokes as insects are humming over flowers.



JAPANESE CAGES FOR "SINGING INSECTS"

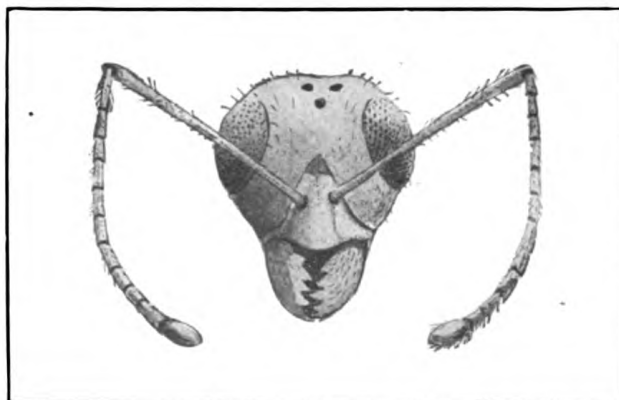
or crouch, if he be afraid; or if he be brave, and his combativeness be aroused, to throw himself back upon one leg and put up his fists in self-defence. Under like conditions a bear will rise upon his hams and extend his fore paws; and a horse will rear upon his hind legs and strike out with the fore legs and hoofs.

It is a long step from the primate, the ungulate, and the ruminant to the invertebrate. But let us present similar conditions to certain spiders—say, the "tarantula," of the southwestern United States. It takes a rampant position, resting upon its two pairs of hind legs, while its two front pairs, palps and fangs, are thrown up in striking posture.

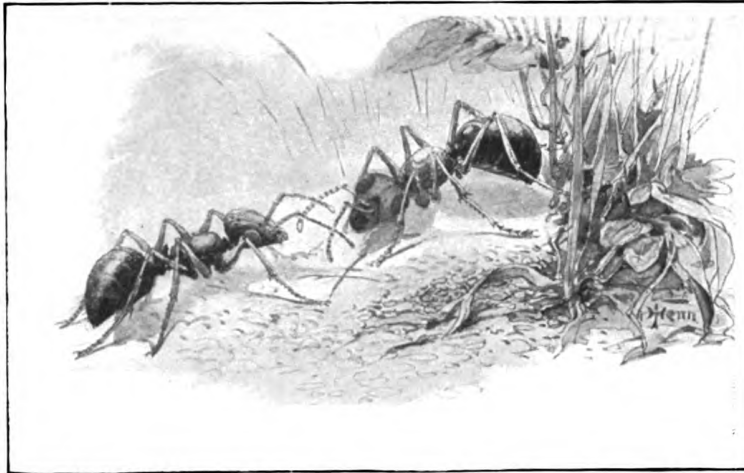
From the tarantula turn to the stream of agricultural ants of Texas pouring over the roads that lead into their harvest-fields. Fix your eyes upon this worker returning home carrying a grain of ant-  
rice. Every motion of her body, which fairly palpitates as she hastens on, shows her

sense of importance and satisfaction in service. Now tap her with your pencil point. What a transition! She instantly stops, drops her burden, and rises rampant, the fore part of her erect person declaring unmistakably that she is startled, angry, and means to fight! She thus takes her place as a link in the chain of life leading down from man, among the creatures that communicate their belligerent mood and purpose by bodily attitude and gesture.

But something more than signals and gestures appealing to the eyes meets the observer of insects. Their wings make effective appeal to his ears, and by their varying vibrations give a fair token of their temper. This is pteratic language. The contented droning among the flowers, the quivering notes of alarm, the sharp buzzing of flight from a home nest to the field, sound in unmistakable tones the insect's ami-



THE FACE OF AN ANT, SHOWING THE ANTENNAE



THE CHALLENGE WITH CROSSED ANTENNÆ

ability, anger, anxiety, or eager industry.

Various forms of insect language noted by naturalists are popularly known as "insect music" or "singing." Gardner, an English writer on the "Music of Nature" (1832), makes the curious statement that he was once in the gallery of the Royal Exchange to view the money-dealers in the court below. He was struck not only by the likeness of the scene to the interior of a beehive, but by the similarity of the sound, the buzz of the two thousand voices being perceptibly amalgamated into the key of F. This is the key, the author concludes, to which the most prevalent sounds of nature may be referred—a fact by which musicians have unconsciously been influenced; for scarcely an ancient composition appears in any other key, except its relative minor, for the first hundred years of the art. In Queen Elizabeth's virginal-book of four hundred folio pages, all the pieces nearly are confined to this key. There is not an instance of a sharp being placed at the clef.

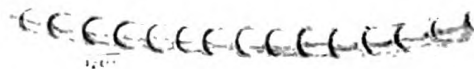
According to the same author, the house-fly and the honey-bee hum in F on the first space. The bumblebee, the contrabasso of the tribe, makes the same note, but an octave lower. The present writer can confirm this conclusion only in part. To him F seems to be a nearly true note for the common fly as tested by his ear unaided by an instrument. But the wing-note of bees

and the general tone of a large miscellaneous company of insects humming above a bed of flowers—hydrangeas, for example—seemed to him to be A, as tested by the flute as well as by the ear.

Recently the vibration of insects' wings—their pteratic language—has been studied from the character of the note caused thereby, the pitch determining the number of vibrations

on the basis of 256 per second for the note C. Tuning-forks are perhaps the most convenient instruments for such experiments, which may be made by any one who has an ordinary good ear for musical sounds. The writer has used his flute with some measure of success. The house-fly has a wing-tone of F, or 352 vibrations per second. The honey-bee strikes A, which means that it moves its wings at the rate of 440 times a second. When, burdened with its weight of pollen, the bee is on its home-stretch, its wing-tone falls to E, indicating 330 vibrations a second. "The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums" rings his peal in a yet lower note.

Even insects of alien species seem to understand such wing-stroke language. Let an angry hornet or yellow-jacket course the suburbs of a populous ant-hill, and the knowledge of her temper



STRIDULATING ORGANS OF LOCUST AND CRICKET.—  
RED-LEGGED LOCUST (*Melanoplus femur rubrum*)

Below it is shown a greatly enlarged section of the file on wing-cover of male cricket, against which the scraper on opposite wing-cover is rubbed to produce its call.

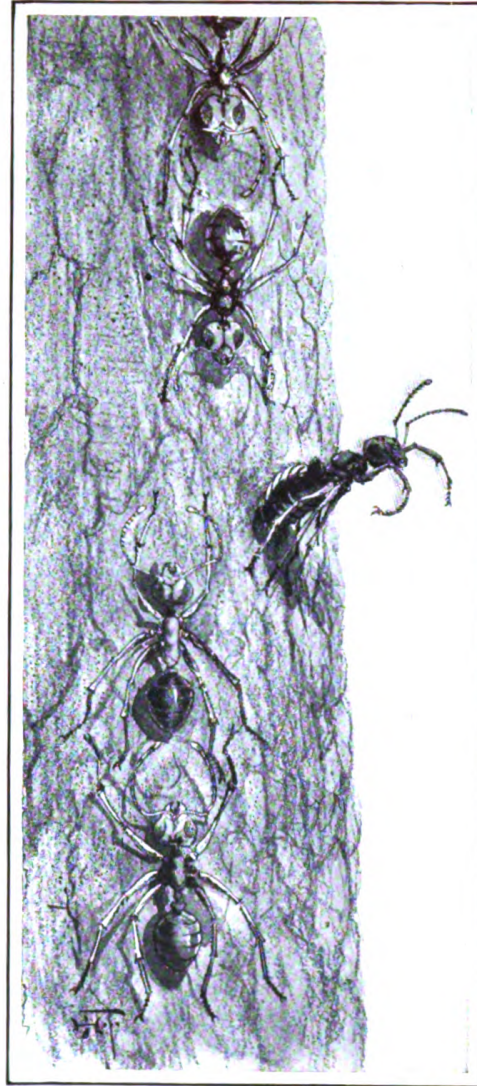


will be conveyed to the ants, who apparently understand that a highly keyed note is a threat which they must needs resent. Perhaps, like a coursing motor-car, the intruder may give forth not only a hostile note, but a distinctive pernicious smell!

Among insects the spiracles are instruments capable of expressing a varied range of emotion. These are breathing organs arranged in pairs along the abdomen and thorax of insects. Behind each spiracle is a membrane, or chitinous projection, which is agitated during breathing, and may be set vibrating so rapidly as to produce a sound. This, for lack of a fitter word, has been called a "voice," and certainly suggests the product of the vocal chords in man. It comes as near to being a true voice as we are likely to find among insects.

One need not be a naturalist to satisfy himself of its presence. Let a house-fly be held by its two wings, and there will be heard a high-toned buzzing which manifestly is not made by the wings. It issues from the spiracles, and is the insect voice. The same note may be heard from the unhappy victims of fly-paper, who, though their wings are held in the grip of the sticky compound, continue to send out a pitiful cry from their spiracles. The same wail or shriek may be heard from the unfortunate creatures whose wings have been burnt off in a lamp or candle.

Another familiar member of the Dip-tera has the faculty of voicing—the mosquito, with "blood-extracting bill and filmy wing." The bee also is an adept in the spiracular language. The exercise of her spiracle voice is known among bee-keepers as "piping." Huber published the first intelligent account of it. When the old queen of a colony has left with a swarm, the new queen is sometimes seized with a fancy to sound her pipes, standing while doing so, with her thorax against a honeycomb and her wings crossed on her back, in motion but without being unfolded. The sound has a remarkable effect upon the workers, who, with their faces towards the queen, lower their heads and remain motionless, as though smitten by some strange charm, and listen intently. The queen-



MIMETIC LANGUAGE IN ANTS. THE GESTURE OF REPULSION AND DEFENCE

lings, still within the royal cells, perceive the sound through the waxen walls that confine them, and respond thereto with what seem to be notes of defiance and challenge.

Even without such stimulus the queenlings, while waiting to be freed by the workers, will play their pipes. The sound emitted Huber described as very distinct, a sort of crackling, consisting of several monotonous notes in rapid succession. He conjectured that the use of this piping, in the economy of nature, is to give notice that the young queen is ready to be released: an office which the workers keep well in their own hands, in view of the instinctive tend-





ANTS IN ATTITUDES OF COURAGE, ANGER, AND ALARM

ency of all apian royalties to destroy one another, and enjoy through regicide an undisputed reign. Whatever be the purpose of this ceremonial song, the fact is patent that piping is a mode of communicating certain emotions, well understood by both queens and workers, and therefore serves the end of language.

It is strange that an act which should have the benefit of the community in view, should open a way to disaster. Yet so it appears. Huber was greatly disturbed by the ravages of an unknown enemy among his hive-bees. At last the invader was found to be a large Sphinx-moth (*Mendoca atropos*), popularly known as the "Death's-head moth," from certain body markings that rudely resemble a skull and cross-bones. Experiments show that bees have ample power to defend themselves against this moth. In the case of the bumblebee the power is used to sting it to death, those children of

the wild being less open, perhaps, to the seductions of musical enchantments than hive-bees with their more artificial habits.

Huber's suggestion, which has been supported by other observers, was that *Atropos* has the gift of making a sound so like the "piping" of queen bees that the workers are deceived thereby, and stand inactive and seemingly fascinated, as is their wont under the real royal notes, while the moth works its will in their household. This moth music is simply the grating sound produced by rubbing the palps against the base of the proboscis.

Another form of insect language is stridulation. The insect music with which we are most familiar is thus caused. The organs which produce the various notes are built on the prin-

ciple of the violin or mandolin. In other words, they are the result of regulated friction.

Take, for example, the short-horned grasshopper, or true locust, whose shrilling is one of our well-known autumn field-notes. On the inner side of the thigh is a series of fine cogs or teeth, which one can see with the naked eye or with a hand-lens. These, rubbed rapidly against the wing-covers, as one might rub a file against a goose-quill, cause the grasshopper's rather cheerful chirrup.

Brunelli, an observer of the eighteenth century, confined in a closet a bevy of male long-horned grasshoppers, who proved quite philosophical prisoners; for instead of sulking, they kept up a merry fiddling all the day. A rap at the door at once stopped their note; but an imitation of their chirruping, which the naturalist managed to make fairly well, brought a low response from a few, which soon swelled into a chorus by the whole group. One of the males was shut up in a cage in the garden, and a female captive was set at liberty near by. Soon the male put his mandolin into play; whereat Madam Gryllus flew to his side. "Barkis was willin'—and Peggotty, too!" Certainly, here was a case of intelligent communication between two lovers, and that by means of sound, and not by scent alone. And perhaps for the most part this form of insect language is amative. So doubtless much of human speech was evolved around sexual and parental loves.

But Brunelli was preceded at least eight centuries in discovering that caged grasshoppers will utter their stridulant notes. According to the late Professor Lafcadio Hearn,\* the Japanese, as long ago as the tenth century, were addicted to their interesting habit of confining insects in cages for the sake of their music. To-day the sale of these insects and the dainty cages in which they are kept is a large and lucrative business in Tokio and other Japanese towns.† To that remarkable people the shrilling of

crickets and grasshoppers seems to be as sweet a sound as the song of canaries to us. One who deems this a barbarous fancy may be reminded that the men of classical Greece held the cicada to be sacred to the deity of music.

One finds such insect musicians as charm the Japanese everywhere around him in the fields during late summer and early autumn. Sitting here writing on the open porch of his country home, the author hears the notes of hosts of insects beating upon the hot noon air. Wild bees, yellow-jackets, brown wasps, and blue mud-daubers keep up a ceaseless hum as they hover over a flowering vine that drapes and shades the railing. Just overhead hangs a fragrant clematis, among whose leaves a tree-cricket plays hide-and-seek with the writer, and interjects an occasional high-keyed *kreak, kr-reak!* Out of the grove issues the cicada's rolling call, swelling in volume and dying away, and not well ended till an answering or another trill is heard. And so on and on, beech-tree responding to maple, and chestnut to white oak, with hardly an interval of silence. When night falls "the katydid works her chromatic reed," not, indeed, "on the walnut-tree over the well," but on the beeches and oaks, beneath whose branches wind the wood-drive and the ramble. All these, and others, with organs varying in structure, as is the wont of versatile nature, are the product of insect stridulation.

Ants, for instance, are supplied with stridulating organs, which, reasoning from analogy, they must use as means of expressing certain feelings. Yet one of the rarest events in insect ethology is the record of emmet stridulations. They belong to that realm of sights and sounds into which few of the more highly organized forms of life are privileged to enter, and not to the great company of insect musicians who fill our summer and early autumn fields and woods with their varied orchestration.

Besides the probable grating of the abdominal plates over one another, there is a rotary movement of the base of the abdomen upon the post-petiole which produces a sound. Professor William M. Wheeler, whose opinion on such a matter is of greatest weight, believes that this

\* See his *Exotics and Retrospectives*, pp. 39-79.

† The writer is indebted for the two ingenious specimens here figured to Mr. Lucien Sharpe.

stridulation is an important means of communication—at least among such ant families as the Myrmicinæ, Ponerinæ, and Dorylinæ. To this he attributes the rapid congregation of ants on particles of food discovered by errant members of their community. For the pleased sensation of falling upon food is apt to start an ant a-stridulating; and thus other foragers abroad in the vicinage are attracted by the food-call. This also explains the rapid spread of the heroic rage to defend their home which runs through a populous ant city, and calls out a legion of eager sentinels and workers.

More decisive than the above—and it is conclusive—is Professor Wheeler's description of the remarkable stridulation practised by the leaf-cutting ants (*Atta ferrens*) of Texas. Herein the different forms, from the huge females, through the males, the large-headed soldiers, and the diminishing castes of workers, down to the tiny minimis, present a sliding scale of audibility. We may safely join this distinguished observer in his inference that "it is not at all improbable that all this differentiation in pitch, correlated as it is with a differentiation in the size and functions of the various members of the colony, is a very important factor in the cooperation of these insects, and of ants in general."

Last of all, and perhaps most important of all as a means of intercommunication, is antennal language. Ants, in common with most insects, are provided with a pair of organs known as antennæ, located upon the face, above the mouth and midway between the eyes. Externally these are threadlike rods of greater or less length and thickness, jointed, and articulated upon the face to increase their flexibility. In ants they consist of two parts: the scape, a single piece that unites them to the head, and the flagellum, composed of a number of segments, ending ordinarily in a bulbous tip.

The olfactory sense has its seat in the

antennæ, usually in the flagellum, or the pore-plates, and olfactory rods thereof. The antennæ are most delicately sensitive organs, which insects can move in all directions; and they are usually kept in motion even while resting. While ants are sleeping, as observed in artificial formicaries, the antennæ have a gentle, quivering movement, almost like the regularity of breathing. They seem to be sentinel organs guarding approach to their unconscious possessors.

The popular name of antennæ is "feelers," and it is a fitting one. For when insects are awake and in action, these organs are kept continually revolving in front and on either side of them, touching the various objects met, and sweeping the foreground as though to feel the way. With ants they are perhaps even more important than the eyes for personal locomotion and service, and for communal action. They determine the forms of objects. They locate for the individual its trail, and the path of its fellows. They distinguish foes from friends. They test the quality of food and of all other bodies, both by their odor and by their tactual reflex. In short, they serve ants as organs of communication with their environment and with one another.

One cannot observe a colony or a moving column of ants for any length of time without seeing how constantly the crossed antennæ are used, obviously for intercommunication. On the great dome of the Alleghany mound-makers, on their tree-paths and the trails leading thereto, sentinels reach out their antennæ in challenge, and receive in the same way a response. On the hunting-fields two errant foragers, meeting, invariably cross antennæ. Going or coming, leaving home or returning, on the city premises or afield, it is always the same. One reads at once from the manner the mutual "All right!" which passes. Whether conveyed by odor or by contact, or by both, one cannot say. But that it is conveyed, one readily sees.



# The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### THE FLYING SHUTTLE

**H**OUR after hour of sleeplessness. The silver-tongued clock remorselessly tinkled the quarters, and Hylda lay and waited for them with a hopeless strained attention. In vain she tried devices to produce that monotony of thought which brings sleep sometimes. Again and again, as she felt that at last sleep was coming, the thought of the letter she had found flashed through her mind with words of fire, and it seemed as if there had been poured through every vein a subtle irritant. Just such a surging, thrilling flood she had felt in the surgeon's chair when she was a girl, and an anæsthetic had been given. But this wave of sensation led to no oblivion—no last soothing intoxication. Its current beat against her heart until she could have cried out from the mere physical pain, the clamping grip of her trouble. She withered and grew cold under the torture of it all—the ruthless spoliation of everything which made life worth while, or the past endurable.

About an hour after she had gone to bed she heard Eglington's step. It paused at her door. She trembled with apprehension lest he should enter. It was many a day since he had done so, but also she had not heard his step pause at her door for many a day! She could not bear to face it all now; she must have time to think, to plan her course—the last course of all. For she knew that the next step must be the last step in her old life and towards a new life, whatever that might be. A great sigh of relief broke from her as she heard his door open and shut, and silence fell on everything—that palpable silence which seems to press upon the night-watcher with merciless smothering weight.

How terribly active her brain was! Pictures—it was all vivid pictures, that awful visualization of sorrow which, if it continues, breaks the heart or wrests the mind from its sanity. If only she did not see! But she did see Eglington and the Woman together, saw him look into her eyes, take her hands, put his arm round her, draw her face to his.—Her heart seemed as if it must burst, her lips cried out. With a great effort of the will she tried to hide from these agonies of the imagination, and again she would approach those happy confines of sleep, which are the only refuge to the lacerated heart; and then the weapon of time on the mantelpiece would clash on the shield of the past, and she was wide awake again. At last, in desperation, she got out of bed, hurried to the fireplace, caught the little sharp-tongued recorder in a nervous grasp, and stopped it.

As she was about to get into bed again, she saw a little pile of letters lying on the table near her pillow. In her agitation she had not noticed them, and the devoted Heaven had not drawn her attention to them. Now, however, with a strange premonition, she quickly glanced at the envelopes. The last one of all was less aristocratic-looking than the others—the paper of the envelope was of the poorest, and it had a foreign look. She caught it up with an exclamation. The handwriting was that of her cousin Lacey; the post-mark, Cairo.

She got into bed with a mind suddenly swept into a new atmosphere, and opened the flimsy cover. Shutting her eyes, she lay still for a moment—still and vague; she was only conscious of one thing, that a curtain had dropped on the terrible pictures she had seen and that her mind was in a comforting quiet. Presently she roused herself, and turned the letter over in her hand. It was not long—was

that because its news was bad news? The first chronicles of disaster were usually brief! She smoothed the paper out—it had been crumpled and was a little soiled—and read it swiftly. It ran:

“DEAR LADY COUSIN,—As the poet says, ‘Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,’ and in Egypt the sparks set the stacks on fire oftener than anywhere else, I guess. She out-classes Mexico as a ‘precious example’ in this respect. You needn’t go looking for trouble in Mexico, it’s waiting for you kindly. If it doesn’t find you to-day, well, *mañana*. But here it is impatient, and comes like a native running to his cooking-pot at sunset in Ramadan. Well, there have been ‘hard trials’ for the Saadat. His cotton-mills were set on fire—can’t you guess who did it? And now, down in Cairo, Nahoum runs Egypt; for a messenger that got through the tribes worrying us says the Kaïd is sick, and Nahoum the Armenian says, You shall, and you sha’n’t, now. Which is another way of saying, that between us and the front door of our happy homes there are rattlesnakes that can sting, to say nothing of the scorpions that crawl into our beds here—Nahoum’s arm is long, and his traitors are crawling under the canvas of our tents!

“I’m not complaining for myself. I asked for what I’ve got, and, dear Lady Cousin, I put up some cash for it, too, as a man should. No, I *don’t* mind for myself, fond as I am of loafing, sort of pottering round where the streets are in the hands of a pure police; for I’ve seen more, done more, thought more up here than I’ve done in all my life before; and I’ve felt a country heaving under the touch of one of God’s Men—it gives you minutes that lift you out of the dust and away from the crawlers. And I’d do it all over a thousand times for him, and for what I’ve got out of it. I’ve lived. But, to speak right out plain, I don’t know how long this machine will run. There’s been a plant of the worst kind. Tribes we left friendly under a year ago are out against us; cities that were faithful have gone under to rebels—all because of two things: Nahoum has sowed the land with the tale that the Saadat means to abolish slavery—to take away the powers

of the great sheikhs and to hand the country over to the Turk. Ebn Ezra Bey has proofs of the whole thing, and now at last the Saadat knows—too late—that his work has been spoiled by the only man who could spoil it. The Saadat knows it, but does he rave and tear his hair? He says nothing. He stands up like a rock before the riot of treachery and bad luck, and all the terrible burden he has to carry here. If he wasn’t a Quaker I’d say he had the pride of an archangel. You can bend him, but you can’t break him; and it takes a lot to bend him. Men desert, but he says others will come to take their place. And so they do. It’s wonderful in spite of the holy war that’s being preached, and all the lies about him sprinkled over this part of Africa, how they all fear him, and find it hard to be out on the war-path against him. We should be gorging the vultures if he wasn’t the wonder he is. We need boats. Does he sit down and wring his hands? No, he organizes, and builds them—out of scraps. Hasn’t he enough food for a long siege? He goes himself to the tribes that have stored food in their cities, and haven’t yet declared against him, and he puts a hand on their hard hearts, and he takes the sulkiness out of their eyes, and a fleet of khiases comes down to us loaded with dourha. The defences of this place are nothing. Does he fold his hands like a man of peace that he is and say, ‘Thy will be done’? Not the Saadat. He gets two soldier-engineers, one an Italian who murdered his wife in Italy twenty years ago, and one an English officer that cheated at cards and had to go, and we’ve got defences that ’ll take some negotiating. That’s the kind of man he is—and smiling to cheer others when their hearts are in their boots, but stern like a commander-in-chief when he’s got to punish, and then he does it like steel; but I’ve seen him afterwards in his tent with a face that looks sixty—and he’s got to travel a while yet before he’s forty! None of us dares be as afraid as we could be, because a look at him would make us so ashamed we’d have to commit suicide. He hopes when no one else would ever hope. The other day I went to his tent to wait for him, and I saw his Bible open on his table. A passage was marked. It was this:



*"Behold, I have taken out of thy hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again:*

*"But I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee; which have said to thy soul, Bow down, that we may go over; and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over."*

"I'd like to see Nahoum with that 'cup of trembling' in his hand, and I've got an idea, too, that it will be there yet. I don't know how it is, but I never can believe the worst will happen to the Saadat. Reading those verses put hope into me. That's why I'm writing to you; on the chance of this getting through by a native who is stealing down the river with a letter from the Saadat to Nahoum, and one to Kaïd, and one to the Foreign Minister in London, and one to your husband. If they reach the hands they're meant for, it may be we shall win out here yet. But there must be display of power; an army must be sent here, without delay, to show the traitors that the game is up. Five thousand men from Cairo under a good general would do it. Will Nahoum send them? Does Kaïd the sick man know? I'm not banking on Kaïd. I think he's on his last legs. And unless pressure is put on him, unless some one takes him by the throat and says, If you don't relieve Claridge Pasha and the loyal people with him, you will go to the crocodiles, Nahoum won't stir. So, I am writing to you. England can do it. The lord, your husband, can do it. England will have a nasty stain on her flag if she sees this man go down without a hand lifted to save him. He is worth another Alma to her prestige. She can't afford to see him slaughtered here, where he's fighting the fight of civilization. You see right through this thing, I know, and I don't need to palaver any more about it. It doesn't matter about me—I've had a lot for my money, and I'm no use, or I wouldn't be, if anything happened to the Saadat. And no one would drop a knife and fork at the breakfast-table when my *obit* was read out—well, yes, there's one, cute as she can be, but she's lost a husband already, and you can't be hurt so bad twice in the same place! But the Saadat, back him,

Hylda—I'll call you that familiar at this distance. Make Nahoum move. Send five thousand men before the day comes when famine does its work, and they draw the bowstring tight!

"Salaam and salaam, and the post is going out, and there's nothing in the morning paper; and, as Aunt Melissa used to say, 'Well, so much for so much'! . . . One thing I forgot. I'm lucky to be writing to you at all. If the Saadat was an old-fashioned overlord, I shouldn't be here! I got into a bad corner ten days ago with a dozen Arabs—I'd been doing a little work with a friendly tribe all on my own, and I almost got caught by this loose lot of fanatics. I shot three and galloped for it. I knew the way through the mines outside, and just escaped by the skin of my teeth. Did the Saadat as a matter of discipline have me shot for cowardice? Say, Cousin Hylda, my heart was in my mouth as I heard them yelling behind me—and I never enjoyed a dinner so much in my life! Would the Saadat have run from them? Say, he'd have stayed and saved his life too. Well, give my love to the girls!

Your affectionate cousin,

TOM LACEY.

"P.S.—There's no use writing to me. The letter service is bad. Send five thousand men by military parcel-post, prepaid, with a few red seals—majors and colonels from Aldershot will do. They'll give the step to the Gypies!

T."

Hylda closed her eyes. A fever had passed from her veins. Here lay her duty before her—the redemption of the pledge she had made to her own soul. Whatever her own sorrow, there was work to do; a supreme effort must be made for another. Even now it might be too late. She must have strength for what she meant to do. She put the room in darkness, and resolutely banished thought from her mind.

The sun had been up hours before she waked. Eglington had gone to the Foreign Office. The morning papers were full of sensational reports concerning Claridge Pasha and the Sudan. A *Times* leader sternly admonished the Government.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

## KIMBER SPEAKS

THAT day the adjournment of the House of Commons was moved to call attention to "an urgent matter of public importance"—the position of Claridge Pasha in the Soudan and England's growing responsibilities in Egypt. Flushed with the success of last night's performance, stung by the attacks of the Opposition morning papers, confident in the big majority behind, which had cheered him last night, viciously resenting the letter he had received from David that morning, Eglington returned such replies to the questions put to him that a fire of angry mutterings came from the forces against him. He might have softened the growing resentment by a change of manner, but his intellectual arrogance had control of him for the moment; and he said to himself that he had mastered the House before, and he would do so now. Apart from his deadly antipathy to his half-brother, and the gain to him—to his credit, the latter weighed with him not so much, so set was he on a stubborn course—if David disappeared forever, there was at bottom a spirit of anti-expansion, of reaction against England's world-wide responsibilities. He had no largeness of heart or view concerning humanity. He had no sympathy with the spirit of the lines quoted with telling force by a morning paper:

"Oh, happy are all free peoples too strong  
to be dispossessed,

But blessed is she among nations that  
dares to be strong for the rest."

He had no inherent greatness, no breadth of policy. With less responsibility taken, there would be less trouble, national and international—that was his point of view; that had been his view long ago at the meeting at Heddington; and his weak chief had taken it, knowing nothing of the personal elements behind.

The disconcerting factor in the present bitter questioning in the House was that it originated on his own side. It was Jasper Kimber who had launched the questions, who moved the motion for adjournment. Jasper had had a letter from Kate Heaver that morning early

which sent him to her, and he had gone to the House of Commons ready to do what he thought to be his duty. He did it boldly, to the joy of the Opposition and a somewhat sullen support from many on his own side. Now appeared Jasper's own inner disdain of the man who had turned his coat for office. It gave a lead to a latent feeling among members of the ministerial party, of distrust, and of suspicion that they were the dupes of a mind of abnormal cleverness which at bottom despised them.

With flashing eyes and set lips, vigilant and resourceful, Eglington listened to Jasper Kimber's opening remarks.

By unremitting industry Jasper had made a place for himself in the House. The humor and vitality of his speeches, and his convincing advocacy of the cause of the "factory people," had gained him a hearing. Thick-set, under middle size, with an arm like a giant and a throat like a bull, he added to strong common sense a native power which gave the impression that he would wear his heart out for a good friend or a great cause, but that if he chose to be an enemy he would be narrow, unrelenting, and persistent: and the House had for some time been aware that he had more than a gift for criticism of the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

His speech began almost stumblingly, his h's ran loose, and his grammar became involved, but the House saw that he meant business, that he had that to say which meant anxiety for the Government, that he had a case which had the elements of popular interest and appeal, and that he was thinking and speaking as thousands outside the House would think and speak.

He had waited for this day. Indirectly he owed to Claridge Pasha all that he had become. The day that David had knocked him down with his fist saw the depths of his degradation reached, and, when he got up, it was to start on a new life uncertainly, vaguely at first. He knew, from a true source, of Eglington's personal hatred of Claridge Pasha, though he did not guess their relationship; and all his interest was enlisted for the man who had, as he knew, urged Kate Heaver to marry him—and Kate was his great ambition now. Above and beyond these

personal considerations was a real sense of England's duty to the man who was weaving the destiny of a new land.

"It isn't England's business?" he retorted, in answer to an interjection from a faithful soul behind the ministerial front bench. "Well, it wasn't the business of the Good Samaritan to help the man that had been robbed and left for dead by the wayside; but he did it just the same. As to David Claridge's work, some have said that—I've no doubt it's been said in the cabinet, and it is the thing the Under-Secretary would say as naturally as he would flick a fly from his polished boots—that it's a generation too soon. Who knows that? I suppose there were those that thought John the Baptist was baptizing too soon, that Luther preached too soon, and Savonarola was in too great a hurry, all because he met his death and his enemies triumphed—and Galileo and Hampden and Cromwell and John Howard were all too soon. Who's to be judge of that? God Almighty puts it into some men's minds to work for a thing that's a great, and maybe an impossible, thing, so far as the success of the moment is concerned: but for a thing that has got to be done some time, the seed has to be sown, and it's always sown by men like Claridge Pasha, who has shown millions of people—barbarians and half-civilized alike—what a true lover of the world can do. God knows, I think he might have stayed and found a cause in England, but he elected to go to the ravaging Soudan, and he is England there, the best of it. And I know Claridge Pasha—from his youth up I have seen him, and I stand here to bear witness of what the working-men of England will say to-morrow. Right well the noble lord knows that what I say is true. He has known it for years. Claridge Pasha would never have been in his present position if the noble lord had not listened to the enemies of Claridge Pasha and of this country, in preference to those who know and hold the truth as I tell it here to-day. I don't know whether the noble lord has repented or not; but I do say that his Government will rue it if his answer is not one word—'Intervention.' Mistaken or not, rash or not, dreamer if you like, Claridge Pasha

should be relieved now, and his policy discussed afterwards. I don't envy the man who holds a contrary opinion; he'll be ashamed of it some day. But"—he pointed towards Eglington—"but there sits the Minister in whose hands his fate has lain. Let us hope that this speech of mine need not have been made, and that I have done injustice to his patriotism and the policy he will announce."

"A setback, a sharp setback," said Lord Windlehurst, in the Peers' Gallery, as the cheers of the Opposition and of a good number of ministerialists sounded through the Chamber. There were those on the Treasury Bench who saw danger ahead. There was an attempt at a conference, but Kimber's seconder only said a half-dozen words, and sat down, and Eglington had to rise before any confidences could be exchanged. One word only he heard behind him as he got up—"Temporize!" It came from the Prime Minister.

Eglington was in no mood for temporizing. Attack only nerved him—he was a good and ruthless fighter; and last night's intoxication of success was still in his brain. He did not temporize. He did not leave a way of retreat open for the Prime Minister, who would probably wind up the debate. He fought with skill, but he fought without gloves, and the House needed gentle handling. Eglington had the gift of effective speech to a rare degree, and when he liked he could be insinuating and witty, but he had not genuine humor or good feeling, and the House knew it. In debate he was biting, resourceful, and unscrupulous. He made the fatal mistake of thinking that intellect and gifts of fence, followed by a brilliant peroration in which he treated the commonplaces of experienced minds as though they were new discoveries and he was their Columbus, could accomplish anything. He had never had a crisis, but one had come now.

In his reply he first resorted to arguments of high politics, historical, informative, and, in a sense, commanding—indeed, the House became restless under what seemed a piece of intellectual dragooning. Signs of impatience appeared on his own side, and when he ventured on a solemn warning about hampering ministers who alone knew the

difficulties of diplomacy and the danger of wounding the susceptibilities of foreign and friendly countries, the silence was broken by a voice that said sneeringly, "The kid-glove Government!"

Then he began to lose ground with the Chamber. He was conscious of it, and shifted his ground, pointing out the dangers of doing what the other nations interested in Egypt were not prepared to do.

"Have you asked them? Have you pressed them?" was shouted across the House. Eglington ignored the interjections. "Answer! Answer!" was called out angrily, but he shrugged a shoulder and continued his argument. If a man insisted on using a flying-machine before the principle was fully mastered and applied—if it could be mastered and applied—it must not be surprising if he was killed. Amateurs sometimes took preposterous risks without the advice of the experts. If Claridge Pasha had asked the advice of the English government or of any of the chancelleries of Europe as to his incursions into the Soudan and his premature attempts at reform, he would have received expert advice that civilization had not advanced to that stage in this portion of the world which would warrant his experiments. It was all very well for one man to run vast risks and attempt quixotic enterprises, but neither he nor his countrymen had any right to expect Europe to embroil itself on his particular account.

At this point he was met by angry cries of dissent which did not come from the Opposition alone. His lips set, he would not yield. The Government could not hold itself responsible for Claridge Pasha's relief, nor in any sense for his present position. However, from motives of humanity, it would make representations in the hope that the Egyptian government would act; but it was not improbable, in view of past experiences of Claridge Pasha, that he would extricate himself from his present position, perhaps had done so already. Sympathy and sentiment were natural and proper manifestations of human society, but governments were of necessity ruled by sterner considerations. The House must realize that the Government could not act as though it were wholly a free agent, or as

if its every move would not be matched by another move on the part of another power or powers.

Then followed a brilliant and effective appeal to his own party to trust the Government, to credit it with feeling and a due regard for English prestige and the honor brought to it by Claridge Pasha's personal qualities, whatever might be thought of his political and crusading efforts. The party must not fall into the trap of playing the game of the Opposition. Then with some supercilious praise of the "worthy sentiments" of Jasper Kimber's speech and a curt depreciation of its reasoning, he declared that "no Government could be ruled by clamour, that the path which would be trodden by this Government would be lighted by principles of progress and civilization, humanity and peace, the urbane power of reason, and the persuasive influence of just consideration for the rights of others, rather than the thunder and the threat of the cannon and the sword!"

He sat down amid the cheers of a large portion of his party, for the end of his speech had been full of effective if meretricious appeal. But the debate that followed showed that the speech had been a failure. He had not said one warm or human word concerning Claridge Pasha, and it was felt and said that no pledge had been given to ensure the relief of the man who had caught the imagination of England.

The debate was fierce and prolonged. Eglington would not agree to any modification of his speech, to any temporizing. Arrogant and insistent, he had his way, and on the division the Government was saved by a mere handful of votes—votes to save the party, not to endorse Eglington's speech or policy.

Exasperated and with jaw set, but with a defiant smile, Eglington drove straight home after the House rose. He found Hylda in the library with an evening paper in her hands. She had read and re-read his speech, and had steeled herself for "the inevitable hour," to this talk which would decide forever their fate and future.

Eglington entered the room smiling. He remembered the incident of the night be-

fore, when she came to his study and then hurriedly retreated. He had been defiant and proudly disdainful at the House and on the way home; but in his heart of hearts he was conscious of having failed to have his own way; and like such men, he wanted assurance that he could not err, and he wanted sympathy. Almost any one could have given it to him—and he had a temptation to seek that society which was his the evening before; but he remembered that *she* was occupied where he could not reach her, and here was Hylda, from whom he had been estranged, but who must surely have seen by now that her words that night at Hamley had been unreasonable, and that she must trust his judgment. So absorbed was he with self and the failure of his speech that for a moment he forgot the subject of it and what that subject meant to them both.

"What do you think of my speech, Hylda?" he asked, as he threw himself into a chair. "I see you have been reading it. Is it a full report?"

She handed the paper over. "Quite full," she answered evenly.

He glanced down the columns. "Sentimentalist!" he said as his eye caught an interjection. "Cant!" he added. Then he looked at Hylda, and remembered once again on whom and what his speech had been made. He saw that her face was very pale.

"What do you think of the speech?" he repeated stubbornly.

"If you think an answer necessary, I regard it as a wicked and unpatriotic speech," she answered firmly.

"Yes, I suppose you would," he rejoined bitingly.

She got to her feet slowly, a flush passing over her face. "If you think I would, did you not think that a great many other people would think so too, and for the same reason?" she asked, still evenly, but very slowly.

"Not for the same reason!" he rejoined in a low, savage voice.

"You do not treat me like a gentleman," she said, with a voice that betrayed no hurt, no indignation. It seemed to state a fact deliberately; that was all.

"No, please," she added quickly as she saw him rise to his feet with anger

trembling at his lips. "Do not say what is on your tongue to say. Let us speak quietly to-night. It is better; and I am tired of strife, spoken and unspoken. I have got beyond that. But I want to speak of what you did to-day in Parliament."

"Well, you have said it was wicked and unpatriotic," he rejoined, sitting down again and lighting a cigar in an attempt to be composed.

"What you *said* was that; but I am concerned with what you *did*. Did your speech mean that you would not press the Egyptian government to relieve Claridge Pasha at once?"

"Is that the conclusion you draw from my words?" he asked.

"Yes; but I wish to know beyond doubt if that is what you mean the country to believe?"

"It is what I mean you to believe, my dear."

She shrank from the last two words, but still went on quietly, though her eyes burned, her hands were very cold, and she shivered. "If you mean that you will do nothing, it will ruin you and your Government," she answered. "Kimber was right, and—"

"Kimber was inspired from here," he said sharply.

She put her hand upon herself. "Do you think I would intrigue against you? Do you think I would stoop to intrigue?" she asked, a hand clasping and unclasping a bracelet on her wrist, her eyes averted for very shame that he should think the thought he had uttered.

"It came from this house—the influence," he rejoined.

"I cannot say. It is possible," she answered; "but you cannot think that I connive with my maid against you. I think Kimber has reasons of his own for acting as he did to-day. He speaks for many besides himself; and he spoke patriotically this afternoon. He did his duty."

"And I did not—do you think I act alone?"

"You did not do your duty, and I think that you are not alone responsible. That is why I hope the Government will be influenced by public feeling." She came a step nearer to him. "I ask you to relieve Claridge Pasha at any cost. He is your father's son. If you do not, when



all the truth is known, you will find no shelter from the storm that will break over you."

"You will tell—the truth?"

"I do not know what I shall do," she answered. "It will depend on you; but it is your duty to tell the truth, not mine. That does not concern me; but to save Claridge Pasha does concern me."

"So I have known."

Her heart panted for a moment with a wild indignation; but she quieted herself, and answered almost calmly: "If you refuse to do that which is honorable—and human, then I shall try to do it for you while yet I bear your name. If you will not care for your family honor, then I shall try to do so. If you will not do your duty, then I will try to do it for you." She looked him determinedly in the eyes. "Through you I have lost nearly all I cared to keep in the world. I should like to feel that in this one thing you acted honorably."

He sprang to his feet, bursting with anger, in spite of the inward admonition that much that he prized was in danger, that any breach with Hylda would be disastrous. But self-will and his native arrogance overruled the monitor within, and he said: "Don't preach to me—don't play the martyr. You will do this and you will do that! You will save my honor and the family name! You will relieve Claridge Pasha, you will do what governments choose not to do; you will do what your husband chooses not to do—Well, I say that you will do what he chooses to do, or take the consequences!"

"I think I will take the consequences," she answered. "I will save Claridge Pasha, if it is possible. It is no boast. I will do it, if it can be done at all, if it is God's will that it should be done. And in doing it I shall be conscious that you and I will do nothing together again—never! But that will not stop me; it will make me do it—the last right thing—before the end."

She was so quiet, so curiously quiet. Her words had a strange solemnity, a tragic apathy. What did it mean? He had gone too far, as he had done before. He had blundered viciously, as he had blundered before. She spoke again before he could collect his thoughts and make reply.

"I did not ask for too much, I think, and I could have forgiven and forgotten all the hurts you have given me, if it were not for one thing. You have been unjust, hard, selfish, and suspicious. Suspicious—of me! No one else in all the world ever thought of me what you have thought. I have done all I could. I have honorably kept the faith. But you have spoiled it all. I have no memory that I care to keep. It is stained. My eyes can never bear to look upon the past again, the past with you—never. You have not treated me like a gentleman."

She turned to leave the room. He caught her arm. "You will wait till you hear what I have to say," he cried in anger; her last words had stung him so, her manner was so pitilessly scornful. It was as though she looked down on him from a height. His old arrogance fought for mastery over his apprehension. What did she know? What did she mean? In any case he must face it out, be strong—and merciful and affectionate afterwards.

"Wait, Hylda," he said. "We must talk this out."

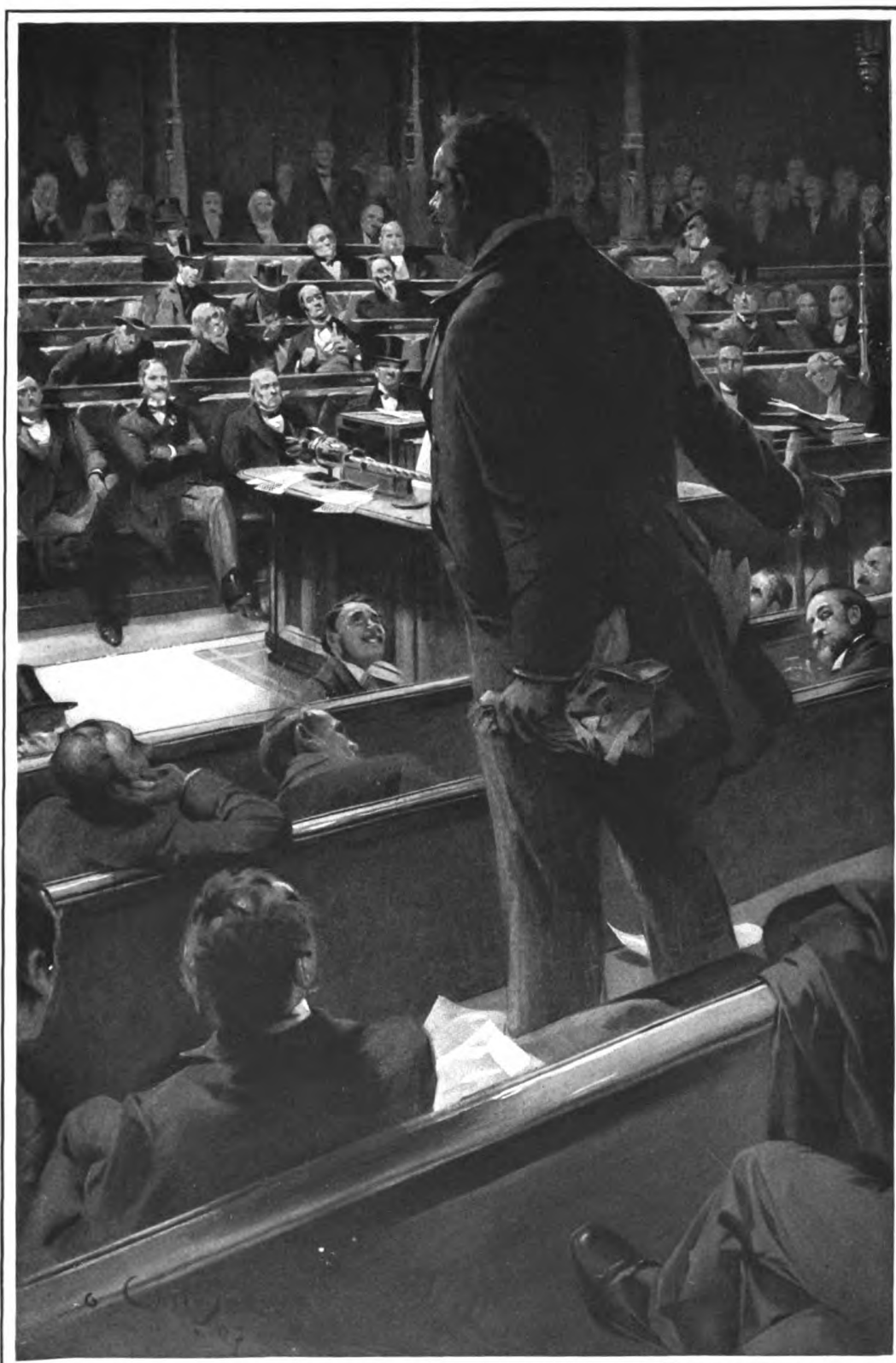
She freed her arm. "There is nothing to talk out," she answered. "So far as our relations are concerned, all reason for talk is gone." She drew the fatal letter from the sash at her waist. "You will think so too when you read this letter again." She laid it on the table beside him, and, as he opened and glanced at it, she left the room.

He stood with the letter in his hand, dumfounded. "Good God!" he said, and sank into a chair.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### FAITH JOURNEYS TO LONDON

FAITH withdrew her eyes from Hylda's face, and they wandered helplessly over the room. They saw yet did not see; and even in her trouble there was some subconscious sense softly commenting on the exquisite refinement and gentle beauty which seemed to fill the room; but the only definite objects which the eyes registered at the moment were the flowers filling every corner. Hylda had been lightly adjusting a clump of



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

KIMBER HAD WAITED FOR THIS DAY



roses when she entered the room; and she had vaguely noticed how pale was the face that bent over the flowers, how pale and yet how composed—as she had seen a Quaker face when some sorrow had passed over it, and left it like a quiet sea in the sun, when wreck and ruin were over. It was only a swift impression, for she could think of but one thing—David and his safety. She had come to Hylda, she said, because of Lord Eglington's position, and she could not believe that the Government would see David's work undone and David killed by the slave-dealers of the south.

Hylda's reply had given her no hope that Eglington would keep the promise he had made that evening long ago when her father had come upon them by the old mill, and because of which promise she had forgiven Eglington so much that was hard to forgive. Hylda had spoken with sorrowful decision, and then this pause had come in which Faith tried to gain composure and strength. There was something strangely still in the two women. From the far past, through Quaker ancestors, there had come to Hylda now this gray mist of endurance and self-control and austere reserve. Yet behind it all, beneath it all, a wild heart was beating.

Presently, as they looked into each other's eyes, and Faith dimly apprehended something of Hylda's distress and its cause, Hylda leaned over and spasmodically pressed her hand.

"It is so, Faith," she said. "They will do nothing; international influences are too strong." She paused. "The Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs will do nothing. But yet we must hope. Claridge Pasha has saved himself in the past; and he may do so now, even though it is all ten times worse. And then, there is another way. Nahoum Pasha can save him, if he can be saved. And I am going to Egypt—to Nahoum."

Faith's face blanched. Something of the stark truth swept into her brain. She herself had suffered—her own life had been maimed, it had had its secret bitterness and unmerited remorse. Her love for her sister's son was that of a mother, sister, friend combined, and he was all she had in life. That he lived, that she might cherish the thought of him living, was the one thing she had; and David

must be saved, if that might be; but—this girl—was she not a girl, ten years younger than herself—to go to Egypt to do—what? She lived out of the world, but she knew the world! To go to Egypt, and—

"Thee will not go to Egypt. What can thee do?" she asked, something very like a sob in her voice. "Thee is but a woman, and David would not be saved at such a price, and I would not have him saved so. Thee will not go. Say thee will not. He is all God has left to me—in life; but thee to go—ah, no! It is a bitter world—and what could thee do?"

Hylda looked at her reflectively. Should she tell Faith all, and take her to Egypt? No, she could not take her without telling her all, and that was impossible now. There might come a time when this wise and tender soul might be taken into the innermost chambers, when all the truth might be known; but the secret of David's parentage was Eglington's concern most of all, and she would not speak now; and what was between Nahoum and David was David's concern; and she had kept his secret all these years! No, Faith might not know now, and Faith might not come with her. On this mission she must go alone.

Hylda rose to her feet, still keeping hold of Faith's hand. "Go back to Hamley and wait there," she said, in a colorless voice. "You can do nothing—it may be I can do much. Whatever can be done I can do—since England will not act. Pray for his safety. It is all you can do. It is given to some to work, to others to pray. I must work now."

She led Faith towards the door; she could not endure more. She must hold herself firm for the journey and the struggle before her. If she broke down now she could not go forward; and Faith's presence roused in her an emotion almost beyond control.

At the door she took both of Faith's hands in hers and kissed her cheek. "It is your place to stay; you will see that it is best. Good-by," she added hurriedly, and her eyes were so blurred she could scarcely see the graceful, demure figure pass into the sunlit street.

That afternoon Lord Windlehurst entered the Duchess of Snowdon's presence

hurried and excited. She started on seeing his face.

"What has happened?" she asked breathlessly.

"She is gone—to Egypt," he answered. "Our girl has gone!"

The Duchess almost staggered to her feet. "Windlehurst—gone!" she gasped.

"I called to see her. Her ladyship had gone into the country, the footman said. I saw the butler—a faithful soul, that would die for her! He was discreet; but he knew what you and I are to her. It was he got the tickets—for Marseilles and Egypt!"

The Duchess began to cry silently. Big tears ran down a face from which the show of feeling had long fled, but her eyes were sad enough.

"Gone—gone. It is all finished!" was all she could say.

Lord Windlehurst frowned, though his eyes were moist. "We must act at once. You must go to Egypt, Betty. You must catch her at Marseilles. Her boat does not sail for three days. She thought it went sooner, as it was advertised to do. It is delayed—I've found that out. You can start to-night, and—and save the situation. You will do it, Betty?"

"I will do anything you say—as I have always done." She dried her eyes.

"She is a good girl. We must do all we can. I'll arrange everything for you myself. I've written this paragraph to go into the papers to-morrow morning: '*The Duchess of Snowdon, accompanied by Lady Eglington, left London last night for the Mediterranean via Calais, to be gone for two months or more.*' That is simple and natural. I'll see Eglington. He must make no fuss. He thinks she has gone to Hamley, so the butler says. There, it's all clear. Your work is cut out, Betty, and I know you will do it as no one else can."

"Oh, Windlehurst," she answered, with a hand clutching at his arm, "if we fail, it will kill me."

"If she fails, it will kill her," he answered, "and she is very young. What is in her mind, who can tell? But she thinks she can help him somehow. We must save her, Betty."

"I used to think you had no real feeling, Windlehurst. You didn't show it," she said in a low voice.

"Ah, that was because you had too much," he answered. "I had to wait till you had less." He took out his watch.

## CHAPTER XL

### HYLDA SEEKS NAHOUM

IT was as though she had gone to sleep the night before, and waked again upon this scene unchanged, brilliant, full of color, a chaos of decoration, confluences of noisy, garish streams of life, eddies of petty labor. Craftsmen crowded one upon the other in dark bazaars; merchants chattered and haggled on their benches; hawkers clattered and cried their wares. It was a people that lived upon the streets, for all the houses seemed empty and forsaken. The *sais* ran before the Pasha's carriage, the donkey-boys shrieked for their right of way, a train of camels calmly forced its passage through the swirling crowds, supercilious and heavy-laden.

It seemed but yesterday since she had watched with amused eyes the sherbet-sellers clanking their brass saucers, the carriers streaming the water from the bulging goatskins into the earthen bottles, crying, "Allah be praised—here is coolness for thy throat and life forever," the idle singer chanting to the soft kanoon, the chess-players in the shade of a high wall, lost to the world, the dancing-girls with unveiled, shameless faces, posturing for evil eyes. Nothing had changed these past six years. Yet everything had changed.

She saw it all as in a dream, for her mind had no time for reverie or retrospect; it was set on one thing only. Yet behind the one idea possessing her there was a subconscious self taking note of all these sights and sounds, and bringing moisture to her eyes. Passing the house which David had occupied on that night when he and she and Nahoum and Mizraim had met, the mist of feeling almost blinded her, for there at the gate sat the bowob who had admitted her then, and with apathetic eyes had watched her go, in the hour when it seemed that she and David Claridge had bidden farewell forever, two driftwood spars that touched and parted in the everlasting sea. Here again in the Palace square



were Kaïd's Nubians in their glittering armor as of silver and gold, drawn up as she had seen them drawn then to be reviewed by their overlord.

She swept swiftly through the streets and bazaars on her mission to Nahoum. Lady Eglington had asked for an interview, and he had granted it without delay. He did not associate her with the girl for whom David Claridge had killed Foorgat Bey, and he sent his own carriage to bring her to the Palace. No time had been lost, for it was less than twenty-four hours since she had arrived in Cairo, and very soon she would know the worst or the best. She had put her past away for the moment, and the Duchess of Snowdon had found at Marseilles a silent, determined, yet gentle-tongued woman, who refused to look back, or to discuss anything vital to herself and Eglington until what she had come to Egypt to do was accomplished. Nor would she speak of the future until the present had been fully declared and she knew the fate of David Claridge. In Cairo there were only varying rumors—that he was still holding out; that he was lost; that he had broken through; that he was a prisoner—all without foundation upon which she could rely.

As she neared the Palace entrance, a female fortune-teller ran forward, thrusting a gazelle's skin towards her, filled with the instruments of her mystic craft, and crying out: "I divine! I reveal! What is present I manifest! What is absent I declare! What is future I show! Beautiful one, hear me. It is all written. To thee is greatness, and thy heart's desire. Hear all! See! Wait for the revealing. Thou comest from afar, but thy fortune is near. Hear and see! I divine! I reveal! Beautiful one, what is future I show, I reveal."

Hylde's eyes looked at the poor creature eagerly, pathetically. If it could only be—if she could but see one step ahead. If the veil could but be lifted! She dropped some silver into the folds of the gazelle-skin and waved the Gipsy away. "There is darkness—it is all dark, beautiful one," cried the woman after her, "but it shall be light. I show! I reveal!"

Inside these Palace walls there was a

revealer of more merit, as she so well and bitterly knew. He could raise the veil—a dark and dangerous necromancer, with a flinty heart, and a hand that had waited long to strike. Had it struck—its last blow?

Outside his door she had a moment of utter weakness, when her knees smote together, and her throat became parched; but before the door had swung wide and her eyes swept the cool and shadowed room, she was as composed as on that night long ago when she had faced *the man who knew!*

Nahoum was standing in a waiting and respectful attitude as she entered. He advanced towards her and bowed low, but stopped dumfounded, as he saw who she was. Presently he recovered himself, but he offered no further greeting than to place a chair for her where her face was in the shadow and his in the light—time of crisis as it was, she noticed this and marvelled at him. His face was as she had seen it those years ago. It showed no change whatever. The eyes looked at her calmly, openly, with no ulterior thought behind, as it might seem. The high smooth forehead, the full but firm lips, the brown, well-groomed beard, were all indicative of a nature benevolent and refined! Where did the duplicity lie? Her mind answered its own question on the instant; it lay in the brain and the tongue. Both were masterly weapons, an armament so complete that it controlled the face and eyes and outward man into a fair semblance of honesty. The tongue—she remembered its insinuating and adroit power, and how it had deceived the man she had come to try and save. She must not be misled by it. She felt it was to be a struggle between them, and she must be alert and persuasive, and match him word for word, move for move.

"I am happy to welcome you here, madame," he said in English. "It is years since we met; yet time has passed you by."

She flushed ever so slightly—compliment from Nahoum Pasha! But she must not resent anything to-day; she must get what she came for, if it was possible. What had Lacey said? "Five thousand men by parcel-post," and a few red seals—British officers.

"We meet under different circumstances," she replied meaningly. "You were asking a great favor then."

"Ah, but of you, madame?"

"I think you appealed to me when you were doubtful of the result."

"Well, madame, it may be so—but, yes, I think you are right; I thought you were Claridge Pasha's kinswoman, I remember."

"Excellency, you *said* you thought I was Claridge Pasha's kinswoman!"

"And you are not," he answered reflectively.

He did not understand the slight change that passed over her face. His kinswoman—Claridge Pasha's kinswoman!

"I was not his kinswoman," she answered calmly. "You came to ask a favor then of Claridge Pasha: your life—work to do under him. I remember your words: 'I can aid thee in thy great task. Thou wouldst remake our Egypt, and my heart is with you. I would rescue, not destroy. . . . I would labor, but my master has taken away from me the anvil, the fire, and the hammer, and I sit without the door like an armless beggar.' Those were your words, and Claridge Pasha listened and believed, and saved your life and gave you work; and now you have power again greater than all others in Egypt."

"Madame, I congratulate you on a useful memory. May it serve you as the hill-fountain the garden in the city! Those indeed were my words. I hear myself from your lips, and yet recognize myself, if that be not vanity. But, madame, why have you sought me? What is it you wish to know—to hear?"

He looked at her innocently, as though he did not know her errand; as though beyond, in the desert, there was no tragedy approaching—or come.

"Excellency, you are aware that I have come to ask for news of Claridge Pasha." She leaned forward slightly, but apart from her tightly interlaced fingers it would not have been possible to know that she was under any strain.

"You come to me instead of to the Effendina. May I ask why, madame? Your husband's position—I did not know you were Lord Eglington's wife—would entitle you to the highest consideration."

"I knew that Nahoum Pasha would

have the whole knowledge, while the Effendina would have part only. Excellency, will you not tell me what news you have? Is Claridge Pasha alive?"

"Madame, I do not know. He is in the desert. He was surrounded. For over a month there has been no word—none. He is in danger. His way by the river was blocked. He stayed too long. He might have escaped, but he would insist on saving the loyal natives, of remaining with them since he could not bring them across the desert; and the river and the desert are silent. Nothing comes out of that furnace yonder. Nothing comes."

He bent his eyes upon her complacently. Her own dropped. She could not bear that he should see the misery in them.

"You have come to try and save him, madame. What did you expect to do? Your Government did not strengthen my hands; your husband did nothing, nothing that could make it possible for me to act—there are many nations here, alas! Your husband does not take so great an interest in the fate of Claridge Pasha as yourself, madame."

She ignored the insult. She had determined to endure everything if she might but induce this man to do the thing that could be done—if it was not too late. Before she could frame a reply, he said urbanely:

"But that is not to be expected. There was that between Claridge Pasha and yourself which would induce you to do all you might do for him, to be anxious for his welfare. Gratitude is a rare thing—as rare as the flower of the century-aloe; but you have it, madame."

There was no chance to misunderstand him. Foorgat Bey—he knew the truth, and had known it all these years, as she was sure; and had acted accordingly.

"Excellency," she said, "if through me, Claridge Pasha—"

"One moment, madame," he said, and opening a drawer, took out a letter. "I think that what you would say may be found here, with much else that you will care to know. It is the last news of Claridge Pasha—a letter from him. I understand all you would say to me; but he who has most at stake has said

it, and if he failed, do you think, madame, that you could succeed?"

He came over and handed her the letter with a respectful salutation. "In the hour he left, madame, he came to know that the name of Foorgat Bey was not blotted from the book of Time, nor from Fate's reckoning."

After all these years! Her instinct had been true, then—that night so long ago. The hand that took the letter from Nahoum trembled slightly in spite of her will, but it was not the disclosure Nahoum had made which caused her agitation. This letter—in David Claridge's hand, the first she had ever seen, and, maybe, the last that he had ever written or that any would ever see, a document of tears. But no, there were no tears in this letter! As Hylda read it the trembling passed from her fingers, and a great thrilling pride in him possessed her. If tragedy had come, then it had fallen like a fire from heaven, not like a pestilence rising from the earth. Oh, here indeed was that which justified all she had done, what she was doing now, what she meant to do when she had read the last word of it and the firm, clear signature beneath!

"Excellency," the letter began in English, "I came into the desert and into the perils I find here, with your last words in my ear, '*There is the matter of Foorgat Bey.*' The time you chose to speak was chosen well for your purpose, but ill for me. I could not turn back, I must go on. Had I returned, of what avail? What could I do but say what I say here—that my hand killed Foorgat Bey; that I had not meant to kill him, though at the moment I struck I took no heed whether he lived or died. Since you know of my sorrowful deed, you also know why Foorgat Bey was struck down. When, as I left the bank of the Nile, your words blinded my eyes, my mind said in its misery, 'Now, I see!' The curtains fell away from between you and me, and I saw all that you have done for vengeance and revenge. You knew all on that night when you sought your life of me and the way back to Kaïd's forgiveness. I see all as though you spoke it in my ear. You had reason to hurt me, but you had no reason for hurting Egypt, as you have done. I did not

value my life, as you know well, for it has been flung into the midst of dangers for Egypt's sake, how often! It was not cowardice which made me hide from you and all the world the killing of Foorgat Bey. I longed to face the penalty, for had I not in act forsworn all that I had held fast from my youth up? But there was another concerned—a girl, but a child in years, as innocent and true a being as God has ever set among the dangers of this life, and, by her very innocence and unsuspecting nature, so much more in peril before such false, unscrupulous wiles as were used by Foorgat Bey.

"I have known you many years, Nahoum; and dark and cruel as your acts have been against the work I gave my life to do, yet I think that there was ever in you too the root of goodness. Men would call your acts treacherous if they knew what you had done; and so indeed they were; but yet I have seen you do things to others, not to me, which rise only from the fountain of pure waters. Was it partly because I killed Foorgat, and partly because I came to place and influence and power, that you used me so, and all that I did? Or was it the East at war with the West, the immemorial feud and foray?

"This last I will believe; for then it will seem to be something beyond yourself—centuries of predisposition, the long stain of the indelible—that drove you to those acts of matricide. Ay, it is that. For, Armenian as you are, this land is your native land, and in pulling down what I have built up—with you, Nahoum, with you—you have plunged the knife into the bosom of your mother. Did it never seem to you that the work which you did with me was a good work—the reduction of the *corvée*, the decrease of conscription, the lessening of taxes of the poor, the bridges built, the canals dug, the seed distributed, the plague stayed, the better dwellings for the poor in the Delta, the destruction of brigandage, the slow blotting out of exaction and tyranny under the kourbash, the quiet growth of law and justice, the new industries started—did not all these seem good to you as you served the land with me, your great genius for finance, ay, and your own purse, helping on the

things that were dear to me, for Egypt's sake? Giving with one hand freely, did your soul not misgive you when you took away with the other?

"When you tore down my work, you were tearing down your own; for more than the material help I thought you gave in planning and shaping reforms, ay, far more than all, was the thought in me which helped me over many a dark place that I had you with me, that I was not alone. I trusted you, Nahoum. A life for a life you might have had for the asking; but a long torture and a daily weaving of the web of treachery—ah, that has taken more than my life; it has taken your own, for you have killed the best part of yourself, that which you did with me; and here in an ever-narrowing circle of death I say to you that you will die with me. Power you have, but it will wither in your grasp. Kaïd will turn against you; for with my failure will come a dark reaction in his mind, which feels the cloud of doom drawing over it. Without me, with my work falling about his ears, he will, as he did so short a time ago, turn to Sharif and Higli and the rest; and the only comfort you will have will be that you destroyed the life of him that killed your brother. Did you love your brother? Nay, not more than did I, for I sent his soul into the void, and I would gladly have gone after it to ask God for the pardon of all his sins. Think; I hid the truth; but why? Because a woman would suffer an unmerited scandal and shame. Nothing could recall Foorgat Bey; but for that silence I gave my life, for the land which was his hand. Do you betray it, then?

"And now, Nahoum, the gulf in which you sought to plunge me when you had ruined all I did is here before me. The long deception has nearly done its work. I know from Ebn Ezra Bey what passed between you. He did not tell me till I had told him everything, seeing that all had gone awry in these regions. They are out against me—the slave-dealers—from Senaar to where I am. The dominion of Egypt is over here. Yet I could restore it with a thousand men and a handful of European officers, had I but a show of authority from Cairo, which they think has deserted me.

"I am shut up here with a handful of men who can fight and thousands who cannot fight, and food grows scarcer, and my garrison is worn and famished; but each day I hearten them with the hope that God will send me a thousand men from Cairo. One steamer pounding here from the north with men who bring commands from the Effendina, and those thousands out yonder beyond my mines and moats and guns will begin to melt away. Nahoum, think not that you shall triumph over David Claridge. If it be God's will that I shall die here, my work undone, then, smiling, I shall go with step that does not falter, to live once more: and one day the work that I began will rise again in spite of thee or any man.

"Nahoum, the killing of Foorgat Bey has been like a cloud upon all my past. You know me, and you know I do not lie. Yet I do not grieve that I hid the thing—it was not mine only; and if ever you knew a good woman, and in dark moments have turned to her, glad that she was yours, think what you would have done for her, how you would have sheltered her 'gainst aught that injured her, against those things women are not made to bear. Then think that I hid the deed for one who was a stranger to me, whose life must ever lay far from mine, and see clearly that I did it for a woman's sake, and not for this woman's sake; for I had never seen her till the moment I struck Foorgat Bey into silence and the tomb. Will you not understand, Nahoum?

"Yonder I see the tribes that harry me, the great guns firing make the day a burden, the nights are ever fretted by the dangers of surprise, and there is scarce time to bury the dead whom sickness and the sword destroy. From the midst of it all my eyes turn to you in Cairo, whose forgiveness I seek for the one injury I did you; while I pray that you will seek pardon for all that you have done to me and to those who will pass with me, if our circle is broken. Friend, Achmet is here fighting for Egypt. Art thou less, then, than Achmet? So, God be with thee.

DAVID CLARIDGE."

Without a pause Hylda had read the letter from the first word to the last.



*Drawn by Andre Castaigne*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

SHE SWIFTLY THROUGH THE STREETS ON HER MISSION TO NAHOUM





She was too proud to let this conspirator and traitor see what David's words could do to her. When she read the words concerning herself, she became cold from head to foot, but she knew that Nahoum never took his eyes from her face, and she gave no outward sign of what was passing within. When she had finished it, she folded it up calmly, her eyes dwelt for a moment on the address upon the envelope, and then she handed it back to Nahoum without a word.

She looked him in the eyes and spoke. "He saved your life—he gave you all you had lost. It was not his fault that Prince Kaïd chose him for his chief counsellor. You would be lying where your brother lies, were it not for Claridge Pasha."

"It may be; but the luck was with me—and I have my way."

She drew herself together to say what was hard to say. "Excellency, the man who was killed deserved to die. Only by lies, only by subterfuge, only because I was curious to see the inside of the Palace, and because I had known him in London, did I, without a thought of indiscretion, give myself to his care to come here. I was so young; I did not know life, or men—or Egyptians." The last word was uttered with low scorn.

He glanced up quickly, and for the first time she saw a gleam of malice in his eyes. She could not feel sorry she had said it, yet she must remove the impression if possible.

"What Claridge Pasha did, any man would have done, excellency. He struck, and death was an accident—the corner of a pedestal struck Foorgat's temple. His death was instant. He would have killed Claridge Pasha if it had been possible. But, excellency, if you have a daughter, if you ever had a child, what would you have done if any man had—"

"In the East daughters are more discreet; they tempt men less," he answered quietly, and fingered the string of beads he carried.

"Yet you would have done as Claridge Pasha did. That it was your brother was an accident, and—"

"It was an accident that the penalty must fall on Claridge Pasha—and you, madame. I did not choose the objects of penalty. Destiny chose them, as Destiny

chose Claridge Pasha as the man who should supplant me, who should attempt to do these mad things for Egypt against the judgment of the world—against the judgment of your husband. Madame, I have the English papers, and I have just read his speech in your Parliament. Shall I have better judgment than the chancelleries of Europe and England—and Lord Eglington?"

"Excellency, you know what moves other nations, what questions of policy and mutual distrust; but it is for Egypt to act for herself. You ask me why I did not go to the Effendina. I come to you because I know that you could circumvent the Effendina even if he sent ten thousand men. It is the way in Egypt."

"Madame, you have insight—will you not look farther still, and see that however good Claridge Pasha's work might be some day in the far future, it is not good to-day. It is too soon. At the beginning of the twentieth century, perhaps. Men pay the penalty of their mistakes. A man's life"—he watched her closely with his wide, benevolent eyes—"is neither here nor there, nor a few thousands, in the destiny of a nation. A man who ventures into a lion's den must not be surprised if he goes as Harrik did—ah, perhaps you do not know how Harrik went! A man who tears at the foundations of a house must not be surprised if the timbers fall on him and on his workmen. It is Destiny that Claridge Pasha should be the slayer of my brother, and a danger to Egypt, and one whose life is so dear to you, madame. You would have it otherwise, and so would I, but we must take things as they are, and—and you see that letter! It is seven weeks since then, and it may be that the circle has been broken. Yet it may not be so. The circle may be smaller, but not broken!"

She felt how he was tempting her from word to word with a merciless ingenuity; yet she kept to her purpose; and however hopeless it seemed, she would struggle on.

"Excellency," she said, in a low, pleading tone, "has he not suffered enough? Has he not paid the price of that life which you would not bring back if you could? No, in those places of your mind where no one can see lies the thought that you would not bring back Foorgat Bey. It is not an eye for an eye and a

tooth for a tooth that has moved you; it has not been love of Foorgat Bey; it has been the hatred of the East for the West. And yet you are a Christian. Has Claridge Pasha not suffered enough, excellency? Have you not had your fill of revenge? Have you not done enough to hurt a man whose only crime was that he killed a man to save a woman—and had not meant to kill?"

"Yet he says in his letter that the thought of killing would not have stopped him."

"Does one think at such a moment? Did he think? There was no time. It was the work of an instant. Ah, Destiny was not kind, excellency. If it had been, I should have been permitted to kill Foorgat Bey with my own hands."

"I should have found it hard to exact the penalty from you, madame."

The words were uttered in so neutral a way that they were enigmatical, and she could not take offence or be sure of his meaning.

"Think, excellency. Have you ever known one so selfless, so good, so true? For humanity's sake would you not keep alive such a man? Ah, if there were a feud as old as Adam between your race and his, would you not before this life of sacrifice lay down the sword and the bitter challenge? He gave you his hand in faith and trust because your God was his God, your prophet and lord his prophet and lord. Such faith should melt your heart. Can you not see that he tried to make compensation for Foorgat's death, by giving you your life and setting you where you are now, with power to save or kill him?"

"You call him great; yet I am here in safety, and he is—where he is! Have you not heard of the strife of minds and wills? He represented the West; I the East. He was a Christian; so was I; the ground of our battle was a fair one, and—and I have won!"

"The ground of battle fair!" she protested bitterly. "He did not know that there was strife between you. He did not fight you—I think that he always loved you, excellency. He would have given his life for you, if it had been in danger. Is there in that letter one word that any man could wish unwritten when the world was all ended for all men! Oh no,

there was no strife between you—there was only hatred on your part. He was so much greater than you that you should feel no rivalry, no strife. The sword he carries cuts as wide as Time. You are of a petty day in a petty land. Your mouth will soon be filled with dust, and you will be forgotten in a day. He will live in the history of the world. Oh, excellency, I plead for him because I owe him so much; he killed a man and brought upon himself a lifelong misery for me! It is all I can do, plead to you who know the truth about him—yes, you know the truth—to make an effort to save him. It may be too late; but yet God may be waiting for you to lift your hand. You said the circle may be smaller, but it may be unbroken still. Will you not do a great thing once, and win a woman's gratitude, and the thanks of the world, for saving one that makes us think better of humanity? Will you not have the name of Nahoum Pasha linked with his—with his who thought you were his friend? Will you not save him?"

He got slowly to his feet, a strange look in his eyes. "Your words are useless. I will not save him for your sake; I will not save him for the world's sake. I will not save him—"

A cry of pain and grief broke from her, and she buried her face in her hands.

"—I will not save him for any other sake than his own."

He paused. Slowly, as dazed as though she had received a blow, Hylda raised her face and her hands dropped in her lap.

"*For any other sake than his own!*" Her eyes gazed at him in a bewildered, piteous way. What did he mean? His voice seemed to come from afar off.

"Did you think that you could save him? That I would listen to you—if I did not listen to him? No, no, madame. Not even did he conquer me; but something greater than himself within himself, it conquered me!"

She got to her feet gasping, her hands stretched out. "Oh, is it true—oh, is it true?" she cried.

"The West has conquered," he answered.

"You will help him—you will try to save him?"

"When, a month ago, I read the letter

you have read, I tried to save him. I secretly sent four thousand men who were at Assouan to relieve him—if it could be done; five hundred to push forward on the quickest of the armed steamers, the rest to follow as fast as possible. I did my best. That was a month ago, and I am waiting—waiting and hoping, madame.”

Suddenly she broke down. Tears streamed from her eyes. She sank into

the chair, and sobs shook her from head to foot.

“Be patient, be patient, madame,” Nahoum said gently. “I have tried you greatly—forgive me. Nay, do not weep. I have hope. We may hear from him at any moment now,” he added softly, and there was a new look in his wide blue eyes as they were bent on her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Wind's East

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THE Wind's east,—Oh, Oh!  
 Only a little while ago,  
 To-day was just like yesterday.  
 But now, now,—only now,  
 The world's all turned some silver way:—  
 I know how,  
 I know how!

The Wind's east,  
 The Wind's east,—  
 Salt, salt wind that I love so!  
 All the things in the garden blow  
 Wavy gray;—so the trees all know,—  
 Trees that never, never can go,  
 Must know how it would feel to be  
 There where the Ships sail to and fro,—  
 Ships on the blue, blue Sea!  
 And the homesick ones by the bridge up here  
 Are tugging to get their anchors clear,  
 And they stretch up high to see;  
 They catch their breath when they feel the air;  
 And the rigging stirs, and the lanterns stare;  
 For they know that the tide is high out there,  
 The gulls go skirling by, out there,  
 The gulls and the wind go free.  
 And they tug, and they pull, and they wonder so,  
 When will the Captain let them go?—  
 Oh, Oh,—to Sea,  
 To Sea!

# The Great God Pan

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE Maxwells, father and son, sat smoking ruminant, after-luncheon cigars on the porch of a little hotel in Middletown. Bright sunlight intensified the frost-painted glory of the old elms before the house, whose fallen leaves made flecks of color on the sidewalk; and the tang of coming winter in the warm autumn air added emphasis to the motto quaintly swinging over the doorway: "As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

"You say you hope to settle that Texas land matter to-day?" finally observed the son, who was clad in boating flannels. "Does—what's-his-name? Blake, isn't it?"

"Blakeney."

"Does he live here?"

"Yes. At least—he's dead, but his heir—or, to be entirely accurate, his heir—lives here, I believe."

"Heiress! Have you come up here to deal with a woman?"

"So it would seem." The elder man's eyes narrowed as he glanced fleetingly at his companion, whose inquiry was tinged with apprehension.

"Oh!" said the younger, perceiving reasons for his father's unprecedented willingness to spend a whole day viewing from a launch the autumnal beauties of the Connecticut River's banks. The excursion would lend, to a woman, a convincingly casual air to the presence in Middletown of so important a man as John Maxwell. Presently he slowly resumed: "Land was sold for taxes, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"When does Chapin's title become complete?"

"On the twenty-sixth."

"H'm! This is the twentieth. Not much time to lose, is there?" They smoked on in silence. Then: "What are you going to offer her?"

"That depends on what I think she'll

take," carelessly responded the father, not, however, relaxing the vigilant lines about his eyes. "Of course I shall offer her a fair price."

"As what, for example?" persisted the other.

"Oh,—perhaps a dollar or so an acre."

"One dollar an acre? Chapin refused fifty—refused to sell at any price, in fact, didn't he?"

"Chapin's another story!" The father's tone was sharp and low, and he glanced quickly back, through the open window, into the vacant room behind them. "But it is unnecessary to advertise the fact to the surrounding populace, Stuart. I've come up here to do business with the owner of that property, and I shall take no more cognizance of the sex of that person than the law will take in its interpretation of any contract she may make with me. Business is business—a fact which, notwithstanding frequent repetitions, your mind seems never yet to have grasped firmly."

"I understand all that, sir"—the young man waved his hand impatiently—"but this girl—this daughter—"

The elder Maxwell laughed. "This girl! Given a woman in the case, your imagination promptly conjures up a vision of delight! Eighteen—or has the ideal age advanced a peg or two now?—soft-eyed, soft-voiced, soft-hearted—and soft-headed! Edgar Blakeney was seventy years old when he died—a failure,—and his daughter is probably forty; lean, drab, shrill-tongued, and penurious. A thousand dollars for her equity in that land will seem to her like manna to the Israelites. Being a Connecticut Yankee, however, she'd probably suffer rack and thumbscrew rather than admit that she was satisfied."

"But is that the point, sir? You know and I know that since the discovery—"

"Sh!" Both men glanced quickly about, and the younger man lowered his voice.





*Drawn by W. F. Foster*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"PARDON ME, MY VALUES DON'T ALWAYS TALLY WITH YOURS"

Vol. CXV.—No. 688—73

"The land has recently become very valuable. You undoubtedly have law, but have you equity on your side in—"

"Now, if you please!" Mr. Maxwell raised a hand to silence his son's impulsive utterance. "Really, your talents are wasted in the practice of law, Stuart! You should be a poet, or a parson, or a schoolmaster. Didacticism is the very breath of your nostrils. Oh, well! I dare say that's partly your youth. Every youngster feels himself a Daniel or a Moses, until he discovers his place in a society founded upon the survival of the fittest. I've had no objection to your dreaming along over impossible ideals through your boyhood, but it's time for you to wake up and begin to live. Here you are, twenty-eight years old, and your values are not yet established."

"Pardon me, dad; my values are pretty definitely established—only they don't always tally with yours."

"What you need is responsibility—experience." Thus the father led the conversation into more tranquil channels. "Marry some practical, sensible girl. She'll teach you values—actual values. Why *don't* you marry? Ever thought about it?"

"Why—naturally." Stuart laughed lightly. "I suppose every fellow has thought about it—in a vague sort of way, at least; but—well—I've never happened to meet 'the not impossible she.'"

"H'mph!" grunted Mr. Maxwell. "Still looking for poetry—affinity and love at first sight and all that sort of thing,—are you? Wake up, lad! Living's a very unmetrical sort of prose, and you'll do well to prepare for it advisedly. You go a great deal into society. You must have met many an eligible girl."

"I've never met one, sir, who I could flatter myself would consider me seriously, even if I asked her to."

"H'mph!" again commented the father.

Stuart Maxwell, aside from possessing a well-built, well-developed, well-cared-for body, had the brow of a thinker, the eyes of an enthusiast, and the nose and chin of a man of action. Sincerity, integrity, sympathy, and strength lay written upon his countenance, and as his father's glance took inventory, the old man dryly added:

"I guess you've got assets enough, if

you want to use them. Here comes a pretty girl."

"Perhaps she's your Miss Blakeney."

"Nonsense! Look at her! She's no New England spinster! All countries and all ages enter into the make-up of a woman like that."

By this time the young woman under discussion had reached the foot of the hotel steps. Turning now, she ascended them and paused at the top, frankly regarding the two men.

"This is Mr. Maxwell?" she asked. "I'm Frances Blakeney."

Both men sprang to their feet.

"Just step into the parlor, Miss Blakeney," said the elder. "I won't detain you long. Stuart, will you go down to the boat? Or stroll about town for half an hour? I shall probably be ready to go then."

"Thanks; I think I'll remain here—with Miss Blakeney's permission," was the calm response. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh,—this is my son," said Mr. Maxwell, fairly trapped, adding, significantly, "Miss Blakeney has come to see me on business. We needn't detain you."

"Have you had much business experience, Miss Blakeney?" Stuart asked, smiling down at her.

"No,—that is, I never had any until my father died, a year ago. Since then, of course—" She paused, pregnantly.

"Since then you have grown more accustomed to handling large affairs?"

"Oh no!" She glanced quickly up at him. "My father had no 'large affairs' at the end, except— Things were rather involved, as perhaps you know." She looked from one to the other uncertainly.

"But he left you comfortably provided for?" quickly interposed Stuart, before his father could speak.

"He left me—everything," she admitted, with reserve.

Meanwhile young Maxwell's glance had been busy. He noted that every article of her dress, while worn with a certain freshness of manner, was old, and that although her smile was bright, her eyes looked weary. He thought she was about twenty-three.

"There isn't much here for a woman to do if she wishes to add to her income," he suggested.

"No."

"You—pardon me—you have no profession?"

"I teach—I wish to teach—music," she said, her instinctive reticence dissipated by the kindness of his face and manner, "but—the field here is—rather limited."

"My dear Stuart," interposed his father, "we are detaining Miss Blakeney unwarrantably, and incidentally delaying our own departure."

"Right, sir. But mightn't it facilitate things if you should make use of my legal attainments in this matter?" His lips laughed, but his glance met his father's with steady significance. "I've been particularly successful in arranging settlements and compromises, you know."

The elder man feigned not to see that the girl's face brightened perceptibly at the suggestion, and he replied, very dryly:

"Thanks. I have thus far managed to conduct my business without undue dependence upon—the qualities you would bring to this discussion—legal or otherwise. And while my business with Miss Blakeney is very simple, I must again remind you that it is business."

For a moment the men gazed tensely into each other's eyes, each striving for supremacy, and neither wavered. Then the elder bowed to the girl, indicating that she should precede him into the house. She cast a smiling glance back at the young lawyer.

"I hope my father can help you to a satisfactory arrangement of some of those large affairs," said he, lightly. "Perhaps you have heard that he is sometimes called 'Midas Maxwell'?"

John Maxwell frowned, but the girl laughed shyly.

"Yes," she said, "I've heard that."

"Well, don't let it frighten you. He isn't really anything so metallic. In fact, between ourselves, he has a delightfully human touch, once you really know him."

She nodded brightly and disappeared. Mr. Maxwell, following her, paused in the doorway.

"Stuart," he commanded, coldly, "you will see that the launch is ready for immediate departure in half an hour. And oblige me by not interrupting again. When we have reached an agreement, I may ask you to attend to some technical matters. I shall not desire your opinion."

"Very well, sir." Stuart obediently arose to depart, and sauntered down the steps, lightly whistling. Then, with no more definite purpose than a desire to be at hand during a discussion in which he felt that the girl would need the help he could not offer, he returned, still whistling, to his seat on the porch and scrawled a line on a card, meaning to send it, by the first passing boy, to the engineer of the launch. Hearing voices, he realized that his father and Miss Blakeney were sitting near an open window at his left, and that while he could neither see them nor—presumably—be seen by them, every word of their low-toned conversation was distinctly audible. His first impulse was to withdraw to the other end of the porch, but he reflected that if he left the seat it might be taken by some one less discreet, and while he hesitated he heard his father say:

"I'm afraid my asking you to meet me here, Miss Blakeney, together with my son's rather—er—unfortunate suggestions, may have given you an exaggerated impression of the importance of my business with you. It's really a small matter; but as I chanced to learn, a few days ago, that you were living here, and as my son and I were coming up the river to-day to—er—see the foliage, it seemed simpler to arrange a meeting, and to settle in a few minutes a little matter that would otherwise have required, perhaps, several letters. So I wired you."

"I'm glad to learn that so busy a man as you, Mr. Maxwell, can spare a whole day, just to see the foliage." The voice was perfectly guileless, but a whimsical smile, half suspicion and half delight, broke over the face of the eavesdropper without. "Did you find it very beautiful?"

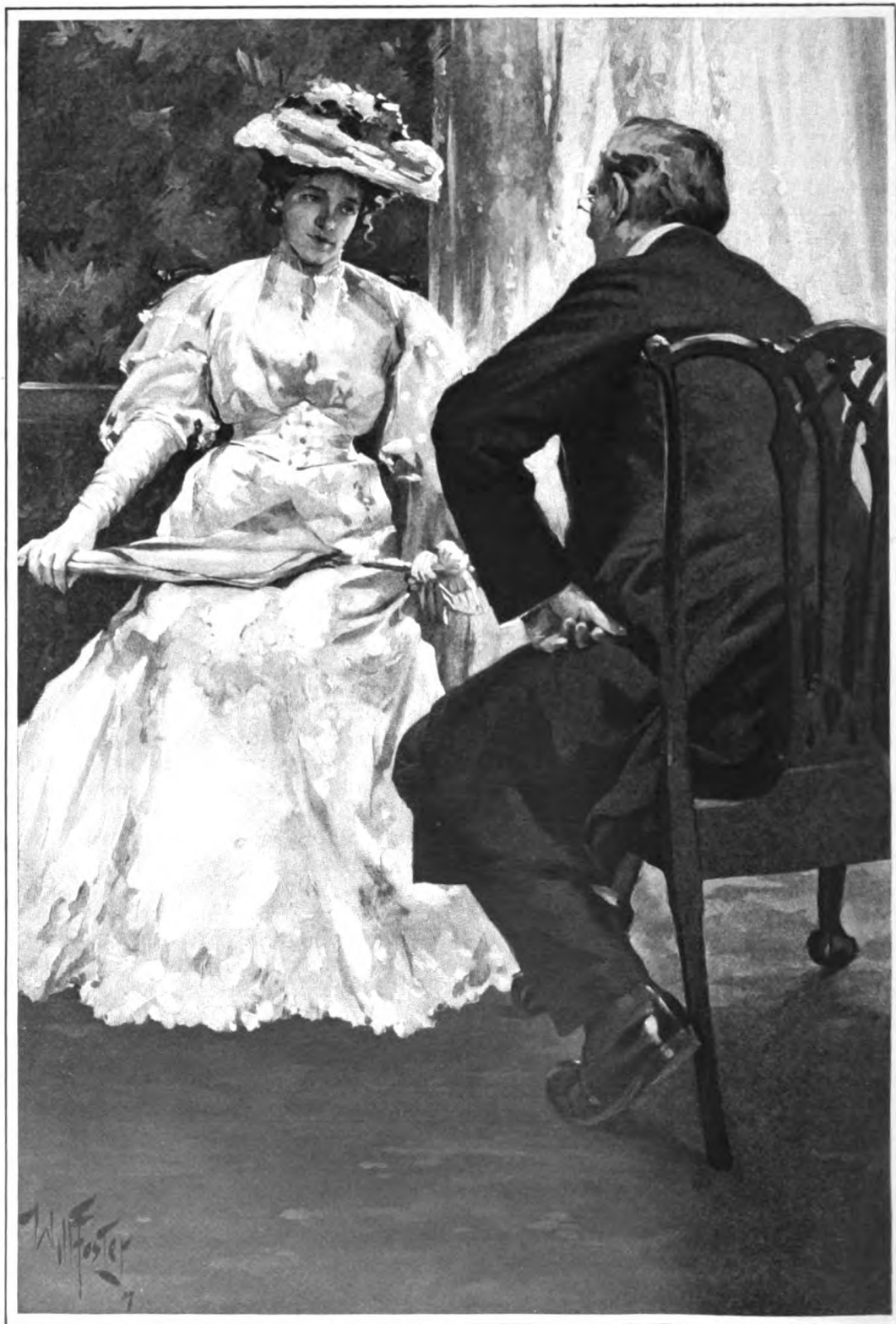
"Oh yes—yes, very! Quite worth a considerable sacrifice to see." Stuart's face darkened and he deliberately settled himself to listen, eyes wary and lips compressed. "Now, about this little matter of business—I believe your father owned at one time a large—but entirely unproductive—tract of land in Texas."

"Yes."

"This land, as you perhaps remember, was sold for taxes."

"Yes,—I remember."

"But, according to the law, the pur-



*Drawn by W. F. Foster*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THAT IS MY OFFER, WILL YOU ACCEPT IT?"

chaser's title is not completed for—oh, well, for several years, during which period the original owner can at any time redeem the property by the payment of the tax and certain interest on the sum to the second purchaser. You understand that?"

"Yes; but—we never redeemed it."

"Exactly. Now, a company of which I am a member has been buying more or less land in Texas for—er—grazing and—speculative purposes, and this piece of your father's—of yours, now—happens to lie in line with our purchases. We're not, naturally, paying very much for property of this character—you understand that it is virgin territory, entirely uncultivated—but we should be willing to give you something in order to quiet your claim and acquire title to the property."

"But—there is the owner—the other one. Mr.—Chapin, isn't it?"

"Yes,—something like that, I believe. We should also have to satisfy his claim, of course. That is regulated by law, you understand."

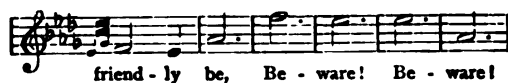
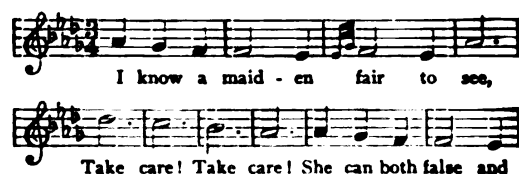
"Oh, is it? And how—how much would you—" She paused, breathlessly unable to complete the phrase, and John Maxwell read her palpitant, suppressed eagerness as if it had been print. So, incidentally, did his son.

"Well, now, you mustn't expect too much, you know, from land like that," he reminded her, his tone deprecatingly kind. "Of course it has never yielded you a penny?"

"No,—not yet."

"Well—there are about a thousand acres, I'm told. Say a dollar an acre—that's about what we've been offering for similar property—a thousand dollars—cash. What do you say?"

For some time, with a musician's acute sensitiveness to sound, Frances had been subconsciously aware of a melody softly whistled just outside the window, and now, by an entirely involuntary mental process, the words of the song were flashed across the background of her thought:



As Mr. Maxwell paused, asking, "What do you say?" the last phrase was insistently repeated, out of its place.

Beware! Beware!

She hesitated, unwittingly influenced by the impression thus subconsciously received at a moment when her mind was in turmoil. The pride that forbade her revealing her financial straits to this stranger, and the hard-won business acumen that taught her the unwisdom of too ready acceptance of any first offer, were almost overwhelmed by the clamoring forces of necessity, and by panic fears lest this actual proffer of money for property long since given up as lost should pass before she could seize it.

The repeated phrase, breaking the proper sequence of the melody, forced itself into her consciousness, annoying her by its interruption of her thought.

"Why—I—I don't know," she faltered. The whistle ceased. "I—this is—very unexpected. I haven't had time to—to think."

"I can quite understand that the offer is unexpected," readily rejoined Mr. Maxwell, "but is it a matter requiring long consideration? The land practically passed out of your hands some time ago, and unless it is your intention to redeem it yourself. By the way, perhaps you still hope to redeem it yourself?"

"No," faintly acknowledged the girl. "I can't." The whistle had apparently stopped entirely, and she felt the exaggerated relief following the cessation of any petty and persistent irritation.

"Then why do you hesitate? You'll hardly have another such offer for that property, Miss Blakeney."

I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care! Take care! Beware! Beware!

From where she sat by the window she caught sight of a tan shoe and a bit of striped flannel, and remembered that young Maxwell had been whistling when he started for the landing. She wondered vaguely that he had returned so soon and wished that she dared ask his advice. She had liked his face.



Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

The significance of the oft-repeated phrase suddenly startled her, and she clutched at the hope, no sooner recognized than rejected as fantastically absurd, that it was intended as a warning to her. Nevertheless, the thought influenced her.

"I say you can hardly hope to receive such an offer again," repeated Mr. Maxwell, persuasively.

"N-no, I suppose not," she replied, bewildered and uncertain. "I suppose you are right, but—I should like to think it over—to consult some one. My—my judgment isn't always good."

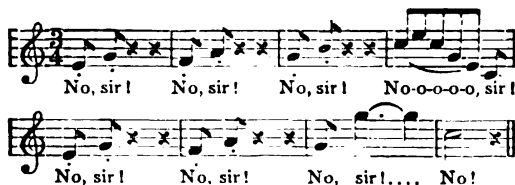
"I'm beginning to perceive that." Mr. Maxwell's smile softened the words. "My dear young lady, don't permit yourself to give way to timorous, feminine irresolution. Here is a business proposition. Prove your worthiness of it by meeting it in a businesslike way."

She sat staring with unseeing eyes at the glowing, sunlit trees, and from without came the melodious suggestion:



Of course this could be only coincidence, but in the absence of other counsellors would she not be wise to accept as a sort of oracular utterance this recurring warning?

"You will understand," continued Mr. Maxwell, a shade less urbanely, "that my time is necessarily limited, and you will pardon my suggestion that this transaction is perhaps of greater importance to you than it is to us. A thousand dollars is my offer. Will you accept it?"



vigorously prompted the whistle. Surely, surely that could not be coincidence!

"I—" she hesitated, took a long breath, and said, unsteadily, "I think—not."

Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!

exulted the whistle.

She glanced fearfully at Mr. Maxwell, but he was evidently unaware of outside intervention, and she presently perceived that the son was employing a medium of which the older man not only had no knowledge, but to the very sound of which he was entirely insensible, and a kind of intoxication began to creep through her veins. Her companion bent his gaze somewhat sternly upon her.

"Apparently you don't quite understand the situation, Miss Blakeney. Here you have an opportunity of getting something for a property which will otherwise yield you nothing. I hope you're not going to be foolish—and perhaps a little avaricious—and by hesitating lose all chance of getting anything at all from your equity."

"I don't wish to be foolish—and certainly not avaricious," murmured Frances, mentally whirling in her futile search for words to fit a familiar strain now sounding, "but, you see, I—I don't quite—"

Misinterpreting her hesitation, he added, as a filip: "I have already called your attention to the fact that this is a comparatively small matter to us, but if we could obtain this property at a reasonable figure, it could be made a part of what we already own and would round out our holdings very nicely."

Desperately she sought words for the repeated theme.

"I'm sure you won't be unreasonable in the matter, now that you understand it, Miss Blakeney," smilingly resumed the financier, "and that you will accept our offer without further unnecessary delay."

No, sir! No, sir! No, sir! No-o-o-o, sir!

protested the whistle, rapidly.

"I really—don't feel that I can do that," she summoned courage to say. "I—no, I cannot accept it, Mr. Maxwell."

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

came prompt reassurance from her counsel.

"Ah? I'm very sorry." Mr. Maxwell arose, as if to close the interview, and noted her quickly caught breath and the nervous apprehension of her glance. "I had hoped to do both you and my company a service by arranging this little matter in this way."

She recognized a refrain from "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen":

God bless thee, love, it was but idle dreaming;  
God bless thee, love, it was not so to be,

and responded, albeit with weakening valor:

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but—I cannot accept your offer."

Assailing doubts of her wisdom in thus implicitly submitting to the guidance of a stranger, and that stranger John Maxwell's son, were reflected in her voice, and Stuart, tensely listening, gripped his hands around the arm of his chair and obstinately set his teeth.

His father eyed the girl keenly.

"You're sure this is your final decision, Miss Blakeney?" he asked. "I think you may regret it when it is too late."

The martial strains of "Hold the Fort" spiritedly slitting the air, and the memory of young Maxwell's honest eyes and strong, pleasant face, steadied her. Recollections of his kindly manner toward her during their brief chat, of his little tilt with his father—insignificant at the moment—and of his penetrating, luminous gaze as he reminded her of his father's nickname, flashed across her mind and renewed her courage. She did not understand the situation, she had no idea whither he was leading her, but in that instant she rejected distrust of Stuart Maxwell and resolved to conduct this matter as he should indicate, subordinating her impulses to his judgment.

"I can't see that I shall have anything to regret," she answered, after a moment's thought, a new firmness in her voice, "but possibly, with reflection—Will you hold the offer open for a week, Mr. Maxwell, and give me time to think it over?"

"Bully!" whispered Stuart to the ambient ether. "Bully for you!"

"That is quite impossible," said Mr. Maxwell, positively, fancying capitulation at hand. "I can't do that—nor do I see any reason for it. My offer is

definite, and it seems to me, as a business man, that your only wise course is plain. At any rate, if we make this deal, we make it now—to-day."



Again that familiar, baffling *motif* for which she had sought the words in vain!

"Indeed, my time is almost exhausted." He glanced at his watch. "My launch—and my son—are waiting for me at this moment down at the landing."

Despite her inability to interpret her instructions, a little smile twisted at the corners of her lips; and in the same instant came light. It was "*Warum?*" But—words? Then in a burst of comprehension she translated aloud.

"Why?"

"'Why?'" repeated Mr. Maxwell, slightly taken aback by the sudden, jubilant inquiry.

"Yes, why? Why is this offer being made now? Why—why is there such haste about it?"

"I'm not aware that there's any particular haste about it," said the financier, dryly. "We happen to be investing rather largely in Texas just now. The possibilities of the State are great and have been attracting more or less attention lately. This property chances to lie well for our purposes, and so I make you an offer for your equity in it. That's very simple, isn't it? Doubtless it may seem sudden to you, off here in this quiet backwater, but to us, out in the stream, it's all in the day's work."

From the porch "*Warum?*" again floated softly in to her.

"You say it lies well for your purposes," said she, slowly, her mind, stimulated by excitement, working in new directions. "What *are* your purposes?"

"I think I told you that we want it for grazing and speculation. You will understand, of course, that with our large capital we can afford to hold comparatively unproductive land for a length of time impossible to investors of smaller means, hoping for a rise in the market."

"Yes, I suppose so." She was beginning to remember, approximately, certain dates. "How long does it take, Mr. Maxwell, to lose—I mean, when land

is bought for taxes, how long is it before the purchaser's title—how do you say it?—becomes—”

“Complete? Several years. It varies in the different States.” John Maxwell's tone was careless, but he shot a sharp glance at her from beneath his brows.

“Yes, but in Texas?”

“Two years, I believe—or thereabout.”

“Then my equity must be almost at an end. I remember when the land was sold. Poor father regretted it so!”

Glory, glory hallelujah!

whistled Stuart, enthusiastically.

“Yes, the term has almost expired—certainly.” Mr. Maxwell's smile intimated that her reasoning was slow. “That is exactly why I advise you to sell now, before you lose all interest in the property.”

“Why didn't you tell me that, Mr. Maxwell? Why didn't you say that my equity would shortly expire?”

At this direct inquiry the man outside stopped his low whistling to indulge in a delighted grin.

“I gave you credit for some knowledge of your own affairs,” was the ready answer. “I reminded you that hesitation now would result in your realizing nothing at all from your equity.”

“Yes, you did that.” She regarded him thoughtfully. “But why, under those circumstances, should you wish to buy of me at all?”

“You happen to own it.”

“Yes, I know; but you said you would also have to settle Mr. Chapin's claim. If my equity expires so soon, why didn't you wait and buy directly of him? Wouldn't that have been simpler? It seems to me that you're paying twice where once would have sufficed.”

The insolent strains of Mephistopheles's “Song of the Golden Calf” confirmed her suspicions and added determination to her inquiry.

“We always prefer, under circumstances like these, to see the original owner get something out of it,” smoothly explained Mr. Maxwell, “especially when that owner happens to be a woman. The men who go about buying up lands at tax sales are not generally a very reputable sort, and we like not only to curtail their profits as much as possible,

but to recognize the rights of the original owner.”

“I see. That's very considerate of you,” said Frances, gravely. “By the way, I don't think you have told me just when my equity will expire.”

“I said that it would soon be lost—very soon; and doesn't it seem to you, in consequence, that your wisest course would be to sell while you can?”

“Indeed it does.”

“Ah! Then you accept my offer!”

“Oh, I haven't said that!” she protested, her eyes asparkle and her color high. “Have I?” she added, her face turned toward the window.

No, sir! No, sir! No, sir! No-o-o-o, sir!

promptly came the light reply.

“Haven't you?” The old man showed his surprise. “I thought you had, in effect.”

“Oh no I should like very much to sell—but not at your price, Mr. Maxwell.”

“Ah? Suppose we sit down again.” He smiled indulgently. “Now, what should you consider a fair price, Miss Blakeney?”

For a moment she hesitated, at a loss what to reply. Then, “I should like what the property is really worth,” said she, daringly.

“Oh, of course you're entitled to that,” was the ready admission. “You will remember that we have already recognized your right as the original owner. Otherwise we should have made you no offer at all.” He paused a moment, giving her time to grasp the full significance of that suggestion. “But you must also remember that in addition to buying your equity we have to settle Mr. Chapin's claim, comprising not only the original amount of the taxes, but interest for several years at a very high rate.”

“How much does Mr. Chapin's claim amount to?” she asked.

“I've not ascertained the exact amount.”

“But about how much?” she persisted. “As much as you offer me?”

“Yes.”

“Twice as much?”

“Probably.”

“Three times as much?”

"Possibly."

"Five times as much?"

"Oh, I think hardly so much as that!"

His tone was light, and he smiled pleasantly.

She sat silent, looking at him for a moment. Then, with great apparent simplicity, she observed:

"It *will* cost you a lot before you get through, won't it? You may have to pay several thousand dollars for that dry, barren tract."

"Yes." So guileless was her glance that he suspected no trap. "You see, this is only the beginning. We shall certainly have to spend several thousand dollars before we finally acquire title."

"Well," said she, decidedly, "that being the case, I'm not going to part with my equity for one thousand."

"Now, now, my dear child!" deprecated the old man. "It's evident that you understand neither the situation nor your own position. Do you fully realize that your interest in this property is, at best, only an equity of short duration?"

"I won't accept a thousand dollars for it, just the same," she repeated, lifting her chin contumaciously.

He regarded her with growing disquiet, and yielded a point.

"I suggest, Miss Blakeney, that if you have a friend here whose knowledge of business methods exceeds your own, you refer the matter to him. I know what any business man would advise in such a matter, and I'll delay my departure for an hour to give you time for consultation."

She hesitated then, but not for long.

No, sir! No, sir! No, sir! No-o-o-o-o, sir!

"Thank you very much, but it's a little late for that," she pluckily returned. "I feel quite competent to handle the matter, now that I understand it a little better. You and I will decide it—*now*, Mr. Maxwell," she added, with a delicate touch of malice not lost on her opponent. For the first time it occurred to him to doubt that her attitude throughout had been entirely ingenuous.

"Well," said he, somewhat sharply, "what *do* you want? Out with it!"

"First, I want to know why you are so anxious to buy this land that you

can't wait until next week. What has made it so suddenly valuable that you're willing to pay a large sum for it?"

Before she had finished the last question, her coach, whose faith in the acuteness of her penetration was rapidly waxing, ventured, as the nearest tuneful approach to the truth that he could remember at the moment:

Down in a coal-mine, underneath the ground,

Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found,

Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,  
Down in a coal-mine, underneath the ground.

Listening, she continued, almost without pause: "You have told me of grazing and speculation. Is there also, perhaps, coal?" The whistle stopped. "Or gas?" Silence. Misty recollections of certain newspaper reports, negligently read, prompted her. "Or oil?"

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

"By Jove!" Stuart told himself. "That girl's a corker!"

"There's more or less oil talk in Texas just now, I believe," admitted his father; "most of it very much exaggerated, I think."

"Ah? And oil-lands are valuable, aren't they, Mr. Maxwell? Very, *very* valuable?"

"I believe they are, but I'm not prepared to enter upon an abstract discussion concerning their values just now. The question is not pertinent and I must again remind you that I am in haste. I have made you an offer, Miss Blakeney. Unless you are prepared to accept it at once, I shall withdraw it and proceed to make other arrangements. You will thereby lose your equity and gain nothing whatever, since you assure me that you cannot redeem the property yourself."

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe. I cry.  
Full and fair ones. Come, and buy.

"I did say that, didn't I?" murmured Frances, feeling for the thread. Then, archly, as she caught it: "But I didn't say that I had no intention of selling it, did I?"

"Selling it? To whom? You can't

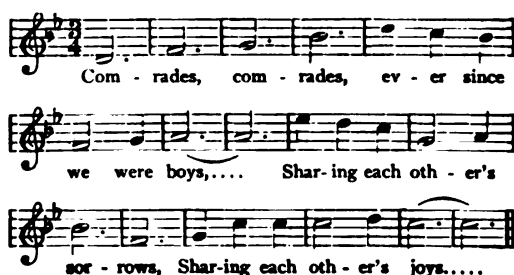
sell it!" he exclaimed. "You haven't time! You've only six days left!"

"Really?" Too late he saw his admission, and outside his son waited with compressed lips for the obvious retort; but she was magnanimous. All she said—and she laughed as she said it—was: "Do you think it would take a man six days to make up his mind to buy that equity—under the circumstances?"

John Maxwell sprang to his feet and took a quick turn across the room. When he came back, he stopped before her.

"Well," said he again, "what do you want?"

Stuart, who had been whistling one old song to no purpose, now changed to another,



stopped, and repeated the strain.

The girl took a long breath, looked up at the man before her, and then said quietly:

"I want—an interest."

"You want—*what*?"

"An interest—with you—in this property."

Mr. Maxwell laughed shortly. "Well, from my experience to-day, there's no one I'd rather be associated with. We'd get all there was coming! But I'm afraid that's impossible. There are other people interested with me in this matter and— No, it couldn't possibly be arranged. We'll pay you a good price—"

No, sir! No, sir! No, sir. . . No!  
The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

had been recommended while he spoke, and now she interrupted:

"No, Mr. Maxwell. I will sell to you only on that one basis."

"But I tell you that's impossible!" She laughed. "Come! I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

"No, sir." For once, she anticipated the whistle.

"Then, for the last time, will you tell me what you really will accept?"

"What I will accept?" She sparred for time. "Let me see—"

Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys. . .

"I'll accept the interest I have already mentioned, and—and—and ten thousand dollars cash," she finished, rather faintly.

Glory, glory hallelujah!

reassured her.

"How much of an interest?"

"Ha—half?"

The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

"You don't really expect me to pay the taxes and the interest to redeem that land"—Mr. Maxwell adopted a humorous tone,—“pay you ten thousand dollars, and *then* give you a half interest in a property in which you'll lose all interest in six days anyway, do you?"

"Yes, I do." She smiled serenely at him.

"What you ask is impossible. I can't do it."

The ship goes sailing down the bay,  
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.  
We may not meet for many a day,  
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.

"Very well." Frances arose, definitely. "I'm sorry. I should have preferred to sell to you, but of course—" She stopped, with a little shrug.

"See here!" He took another turn across the room and back. "Will you meet me in New York to-morrow and see if we can close this?"

Again she hesitated and received soft instructions before she dared reply.

"No, I—I can't promise that—" Stuart changed to "Almost Persuaded."

"That is, I can't unless you'll agree now to buy at my terms."

"I can't do that. I've already told you that it is impossible—almost impossible. But I'll see what I can do."

"My time is very short, Mr. Maxwell. I intend to sell this equity within six days, and you see I can't afford to spend any time following an uncertainty."

"Very well. I'll give you five hundred dollars now for an option until to-



morrow afternoon, if you'll come to my office then and meet my son and some of my associates in this land business."

Glory, glory hallelujah!

"Very well, I'll accept that," she said.

Mr. Maxwell produced his check-book, and while he was drawing a check, he said:

"If you don't mind, I'd like to have this agreement in writing. My son is a lawyer, and if he's anywhere about, it won't detain you more than ten minutes."

Stuart was found, and his father briefly explained the situation.

"I congratulate you, sir," said the lawyer, "on having gained so charming—and so astute—an associate."

He permitted himself no more than a glance at the glowing face of his accomplice, and gave his attention wholly to the business in hand. The agreements were duly drawn and signed, the hour for the next day's meeting was decided upon, and good-byes were said.

"I shall see you again?" were the only words Frances addressed directly to Stuart.

"To-morrow—and after, I hope."

To which she casually replied: "Thank you. *Au revoir*, then," and was gone.

"By George! that girl's got a head on her!" exclaimed the elder Maxwell, as they stood on the porch looking after her. "If you had real good sense, you'd marry her!"

"I intend to," was the unexpected reply.

"Wha—what? You— Oh, bosh! I told you the minute I saw her that she was clever, but I wasn't prepared for— What do you think? Was she stringing us all the time?"

"I don't think so."

"Then how the deuce did she know enough to— You ought to have heard her! I tell you she managed the thing like an expert—and I'm no easy mark, you know!"

"Do you happen to remember, sir, why the Persians were defeated at Marathon?"

"The Greeks were the best fighters."

The young man shook his head, dreamily smiling. "That's what the historians say, but the Greeks knew that it was because they were helped by the great god Pan—whose home was in Arcady."

"Well, what of it? What has that to do with it?"

"Everything," said his son. "Everything!"

"H'mph!" grumbled the father, after a moment. "I give it up! It's too deep for me. What's the answer?"

But Stuart, the lawyer, made no reply. He was repeating to himself:

"Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man:

The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—

For the reed that grows nevermore again

As a reed with the reeds in the river."



# Saracinesco, the Home of Models

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

IT is to Arcangelo that we owe our nearer acquaintance with the Roman model. How could you have in your house a thing of five, lovely in dull green and yellow velvet, posing by the hour and chattering incessantly in baby Italian, without lending an ear to revelation?

"This week I paid the rent," he asserted proudly, grasping his daffodil with new energy; and his mother, knitting patiently beside him, confirmed him with a nod.

"And when I have paid the rent," he added dreamily, "I will buy an automobile,—or anyway a *maritozzo*" (a Roman bun).

From Arcangelo it was but a step to Francesco and Francesca, and to Angela and Orlando, and back to the parent stock—which is Bernardo,—and from that to Saracinesco itself. For generations, they told us with pride, Saracinesco had furnished models to the studios of Rome.

Arcangelo dwelt steadfastly on its beauties. Pressed to describe them in detail, he answered easily:

"Oh, you go *quà e là* [here and there] and milk the goats."

It did sound attractive. And the more one thought, the more it seemed worth while to see the models in their home,—and especially whether one went *quà e là* over the mountainsides in those same velvets which make gay the streets of Rome. Living among studios and artists for generations could not but modify a whole community, and the Saracinescani had always struck me as differing from other peasant types.

One day Arcangelo nearly fell asleep at the morning sitting.

"What would you?" apologized his mother. "He posed at the Circolo last evening,—and he begins to long for the mountains. We are all like that; here we live better, we earn better, we eat better,—but when June comes,—then we must go; it is as if we could not breathe here."

And, sure enough, one fine day the Spanish Steps shone bare and colorless, empty of every model; all the bright velvets and white head-dresses faded from the streets. It was like the vanishing of Gipsies.

But they left behind a cryptic writing of directions; we, too, had felt the call of the blood. We were to send word a few days in advance, that Bernardo might meet us with a cavalcatura,—the nature of which we were doubtful concerning, till we looked it up in our dictionaries and found it to be "any kind of a saddle-animal." That gave a new point to our interest at once. Camels, perhaps?—and we had not been in a saddle since approximate childhood.

It would be necessary, Maria had casually warned, for the Signori to bring food; nothing existed upon the rock of Saracinesco except bread and goat's milk.

"She can't mean that to be taken literally," said the Signore optimistically,

"*She can*," said a friend, who had been there. "Take my advice and carry a few kili of spaghetti."

We bought the spaghetti and prepared to go, receiving a last cheering message the night before our departure, from Bernardo, to the effect that the bridge at Mandela was down, and we must leave the train at Vicovaro, where the cavalcature would be. We had never seen Bernardo, and we thought of him as six feet high, wearing a long cloak, flung brigand-wise over one shoulder, and a peaked hat. As for the cavalcatura,—that too might be six feet high, for aught we knew. Misgivings—which we always have when it is too late for them to be of any use—beset us; we hoped the temporale would rage all night.

Morning dawned lovely as only mornings after temporales can be; and while it was still dawning the rail carried us beyond the tourist-known slopes of Tivoli, with all its cascades, and up more



PEASANTS BY THE FIRESIDE

chestnut slopes, and—all too soon—through a long tunnel, and then it was a mere matter of snatching one's things.

But before foot could touch ground, Maria was upon us, in her best white bodice and crimson head-kerchief, and she had one hand and Bernardo the other, and—well, he was not the Bernardo of our nightmares.

The moment we looked into the two beaming faces, we knew very well that we should go wherever they chose to lead us. Outside the gate the cavalcade were waiting: a minute pack-donkey (somaro), "Beppino," and two large mountain mules with the best saddles ever made, bar none.

"Am I to ride astride?" inquired the

dismayed Signora. "I shall be a figure!"—for she had worn her briefest and scantest skirt for climbing, and is, as her dress-maker tells her, "no gingillo" (toy).

Maria's rebuke was a fine thing of its kind.

"Signora," she said, "there are some things *nobody* looks at."

The Signore meanwhile stood apart, leaning with an elegantly detached air upon his cane. One who knew his probable sentiments admired his disinterested manner; you would have said the cavalcatura was nothing to him, or that he was in the habit of having one every day.

Never had we felt really old till we mounted those beasts; then we recalled that our nearest youth was twenty years

behind, when we last rode a cavalcatura and called it something else. Maria seized my animal by a leading-rope (after presenting me with a kind of finger-ring set in the front peak of the saddle, by which I might hold); Bernardo seized

I had ten, and they died one after the other; but I kept on praying, and finally—Angela—Orlando—the twins—Arcangelo,—even *too* many! He answers,—yes, but in His time.”

We looked at the light, active figure tripping on ahead, dragging me and half the cavalcatura after, and springing like a girl over the rocks—the mother of fifteen! She had travelled since dawn that morning all the way down to meet us. And then we are told of the disabilities of maternity!

Up and up, with an occasional dip down—first a comfortable path, then a mere foot-trail over broken rock, then the rock itself. And all the while the hills rose about us, rising constantly though we were ourselves, and began to make pictures



THE "CAVALCATURA" EN ROUTE

the Signore's by another; Beppino, with all the provender and wraps, started ahead, and off we went, like a more extensive Flight into Egypt.

It was camels, after all. For the first fifteen minutes we were silently engaged in remembering Baedeker's description of Saracinesco—"a humble little hamlet, on a steep rock, about nine miles from"—somewhere. And then, unaccountably, all at once, as we turned away from civilization and went by narrow, rocky paths, hedge-set and river-bordered as yet, into the heart of things—our years fell from us; suddenly we had never felt so young!

There are only two perfect forms of locomotion—the ass and the gondola. Donkeys have rhythm!

And now, as we went racking musically along the road, Maria told us how she had secured the weather we waxed eloquent over: she had taken advantage of a novena in the village church to pray for it.

"And are your prayers always answered so?" I asked.

"He takes His time," she admitted. "For example—there were my children;

against the sky. It was all our luck that the Mandela bridge was down; thereby we got Vicovaro with its convent and cypresses, perched high upon a rock, a perfection of "composition," with a roaring torrent cascading below and a little bridge, across which we ambled. By now we had ceased to think of the animals; we rocked along as if in rocking-chairs, living solely in our eyes and in an indefinable sense of well-being, which, beginning in one's lungs, seemed to pervade every muscle and nerve of one's city-tired frame, and culminated presently in a new and delicious sensation—pure hunger. In the city you only get hollow—and that is a horrid feeling; but this was the genuine article—and a keen delight. In a shady little by-path, where a spring welled up, we sat us down and feasted.

"This is making fat (*grasso*)," said Maria, gayly chipping a hard-boiled egg.

"Are there no eggs at Saracinesco?" I inquired idly.

"Eggs are plenty, Signora," she answered cheerfully, "but soldi are few."

Then came an exhibition of the perfect



breeding of the Italian peasant. Bernardo and Maria had probably never heard of the Duke of Clarence, but when the Signore filled the two glasses with Roman wine, they took them with no "After yours" or hesitations, bowed with a fine simplicity, raised them to their lips, said, "Salute!" and carrying the drained glasses to the spring, washed them till they shone and brought them back as simply.

We remounted the cavalcature, gathering it up from the various bushes it was consuming, and went on once more, our only dread lest we should sometime arrive. We would have chosen to "ride, ride, forever ride,"—politics, art, literature forgotten, and nothing remaining but air and donkeys.

Hereafter we enjoyed a new excitement—watching the animals' feats (spelled either way). I don't know whether any one knows why a mule is only happy when treading the brink of eternity, but so it is. Even when the path was wide, so long as there was a path, nothing would serve them but to delicately crumble the edge of the mountain, where every preceding cavalcatura had also crumbled. By and by there was no longer a path—nothing but stone staircases; and by and by there was only rock—the kind sacred to chamois. Nice, slippery, steep surfaces—on these they set their slender feet, and up we mounted, like ships in a head-wind; first the prow rose sharply and you lay upon the cavalcatura's neck, then his stern rose with a sudden hump and you lay upon the animal's rump. That ascent qualified one for membership in the Alpine Club—and there were hours of it. Suddenly Bernardo said:

"*Ecco Saracinesco!*"—and there, apparently as

far away as ever, soared a conical rock, wrapped round and round with town, cut like a cameo against lapis lazuli—the very top of the world.

"Only a *piccola oretta* (a little hour) now," said Maria encouragingly.

Of course it was nearer two. As we drew near, graceful girls and pretty boys began to overtake us, bearing bronze conchas from a spring below, or baskets of tiny fresh figs, offered to us with a smile of welcome. Beautiful, almost without exception, these girls seemed, with their lovely color, bright eyes, superb hair and teeth, and the bearing of mountain goddesses. Though every one of them wore the bodice (which is nothing but a velvet corset) laced outside the full white under-chemise, and trimly laced at that, creatures of freer movement, lighter step, fuller-lunged, more elastic, never trod the earth. We reflected despondently on



ARCANGELO AT SARACINESCO



the general immorality of nature, and the limp and floppy figures of dear dress-reforming friends whose boast it is "never to have worn a corset." Per contra,—if the vegetarian wants an argument, our consciences bid us point him to Saracinesco.

Presently we struck the path into the very rock of Saracinesco itself, and straight in we rode, our mules going up and down the steps with the dignity of habit. Before a dark doorway they halted, and we came off suddenly, wondering at our muscles. It is not often that the harp of twice ten thousand strings plays them all together.

It is always our luck to stay on the "Piazza Grande" when we make these pilgrimages, and so of course Maria's house was on the Piazza, with the church where our weather had been secured at one end, and the "Campidoglio" opposite, from which a faded flag proclaimed anew Italian Unity. Even this isolated rock was keeping the national feast of "Venti Settembre."

It was not our first experience of Abruzzi towns, so we were quickly at home in the dark kitchen, with its huge oven and fireplace. A ladder within and

stone steps without led to the one room above, destined for us, immaculately clean, and with "windows opening to the east." Arcangelo, his roses recovered, velvetless, but even more adorable in overalls and suspenders, with laced gaiters of cloth and skin, and string wound round and round, came beaming in.

Nobody could keep within in such an air, muscles or not,—so forth we went and circumnavigated all Saracinesco in half an hour. It was but going round and round the hill crest, with great valleys dropping away on every side, sometimes so steeply that you caught your breath, now that you were your own cavalcatura with only two tremulous legs to stand on. We mounted to the "Fortezza" for a finish—the remains of an ancient fortress, which is the very top of Saracinesco, as Saracinesco is the top of everything else, excepting one other "piccolo paese" (little country) which we could just see far away on another mountain rock, celebrating itself with a starry-pointing monument of some kind. The extraordinary thing is that Saracinesco is not really high at all—a scant three thousand feet. But we have seen Rocky and Sierran peaks twice its height which did

not seem as high—such is the loneliness, the abrupt and solitary character, of the rock and the rocky world about it. Round Saracinesco in winter the wind must howl and rave, and we did not wonder that virtually the whole population withdraws to Rome for seven months of the twelve.

The foundation of Saracinesco is wrapped in myth—at least for the inhabitants. 'Way back in the days of Charlemagne captive Saracens were taken there and kept; thence grew the town, and something Saracenic seems to remain not only in the names (we heard of one family



ON THE ROCKS NEAR SARACINESCO



A FAMILY OF MODELS

called "Morocco"), but also in physique, and in a strange Oriental head-dress which the women wear at times—a striped blanket folded in three, which drops behind and on each side; with a bronze jar poised on the top of this, every woman is a walking sphinx.

On this desolate rock the people dwell like flowers springing from its crevices,—the gentlest, most gracious, most graceful of mankind. As we passed along the stone lanes, out of one and another of those dark doorways appeared familiar faces—our models—the persistent flower-sellers whose flowers we had so often cast angrily away,—all smiling a greeting; gentle, domestic, laborious creatures here, still in the bodices and chemises, but with the velvets, the brodered aprons, the kerchiefs and white head-dresses, which are their stage properties, left in Rome. Far down the rocky slope, numbers of them were washing at the public fountain, and the idlest knit steadily as they stood talking to us. Being a festa, the men, of course, were playing mora.

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It is not possible to be poorer than the Saracinescani. We discussed this later with Bernardo and Maria, while Maria fired up the oven for the village baking, and pushed and shoved in the loaves of unleavened bread, as the neighbors brought them in on long planks. One loaf in every twenty is the baker's fee—a large part of the family sustenance.

We began with the house—which we had judged to be centuries old, if not absolutely indigenous; it was in part of the solid rock, in part of broken rock held together with cement.

"With these hands I broke and built it," said Leonardo, holding up two thin brown ones, where, seated beside the fire, he sifted polenta into a kettle hung from a crane, and stirred the boiling mass with a knotted stick. The land, they had bought with fifteen dollars, and it was eight years before the house was completed. There was a government tax and a communal tax, amounting to a few dollars a year; for the rest the house



THE HOUSE WAS LUXURY AFTER THE ONE DAMP ROOM IN ROME

was theirs; it was luxury after the one damp room in Rome.

Bread and polenta, with occasional "pasta made in the house" (a kind of macaroni), formed the unvarying fare. Coffee, sugar, eggs, butter, meat, vegetables, fruit (except wild blackberries—called "moors"), and wine—these they had not; tomatoes were brought up (by a cavalcatura) to make the sun-dried paste which is the basis of nearly all Italian sauces; but the summers are too short, the altitude too great, to raise crops.

This being a festa, however, we were prepared to tax the resources of Saracinesco. Francesco was sent for the thin white wine which is alone obtainable "for a price"; Maria made a sauce of tomato, into which herbs and even a handful of mutton scraps were introduced. We brought forth the spaghetti, grated Parmesan, butter, coffee, and sugar from Rome. Our part was to watch. Maria broke fire-wood and stuffed it bit by bit under the kettles, Francesca fetched

and carried, Angela set the table, and Arcangelo climbed into the inglenook and nursed his pet dog, ransomed at Rome for a soldo and transplanted to the warmest corner at Saracinesco. A quaint three-wicked lamp burned on the table, and the firelight shone on all the faces. Leonardo, still stirring, turned gently towards us to say:

"And how does all this seem to you, Signori?"

"It seems very beautiful," we answered promptly.

"Ah!" interposed Maria, from the oven, "the Signori always think it very beautiful to be a contadino; but the contadino does not think so; he always wants something he cannot have. That is why we are thinking of enclosing Arcangelo."

"Enclose Arcangelo!" we exclaimed.

"Yes,—make a *frate* of him; then he will have food and a roof for life—and instruction. Otherwise—what will he become?—a bootblack and model, like his brothers before him. For everything in

this world some education" (but *she* called it correctly—"instruction") "is needed, and what instruction can we afford our children? Even the few soldi they earn are necessary to keep them from hunger. It will be bad for us, but good for Arcangelo—and we wish to do better for our children than we have done."

It was the problem of Italy, risen to confront us on this rock. What, indeed, is to be done for the Arcangelos, the Francescas and Francescos of the present? Angela has the air of a young duchess; Francesca, on the other hand, has the quaintly sunny smile and rippling air of a Dutch maiden; the boys were active, long-limbed, fit for anything,—but what chance had they? As for Arcangelo, with his lashes an inch long and thick—

"It is true," continued Bernardo, with unconscious irony, "he is perhaps too intelligent for a *frate*. Believe me, Signori, I am sometimes stupefied before the wisdom of that child!"—and something awed and beautiful crept into the simple, brown face.

"Ah, well,—we will not enclose him to-night," said Maria merrily, with a maternal twinkle towards Arcangelo, drowsing in scornful disrespect of the whole subject.

As she spoke she lifted the heavy pot of polenta, swung it deftly round and deposited the whole boiling contents on the large board Angela had placed ready on the table; the mass quickly spread into a flat cake, and over this Maria emptied the sauce, making a little island of meat scraps in the centre. A delicious smell promptly filled the room. Angela had laid a white cloth at one end of the table, and in this aristocratic exile we were expected to eat our spaghetti—some *kili* of it.

Not we! Forsaking all that aristocracy, we drew up with the family about the smoking board, and dipped in our tin forks, till each had a scallop in front of him recording his capacity. From time to time we discreetly forked a bit of meat salvage from the borders of the island. Maria, standing, hovered about the table, dipping impartially, trying to establish some equity between scallop and scallop. We washed the feast down with the thin wine, the elders partaking abstemiously

—the younger ones not at all (they were accustomed to nothing but water).

Supper ended, we produced our great effect—flash-light photography. Only Angela could claim, with some pride, to have seen the miracle before—at the "Circolo"; to the others it was all a Fourth of July. And if the process evoked their wonder, to us it was no less wonderful to see this peasant family instantly transformed into a family of models, falling into pose with sure professional instinct; no hint from the photographer was needed. Only, since nothing in their professional experience had made them familiar with fireworks, the curious result was a group of shut eyes. This excitement proved so absorbing that we all forgot to look out at the lights of Rome, visible like a second field of stars from Saracinesco.

Roused by "an awful rose of dawn" which turned every solemn slope to strange amber and amethyst, we left that rocky eyrie next day, returning by way of Anticoli—beloved of artists. And if the ascent had qualified us for Alpine climbers, the descent qualified us as members of the Italian cavalry corps. Pictures of officers riding down the face of cliffs will never impress us again; we know now it is the very simplest of "stunts." Our way down was diversified by the tinkling of thousands of sheep-bells, by the far too close proximity of bulls to Maria's crimson head-dress, which nothing in the world would induce her to remove, and by sundry meetings with relations, long-unseen friends, and strangers, from whom we culled the whole register of deaths, births, marriages and happenings for a month past. At last, beside a little bridge near the railroad station, Leonardo addressed his ten-thousandth adjuration to Beppino, whose poor little legs trembled under him. It was no longer, "Ah, sacred one!—don't you see Anticoli!"—or "the rock," or whatever it might be; now he said, "Ah, sacred one!—don't you comprehend?—the Signora descends"—and Beppino looked distinctly pleased.

Here we demanded the reckoning, skillfully evaded hitherto.

"Well—a franc for each beast,—and half a franc for the room,—the rest was nothing—a *sciocchezza*."

A franc apiece!—Half a franc!—were





ANTICOLI

we brigands that we should do this thing?

But if we hoped to acquire merit by generosity, we lost our reckoning, in another manner. A few weeks and there appeared at our Roman door a procession—the Saracinescani bearing gifts.

“*Roba ordinaria*,” said Maria deprecatingly, bursting the while with pride, as she opened her big yellow handkerchief.

Ordinary stuff indeed!—pounds of walnuts, fresh from the *raccolta*, and—alas!—a dozen new-laid eggs. Worst and most beautiful of all, there stood Arcangelo, resplendent once more in green velvet and faded yellow, a jaunty feather in his cap, and in one hand a huge white rooster (so it looked—it shrank later), which he offered me like a bouquet.

“For you—to eat,” said Arcangelo calmly.

“And so,” we said over the subsequent

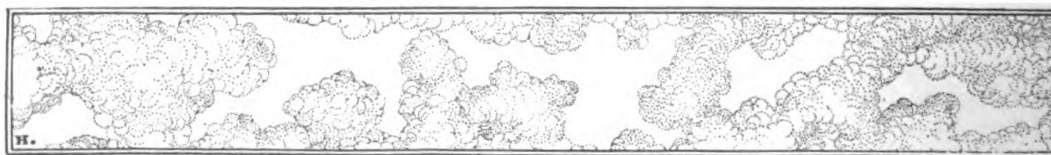
cakes and wine, “you have not enclosed Arcangelo, after all?”

“Ma che,” said Maria,—as if she had never thought of it.

“But what I shall never forget,” she added irrelevantly, “is that moment when we came to the water and made that feast.”

And that was the moment when she ate—not a dozen eggs, but one.

As we go along the streets of Rome now, the flower-girls no longer seem annoying; the quenchless gayety of the models has something of heroic in it; there are friends on every corner, and our way is hedged with smiles and greetings, but of course the one who really owns us is Arcangelo—that uncloistered monk; no *frate*, but just a “fratellino” (little brother), with the family rent once more on his velvet shoulders and dreams of automobiles in his eyes.





# The Ice-Dogs

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

IN the brackish waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to which the entire west coast of Newfoundland is exposed, the winter ice forms early and stays late. By the end of December the ice-fields, which are even then beginning to lock in the westerly coast of Labrador, need only a hard frost to become welded into solid floes; and they, but a fresh northerly gale to start on their way; and once on the way there is no halt until the entire west coast of Newfoundland has been shut in and one vast ice-lake formed of the gulf. Whatever vessel is fairly caught in the gulf by that moving mass is there to stay, crushed generally like a toy-store boat, until the warmer breezes of late spring cast the crumpled planking free. Once in a great while a craft so caught drifts about in the ice, and, escaping uncrushed, is picked up, a floating derelict, in the warmer weather; but never in such are any live men found.

Familiar with all the traditions of the dreaded gulf ice, and realizing the danger that lay before him, the master of the *Arbiter* very well knew what the trader Lackford had in mind when he hailed after his departing vessel: "Well, you've got your load, but you'll never get to the States with it. You'll do well if you don't leave her out in the gulf—and you and your crew's bones in her. She'll make a fine hard-pine coffin for you all!"

"Hard pine and oak," the master amended, grimly,—“good three-inch oak to her topsides,” and lightly swung his little schooner out of the North Arm of the Bay of Islands. He had loaded her in the teeth of opposition, and what Lackford and his associates thought mattered little now.

In the restricted waters of North Arm the gale, coming in puffs only, had allowed intervals of rest; but in the more open reaches of the bay there was no easement from the force and bite of it. Down it came from off the headlands in shooting,

whistling squalls that inshore cut the crests off the ambitious little seas as if edged with steel, and offshore threatened to snatch the canvas off the vessel; and still rushing onward, did whip the width and breadth of the surface of the bay till all alee was a turmoil of white spume.

And so cold was it that the men were forced to duck their heads sideways to the wind and spray; and yet in it was a beauty to inspire, as even the crew, intent on their work, could not but notice: the vessel tearing through a rolling level of feather-white; the heavens unflecked, and of a blue so pale as to have a touch of green in it; and only that tint of greenish blue in all that frosty sky, except for one long streak of vivid crimson edging the crests of the high hills now coming abeam; and the hollows of those same hills, ordinarily so gray and forbidding, were now invested with those purplish shadows which, the natives say, never cling just so except before the twilight of a clear, freezing winter's day.

"God in heaven, but 'tis grand!" murmured the master; breathed it like a prayer, but might not look his fill because of the danger ahead, where from the mists loomed steep-sided heights, which would need to be weathered ere they were free of the threatening waters in the Bay of Islands.

From the hard-featured old bluff called Blow-me-down came the gale in renewed gusts, before which the *Arbiter* again and again carened so dangerously that even this habituated crew gazed thoughtfully down the icy slope of her deck. But always the master watched, and eye and judgment never failing, she was luffed, and luffed again, never too soon to lose distance, never too late for salvation.

The crew, standing by the sheets, blew on their fingers and threshed benumbed hands across their muffled-up breasts. "Wow! but somebody's ketchin' it somewhere to-night!"

"Ay, the devil to pay—the dance of the ice-dogs in the gulf to-night."

Presently the surf of St. Mary's rock boiled out under their port-rail. By then full night had wrapped them round, and the outlines of grim old Weebald, guardian to the southern pass, were but faintly framed in the shadows.

"No harm if we don't see him—we'll know when we lay him abeam by the roar of the swash rushing up the steep side of him. The backwash will all but smother our starb'd rail if we run the course true." And, sure enough, it was the thunderous wintry surf booming up the iron crags, rather than any conventional sailor's means of reckoning, which assured them where the huge rock lay as they shot by its shrouded base.

With Weebald astern there was no longer the worry of navigation in close waters. Thereafter the danger was plain. From Bay of Islands to Cape Ray was no farther than the *Arbiter* had sailed on many a winter's night; a dash, no more, even for a sailing craft, through water—if the course were but as the birds fly. But half-way down the coast was Cape St. George jutting out into the gulf like another little continent, and below that St. Anguille again, ere they could make Cape Ray.

And it was not alone the lengthened distance of the doubling course: the wind that had been blowing fairly from the north for a week was now to the west. Observed the master: "After giving the ice a good shove, it had to haul to head us off. A dead beat all the way. And 'twill be ice to one side of us and the cliffs of the shore to the other. We know where the cliffs are, and, thank the Lord, they can't move. But only the Lord knows where the ice is—or will be. But we'll put her on the northerly tack now, get as far offshore as we can before it gets us;" and so, under pressure of all the canvas her spars would spread, the little schooner bore into the portentous waters of St. Lawrence Gulf.

Night was merging into day, and the pale rays of a freezing winter's dawn were uncovering the restless seas, ere they could guess how matters stood in the gulf. From the deck was cold tossing green water as far as a man could see; but from

the masthead, where Clancy presently ascended, the waters toward the western horizon were seen to be dotted with pieces of ice. Well the master knew them—little cakes they would be, large as the top of a hatch or the bottom of a dory. No great harm in them; but in their wake would be the almost solid stuff, the great fields which were immovable to the power of man as the shore itself.

Despite the threatening outlook, they would have to work farther offshore, or by and by when they put to the southward they would be unable to fetch by Cape St. George. So to the west and north the fast-sailing *Arbiter* continued to eat up the rapid miles.

In good time they found the young ice as expected, not crowded close, but tossing wide, with plenty of free water between, nowhere sufficiently close-set to stop a hard-driven vessel; and certainly not this vessel, which had come out of the bay and into the gulf like one running from the fear of death.

The master studied the situation. "We cert'nly can't weather Cape George on the next tack from here. We must get further offshore, further to the west'ard yet. It's the solid stuff we have to watch for now. Go aloft, you Sam, and have an eye out for it."

Up the fore-rigging heaved Sam Leary, humming serenely to the swaying ratlines:

"For when that we see,  
'Tis then 'twill be  
Off on our heels  
And away wi' we!"

"And devil a stop then for anything this side of hell—hah, Sammie?" concluded, most unmetrically, a discursive watchmate, Gillis by name.

The master was having a reflective mug-up below, when, "Ice-O!" came from aloft. Bolting the meat and gulping the coffee, he piled up on deck. "Solid?"

"No'therly it's solid, but I can't say yet to the west'ard."

The master joined Leary aloft. "You're right, I think, Sammie, but we'll make sure. Hand up the glasses, one of you. Man! but it's a cold draught that spills into a fellow's chest up here!"

He examined the horizon to the northward; a moment and he swept the glasses

to the westward. "I'm not too sure it won't head us off, Sammie, if we don't put about soon. Oh, below there! call up the gang to shift the stays!—we'll be tackin' in a minute. Hurry 'em. This stuff is too handy entirely, though we'll get away at that. But hold—what in God's name! Look, Sammie—look, boy! There—see nothing?"

"A hubbly lump of ice, Skipper?"

"Devil! no, but a dory coated with ice. And a dory means men, or ought to. Frozen? Ay, may be. But no. My God, no! they're alive! See 'em now?"

"God! yes, alongside the dory—hauling it over the floe. Must've got caught out."

"That's it. And out all last night, that's sure. And a blessed cold night for men to've been out on an ice-floe. Oh, on deck! Never mind tacking now. Swing her off half a point and let her go into it."

Under the bow and bottom of the *Arbiter* crowded the young ice as toward the floe she bore. Drawing nearer, it packed yet more thickly about her hull, and the more thickly the ice gathered, the more slowly did she make sail, until from flying in free water, like a gull for home, she was now moving as sluggishly as a poled punt on some inland pond.

The mounting light of the sun now disclosed the little schooner from which the men were fleeing. They knew the type at once.

"A Newf'undlander, that's sure."

"Ay, and a Bay of Islands craft, too, Sammie."

"Bay of Islands," repeated Gillis. "If the traders and politicians only had their way with American vessels there, Skipper—wouldn't it be queer, now? Skipper—" but Captain Clancy, the impatient, had turned away.

"Drive her into it," he ordered the man at the wheel.

There came the time when the *Arbiter* could barely forge ahead, whereupon rose a murmur that she was standing on too long. "Charity begins at home," growled one particular dissenter.

"True enough, but no need to end it there," retorted the master, and repeating the inflexible order, "Keep her to it!" to it she was kept.

Shortly came the warning from aloft: "Heading us off every minute to the south'ard. Skipper."

The master nodded, but his expression was not reassuring to the weak-hearted ones.

"Can we get 'em aboard and get away, Skipper, too?"

"Hard telling."

"And it may mean floatin' around here for the Lord knows how long—till spring, maybe."

"Spring?" A faint smile parted his lips. "A damn late spring, boy—long past any Easter resurrection."

"Oh, Skipper!" Leary was hanging far out from his perch aloft. "Do you know who that gang is? They're off the *Araminta*—Lackford owns part of her."

The crew took up Sam's hail. Lackford? Of all the men they begrudged doing a good turn—had they come in here to get Lackford's gang, maybe to get lost themselves? and put it to the master, lest in his preoccupation he might forget. "Why, 'twas him, Skipper, would sink us to our moorings an he could."

The master was not altogether buried in abstraction. Like a bolt he thundered: "Oh, get to hell out of here! What odds is that now?"

Exhausted, frost-bitten, worn to the last extremity, the crew of the *Araminta* were dragged aboard. A pitiful sight! With hands and faces burned by the frost and eyes that were shrunk to pin-points from long gazing at the glaring ice, they leaned wearily against the rigging, masts, across the house, wherever they could find support.

The master cheered them up. "A good rubbing of ice on your ears, hands, and faces before they can mortify, a mug of hot coffee and a good sleep afterwards, and you'll forget all that," and after seeing to it that they were taken below, headed the *Arbiter* for the open water again.

With the wind behind her she made fairly rapid work of it, despite the hindrance of the slab-ice, which to their anxious eyes seemed to mark the sea halfway to the coast of Newfoundland. That same rugged coast-line lifting above the horizon, as they doubled back, was a tempting sight to many, since they had seen what had happened to hardy men after just one cold night astray on the ice!

"And I suppose some would say that we'd do well to run back into the same Bay of Islands we just left and hang up

there till next spring." Young Gillis suggested this to Leary.

"Sh-h—" Leary ducked his head toward the skipper.

But Clancy had heard. "No, I'm damned if I do. We were sent here to revive the rights of the American fishermen under the treaty of 1818, to come here and take away all the herring we can net, seine, or hook. More or less trouble, to be sure, there was; but trouble that won't likely be repeated another year. A lawyer might say, no matter what happens now, that we've won our point; but there's more than that. We got to get the load home. We go back there to Bay of Islands and let the herring rot in our hold, and what 'll happen? 'They didn't do it,' they'll all say of us there in the bay, and we'll be an object-lesson, an example of American failure, for a year again; and maybe 'twould result in a new treaty being put through on us. More than that, we go back there and the owner will lose money. And the owner's got to be considered. We fail and he's out a lot. We win and he's in a good haul. We got to win out. But"—he turned to the crew—"for all you're shipped and bound, I want no man to think he's throwing his life away. There's the seine-boat and a sail, and full leave to go. It's moderatin' inshore, smooth water under the lee of the ice now, and the wind that's against us to get home is fair as c'n be for a run into the bay. Now's your chance—your last chance—no more harbor between here and Cape Ray. Who's going?"

Silence reigned, till Leary spoke. "I don't cal'late anybody's hankerin' to quit, Skipper? Are you, Gillis?"

"Me? Why, Sammie!"

"Or you?"

"No, not me!"

"Nor me—nor me!" followed the chorus of quick disclaimers.

"Well, then"—the master spoke here—"we're off—to see what we c'n do for ourselves now."

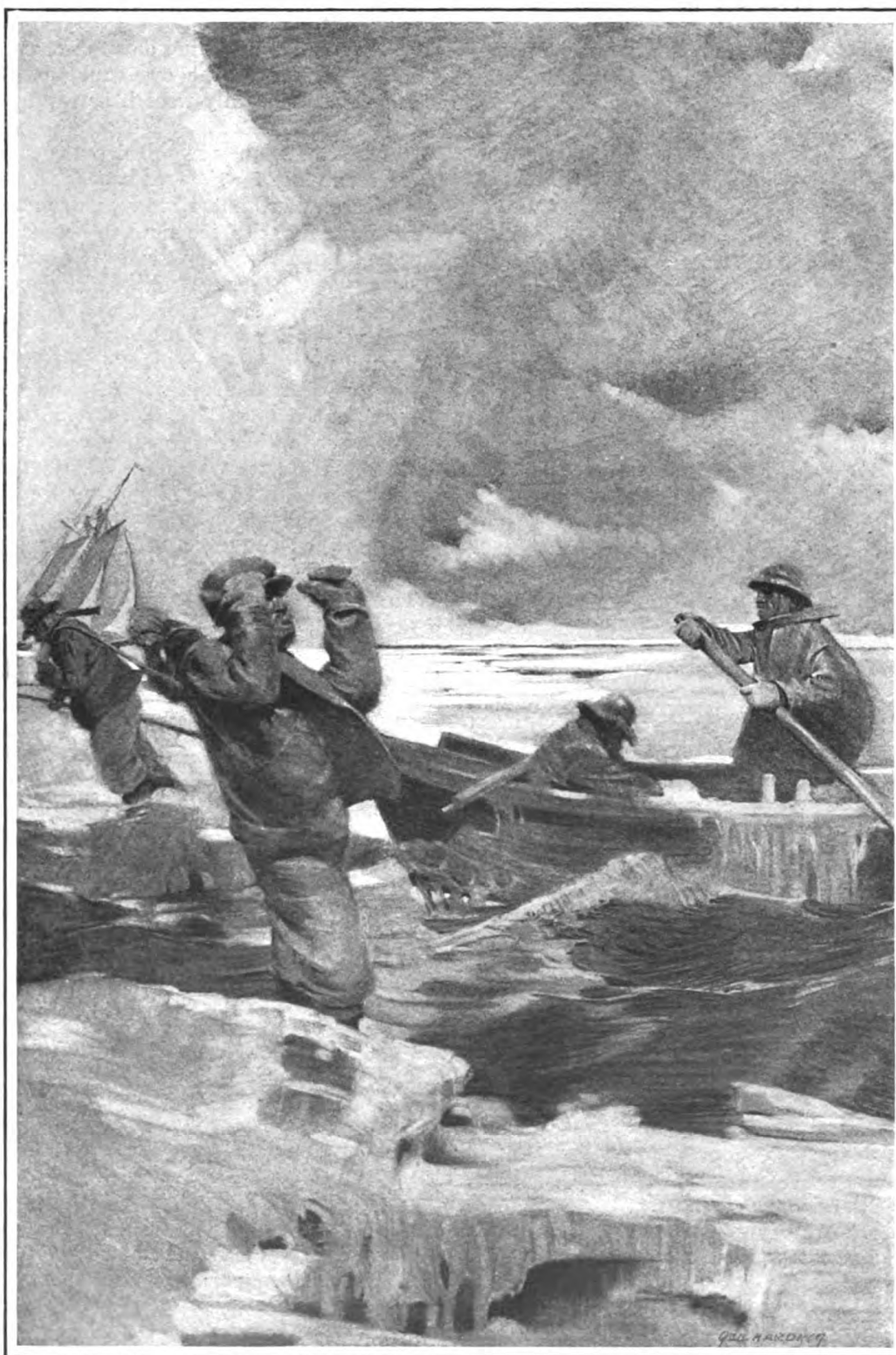
The *Arbiter* was a notably weatherly vessel, even among a fleet noted for weatherly qualities. In free water she would have winged her way to windward like a skirling gull; but here was no free water. Only by merciless thrashing of sail and sea, by pitiless driving on the mas-

ter's part, had she managed by this, late afternoon of the day after the rescue, to squeeze abeam of St. George; and St. George was less than half-way, with the really uncertain waters yet before them. No knowing how far inshore the ice to the southward had drifted.

And it was still drifting; and growing colder; and, in the opinion of everybody, the coldest night of all was before them, for already the congealing sea, where it lay in little ponds of water among the scattered cakes, was taking on a whitening film, through which the vessel cleft her way with a noise as of a pair of scissors tearing through starched cloth. Not yet enough to check her, but in the increasing coldness—and surely when night was come and the benignant sun no longer mellowed 'twould be cold indeed—this scum would thicken so rapidly that nowhere would there be left a way of escape for the vessel. So, at least, decided the crew, albeit through all their periods of doubt and inquiry they retained full faith in their leader. "This man, he's never lost us yet," was their boast to the rescued men.

Under the light of the moon—a dim, yellow, scared-looking moon which set early that evening—they saw the vessel come to a full stop, and that despite everything on her drawing full and a gale of wind sweeping down with a wail as of a multitude of banshees across the dotted seas. Later that night they could feel the ice crowding about the vessel. The rescued men, who alone were resting, could plainly hear it grinding against her planking as they lay in the bunks below. "Like it began when our schooner was caught," they declared to Clancy, who, however, did not encourage them to gossip over it.

A night of suspense altogether, and still gray in the east when Clancy went aloft for signs. Everywhere ice. To the east the small ice, to west and north the great sheets. Far away, southward, was open water, but even that clear space the drifting floes promised soon to claim. But hold—here and there in the dawn the master descried lakes of water. "If I could only get her started among them once, I'd make her hop over the places between," he muttered. Some further pondering and he passed the word to hang



*Drawn by George Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THE CREW OF THE "ARAMINTA" WERE A PITIFUL SIGHT

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the dory from the bowsprit and for the men to get into it.

Under the concentrated weight, the men jumping up and down in unison, the ice gave way. Hauling the dory ahead, they repeated that over and over, breaking out thus a clogged channel, through which in the strong breeze the master forced a passage for the vessel. After a hundred repetitions came a hurrah of success. "Clear water!" they hallooed. "No telling how far, but clear water, Skipper," and came tumbling in over the knight-heads.

With sheets off, Clancy let her have her head, and she, the able *Arbiter*, increasing her speed with every foot of water left behind, went bowling toward the edge of the next floe beyond.

The *Arbiter* was one of the latest of the fishermen models, a true American development, with forefoot well cut away. "You couldn't do it with every vessel," explained Clancy. "But with this one!"

Cr-r-wh! up and on to the ice hopped the *Arbiter*, not cutting knifelike into it as the crew had expected, but riding over it, as if she would stand up on her stern-post and topple over. But no toppling over for her; before she came to that the weight of her hull and cargo told, and through the steel-gray stuff she went crashing.

Again with the wind behind her she went at it, and again she rode over it and down. Cr-r-a-a-ck! the noise of them! And a s-p-plas-h! Magnificently the broken cakes fell away to either side, while all about her, from between the ragged edges up through the gaping seams, squished the cold green sea.

"Shootin' the chutes!"

"Or roller-coastin'!"

"Man! but 'twould be the greatest fun alive, if only a fellow could be sure of pulling through at last," observed Gillis, the garrulous.

The severed cakes were bowling ahead and abeam, the cold brine was spouting far across the frozen surface. "Now we got her started, maybe we c'n keep her going," said Clancy, and, lashed to the masthead that he might not be shaken off, he picked out the open spots for her, till night came, when they worked by instinct, ploughing along slowly, praying the fates to keep them clear of any

pocket from which men might not work a vessel out.

Once more the unrolling dawn disclosed solid ice as far as the eye could span. Doomed they certainly were if something did not happen soon. "We got to get out of here." Clancy searched the crawling, frozen plain for signs of hope. There *was* clear water, but like a maddening mirage it lay, with ice now so compact that no human load they could crowd into a dory would break it down; and no chance to drive the vessel on to it.

And yet—what was the good of having ideas and not trying to work them out?—he sent some of the crew to creep out on the ice, cut a hole, and therein set the foretopmast, which he unslung for the purpose. The spar was made fast to the chain cable, which inboard was connected with the windlass.

"Chop the ice away now to give her a start, and then heave away."

To force the vessel through that flinty ice called for the most unwavering effort of all hands. These men were accustomed to furious exertions, but heretofore for comparatively short periods only, two or three or four hours at a time, and always followed by a sweet spell of rest. But this up-and-down sawing! There was something of play in hauling a trawl, underrunning nets, or rowing a dory or hoisting a sail; in any of those things work was a certain measure of rhythm that all strong men enjoy. A fellow might swing in time to any of them, and there was always the opportunity to toss arms and shoulders about now and again. But this being cooped and jammed in the bow of the vessel and sawing away, up and down, up and down, and never so much as to feel the deck heave under a man's feet, why, that was what a man might call hard work.

"Galley-slaves," some one suggested.

"Galley-slaves!" snorted Leary. "Never did those loafers have to face anything like this. They had only to sit side by side, nice and sociable, and pull on a long oar in lovely weather, with the warm spiced winds of the Mediterranean Sea being wafted—yes, wafted, I said—through the open ports. Don't tell me! I've read of them, and I've been in the Mediterranean. While here"—he waved a rampant arm—"here 'tis blasts of



*Drawn by George Harding*

SAWING AWAY, UP AND DOWN, TO FORCE THE VESSEL THROUGH THAT FLINTY ICE

frozen air from a frozen pole to cut like razor-edges."

"Ay, and fresh honed after every blast, those same razors."

"Razors? No, but saws—saws with good, able teeth in 'em."

"And claws."

"That's it, claws. And eye-teeth like condemned ice-dogs."

"Ay, the whelps' sons!"

However, even that had an ending, and, clear of that last floe began what they hoped would be the last tack of the most dangerous winter passage that men in sailing craft attempt in all the world, 'tis said. For that west coast of Newfoundland is a cruel coast, sheer cliff, with never an inlet for a vessel in distress to run for between St. George and Cape Ray. Not that they had a mind to run for any harbor. They were at one with the master in that. "It's home we want to get," he bit out, and sent the *Arbiter* along the edge of the fate-driven floe. "No leeway," was his standing command; "grab every foot of water offshore. By and by we'll need it all."

In the discouraging hours there were those who had declared that they cared not whether they lived or died. But not so now, when hope was rosy. There was young Gillis. "We'll make it, after all, don't you think, Sammie?" he inquired of Leary.

"You're the damndest man for asking foolish questions. How do I know any more than you? Shut up! You know about how far we have to go, how the ice's been driftin', and what the vessel c'n do in this breeze."

Leary's temper betrayed his own doubt. Would they make it? Would they? Could—

"Well, I'm damned!" came softly, almost humorously, from the master.

Only Leary, standing nearest, heard it. He looked, and in a moment saw for himself. No larger than a cart-wheel it was then, whirling with increasing pace, as might a ball down a hill. Leary experimentally inhaled the dampening air, one breath, another, paused meditatively. "Blast it!" he exploded.

By now the crew were awake to this new menace, which had taken shape much like a cloud above a powder explosion, and grown as mysteriously, out of itself as it

were, somewhat as a flame fed by gas, but opaque and settling down on them calmly, silently, irresistibly, as if it were the sky itself which was dropping, with immense convoluting billows of vapor foreshadowing. Billows? If they were only real billows of the sea which, rolling down and attempting to overpower, and meeting an able vessel and a ready crew, would have to pass on futilely roaring—but these stayed with them!

It was like black night. Farther than their arms could touch they could not see. Their positions around deck were bespoke by their voices, which resounded curiously, as if they were in separate rooms of a building and attempting to carry on conversations through undefined but effective partitions. In their first surprise they yelled unnecessarily loud—all but the master. Slowly, evenly, his tones vibrating for the moment with no more disturbing emotion than surprise, the comforting voice floated out: "What do you think of that now? A while ago I'd 've laid even money on our chances."

"And now, Skipper, it's long odds against us?"

They waited for the answer, facing toward the spot where they had last seen him standing. It came, after a pause, in judicial tones, as of one advising them. "Well, no, I wouldn't say that. With a vessel like this one under us and a gang that 'll never quit, as I know none of you will, the odds 'd never be against us."

But all nerves were not under such control. One, in his dread, had to cry out, and curiously, like a despairing voice from beyond a wall, it sounded: "And yet blast it, I say, for a black smoke from hell; and blast the devils that brought it!"

For overwrought emotions the master's charity was always large. Well he knew that when men get that way the strongest of them are sometimes like children, and so now he reproved but mildly: "Hush! From hell or heaven, we'll give it battle. It can't last forever; coming as it did, it can't."

Elbows touching and heads near, bodies close but thoughts far apart, Leary and Gillis leaned over the rail. Unseen by human eyes, but roaring to the winds, the swash swept by beneath them. Above it Leary hung impassive. Not so Gillis. He

squirmed nervously. Too young he for philosophic calm. He sought to pierce the void; but to no avail. It was like looking at a curtain of black velvet. A curious new dread began to take hold of him.

Booms ratching, sails straining, blocks creaking, halyards moaning, wind wailing, spray splashing, somewhere above a sun shining and yet not to be seen. Ice to one side—he could hear the sound of that, too, whenever the side of vessel, held closer than usual by the skipper's iron hand, rasped the edge of the floe; ice to one side, the eternal cliffs to the other, and the vessel tearing along like a black-swathed ghost—Lord in heaven, what would happen!

What could happen? Gillis had to speak, if no more than to hear the sound of somebody else's voice to reassure him he wasn't dead, serving out his penance somewhere in a seaman's purgatory. He simply had to speak. He was no iron-nerved Clancy or widely experienced Leary. If *they* were to feel the earth dropping, shooting off into space, they would but grin, and brace their legs and wait for her to fetch up, wherever 'twould be she'd fetch up. He laid an almost timid hand on Leary's arm.

"Sammie, suppose the skipper's out in his reckonin', what then? A wonderful man altogether, but it's four days since we left the Bay of Islands, and not a chance for an observation since. And the forty zigzag courses we've steered since then, with no mortal man able to say what her speed was at times! And who could figure a vessel's speed and drift in the ice, anyway? 'Tisn't navigation alone, Sammie, that question. A whole collegeful of scientific sharps, a whole bunch of 'em figurin' and pokin' their instruments to the sky at one time, couldn't get it right."

Leary came slowly out of his reverie. "No, Gillie, they couldn't. There'd be nobody so helpless as them same scientific sharps on a passage like this, if the whole outfit of 'em weren't froze stiff, or dead from want of sleep afore this. Only a man that's born to the sea and that's lived all his life on it, that knows it like he knows his own soul, and with that know all that comes out of the sea, tides and wind and ice, and just now the queer

workings of this particular gulf,—only such a man, that knows what no book 'll ever teach, nor, Gillie, what no other man can ever teach him, that knows things about the ocean that he doesn't know he knows, c'n save us. And that's this man, Gillie. No log, no chart, no sights, but no fear, he knows where she is, and he said this vapor'd lift in time to give us a chance; and since he says so, it will."

"But suppose he slips up, or the vessel slips up, and we don't make it, what then?"

"Why, then, after waitin' long enough to make sure it's true, they'll put us in the papers, and that's when you'll hear the good of yourself; and when the likes of you and me hear good of ourselves in the papers, Gillie, we can be sure that it's our 'bituaries we're reading. And—but 'sh-h—listen—" Leary squeezed the younger man's arm. "'Sh-h— Wait—Hear it?"

Gillis did hear it, the surge of the sea against the invisible cliffs, and peered out apprehensively; and drew quick breaths—"M-m, m-m—but it's damn handy to—under our lee, that shore, Sammie!"

Leary nodded.

"And she's rushin' on, Sammie—Lord in heaven! but she's rushin' on—hah, Sammie?"

Leary nodded.

"And where to, Sammie,—where to?"

"God! Gillie, how do I know?—to whatever 'tis is waitin' for her, I s'pose."

"And to le'ward, too,—Lord in heaven, Sammie!"

And what was waiting for her? And what was waiting for him? Gillis peered anew at his mate, but Leary had relapsed to his former attitude; chin on hands and elbows on rail, that fateful adventurer was gazing impassably out into the dark.

Gillis sighed impotently. And so he could—at *his* age. A fine old age, Sammie's. A man could have lived a lot at thirty-five, but what did a man know of life at twenty-two? And yet Gillis smiled even in his despair—he'd had his great days too. Back in Bay of Islands was a girl—but let her pass. In Gloucester was a girl, a better girl—so much better that he used to lower his eyes, for all he wanted to look at her, when she passed. And she didn't know; and if she

did, it wouldn't matter. Something better than a hand in a fishing-vessel for her. That was the trouble: if only the good women would make allowances; but they didn't. And, after all—with another sigh Gillis admitted it—they were right. A woman that married an offshore fisherman was a fool. No; good women were not for the likes of him, no more than him for good women. And so he'd taken up with the other kind. And that girl in Bay of Islands—'twas of her they sang:

"I know a girl in Calinore;  
Vessels sail right by her door;  
She has sweethearts by the score,  
Never a lock on her front door!"

And the whole fleet would laugh when her name was mentioned. But let that pass. She had a kind word and a warm heart, and she'd kissed him leaving, and said, "Take good care of yourself, b'y."

But if no good women—and, after all, women weren't the whole of a man's life—there'd be good men left to say a word for him. If 'twould be no more than a word on the corner some windy day, when, with heads down, a couple of old shipmates bumped into each other passing. "So the *Arbiter's* lost," one would say. "Ay, and did you know any of 'em?" "Ay, I did," the first one would say then. "There was—" and maybe his name would be mentioned, with a good word, too. Or maybe 'twould be when a couple of his old chums would meet in some bar-room and, filling their glasses, one would say, "Well, that was tough on young Gillis, warn't it?—was lost with the *Arbiter*." "Yes," the other might say, "damn tough." And the other one then, raising his glass, would say softly, "Well, God rest his soul, here's to him." Or better yet—the tears were starting in Gillis's eyes—perhaps 'twould be some bad night, in the forec's'le of some vessel on the fishing-grounds, on the Western Banks or on Flemish Cap, or wherever it was, maybe 'twould be his old dorymate, Alec Corning—next to Leary the man he liked best. Maybe Alec, coming off watch, after hauling off his boots and oilskins, would draw out his pipe for a little drag afore he turned in, and maybe after he'd got lighted up and everything drawing—himself setting back on the lockers fine

and comfortable—he'd remember and say—or maybe somebody lying in a bunk, not yet asleep, or the cook, nearly always awake, would bring up his name, and Alec would say: "Ay, lost with Tommie Clancy in the *Arbiter*. And too bad, too. I knew him well. A good man was Arthur Gillis. I mind we were dory-mates once," Alec would go on, "fishin' off Sable Island, off the No'theast Bar, in the *Buccaneer* with Crump Taylor, and our dory was capsized. It looked bad, I tell you. Six hours we hung on, and"—here maybe Alec would stretch the truth a bit for the sake of his old chum—"never a whimper out of him; a young fellow, too; never a word of fear till the vessel bore down and got us. And maybe—"

A hand shook him. Leary's voice said something. Gillis looked about. What was that?—and what here—men's forms moving around deck? He looked about. The black vapor was thinning to a dirty brown.

Leary poked him again. "Didn't the skipper say it would? Look!" he roared; and Gillis, looking, saw with joy what at another time would have chilled his blood. From out of the haze on their port bow was staring a wall of gray rock.

The master swung her away in time, and the danger that might have ended their lives for them was forgotten the moment after. They were grateful for the sight of that particular cliff. It served as a landmark, told them where they were. Cape Ray was two miles away. "Nothing off," ordered the master, and the *Arbiter* was headed a hair-line nearer the ice. And so she flew on, giving way only as the edge of the relentless ice-floe forced her.

A mile now, a terribly long mile, and yet the *Arbiter* was flying. Never probably had she carried her rail through water so smoothly. Three-quarters, half a mile. Shortening surely, but also the gap was narrowing, and time was whitening with age as they watched. They gathered in groups and gambled mentally on it, knowing well the stake in the gamble. Home, wife, and children—life—if they won out; a booming surf, a vessel's timbers crunching on the sharp-pointed rocks—and they didn't need to be too fine-pointed, either, to do the job—themselves



crushed, beaten, their people at home probably not knowing it for weeks, if they lost!

Would it be called two cable-lengths now? No, hardly more than that. But that gap ahead had shrunk till the space seemed no wider than the vessel's deck. A narrow gauntlet for sixteen lives to run!

A narrow lane ahead now, no more than a flumelike slit of water between ice and rocks. And down that roaring flume the *Arbiter* leaped. Already detached pieces of ice were drifting across the path, catching and breaking on the jagged points of the rocks at the base of the cliffs. Stray pieces of hard ice were knocking furiously against the *Arbiter's* planking, against even her lee, the shore, side.

They were in doubt as to one particular object that lay exactly in their course. Was it a piece of white rock or partially submerged ice? There was no room to turn out. Rock or ice, they would have to take it. If it was loose ice, well and good; if a rock, well—

"Let her go for it!" It was Leary to the wheel, and the master in the fore-rigging. Leary's breath was coming in gulps. His eyes were shining. "Christ! but I call this racing!"

"Racing sure enough, Sammie, and more than money or a cup depending."

The *Arbiter* leaped for the doubtful obstruction under her bow. Cr-r-r-u-unch!

"Ice!"

"No—rock!"

"No—ice, by the Lord!"

A lump of ice it was; and on swept the *Arbiter*, with now the dreaded headland abeam. On, on—it was under her quarter. "Go it, you jade—you beauty—go it!" A breath and it was under her stern.

They looked back, but no longer was a lane there. The way by which they had come was bridged over by a crunching mass of flinty ice, which was tossed tumultuously as it came, and, reaching

shore, piled with tremendous concussions against the sides of the granite cliffs.

"Skipper"—from one who had been looking over the bow—"d'y' know but her protection plankin' on her stem's all chewed up—looks like a layer of shredded pine, Skipper."

"So? Like some kind o' breakfast-food, heh? Well"—he dropped from rail to deck, and below, aloft, outboard he gazed,—“well”—this slowly—"a good vessel, and needed all her oak plankin'. Ay, a good vessel," and hesitatingly, as if it might be construed to mean self-praise, "and a good job."

"A damn good job," affirmed Leary.

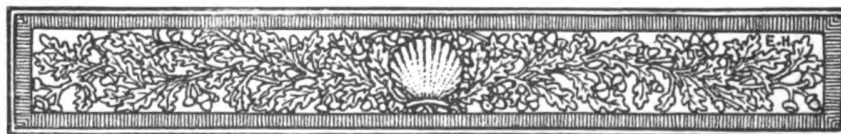
But it was Gillis who leaped an ecstatic yard into the air and, cracking his heels, emitted: "Ain't we the dogs, though? Hah, what, ain't we? No 'bituary notices for us this time, hah, Sammie?"

"And now"—the master turned to the rescued Newfoundlanders—"we'll run into Port-aux-Basques and land you. And when you get back to Bay of Islands you c'n pass the word that we did clear the ice, and then—" He halted for sheer weariness.

"And then, Skipper?"

"And then—" Interminable watches had driven Clancy's eyes far back into their sockets, but the unquenchable light, if smouldering, was there, and now that light flashed out like a flame from cavernous depths. "Then"—but the voice broke and he could only whisper it huskily—"home!" The last trace of the iron manner faded with the thought, and over his face came a smile as soft as a bread-and-buttered baby's. "Home, boy, home!" and with it caught the capering Gillis a playful clout that sent him backward to the house.

They landed the castaways; and thereafter it was no more than wind, frost, sleet, hail, heavy seas, smothered decks, and groaning gear,—incidental hindrances to the passage of a hard-driven vessel from Newfoundland to Gloucester in winter-time.



# The Accomplice

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ALTHOUGH the Wetherels and Miss Ambert had sailed from New York in early June, they did not overtake Mrs. Wetherel's brother, Blake Delano, until late August. There were three weeks during which Mrs. Wetherel and Maud had battled victoriously with Paris dressmakers while Miss Ambert tiptoed about the Louvre; a week with friends at Versailles; the trip into Switzerland to satisfy a timid yearning of Miss Ambert's, and the concession to Maud of a fortnight in Venice, hot as the magic city was;—oh, the time had been very well filled. Mrs. Wetherel had not at any time tugged too sharply at the loose and elastic cord of brotherly affection. Blake would not escape her, and she believed she could count on his ultimate reasonableness. Moreover, as the precocious Maud, who had now and then hinted at haste, had been allowed to infer, her mother had not come to Europe equipped with but one object of manipulation; other irons were being heated to potency in her strategic fires.

But to Miss Ambert, who could scarcely avoid regarding the matter a little morbidly, the courses of travel respectively pursued by sister and brother seemed by this time to have acquired an almost shameful semblance of pursuit and of retreat. The delayed meeting was, for many reasons, natural enough; but if you are waiting to be thrown, however delicately, with whatever affected carelessness of aim, at a man's unprotected head, you are chagrined if the prospective target appears to dodge. Naples, however, end of the conventional tourist's world, was the meeting-place at last agreed upon. On the day after the ladies' arrival Mr. Delano was to join them at that cheerful international hostelry, the Pension Buonavista. As her brother well knew, Mrs. Wetherel's accomplished thrift was utterly untinged

with parsimony. She stopped at pensions because she had an air that served her as well as a title, and it was a game, she thought, worth playing to secure, under each roof where she chose to pause, the best rooms, the readiest service, and a wide flutter of deference, for which she paid, after all, a far from exorbitant sum.

Marchetti, proprietor of the Buonavista, and adroit entrapper of tourists fleeing in either direction across the European threshold, knew Mrs. Wetherel of old. His house, he declared to her on her arrival, had been completely filled. Yet on receiving madame's telegram he had made certain changes, persuaded guests less fastidious to surrender their claims, and a row of second-story rooms, wonderfully overlooking the bay itself, stood meekly at madame's disposal. The shrewd Maud grinned with appreciation of this triumphant instance of her admirable mother's power. Miss Ambert, with a lesser understanding of the triumph, had, nevertheless, a greater degree of excitement to control. Great cities, you might perhaps have forced her to confess, were, after all, more or less alike; but pensions were of infinite variety. Each new lodging-place was a source of exhaustless fascination. Pension life, she felt, was the world itself in flux;—a world of women, it is true, but Miss Ambert preferred, indeed her standard of refinement actually enjoined her, to regard human nature as preponderantly feminine. It had been an educative privilege to stop in Florence, but the real joy and marvel lay in learning that the lady who sat next her at table had once lived in Athens, New York, and known the mother of Dorothy Ridder, who had been in her elocution class the year before. This was the sort of thing that seemed to strengthen the timid little lady's individual link in the great social chain; it gave her an odd sense of exaltation that she had quite failed to derive from the

great monuments of history. Moreover, these intoxicating discoveries came oftener than at first. Miss Ambert was actually becoming expert in the art of eliciting social correlations.

The ladies separated early in the evening, almost immediately after the long pension dinner, to attend to their unpacking,—a delicious and satisfying rite of which Miss Ambert never tired. To penetrate a blank bedroom with the atmosphere of one's delicate, pink and white personal possessions, to wreath it with sweet reminders of Gridley Hall, had been an ecstatic preliminary to each great European vision. To-night, however, after the gentle traveller had brushed and put away her brown mohair suit, packed her veil in an embroidered case, and washed her chamois-skin gloves and hung them up to dry, she felt a strong impulse to pause and defer other duties less critical. For she had seen, in the high, bare, long-windowed room, amid her just-opened luggage and the orderly feminine miscellany that lay about her, a certain thin, vaporous, yet altogether abstract apparition. It had seemed, for a rare, exalted moment, as if the most gracious of destinies were hovering majestically near, as if the august wings had bent for a presaging moment to touch Miss Ambert's thin, flushed cheeks. Then, the vision gone, she pressed her hands to her face and sat perched like a lonely child on the edge of her bed.

Reflection, at this stage, could only lead to panic. Facing the inevitable experience that lay before her, Miss Ambert became feverishly imaginative. Her eyes still shut, she saw herself bound to a great, relentless wheel that with each revolution brought her, innocent as she was, nearer and nearer the stinging, cruel fires of shame. Oh, if she were less sophisticated, if her worldly wisdom were not so disconcertingly complete!—so that she might never have suspected dear Mrs. Wetherel's real object in bringing her to Europe, or read the true meaning in her beloved Maud's careless speeches. A romantic conspiracy on her hostesses' part was innocent enough, but that she should herself have been a silent accomplice might readily be called—oh, dreadful word!—indelicate. Miss Ambert had not the resourcefulness of less candid na-

tures, and from the soft silken net within which she had allowed herself to be enticed there now appeared no honorable issue.

An instinct for flagellation led her, however, the next morning, to divert Maud from an expedition in search of coral necklaces and cheap gloves and insist on the girl's spending the day in the Museum. All the more because Miss Ambert herself had little spontaneous liking for archæological fragments, she insisted that not a department should be shirked; and before night, therefore, the two representatives of Gridley Hall were able to report that the famous storehouse had been elaborately "done."

Meanwhile Mrs. Wetherel's tall, imperial figure was becoming recognized as the most imposing feature of the Pension Buonavista. Not only did the proprietor come in his own sleek person to beg for the privilege of supplying special services, but servants executed her orders with sensational fleetness, and other pensionnaires invented little errands which should give them a glimpse of her. They were a restless company, these other lodgers, their eyes bent either on the ship that was to take them home or on the far-lying continent upon which they were about to prey. Here was no settled atmosphere imparted by guests who arrive for a season, with an infinite flutter of addresses, as in Rome or Florence, and who feel at home only after they have taken a prompt subscription to the English circulating library and engaged a dress-maker. In every room ingenuous pilgrims were heard asking how much it cost to make the Sorrento and Amalfi circuit and where the best corals were to be had and whether this was a good day to start for Pompeii. And they were being volubly answered by others who had threshed the Continent dry, who could tell you where you would get cheated, and where you yourself were likeliest to maintain the financial upper hand, who were distributing addresses without stint, and who, victorious and satiate, had now only one stimulating experience left in life—the encounter with the customs officers on the New York pier.

It was while his sister was having her tea alone that Mr. Delano arrived. Europe or his widowed state had refreshed

him exceedingly. Mrs. Wetherel saw that it was indeed quite time—

"And how are the boys?" she demanded, promptly. Certain things, like this inquiry and the whiskey-and-water that her brother was comfortably taking, were to be gotten out of the way before the others should appear. "And where are they?"

Suppression of the fact that Mr. Delano had three sons, eight, eleven, and thirteen years of age, had perhaps been, Mrs. Wetherel thought, not quite fair to Miss Ambert,—but Maud had dwelt resolutely on the little lady's terror of boys.

"Oh, they've just landed in Rome. Wyeth's ramming history down the poor little chaps till the sweat pours off his bumpy forehead. But they like it,—they like it. Youngsters don't feel the heat. And you rather hinted that I'd better not bring them down here."

"Dear children—Maud loves them so. We must by all means see them before we sail," was the not too definite reply. "Maudie's being 'educated,' too, in a certain way," Mrs. Wetherel went on, with a whimsical smile. "Oh yes, Blake, light your cigarette. I suppose I must have written you of Laura Ambert,—the old Connecticut Amberts, you know. It's a wonderful thing for Maud, having her with us. She is the dearest little creature,—has all the daintiness and softness and, I suppose I must say, the—femininity—that Maud's mother must be said to lack."

"My dear Nettie—"

"You know very well, Blake, that you consider me masterful and Maud strident. Is that too harsh?—well, at least, too—American. But you should see how she is toned down! It's quite wonderful!"

With which deft sowing of the necessary seed the subject of Laura Ambert was dropped and that of the excavations in the Roman Forum taken up. Mrs. Wetherel, as Miss Ambert had so often exclaimed in dismay, had always just the necessary information on all conversationable subjects. Her highly sophisticated selective faculty enabled her to keep her orderly and well-aired mind usefully, even fashionably, furnished, without ever being tiresomely overcrowded by matters of selfish, sentimental, or outdated interest.

By a very slight manipulation, Miss Ambert and Mr. Delano were kept apart until dinner, where they sat on opposite sides of the long, narrow, cold-looking board, its occasional decanters of red wine sharpening the acid tone of the meal rather than giving an effect of hilarity and warmth. Miss Ambert's delicate personal quality was happily emphasized by the commonplaceness of the other diners—women whose ingenious dinner toilets showed that they were proud of touring Europe with no other luggage than a suit-case; stooping English brides in pink and dove-color; bald, irritable fathers of straggling, docile families,—all seeming painfully and unnaturally estranged from their respective domestic hearthstones. Her actual nervousness was not apparent as she alternately listened to Maud's breezy confidences and offered a gentle deference to her neighbor's rasping recital of injustices suffered the week before in Capri. Maud caught her uncle's eye lingering critically in the desired direction and beamed righteously. As she had that very morning remarked to her mother—with that unchildlike shrewdness which Mrs. Wetherel was trusting to Miss Ambert to obscure—the spectacle of womanly softness was being presented to Uncle Blake at precisely the significant moment; for, having been a widower scarcely a year, he could hardly as yet in decency have thought of indulging his very natural desire to efface the recollection of Aunt Anabel.

It is quite true that Mr. Delano was not so monopolized by Mrs. Wetherel, nor Miss Ambert so absorbed by her punctilious politenesses, but that each was able at intervals discreetly to regard the other across the table, Mr. Delano with agreeable surprise, Miss Ambert with a view somewhat colored by previous reflection. Obviously neither could have seen the other accurately. What Miss Ambert did see, in her stolen glances, was a tall, heavy man, already elderly—but her unfamiliarity with his sex may have led her to exaggerate both age and stature; whose mouth was wholly covered by a black mustache and whose head was partly covered by gray hair; whose voice was muffled and whose atmosphere seemed material, but who, making due

allowances, seemed kindly and likable enough. To Mr. Delano, on the other hand, who had so lately been the husband of a woman who was hard, shrill, brilliantly garnitured, Miss Ambert's soft graces and virtues shone forth with instant radiance. With a generous merging in his own interests of those of his three sons, he had half determined by the end of dinner to appropriate Miss Ambert for their combined needs. It was not that he was a rashly precipitate man, merely that he prided himself on recognizing a desirable object at sight. An hour later, Mrs. Wetherel was amused to observe that her brother had adroitly blockaded Miss Ambert in a stuffy corner of the long salon. A few hasty passages across the border of the section thus interestingly occupied supplied the food her curiosity demanded.

"Elocution and botany," was the timid confession that she caught, on the first of these excursions. And on the second she delightedly gathered:

"Oh, indeed I can be *very* stern with them!"

After which it was apparent that Miss Ambert must have indicated her talent as a listener, for her breathless little spurts of confidence subsided and Mr. Delano was happily launched on that series of schoolboy reminiscences for which mature man rightly counts himself fortunate in securing a fresh and submissive auditor. As Mrs. Wetherel observed the two objects of her diplomacy, she could not recall a project of her own on which Heaven had more promptly and benignly smiled. They would have, necessarily, a quiet wedding; but at least Laura would have Maud for a bridesmaid. . . .

No such happy sense of an assured future came, however, to soothe Laura Ambert's own later vigil. Now that she had at last been obliged to contemplate a real man in place of a romantic figment, her unmaidenliness seemed to cut her off from all others of her sex. There was one comfort, it was unbelievable. Nobody at Gridley Hall, least of all Miss Graves herself, who might some day make Miss Ambert assistant principal, would ever credit the scandal that the teacher of botany and elocution had devoted her summer vacation to presenting herself, like some shameless Oriental, for an un-

known man's inspection. How, in the manless seclusion of Gridley Hall, had she been able to view the matter as legitimate? For the first time in her life Miss Ambert realized it a blessing that her own thoughts were as safe as they were secret. For she had even caught herself imagining what it would be to see and hear this strange Mr. Delano a great many times a day, to be forever an exile from Gridley Hall, and neither to hear the girls laughing on the tennis-courts nor to watch them dancing in the evening; nor to be able to draw aside the new homesick ones and comfort them.

Years ago Laura Ambert had entered, with the young girls she diffidently instructed, upon a reciprocal system of education, in which she herself acquired immeasurably the greater bulk of profit. The extra-academic interests of her pupils had always been distinctly worldly, and during the years that her professional energy had been expended upon the subject of elocution—not a stern science, as Miss Ambert taught it—her personal attention had readily surrendered itself to innumerable girlish versions of conventional gayety and romance, with the result that she now believed that there were few mysteries of "society" or "the world" upon which she was not copiously informed. It was understood at Gridley Hall that each year some particularly masterful girl should appropriate gentle, pretty Miss Ambert, adore her publicly, and to a large extent direct her personal affairs. This post had been most lately occupied by Maud Wetherel, through whose adroit suggestions Miss Ambert had become aware of Mr. Delano, and Mrs. Wetherel had learned of the submissive and irreproachably connected Miss Ambert. "Nobody could be more different from Aunt Anabel," Maud had insisted, earnestly.

Up to this point the unmentionable scheme had been carried along in that easy manner that Miss Ambert knew to be characteristic of people of the world. The European invitation had been put on the ground of her own good influence over Maud. And Maud had demanded acquiescence as a proof of that profound affection of which she had been so frequently assured. It was really,



after all, a rather shadowy background in which Mr. Delano had figured.

"Uncle Blake thinks you're fearfully pretty, Miss Ambert." It was with consciousness of great subtlety that Maud undertook her diplomatic duties the next morning.

Miss Ambert felt that she perfectly recognized the cue, but forgot the lines that followed it. It was the sort of dialogue with which Gridley Hall had made her happily familiar, and for a moment it seemed as though she herself were playing the delicious part of one of those fluffy, inconsequent young heroines to whom a devoted friend was repeating comments of romantic significance. Miss Ambert had never learned to associate romance with a later age than seventeen. However, the cue was wasted; she could not remember the appropriate reply. Agitatedly she began to hunt in a trunk for something that she was aware of having already taken out.

"And he thinks you have improved me so much," Maud went on. "I'm ever so much more ladylike." She stood before Miss Ambert's mirror and patted her dark hair with entire complacency.

"Dear child," came very spontaneously from beneath the trunk lid, "Mr. Delano must be so very proud of you, having no children of his own."

Maud pretended to be still absorbed in her own pert, pretty image. She did not at all like this dreadful, silent lie, but she was glad that she had sufficient force of character to recognize when such things were necessary. But the brief pang suggested that it might be time to begin to pave the way for the appalling truth. And it seemed to her that she was employing extraordinary finesse when she suggested, cheerfully:

"Didn't you love the little boy downstairs selling beads?"

"I think I didn't notice him. I remember the beads," said Miss Ambert, sweetly.

"It must be that you never notice boys." Maud hoped this was not too dangerous.

"Why, you know, dear, how I feel about it. I've never known any little boys. They seem to me a good deal like dogs, and I am afraid of dogs. We always felt, at home, that they should not

be allowed to come into the house—and you know it is the same way at Gridley Hall. Cats are so different—a nice, soft gray one with a bow about its neck, sitting before the fire!"

"I suppose there have to be boys, though," was Maud's sage reminder.

"I believe so. But it's nicer to keep them off by themselves, isn't it, dear?"

Maud, entirely baffled, gasped with relief at her mother's large, gracious entrance.

"My brother has engaged a box," Mrs. Wetherel announced, "and wishes to take us all to the theatre this evening—and to dine with him first."

Maud gave a shriek of delight.

"You won't be too tired, Miss Ambert?"

"Oh no,—I am not at all tired. It will be delightful." But Miss Ambert betrayed that she was frightened. If she joined this party, would it mean she was "accepting Mr. Delano's attentions"? She wished she knew. And she wondered if her darlings at home suffered as much at the approach of a possible suitor as she was suffering. Never for an instant did Miss Ambert escape from the psychological dominion of Gridley Hall.

Two weeks lay invitingly open before the date on which the Wetherels and Miss Ambert had arranged to sail—weeks that Mr. Delano promptly showed an intention of making as agreeable as possible for the party he had joined. Each drive or dinner at which he played an easy and delightful host was, however, a *parti carré*. Nothing so crude as an isolation of the interesting pair entered into Mrs. Wetherel's diplomacy. She knew that Miss Ambert's graceful refinements needed to be "shown off," interpreted; that her amiable charge was scarcely equal to the task of exploiting her own personality. The disclosure of the existence of the little family in Rome had also been from day to day averted, though Mrs. Wetherel sometimes disingenuously suggested to Maud that she tell Miss Ambert of her cousins. Anecdotes in which "Paul" and "Winthrop" figured were hastily glossed over, and it is possible that Mrs. Wetherel also counted on her knowledge of the fact that a man regarding himself as an eligible suitor instinctively excludes his parental responsibilities from his conversation.

It was not obscure, however, that something lay beneath the surface of all this pleasant, easy intercourse. Neither Miss Ambert, with her pseudo-worldliness, nor Mrs. Wetherel, with her shrewder discernment, could in her own mind ignore the fact that certain essential matters were advancing to a swift conclusion. It appeared that Mr. Delano, realizing that Miss Ambert was obtainable for a limited time only, had chosen to make a thrifty use of his opportunities. The gap that the late Mrs. Delano had left in his life had closed with a satisfactory click within a week after her death, but he felt it vaguely fitting that a man of his wealth and position and parental cares should find some one to share his name; and now here, at hand, was some one with whom he could sink into that domesticity his heart had craved for half a lifetime. And it is possible that the candid gentleman added to this a thought of congratulation to the little school-teacher, who, were it not for his fortunate preference, might have continued her present dreary life for an unimagined stretch of years.

But there was another point that could not fail to occur to a reasonable man. What was the use, after all, of a technical appropriation of Miss Ambert if the nice little thing were to be snatched back to America on the next steamer? He himself would not be able to follow for several months; Wyeth was an impractical sort of chap whom one could not possibly leave alone with the boys in Europe. The only other course was that Miss Ambert, whose timid little bird-note of acquiescence was so negligible a matter, should stay in Italy. Mr. Delano therefore went promptly to his sister and told her that he considered it preposterous for her to allow Miss Ambert and Maud to leave Italy without seeing Capri.

"You would be a perfect hostess on these jaunts of yours, Nettie," he told her, "if you hadn't so many times seen everything yourself. Now the thing in all Italy that a romantic young girl like Maud and a woman of—delicate feeling—like Miss Ambert, would most appreciate, is Capri. What do they care for Pompeii? What do they care for—the Aquarium? You've lived in Capri for months at a time and you're bored with

it. But give them a chance. Let me cancel your sailing date—I'll take charge of the whole thing for you—and you can go a week later. Plenty of time in between for Capri."

Mrs. Wetherel perceived some, at least, of the implications of this speech.

"The only difficulty is," she laughed, "that I should be the only one at liberty to accept your invitation. Maud and Miss Ambert have to be back for the opening of school."

"What I believe, Nettie, is that you attach about as much importance to the opening of that silly school as I do. Maud would, of course, leap at the chance to stay over, and Miss Ambert is easy enough to handle. Handle her. I'll see that you all enjoy yourselves."

Miss Ambert never startled by her unexpectedness; and her protest, when Mrs. Wetherel suggested waiting over, not one week, but two—Mr. Delano having made the singular discovery that the intervening steamers were unsafe,—was precisely, to the least frightened smile and sigh, what might have been foreseen. Even her later surrender was not squarely explicit, but dribbled through a series of faint objections. She had never in her life been at leisure after the first of October, when the whole academic world was set importantly awlir. Miss Graves had never opened school without her. It caused the most serious inconvenience to have any teacher late. She had particularly promised several of the girls—yes,—she *could* tutor Maud in English on the steamer going home—and it would of course be lovely to see Capri. But while the very words of her capitulation escaped her, the easily sated traveller hoped that Mrs. Wetherel did not suspect how faint, after all, was her desire to verify the bright blue wonders of the famous island. It was something far less palpable that swayed her—something that she dreaded, even disliked, yet from which she was feebly unable to turn away.

On the night before the day on which the little party was originally to have sailed, Mr. Delano dined with the three ladies at the Buonavista, always a more or less obviously reluctant proceeding on the part of a relative with so exacting a taste in wines. Afterwards, being various-

ly caught in the sluggish current of the pension's social life, they lingered uneasily in its dark, chilly salon. Thus it happened that Mrs. Wetherel magnanimously allowed herself to be captured by some English people who played as excellent bridge as she; and that Miss Ambert independently discovered a woman who "knew all about Gridley Hall" and was capable of discussing the peculiar social and scholastic prestige of that eminent institution. A soft, spiritual light played over Miss Ambert's face as she talked and listened. Had it not been for the unmistakable maidenliness of her aspect, one would have supposed her a mother talking of her only child.

Mr. Delano, watching her from the impossible chair that he occupied on the opposite side of the room, forgot both his present discomfort and his constant longing for the conveniences of a hotel. What a pretty woman she was; how well-bred; how dainty; and in how much greater measure would she exhibit these qualities when she should be really well dressed, with her own home, her own carriage. . . .

Miss Ambert caught this glance, and her newly sharpened intuition enabled her to interpret it with approximate closeness. She even dimly, alarmedly, felt that her dove-colored emotional drama was at its height. For two entire weeks of her unromantic life she had been unmistakably admired and courted (even though through her own dark complicity) by a man who could make her as socially valid as any graduate of Gridley Hall. From a world of women he had (with certain unobtrusive aids) selected her, Laura Ambert. It was indisputable. So easily and so miraculously had it happened that Miss Ambert even wondered why it had never happened before; why she had not been courted every vacation.

Mr. Delano was making his way toward her. With a latent coquetry only lately brought into exercise, Miss Ambert pretended not to see him. Seizing from the table *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which she had taken from the pension library, she retreated in the direction of those pleasantly miscellaneous shelves. Yet she knew that he would follow and find her there. Was there no

way of arresting, while one stopped to think, the momentum of this affair? It was as though one insisted on driving with skittish horses, and on their taking to a gallop, knew one had only oneself to blame. That was the worst of it! Nobody had entrapped Miss Ambert. She, considered the most modest of women, had indelicately entrapped herself. Yet here came the captor. She could hear him, though his step made no sound on the carpet; she could see him, though her back was turned.

Well, then—Miss Ambert, standing before the shelves, decided that she would pretend to be hunting for a copy of Mrs. Browning—severance from the past was at hand. Would Mr. Delano mind her going back for the rest of the year? She could never leave Miss Graves in such a plight. And they would need her next June at Commencement. Gridley Hall could not have a Commencement without its teacher of botany and elocution. And she hoped Mr. Delano would not come to that flowery festival. One even felt that the fathers and mothers were an intrusion. The girls themselves were so exquisite, so perfect. . . .

"May I help you, Miss Ambert? No? What a literary woman you are! I had tastes of that sort when I was younger—used to read Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton. Poetry, too, sometimes. Nowadays—when I am at home, that is—the new novels are always put on my table and I read those, mostly. But the new novels are very poor, don't you think, Miss Ambert?"

"I haven't time—" began Miss Ambert, faintly, conscious of a dry, choked feeling in her mouth. She tried to brace herself for what might come, but she had not known it would be so hard.

"Of course—you are too busy. You ought not to be so busy. It is not my idea of a woman's life."

"But I do not find it a burden," gasped the captive.

"You are wonderfully adaptable," complimented the captor.

"Indeed, I fear I am not." Miss Ambert's head was swimming madly by this time. She did not know what she was saying. "I could never enjoy any other life. You see, I love the girls so much."

"But could I not persuade you—" began Mr. Delano, first glancing cautiously about the room—and then It Came! It was brief, fortunately, but it contained all the traditional points and some others in addition. Miss Ambert was given to understand that she was personally attractive and that Mr. Delano invited her to become his wife and the mother of his children—his three little sons.

A reply to so flattering an address seemed almost superfluous, yet Mr. Delano scrupulously awaited it. It came with difficulty, and, if this can be believed, with no less surprise to Miss Ambert than to her suitor.

"You are so good, Mr. Delano—you are so good. But I—but I could not think of marrying—any one. I shall never marry. I could never give up my work. I am needed there, you know—I belong there. But believe that I thank you, Mr. Delano."

It was a curiously bare, revealing moment. Miss Ambert knew that she had never been less wavering, less docile, in her life. She was not merely a yard away from this agreeable man who wanted to marry her; whole cosmic stretches lay between them. Her coquetry had been but the veriest artificial froth. Her complicity itself, branded as her spirit would forever be with it, had been a futile defiance of the foremost law of her being. If this appalling step of marriage meant simply a wedding-veil, pretty gowns, the excitement of furnishing houses, the prestige of matronhood—all the things that her Gridley Hall darlings joyously went forth to and that she had wistfully half envied them—she was not sure that she might not have forgiven herself her own nefarious part in the Wetherels' conspiracy. But that she should share these things with a *man*—Miss Ambert suddenly knew that it was as impossible as if the fetters that bound her to the society and the pursuits of women were of imperishable steel. But there, before her, Mr. Delano was standing with flushed, impatient face.

"At least, Miss Ambert, you will consider—"

How desperately he frightened her, as he stood there. He had even come a little nearer, now. But nothing in the

world could terrify her into marrying him. How awesomely masculine his voice was, how heavy his hands. She could not look above his hands.

"It would be of no use, Mr. Delano. You have been mistaken in me. I do not like little boys; I am afraid of them. I did not know you had any sons. And I like you very much—but I could not marry you—even if they were girls!"

This was as strongly as Miss Ambert could put her refusal, and having thus burst forth, she fled,—ignominious accomplice, self-defeated in the very hour of triumph. Mr. Delano stared after her. She had been unmistakably in earnest, she had definitely refused him. Under his shrewd sister's encouragement—what had Nettie meant by it?—he had made a complete fool of himself. Had his own experience not already sufficiently taught him the irresponsibility of women? There was only one thing to do, under the circumstances. Mr. Delano put on his hat and went out to a café.

An hour later there was brought to Mrs. Wetherel at the bridge table a note from Miss Ambert. It said:

"DEAR, DEAR MRS. WETHEREL,—I pray that you will not think me all unworthy of your long and wonderful kindness. But I feel that I ought not to stay over, after all, for the Capri trip, and Mrs. Warner is still willing that I should share her stateroom on to-morrow's steamer, as we planned at first. I am packing and darling Maud is helping me. I fear it has been indiscreet for me to make to her a certain confidence, but, in fact, she drew it from me before I knew what I was saying. However, my present frame of mind is one of great dissatisfaction with myself, and it would scarcely be possible for me to conceal it from one of my own girls. And at Gridley Hall, you know, we always tell each other things. Indeed, Mrs. Wetherel, I wish I were a nobler and a broader woman—I wish it were possible for me to like little boys.

"There is so much that I have to say to you, so much unexpressed gratitude. I am hoping for a few words with you in the morning. With great affection,

Devotedly yours,

LAURA AMBERT."

# Photomicroscopy by Ultraviolet Light

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TO be able to photograph wholly invisible objects by wholly invisible light is a new and striking development of microscopy. Hitherto microscopes have been constructed for use with visible light only, largely with the yellow, green, and blue rays of the spectrum, and they have been used chiefly for direct observation. Recently a microscope has been perfected by Dr. August Koehler, at the Carl Zeiss Optische Werkstätte, Jena, Germany, which can be used only with ultraviolet light; and since this light is not directly visible to the human eye, it must be rendered visible by the use of fluorescent screens or photographic plates. The practical difficulties in the use of ultraviolet light with high magnifications of the microscope are great, but if they can be overcome this new departure will mark one of the greatest of all modern improvements in the microscope; indeed, it will actually double the capacity of the best microscopes using visible light.

The full significance of such an improvement will be apparent to all who have used a microscope. Hitherto every marked improvement in this instrument has been followed by an era of notable discoveries, and there can be no doubt that this will continue to be the case. Beyond the utmost reach of the best modern microscope is an unseen world, whose objects are the elements of the world we see and whose exploration may be expected to throw light upon some of the most fundamental problems of science. In biology it is probable that such an improvement in the microscope would be followed by important discoveries as to the structure of the living substance of animals and plants, the cellular basis of heredity and evolution,

the existence and structure of microorganisms, and, in general, the intimate causes of vital phenomena. Whether these and many other unforeseen discoveries will actually follow the construction of the ultraviolet microscope will depend largely upon the question whether this instrument can be made sufficiently practicable to come into general use.

Of one thing we may be sure—viz., that no further great improvement is possible in microscopes using ordinary light; the best modern microscopes are almost as perfect as it is theoretically possible for such instruments to be, and if any considerable advance is to be made in our knowledge of microscopic structures it must be through the aid of microscopes using light of shorter wave-lengths than that of the visible spectrum.

It is a popular fallacy that the usefulness of a microscope is determined by its power of magnification. The first question asked by an ordinary person when shown a microscope is, "How much does it magnify?" And to satisfy a craving for large numbers the answer is often given in terms of the areal rather than of the linear magnification. But the magnification is only one of several equally important conditions which a microscope must satisfy, among which are freedom from distortion of the form or colors of the image, brightness of field, and distinctness of details. If magnification were the only desideratum, it might readily be obtained by merely enlarging the first or initial image formed by the microscope lens; but after this image has been enlarged a few times, all that is gained by magnification is lost by the decreased brightness of the



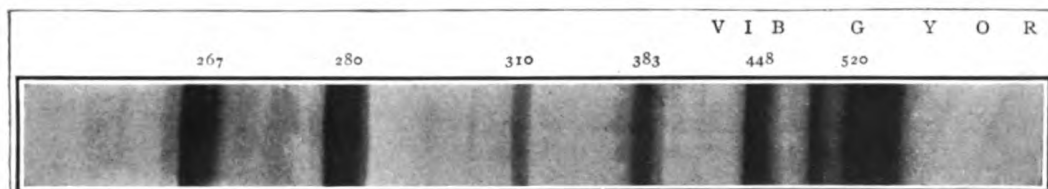


FIG. 1.—Spectrum of the Magnesium Spark produced by the apparatus of the ultraviolet microscope. The wave-lengths in millionths of a millimeter ( $\mu\mu$ ) are indicated by numerals; the visible spectrum by the initial letters of the primary colors. The bands at 448  $\mu\mu$ , 383  $\mu\mu$ , and 280  $\mu\mu$  are especially useful.

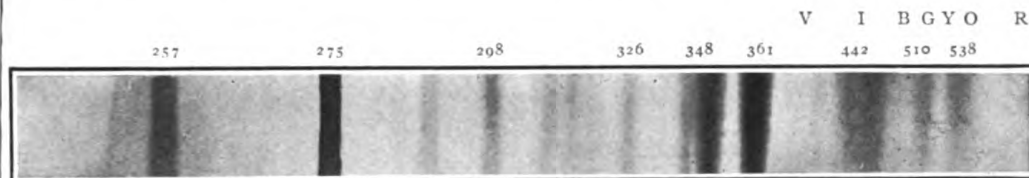


FIG. 2.—Spectrum of the Cadmium Spark used with the ultraviolet microscope. The sharp band at 275  $\mu\mu$  is the one principally used, and the one for which the lenses are corrected.

image, since the intensity of the light varies inversely as the square of the magnification, a threefold magnification involving a ninefold diminution of intensity.

Furthermore, even if the illumination might be made so intense as to partially overcome this difficulty, greater magnification than can now be obtained would be of no practical value; it would only enlarge the details of structure already visible with lenses of high magnification, but it could not add to those details. For it is well known that the resolving power of a microscope—that is, its ability to show as separate two points or lines which lie very close together—varies with the length of the light-waves employed; the shorter the wave-length, other things being equal, the greater the power of resolution. Two particles which are less than one-half a wave-length of light apart always appear as one, whatever the magnification. The wave-length of yellow-green light, which represents approximately the middle of the visible spectrum, is about .55 of a micron (a micron, represented by the Greek letter  $\mu$ , being one one-thousandth of a millimetre), and particles which are less than half this distance apart cannot be distinguished as separate when seen in this light. Any magnification which will render half a wave-length easily visible will reveal all that a higher magnifica-

tion could show. With light having a wave-length of, say, .5  $\mu$ , a magnification of 2000 diameters would make this wave-length 1 millimetre long, the half of which is readily visible. Only when light of shorter wave-lengths is used is a higher magnification useful. It is evident, therefore, that, so far as magnification is concerned, our best modern microscopes, which magnify from 2000 to 3000 diameters, are quite as powerful as there is any need of their being.

In order to increase the effectiveness of the microscope its power of resolution must be increased, and this can now be accomplished most readily by the use of light of relatively short wave-lengths. Two microscopic particles which cannot be distinguished as separate in yellow-green light may be readily "resolved" in blue or violet light. This consideration led Dr. August Koehler to undertake a series of experiments on the use of light of short wave-lengths in microscopy. For this purpose it is necessary to separate a beam of light into its component parts by means of a prism, and to send only the blue or violet rays through the microscope. In order to obtain monochromatic light of definite wave-length he found it advisable to employ the spectra of different metals rather than the solar spectrum. The source of light in such cases is the spark formed between two metal electrodes

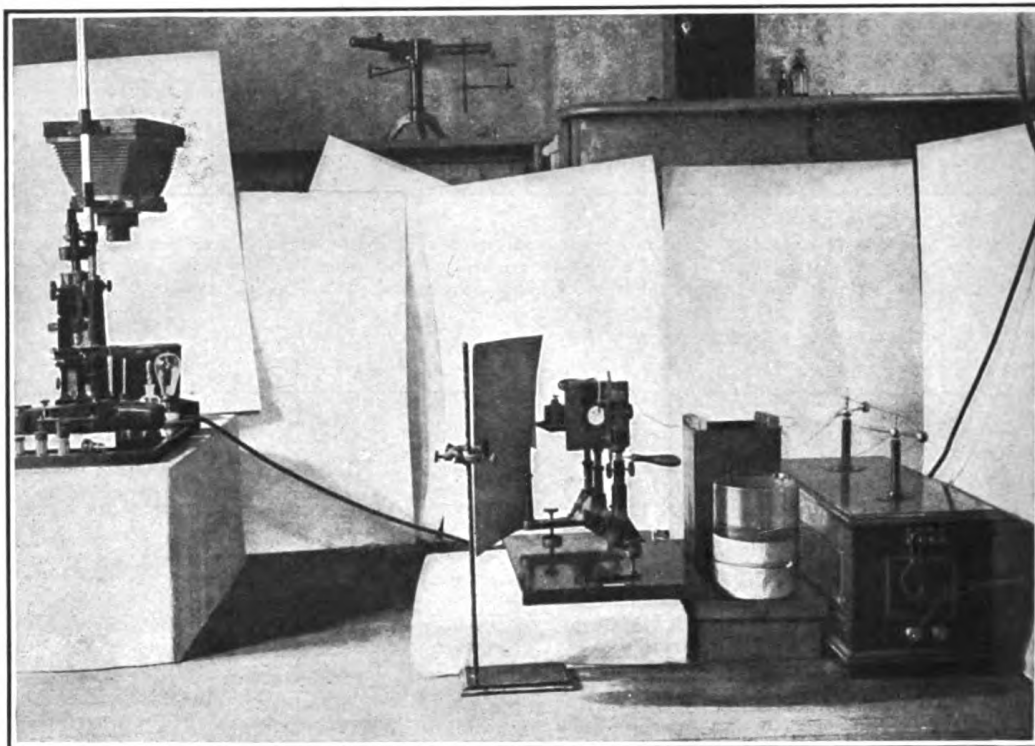


FIG. 3.—Photograph of the entire apparatus for making photomicrographs by ultraviolet light. On the right are the induction-coil and Leyden jars; in the middle is the illuminating apparatus by which the spark and the spectrum are produced; on the left are the microscope and camera, the finder with its fluorescent screen being above the eyepiece.

through which an electric current is passed. Various metals were used for this purpose, each of which has its own characteristic spectrum, but on the whole those most favorable were found to be magnesium and cadmium. In the magnesium spectrum there is one bright band near the end of the visible spectrum, the wave-lengths of which is  $.448 \mu$  (Fig. 1). This light can be readily used with ordinary lenses, and although it is not of much value for direct observation, it gives much sharper and more detailed photomicrographs than can be obtained with ordinary daylight. There is another magnesium band at the very limit of the visible spectrum, the wave-length of which is  $.383 \mu$  and with this light still more detailed photomicrographs may be obtained, though the light which passes through the microscope is so faint that this band is, on the whole, not so favorable as the preceding one. With these visible blue and violet rays Mr. Kribs, working in the zoological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania,

has been able to obtain unusually perfect photomicrographs, and it seems probable that the use of such rays may prove to be of great service in microscopy.

Beyond the visible spectrum is the invisible or ultraviolet spectrum, portions of which may be rendered visible by causing the rays to fall upon a fluorescent screen. In the magnesium spectrum is a particularly intense band of bright lines having a wave-length of about  $.280 \mu$ , while in the cadmium spectrum (Fig. 2) is a band not quite so intense, but otherwise more favorable for photomicrographic work, having a wave-length of  $.275 \mu$ . These bands lie far out in the invisible spectrum, and as their wave-lengths are only about half as great as that of the yellow-green light from the middle of the visible spectrum, their resolving power is double that of the latter.

But the use of these ultraviolet rays in microscopy involves extraordinary difficulties. In the first place, they are absorbed by glass to such an extent that

with light of very short wave-lengths glass is an opaque body. It is a striking experiment to take a thin cover-glass and pass it in front of the different portions of the spectrum thrown upon a fluorescent screen; before all of the visible spectrum from red to violet the glass casts no shadow, it is transparent; but as one passes out farther and farther into the ultraviolet the shadow of the glass grows deeper and deeper on the screen, until finally no light passes through it at all; it is opaque to these rays. If such rays are to be used in microscopy, evidently some other material than glass must be used for lenses, prisms, slides, and covers. It has been found that quartz is relatively transparent to ultraviolet rays, and therefore Dr. Koehler had all optical parts through which these rays must be transmitted constructed of quartz; the lenses were ground from fused quartz, and the prisms and slides were made from quartz crystals, ground at definite angles with the axes of the crystal.

The proper grinding and correction of lenses for use with invisible light of a definite wave-length was a work of great difficulty. Owing to the fact that they are corrected for light of one wave-length only—viz.,  $0.275 \mu$ , they are known as "monochromats," and cannot be used successfully with light which differs much in wave-length from that for which they are corrected.

Finally the accurate focusing of the microscope upon the object to be studied, which is always a most important matter in photomicrography, is here a most difficult task, since the image cannot be seen directly. Here also recourse must be had to a fluorescent screen of uranium glass, upon which the image of the object is caused to fall, thus rendering it faintly visible. While attentively observing this image in a dark room the focus of the microscope is adjusted until the sharpest possible image is obtained, after which the camera is brought into position and the photographic plate exposed.

Thus by a series of brilliant inventions, while literally working in the dark, Koehler has produced an ultraviolet microscope of much greater efficiency than any ever before made.

The complete instrument in working condition is shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3). On the right are the induction-coil and Leyden jars

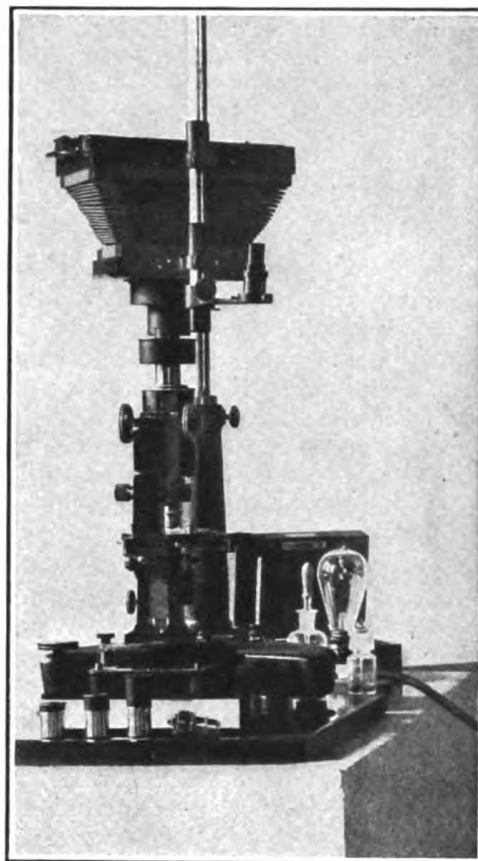


FIG. 4.—Photograph of the microscope with the "finder" turned to one side and the camera in position for an exposure

through which the electric current is carried to the illuminating apparatus, which occupies the middle of the photograph; on the left are the microscope and camera. The spark is produced between the two electrodes shown in front of the circular lens of the illuminating apparatus; also in the photograph of the illuminating apparatus shown in Fig. 5. Rays pass through this lens and through two quartz prisms (only one of which is shown in the photograph), then through a second lens like the first, and they are then spread out in a broad spectrum at the base of the microscope. By means of a fluorescent screen the portion of the spectrum which it is desired to use can be found, and these rays can

then be directed upon a quartz prism, which reflects them up through the microscope. The screen upon which the image is thrown in order to obtain the focus is known as the "finder." It is shown in position above the eyepiece of the microscope in Fig. 3; after the focus has been obtained the "finder" may be turned to one side and the camera brought over the microscope, as in Fig. 4, and the photographic plate exposed.

Owing to faint illumination it is very difficult to see the image in the "finder" with sufficient clearness to focus the microscope with precision, and in practice this is the most difficult part of the whole process. This same faintness of image also makes this microscope of very little value for direct observation; its usefulness is at present limited almost entirely to photographic reproduction of the image. Photographic plates are highly sensitive to ultraviolet light, but, owing to faint illumination with very high magnifications, exposures of from one to several minutes are required. These long exposures, however, not only permit very high magnifications, but, just as in the photography of very faint stars, the cumulative effect of the light on the plate brings out faint details which would be wholly lacking in shorter exposures.

Another condition which limits the general usefulness of this microscope is the fact that all objects must be mounted on quartz slides under quartz covers, and as these are at present expensive, the preparation of large numbers of permanent mounts is impracticable. With the improved methods for fusing quartz which are now being perfected, it may be predicted that this objection will disappear. The fact, however, that no ordinary microscopical preparations, mounted in Canada balsam on glass, can be used with the ultraviolet microscope, must be reckoned as one of the limitations of the usefulness of this instrument.

On the other hand, its advantages over ordinary microscopes are, in some respects, very great. Chief among these must be counted its greatly increased resolving power, this being about double that of microscopes using visible light. This may be well illustrated by a comparison of photomicrographs of certain well-known objects made by visible and by ultraviolet light. The shells of certain microscopic plants, known as Diatoms, are marked by exceedingly minute pores or lines, and these have long been favorite objects for testing the resolving power of lenses. In *Pleurosigma angulatum* there are about 40,000 of

these markings to the inch; in *Amphipleura pellucida* there may be as many as 100,000 to the inch. Fig. 6 is a photograph of the shell of *Pleurosigma* taken by daylight with the best lenses and under the most favorable conditions. Fig. 7 is a photograph of the same object taken by ultraviolet light. Although some of the differences between Figs. 6 and 7 are due to differences in focus of the mi-

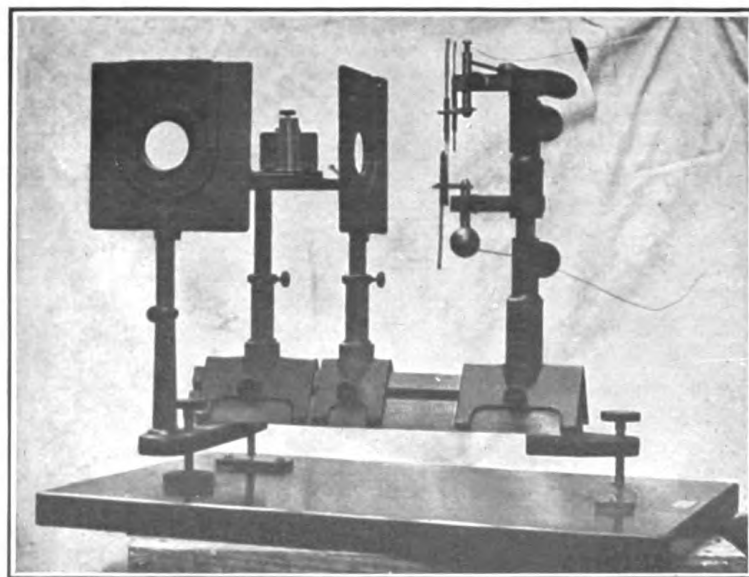


FIG 5 - Photograph of the illuminating apparatus, showing on the right the electrode-holder, and on the left the quartz lenses and prisms (only one of the latter appearing) by which the beam of light is spread out into the spectrum.



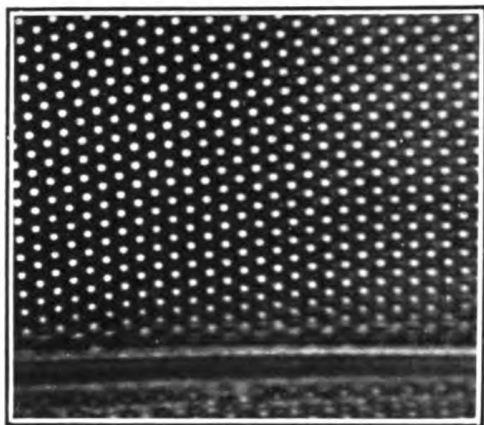


FIG. 6

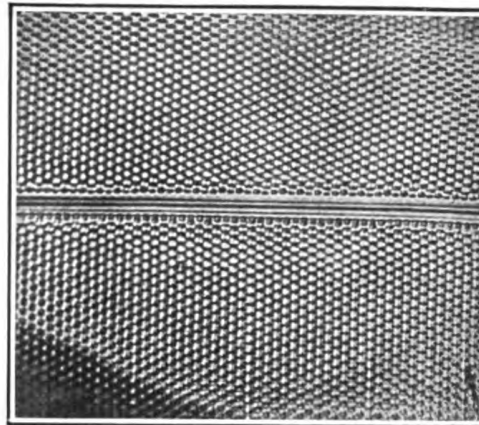


FIG. 7

FIG. 6.—Photograph of *Pleurosigma* by daylight; magnified 2800 diameters.

FIG. 7.—Similar object by ultraviolet light (Cadmium,  $275\ \mu\mu$ ); magnified 2500 diameters. Photo by Koehler. The focus is slightly different in these two photographs.

croscope, it is evident that details of structure are much clearer in the latter than in the former. A similar comparison of the minute markings on the scales of a butterfly's wing shows the greatly increased resolving power of the ultraviolet light, as compared with visible light.\*

These are only "test objects," and their minute structures are not in themselves of any fundamental importance, although they are both beautiful and wonderful, but there are many other things the minute structure of which is of great significance. Among these may be named the ultimate structure of muscle and nerve, of blood-cells, of germ-cells, of protozoa and bacteria, of cilia, pseudopodia, nuclei, chromosomes, centrosomes, and many other objects, a more accurate knowledge of which would profoundly influence our conceptions of life and its processes.

Another great advantage of the ultraviolet microscope is that by means of it protoplasm, and microscopic animals and plants, may be studied very advantageously while in the living condition. With visible light, protoplasm is so nearly transparent and homogeneous that much of its structure cannot be seen. It is customary, therefore, to prepare it for microscopical study by first

killing and staining it so as to render visible its different parts; but such methods of preparation undoubtedly produce many appearances which are not present in living protoplasm, but which are "artifacts," due to the processes of killing and staining the protoplasm; it is especially difficult to distinguish between artifacts and normal structures in the minutest details of cells and nuclei. However, many objects which are transparent in visible light, such as glass, gelatin, the lens of the eye, are more or less opaque in ultraviolet light; and in this light the various constituents of protoplasm show varying degrees of translucency, so that they may be seen and photographed as clearly as if they had been stained. For the first time this makes it possible to successfully investigate the structure of living protoplasm, and to determine to what extent the appearances heretofore observed are artifacts.

There is no prospect that by the use of this light molecules or smaller constituents of matter may ever be seen or photographed. These lie far beyond the reach of even the ultraviolet microscope; but there is good reason to hope that it may, among other things, reveal vital elements hitherto unknown or but imperfectly seen, and that its invention may mark as great an advance in microscopy as did the production of the homogeneous immersion-lens.

\* I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. H. G. Kribs, one of my graduate students, for most of these photographs.



# A Palomitas Lion-Hunt

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

FOLKS in Palomitas mostly got for their names whatever come handiest and fitted. That young feller's cuffs likely was marked with something he was knowed by; but as most of us wasn't particular what his cuffs was marked, or him either, we just called him Boston—after the town he made out he belonged to—and let it go at that. Big game was what he was looking for in New Mexico: and Santa Fé Charley, with Nosey Smith helping, saw to it he had all he needed and some over—but I reckon the exercises would a-been less spirited if the Sage-brush Hen hadn't chipped in and played a full hand.

If you wanted fun, and had to choose between a basket of monkeys and the Hen, all I've got to say is—nobody who knowed the Hen ever would a-took the monkeys! That girl was up to more queer tricks than anybody of her size and shape—she had a powerful fine shape, the Hen had—I've ever laid eyes on; and she'd run 'em in on you so demure and quiet-like you'd not know anything had happened till you found the whole town laughing its head off at you for being so many kinds of a fool. That year when the end of the track was stuck at Palomitas, and things wasn't any time what you might call extra quiet, she done more'n anybody—leaving out Santa Fé Charley—to keep the place in a full boil. When the two of 'em, the Hen and Santa Fé, was partners in any racket—and they mostly pulled together—you may bet your life there was a circus from the word go!

Boston was one of the sporting kind that turned up frequent in the Territory in them days. Most of 'em was friends of officers at some of the posts, with a sprinkling of sons and nephews of the directors of the road. Big game was what they come for; and they generally had about as much use for big game—when they happened to find any—as a cat

has for two tails. But they seemed to enjoy letting off ca'tridges—and used to buy what skins was in the market to take home.

Boston turned out to be a nephew—nephews was worse than sons, usually, for stuck-upness—and he come in one morning in a private car hitched onto the Denver train. He had a colored man along to cook and clean his guns for him—he had more things to shoot with, and of more shapes and sizes, than you ever saw in one place outside of a gun-store—and he was dressed that nice in green corduroys, with newfangled knives and hunting fixings hanging all over him like he was a Christmas tree, he might have hired out for a show. He wasn't a bad set-up young feller; but with them green clothes on, and being clean shaved and wearing eye-glasses, he looked just about what he truly was.

Wood had a wire a director's nephew was coming—he was the agent, Wood was—and orders to side-track his car and see he was took care of; and of course Wood passed the word along to us what sort of a game was on. But he begged so hard, Wood did, the town would hold itself in—saying if rigs was put up on a director's nephew he was dead sure to lose his job—we all allowed we'd give the young feller a day or two to turn round in, anyway; and we promised Wood—who was liked—we'd let the critter get through his hunting picnic without putting up no rigs on him if he made any sort of a show of knowing how to behave. Howsomedever, he didn't—and things started up, and nobody but Boston himself to blame for it, that very first night over in the barroom at the Forest Queen.

He had Wood in to supper with him in his car, Boston did, the darkey cooking it; and Wood said—except it begun with their having pickled green plums, and some sort of messed-up stuff that tasted

like spoilt salt fish and made him feel sickish—it was the best supper he ever eat. Each of 'em had a bottle of iced wine, he said; and he said they topped off with coffee that only wanted milk to make it a real wonder, and a drink like rock-and-rye, but chalks better, and such seegars as he'd never smoked in his born days.

All the time they was hashing—and Wood said he reckoned they was at it a'most a full hour—Boston kept a-telling what a hell of a one (that was the sort of careless way Wood put it) he was at big-game hunting; but Wood judged—taking all his talk together—the only thing he'd ever really shot bigger'n a duck or a pa'tridge was a deer the dogs had chased into a pond for him so it hadn't no chance. But it wasn't none of Wood's business to stop a director's nephew from blowing if he felt like it, and so he just let him fan away. Bears wasn't bad sport, he said, and he didn't mind filling in time with 'em if he couldn't get nothing better; but what he'd come to Palomitas for 'special, he said, was mountain-lions—he seemed to have it in his head he'd find 'em walking all over the place, same as cats—and he wanted to know if any'd lately been seen.

Wood told him them animals wasn't met with frequent in them parts (and they wasn't, for a fact, and hadn't been for about a hundred years likely) and maybe he'd do better to set his mind on jack-rabbits—which there was enough of out in the sage-brush, Wood told him, to load his car. And then he looked so real down disappointed, seeming to think jack-rabbits wasn't anyways satisfying, Wood said he told him there was chances some of the boys over at the Forest Queen—they being all the time out in the mountains looking for prospects—might put him on to finding a bear, anyway; and it wouldn't do no harm to go across to the Queen and ask. And so over the both of 'em come.

It was Wood's mistake bringing that green-corduroyed pill right in among the boys without giving notice, and Wood owned up it was later—allowing he'd a-been more careful if the rock-and-rye stuff on top of the wine, not being used to either of 'em, hadn't loaded him more'n he knew about at that time. Bos-

ton didn't seem to be much loaded, likely having the habit of taking such drinks and so being able to carry 'em; but he was that high-horsey—putting on his eye-glasses and staring 'round the place same as if he'd struck a menagerie and the boys was beasts in cages—all hands was set spiteful to him right off.

Things was running about as usual at the Queen: most of the boys setting around the table and Santa Fé dealing; a few of 'em standing back of the others looking on; two or three getting drinks at the bar and talking to Blister Mike, who run it; and the girls kicking their heels on the benches, waiting till it come time to start up dancing in the other room. The only out-of-the-way touch was the rig the Sage-brush Hen had dressed herself up in: she having put on the white clothes she wore when Hart's aunt come to town and she made out she was the wife of the minister. She looked real cute and pretty in them white things, the Hen did; and nobody seeing her in 'em, and she acting demure to suit, ever would a-sized her up for the gay old licketty-split Hen she was.

It was between deals when Wood and Boston come in, and Santa Fé got up from the table and crossed over to 'em—Charley always was that polite you'd a-thought he was a fish-hook with pants on—and told Boston he hoped he seen him well, and was glad he'd come along. Then Wood told how he was after mountain-lions, and wasn't likely to get none; and Charley owned up they was few, and what there was of 'em was so sort of scattered the chances for finding 'em was poor.

Boston didn't say much of nothing at first, seeming to be took up with trying to make out where Santa Fé belonged to—hitching on his eye-glasses and looking him over careful, but only getting puzzled the more he stared. You see, Charley had on his black clothes and his white tie, same as usual, so he looked like he was a minister; and there he was getting up red-hot from dealing faro, and having on each side of where he set at the table a forty-five gun. It was more of a mix-up than Boston could manage, and you could see he didn't know where he was at. Howsomedever, Wood had told him he'd better make out to be

friendly, and take just what happened to come along without asking no questions; and I reckon the shoat really meant, as well as he knew how to, to do what he was told. So he give up trying to size Santa Fé, and said back to him he was obliged and was feeling hearty; and then he took to grinning, like as if he wanted to make things pleasant, and says: "Really, I am very much interested in my surroundings. This place has quite the air of being a barbarian Monte Carlo. It really has, you know."

That was a non-plusser for Charley—and Santa Fé wasn't non-plustered often, and didn't like it when he was—but he pulled himself together and put down what cards he had: telling Boston monte was a game he sometimes played with friends for amusement—which was the everlasting truth, only the friends mostly was less amused than he was; and he'd had a dog named Carlo, he said, when he was a boy.

Boston seemed to think that was funny, and took to snickering sort of superior. He was about a full dose for uppishness, that young feller was: going on as if he'd bought the Territory, and as if the folks in it was the peones he'd took over—Mexican fashion—along with the land. Then he said he guessed Santa Fé didn't ketch his meaning, and Monte Carlo was the biggest gambling-hell there was.

Being in the business, Santa Fé was apt to get peevish when anybody took to talking about gambling, and Boston's throwing in hell on top of it that way was more'n he cared to stand. He didn't let on—at least not so the fool could see it—his dander was started, setting on himself being one of the things his work trained him to; but the boys noticed he begun to get palish up at the top of his forehead—where there was a white streak between his hair and where his hat come—and all hands knowed that for a bad sign. Boston, of course—being strangers with him—didn't know what Charley's signs was; and he just kept on a-talking as fresh as his green clothes.

"Not less psychologically than sociologically," says he, "is it interesting to find in this slum of the wilderness the degenerate Old World vices in crude New World garb. Here," says he, jerking

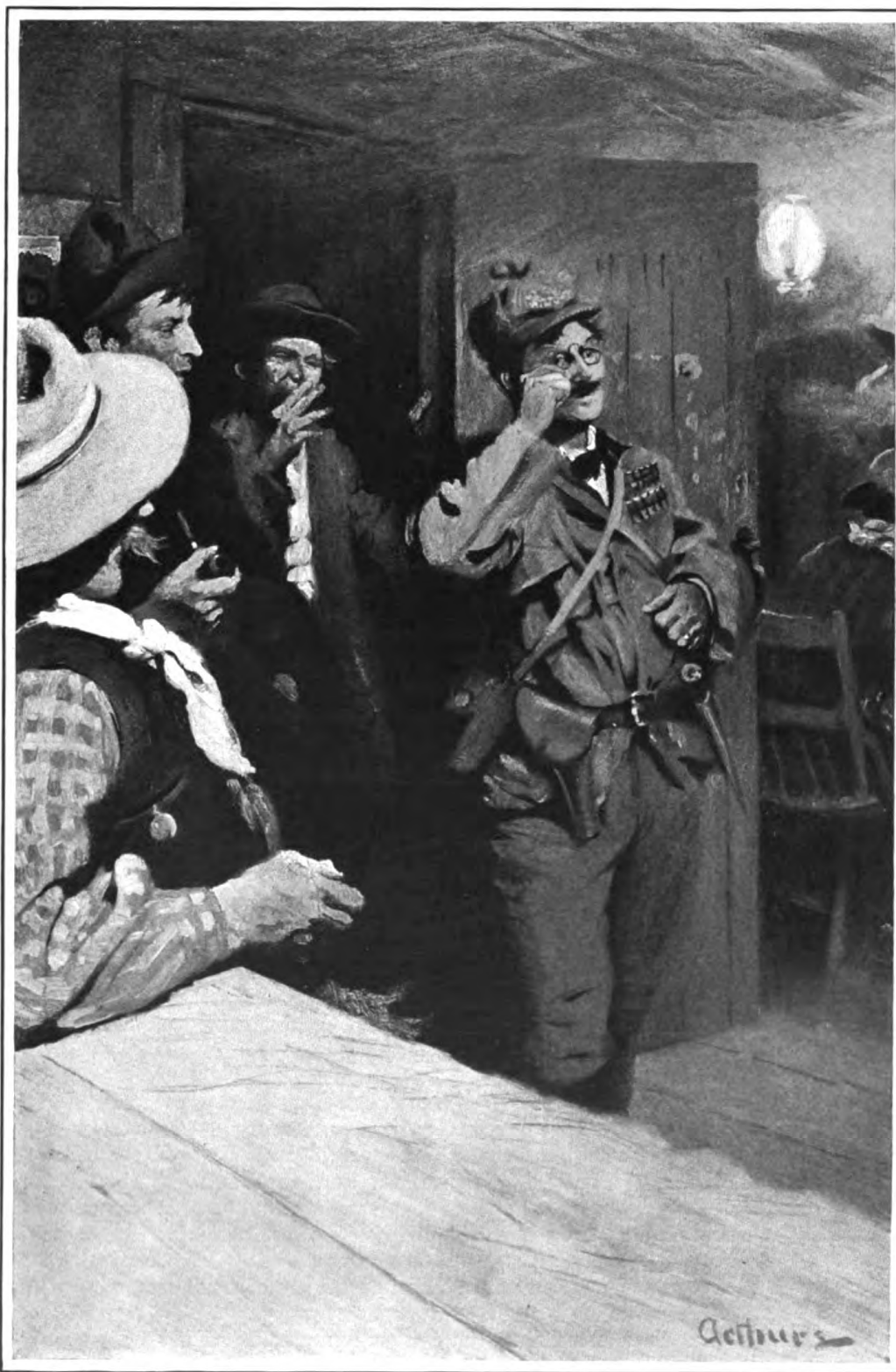
his head across to the table, "is a coarse reproduction of Monaco's essence; and there, I observe, are other repulsive features equally coarse"—and he jerked his head over to where Nosey Smith was setting up drinks for Carrots at the bar.

"If you dare to say one word more about my features, young man," says Carrots—having a pug-nose, Carrots was tetchy about her features; and she had a temper the same color as her hair—"I'll smack you in the mouth!"

"And Oi'll smack your whole damn head off!" put in Blister Mike. "D'you think Oi'm going to have ladies drinking at my bar insulted by slush like you?" And Blister reached down to where he kept it among the tumblers to get his gun.

It looked as if there was going to be a ruction right off. There was Carrots red-hotter than her hair; and Blister, who was special friends with Carrots, shooting-mad at having anybody sassing her; and Santa Fé's forehead getting whiter and whiter; and all hands on their hind legs at having Palomitas called a slum of the wilderness—and likely worse things said about the place in words nobody'd ever heard tell of longer'n your arm. The only one keeping quiet was Wood. He was sure, Wood was, trouble was coming beyond his stopping; and as he knowed which side his bread was buttered, and how he'd be fired from his job if things happened to go serious, he just went and set down in a corner and swore to himself sorrowful, and was about the miserablest-looking man you ever saw alive. I guess it was being pitiful for Wood, more'n anything else, made things take the turn they did when the Sage-brush Hen come into the game.

"Now you all hear *me*!" the Hen sung out sudden—and as the Hen wasn't much given to speaking in public that way, and the boys was used to doing quick what she wanted when she asked for it, everybody stopped talking and Blister put his gun down on the bar. Most of us, I reckon, had a feeling the Hen was going to let things out in some queer way she'd thought of in that funny head of hers—same as she'd done other times when matters was getting serious—and we all was ready to help her with any skylarking she was up to that would put



*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs*

HE STARED AROUND THE PLACE, AS IF HE HAD STRUCK A MENAGERIE

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a stop to the rumpus and so get Wood out of his hole. As for Boston—being too much of a fool to know what he'd done to start such a racket—he was all mazed-up by it: staring straight ahead of him like a horse with the staggers, and looking like he wished he'd never been born.

"You all hear *me*, I tell you!" says the Hen, taking a-hold of Boston's arm sort of motherly. "While I am the school-teacher in Palomitas I shall not permit you boys to play your pranks on strangers; and especially not on this gentleman—whom I claim as a friend of mine because we both come from the same dear old town."

That was the first time anybody'd ever heard the Hen wasn't hatched-out in Kansas City. But it didn't seem as if calling her hand would be gentlemanly, so nobody said nothing; and off she went again—talking this time to Boston, but winking the eye away from him at the boys.

"It is merely a joke, sir," says the Hen, "that these young men are playing on you—and as silly a joke as silly can be. Sometimes, in spite of my most earnest efforts to stop them, they will go on in this foolish way: pretending to be wild and wicked and murderous and all such nonsense, when in reality there is not a single one among them who willingly would hurt a fly. What Miss Mortimer said about smacking you, as I hardly need to explain, was a joke too. Dear Miss Mortimer! She is as full of fun as a kitten, and as sweet and gentle"—Carrots, not seeing what the Hen was driving at, all the time was looking like a red-headed thunder-storm—"as the kindest-hearted kitten that ever was!"

"And now, I assure you, sir, this reprehensible practical joking—for which I beg your indulgence—definitely is ended; and I am glad to promise that you will find in evidence, during the remainder of your stay in Palomitas, only the friendliness and the courtesy which truly are the essential characteristics of our seemingly turbulent little town."

The Hen stopped for a minute to get her wind back—which give the boys a chance to study over what they was told they was, and what kind of a town it turned out to be they was living in—

and then off she went again, saying: "I beg that you will pardon me, sir, for addressing you so informally, without waiting for an introduction. We do not always stand strictly on etiquette here in Palomitas; and I saw that I had to put my cards down quick—I mean that I had to intervene hurriedly—to save you from being really annoyed. Now that I have cleared up the trifling misunderstanding, I trust satisfactorily, we will go back to where we ought to have started and I will ask Mr. Charles to introduce us." And round she cracked to Santa Fé and says: "Will you be so kind as to introduce my fellow townsman to me, Mr. Charles?"

Santa Fé had begun to get a little cooled off by that time; and, like as not—it was a wonder the way them two passed cards to each other—the Hen give him some sort of a look that made him suspicion what her game was. Anyway, into it he come—saying to Boston, talking high-toned and polite like he knew how to: "I have much pleasure, sir, in presenting you to Miss Sage, who is Palomitas's idol—and a near relative, as you may be interested in knowing, of the eminent Eastern capitalist of the same name. As she herself has mentioned, Miss Sage is our school-teacher; but her modest cheek would be suffused with blushes were I to tell you how much more she is to us—how broadly her generous nature prompts her to construe her duties as the instructress of innocent youth. Only a moment ago you had an opportunity for observing that her word is our law paramount. I am within bounds in saying, sir, that in Palomitas she is universally adored."

"Oh, Mr. Charles! How can you!" says the Hen, kind of turning away and looking as if she really was trying to blush a little. Then she faced round again and shook hands with Boston—who was so rattled he seemed only about half awake, and done it like a pump—and says to him: "Mr. Charles is a born flatterer if ever there was one, sir, and you must pay no attention whatever to his extravagant words. I only try in my poor way, as occasion presents itself"—she let her voice drop down, so it went sort of soft and ketchy—"to mollify some of the harsher asperities of our youthful-



ly strenuous community; to apply, as it were, the touchstone of Boston social standards—the standards that you and I, sir, recognize—to the sometimes too rough ways of our rough little frontier settlement. It is true, though, and I am proud to say it, that the boys do like me—of course Mr. Charles's talk about my being an idol and adored is only his nonsense; and it is true that they always are nice about doing what I ask them to do—as they were just now, when they were naughty and I had to make them behave.

“And now, since the formalities have been attended to and we have been introduced properly, and since you and I are fellow Bostonians and ought to be friendly”—the Hen give him one of them fetching looks of hers—“you must come over to the bar and have a drink on me. And while we are performing this rite of hospitality,” says the Hen—pretending not to see the jump he give—“we can discuss your projected lion-hunt: in which, with your permission, I shall take part.” Boston give a bigger jump at that; and the Hen says on to him, sort of explaining matters: “You need not fear that I shall not sustain my end of the adventure. As any of the boys here will tell you, I can handle a forty-five or a Winchester about as well as anybody—and big-game hunting really is my forte. Indeed, I may say—using one of our homely but expressive colloquialisms—that when it comes to lion-hunting I am simply hell!”

Boston seemed to be getting worse and worse mixed while the Hen was rattling her stuff off to him—and I reckon, all things considered, he wasn't to be blamed. He'd got a jolt to start with, when he come in and found what he took to be a preacher dealing fero; and he was worse jolted when his fool talk—and he not knowing how he'd done it—run him so close up against a shooting scrape. But the Hen was the limit: she looking like and acting like the schoolma'am she said she was, and yet tangled up in a bar-room with a lot of gamblers and such as Kerosene Kate and old Tenderfoot Sal and Carrots—and then bringing the two ends together by talking one minute like he was used to East, and the next one wanting to set up drinks for him and

telling him she knowed all there was to know about gun-handling and how at lion-hunting she was just hell! I guess he was more'n half excusable, that young feller was, for looking like he couldn't be counted on for telling for certain on which end of him was his heels.

What he did manage to work out clear in that fool head of his was he had the chance to get the drink he needed, and needed bad, to brace him; so over he come with the Hen to the bar and got it—and it seemed to do him some good. Then Carrots—who'd begun to ketch on a little to what the Hen was after—spoke up and told him it was true what Miss Sage had told him about her kittenishness, and she hadn't meant nothing when she was talking about smacking him; and to show he had no hard feeling, she said, he must have one on her. Then Blister Mike, having sized matters up, chipped in too: saying it would make him feel comfortabler—having done some joking himself by talking the way he did and getting his gun out—if they'd all have one on the bar.

As drinks in Palomitas was sighted for a thousand yards, and carried to kill further, by the time Boston had three of 'em in him—on top of the ones he'd had with Wood at supper—he was loaded enough to be careless about what was happening among the sun-spots and ready to take things pretty much as they come along. The boys was ready for what might be coming too: allowing for sure the Hen was getting a circus started, and only waiting to follow suit to the cards she put down.

What was needed, it turned out, was stocked with Nosey Smith; and the Hen sort of picked up Nosey with her eyes and says to him: “Your little boy Gustavus—he is *such* a dear little fellow, and I do love him so!—was telling me at recess to-day, Mr. Smith, that you saw a lion when you were out in the mountains day before yesterday prospecting. I think that very likely you may have seen the fierce creature even more recently; and perhaps you will have the kindness to tell us”—the Hen winked her off eye at Nosey to show him what was wanted—“where he probably may be found at the present time?”

Some of the boys couldn't help snicker-

ing right out when the Hen took to loading up Nosey with little Gustavuses; but Boston didn't notice nothing, and Nosey—who had wits as sharp as that queer nose of his, and could be counted on for what cards was needed in the kind of game the Hen was playing—put down the ace she asked for and never turned a hair.

"Gustavus will be tickled out of his little boots, Miss," says Nosey, "when I tell him how nice you've spoke about him; and I'm much obliged myself. He give it to you straight, the kid did, about that lion. I seen him all right—and so close up it 'most scared the life out of me! And you're right, Miss, in thinking I've ketched onto him since—seeing I was a blame sight nearer to him than I wanted to be less'n four hours ago. Yes, ma'am, as I was coming in home to-night from the Cañada I struck that animal's tracks in the mud down by the ford back of the deepo—he'd been down to the river for a drink, I reckon—and they was so fresh he couldn't a-been more'n five minutes gone. When I got to thinking what likely might a-happened if I'd come along them five minutes sooner, Miss, I had cold creeps crawling all up and down my back!"

Their statements of Nosey's set the boys to snickering some more—there not being no ford on the Rio Grande this side of La Chamita, and the wagon-bridge being down back of the deepo where he said his ford was—but Nosey paid no attention, and went on as smooth as if he was speaking a piece he'd got by heart.

"As you know, Miss, being such a hunter," says he—making up what happened to be wanted about lions, same as he'd done about fords—"them animals takes a drink every four hours in the night-time as regular as if they looked at their watches. Likely that feller's bedded just a little way back in the chaparral so's to be handy for his next one; and I reckon if this sport here feels he needs lions"—Nosey give his head a jerk over to Boston—"he'll get one by looking for it right now. But for the Lord's sake, Miss, don't you think of taking a hand in tackling him! He's a most a-terrible big one—the out-and-out biggest I ever seen. The first thing you knowed about it, he'd a-gulped you down whole!"

"How you do go on, Mr. Smith!" says

the Hen, laughing pleasant. "Have you so soon forgotten our hunt together last winter—when I came up and shot the grizzly in the ear just as he had you down and was beginning to claw you? And are you not ashamed of yourself, after that, to say that any lion is too big for me?"

Without stopping for Nosey to strain himself trying to remember that bear-hunt, round she cracked to Boston—giving Nosey and Santa Fé a chance to get in a corner and talk quick in a whisper—and says to him: "We just *are* in luck! These big old ones are the real fighters, you know. Only a year ago there was a gentleman from the East here on a lion-hunt—it was his first, and he did not seem to know quite how to manage matters—and one of these big fierce ones caught him and finished him. It was very horrible! The dreadful creature sprang on him in the dark and almost squeezed him to death, and then tore him to pieces while he still was alive enough to feel it, and ended by eating so much of him that only a few scraps of him were left to send East to his friends. This one seems to be just that kind. Isn't it splendid! What superb sport we shall have in getting him—you and I!"

What the Hen had to say about the way lions done business—specially their eating hunters like they was sandwiches on a free-lunch counter—seemed to take some of the load off Boston, and as he got soberer he wasn't so careless as he'd been. From his looks it was judged he was thinking a lion some sizes smaller would be a better fit for him; but he couldn't well say so—with the Hen making out she wanted hers as big as they made 'em—so he took a brace, and sort of swelled himself out, and said the bigger this one was the better he'd be pleased.

"But I cannot permit you, my dear young lady," he says, "to share with me the great danger incident to pursuing so ferocious a creature. I alone must deal with it. To-morrow I shall familiarize myself with the locality where Mr. Smith has found its tracks; and to-morrow night, or the night after—as the weather may determine. Of course nothing can be done in case of rain—I will seek the savage brute in its lair. And then we shall find out"—Boston worked up as

much as he could of a grin, but it seemed to come hard and didn't fit well—"which of us shall have the other's skin!"

"Danger for me!" says the Hen, giving him another of them looks of hers. "Just as though I would not be as safe, with a brave man like you to protect me, as I am teaching school! And to-morrow night, indeed! Do you think lions are like dentists—only the other way round about the teeth!" and the Hen laughed heartily—"and you can make appointments with them a week ahead! Why, we must be off, you and I, this very minute! I'll run right round home and get my rifle—and meet you at your car as soon as you've got yours. To think of our having a lion this way almost sitting on the front-door step! It's a chance that won't come again in a thousand years!"

Away the Hen went a-kiting; and, there not being no way he could see of getting out of it, away went Boston—only the schedule he run on was some miles less to the hour. To make sure he didn't try to side-track, Nosey Smith went with him: leaving Santa Fé to fix matters with the Hen, and do what talking was needed to ring in the boys.

Nosey done his part in good shape: helping Boston get as many of his guns as he thought was wanted to hunt lions with—which was as many as he could pack along with him—and managing sort of casual to slip out the ca'tridges so he wouldn't hurt nobody. It turned out Nosey needn't a-been so extra precautions—but of course he couldn't tell. By the time Nosey had him ready, the Hen come a-hustling up—having finished settling things with Santa Fé—and sung out to him to get a move on, or likely the lion would a-had his drink and gone. The move he got wasn't much of a one; but he did come a-creeping out of the car at last—and having such a load of weepens on him as to give him some excuse for going slow.

"Good luck to you!" says Nosey, and off he skipped in a hurry to get at his part of the ceremonies—not paying no attention to Boston's 'most getting down on his knees to him begging him to come along. Then Boston wanted the colored man to come—who was scared out of his black skin at the notion, and wouldn't; and if the Hen hadn't ended up by grab-

bing a-hold of him—saying as it was dark, and she knowed the way and he didn't, she'd better lead him—likely she wouldn't have got him started at all. Pulling him was more like what she did than leading him, the Hen said afterward; but she didn't kick about his going slow and wanting to stop every minute, she said, because it give Santa Fé and Nosey more time.

The night was the kind that's usual in New Mexico, and just what was wanted. There was no moon, and the star-shine—all the stars looked to be about the size of cheeses—give a hazy sort of light that made everything seem twiced as big as it really was, and shadows so black and solid you'd think you could cut 'em in slices same as pies. And things was so still you could a-heard a mouse sneezing half a mile off. The rattling all over him of Boston's weepens sounded like there was boilers getting riveted close by.

The Hen yanked him along easy, but kept him a-moving—and passed the time for him by telling all she could make up about what desprit critters lions was. Starting from where his car was side-tracked, they went round the deepo; and then down the wagon-road pretty near to the bridge, but not so near he could see it; and then across through the sage-brush and clumps of mesquite till they come to the river—where there was a break in the bluff, and a flat place going on down into the water that looked like it was the beginning of a ford. For a fact, it was where the Mexican women come to do their clothes-washing, and just back from the river was a little 'dobe house—flat-topped, and the size and shape of a twelve-foot square dry-goods box—the women kept their washing things in. But them was particulars the Hen didn't happen to mention to Boston at the time.

When they come to the house she give him a jerk, to show him he was to stand still there; and then she grabbed him close up to her, so she could whisper, and says: "It was here that Mr. Smith saw the ferocious animal's footmarks almost precisely four hours ago. The habits of these creatures are so regular, as Mr. Smith mentioned, that this one certainly will return for his next drink when

the four hours are ended—and so may be upon us at any moment. I hope that we may see him coming. If he saw us before we saw him—well, it wouldn't be nice at all!"

The Hen let that soak in a little; and then she snuggled up to Boston, all sort of shivery, and says: "I wish that we had taken the precaution to ask Mr. Smith from which direction the tracks came. These lions, you know, have a dreadful way of stealing up close to you and then springing! That was what happened to that poor young man. So far as was known, his first notice of his peril was finding himself crushed to the ground beneath the creature's weight—and the next instant it was tearing him with its teeth and claws. I—I begin to wish I hadn't come!" And the Hen snuggled up closer and shivered bad.

Boston seemed to be doing some shivers on his own account, judging from the way his guns rattled; and his teeth was so chattery his talking come hard. But he managed to get out that if they was inside the house they'd have more chances—and he went to work trying to open the door. When he found he couldn't—it being locked so good there was no budging it—he got worse jolted, and his breath come in little jerky gasps.

The Hen got a-hold of him again and done some more shivers, and then she says: "It all will be over, one way or the other, in a very few moments now. And oh how thankful I am—since so needlessly and so foolishly I have placed myself in this deadly peril—that I have for my protector a brave man! If salvation is possible, you will save me, I am sure!"

Boston tried to say something, but he'd got so he was beyond talking and only gagged; and while he was a-gagging there come a queer noise—sounding like it was a critter crawling around in among the bushes—that made him 'most jump out of his skin! Down went his guns on the ground all in a clatter; and he was scared so limp he'd a-gone down atop of 'em if the Hen hadn't got a good grip on him with both arms. They stood that way more'n a minute, with him a-shaking all over and the Hen doing some shaking for company—and then she hiked him round so he pointed right and says: "Look! Look! There by those

little bushes! Oh how horrible!" And the Hen give a groan.

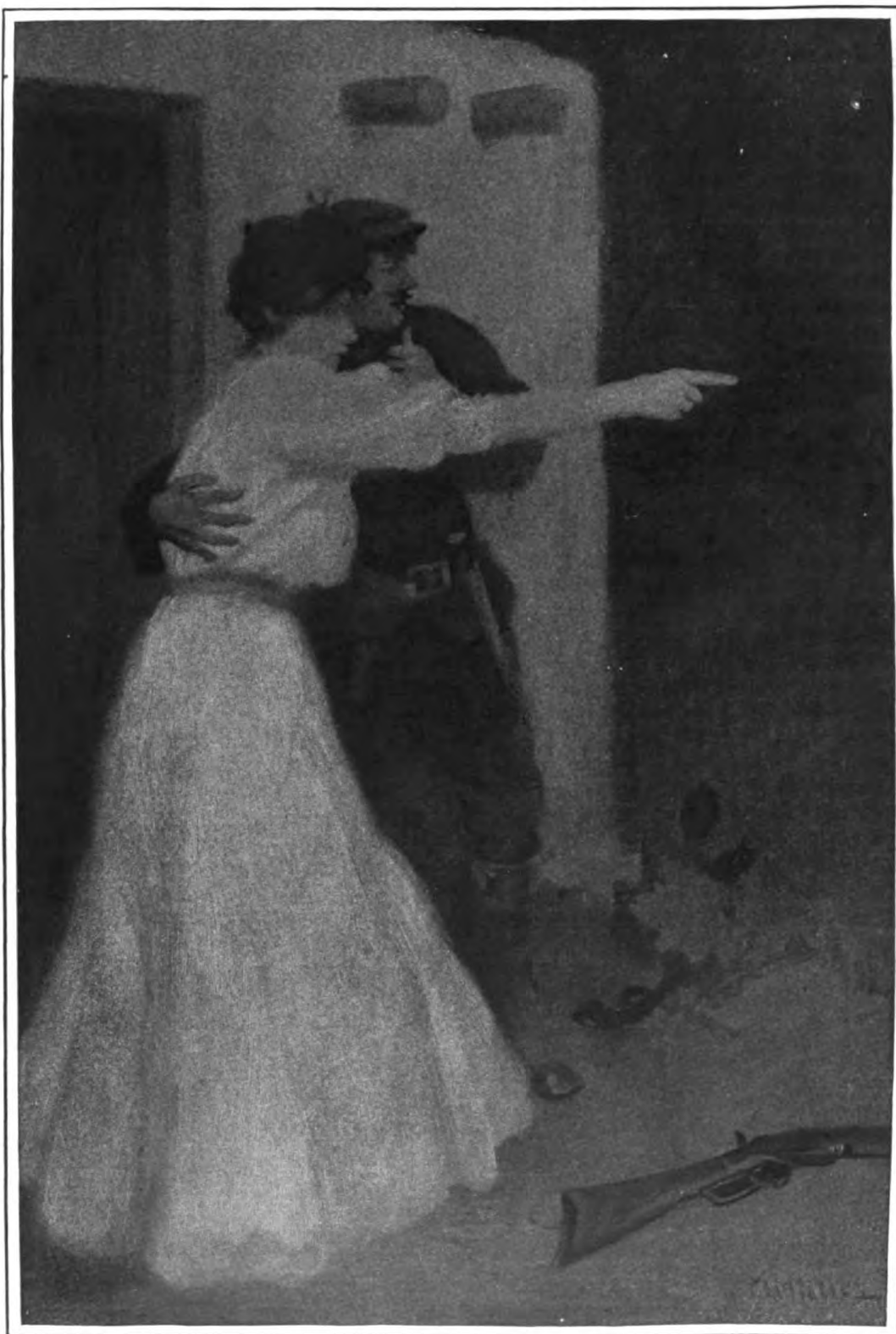
What was wanted to be looked at was on hand, right enough—and I reckon it showed to most advantage by about as much light as it got from the stars. All they could make sure of was something alive, moving sort of awkward and jumpy, coming out from a tangle of mesquite bushes not more'n three rods off and heading straight for 'em; and seeing it the way they did—just a black splotch all mixed in with the shadows of the bushes—it looked to be 'most as big as a cow! Limp as he was—so you'd a-thought there wasn't any yell in him—Boston let off a yell that likely was heard clear across the mesa at San Juan!

"Shoot!" says the Hen. "I can't. I'm too frightened. Shoot quick—or we are lost!" She let go of him, so he could reach down to where he'd spilled his gunshop and get a weepson; but Boston wasn't on the shoot, and he hadn't no use for weepsons just then. All he wanted to do was to run; and if the Hen hadn't got a fresh grip on him and held him—she was a strapping strong woman, the Hen was—he would a-made a bolt for it certain sure.

"No! No! Don't attempt to run!" says the Hen, talking scared and desprit. "In an instant, should we turn our backs on him, the terrible creature would be upon us with one long cruel bound!"

From the way the terrible creature, as the Hen called him, was a-going on—sort of hopping up and down, and not making much headway—it didn't look as if long cruel bounds was what he was most used to. But Boston wasn't studying the matter extra careful; and as the Hen found he took pretty much what she give him, she just cracked along.

"To run, I tell you," says the Hen, "is but to court the quicker coming of the torturing death to which we are doomed. It will come quick enough, anyway!"—and she handed out a fresh lot of shivers, and throwed in sobs. Then she give a jump, as if the notion had just struck her, and says: "There is a chance for us! Up on the roof of this house we may be safe. Lions can spring enormous distances horizontally, you know; but, save in exceptional cases, their vertical jumping powers are restrict-



*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs*

"LOOK! LOOK! THERE BY THOSE LITTLE BUSHES"



ed to a marked degree. Quick! Put your foot in my hand and let me start you. When you are up, you can pull me up after you. Now then!"—and the Hen reached her hand down, so she could get a-hold of Boston and give him a send.

Her using them long words about the way lions did their jumping—being the kind of talk he was used to—seemed to sort of brace him. Anyways—the lion helping hurry things by just then giving another jump or two—he managed to have sense enough to put his foot in the Hen's hand, same as she told him; and then she let out her muscle and give him such an up-start he landed on the roof of the 'dobe afore he fairly knowed he'd begun to go! Being landed, he just sprawled out flat—and getting the Hen up after him seemed to be about the last thing he had on his mind.

"Help! Help!" sung out the Hen. "The lion is almost on me! Give me your hand!" But Boston wasn't in no shape to give hands to nobody. All he did was to kick his legs about and let off groans.

"Oh, I understand, now," says the Hen in a minute. "You are crying out in the hope of luring the creature into trying to reach you—as he can, if he happens to be one of the exceptional jumpers—and so give me a chance to get away. How noble that is of you! I shall take the chance, my brave preserver, that your self-sacrifice gives me—and I shall collect, and bedew with tears of gratitude, all that the savage monster leaves me of

your bones! Heaven bless you—and good-by!" And away the Hen cut—leaving Boston high and dry on the roof of the 'dobe, so scared he just lay there like a wet rag.

She didn't cut far, the Hen didn't. The rest of us was a-setting around under the mesquite bushes, and she joined the party and set down too—stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, and holding both hands jammed tight over it, to keep from yelling out with the laugh that was pretty near cracking her sides.

Then we all waited till daylight—with Nosey, who had charge of the lion, working that animal as seemed to be needed whenever Boston quieted down with his groans. All hands really enjoyed themselves, and it was one of the shortest nights I think I ever knowed.

Daylight comes sudden in them parts. One minute it's so duskish you can't see nothing—and the next minute the sun comes up with a bounce from behind the mountains and things is all clear.

When the sun did his part of the work and give all the light was needed, we done ours—which was coming out from among the mesquite bushes and saying good morning polite to Boston, up on the roof of the 'dobe, and then taking the hobbles off old man Gutierrez's jackass so it could walk away home.

The Hen felt she'd got to have one more shot, and she took it. "My brave preserver!" says the Hen, speaking cheerful. "Come down to me—that I may bedew with tears of gratitude your bones!"

## What More?

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

THE salt wind blowing in my face,  
The salt waves lapping at my feet,  
And from his cedarn nesting-place  
The redbird calling sweet!

What greater gift holds life in fee,  
What more steals death, when stealing all,  
Than the delight of wind and sea,  
Or of the redbird's call?

## Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of those familiar visitants, whom he of the Easy Chair does not always know from one another, or entirely from himself, appeared one summer afternoon about the end of the day's work, and took the window-sill, where the spring-poet had sat one short month before. He took this place not because the spring-poet had sat there, but because the window-sill was the only seat in the room beside the Easy Chair. This new-comer, or old-comer if he was that, was, like the spring-poet, one of those people, by no means rude, but rather of a pleasant quaintness, whose greetings are tacit, and whose small talk is so small that they usually begin with some large converse underlying the surface of things.

"Did you ever notice," he asked, "how peculiarly the human conscience is constructed?"

"Why do you say *human* conscience?" we retorted. "Is there any other kind?"

"Yes: dog; and they both seem to be invariably bad."

"Why not, seeing that men are men and dogs are dogs?"

"I won't speak for the dogs, but for the men, I should say that they are, in all but the very few cases where they have injured us personally, worthy of much better consciences than they are able to keep about them."

"Don't leave the dogs yet a while. Why do you seem to think that they alone among the animals have a conscience?"

"Can you imagine a cat having one?"

"No, a cat has too much self-respect. But a parrot?"

"A parrot may have depravity, and it may know that it ought to have a conscience, and a distinctly bad one; but can we honestly say that it has a conscience? Did you ever know a parrot to be sorry for a mischief it had done?"

"No, but we have known it to be afraid."

"That is not quite the same thing. It is not even ashamed, or, if it is, it has failed to confess it, so that we have no authentic record of the fact. Now, a dog is often—or when it has been found out—both sorry and ashamed for the evil it has done, and it has a conscience which might perfectly well exist in you or me."

"Don't be personal," we interposed, "or if you must, be personal to yourself. We should like this inquiry, which we foresee is going to be uncomfortable, to be entirely subjective. But go on."

"It is not going to be at all uncomfortable," our guest replied, "and the fact that you have a bad conscience in regard to it beforehand is a proof of the condition which I flatter myself I have discovered. I believe that I am on the point of making a veritable contribution to psychology: one that will cause the most famous living psychologists to sit up."

"Must you be slangy?"

"I need not be, but I feel so safe on my high scientific ground that I can indulge myself. I might deliver my message wholly in the diction of the baseball field, and still deserve your respectful attention."

"Now, certainly, you are making us sit up. We hope you are not bragging."

"If anything. I am over-modest. I am still wanting in a precise term for my discovery, a name that shall be at once so subtle in its implications that it will penetrate the farthest recesses of the imagination with a deep yet delicate satisfaction. When I get that name you will realize that you are placed on the verge of a revolution in morals, without the power of pushing back. If the principle I have dug up is true, and I believe it is, the office of the human conscience will be altogether changed from this time forward."

Our visitant leaned back against the window-jamb, and turned towards us a face so dark against the light that we

could not make out all the shades of intention which played over it. But we did the best we could to find out when we were to take him in earnest and when we were to take him in jest, and we think that we measurably succeeded.

"The trouble," he began, "with conscience, as we have it, is that it is altogether one-sided, and is the least developed principle of human nature. In some sort it is still savage, and ought to have some such name as Man-afraid-of-the-Future, or Woman-shy-of-the-Spots-on-her-Past. Other principles have grown with our growth, and flowered and fruited into conduct worthy of our civilization. Bacon called revenge a species of wild justice, and so it probably was in the beginning; but the thing we call revenge is now only wild injustice, permitted in the South to the mobs that burn negroes, and in the North to the husbands who murder any man accused by their erring wives of being their paramour. The value is gone out of it, and the qualities that once rendered it respectable and useful are turned to poisons, infecting the whole civic body. Theft, on the other hand, which formerly made private persons its prey, is changed under the advanced conditions into graft, by means of which vast numbers of persons who would once have stolen from individuals now rob corporations, municipalities, and States, on such terms of administrative process that no individual is sensible of his loss. The taxes remain the same, and whether the appropriations are honestly spent or dishonestly conveyed is a matter of detail about which no one is seriously troubled, though we all pretend to be troubled. Piety, which originally concerned the ancestors as well as the gods, is, so far as it survives, an attitude of the mind towards the observances of public worship and the subscriptions for religious objects. The crude passion of pity has been reformed into organized charity, by which the greatest good is done to the most deserving with the least disadvantage to the doers. I might go on through the whole catalogue of the vices and virtues, as primitive man had them once and as definitive man has them now. But I won't delay you from the inquiry which is to expose my great discovery. I suppose you have a

conscience which has occasionally made you unhappy?"

We perceived in this apparently innocent question a double barb, and were aware that a direct answer must be either to the effect that we had no conscience at all, or that we had certain facts in our history which our conscience could employ against our actual peace. So we simply returned question for question: "Isn't this being rather personal again?"

"Then I will put the matter in a less Socratic form, and say that *I* have such a conscience, and that when I first began to realize it I was proud of it quite in the proportion of the unhappiness it gave me. I was able to say to myself that here was a conscience which was on duty all the time; here was a conscience of the true Puritanic make; here was a conscience worthy of all my grandmothers. I distinguished, and held that while my grandmothers were afflicted for the most part through the remembrance of imaginary sins, I was getting my dues for things veritably done against the law. Perhaps I felt the prouder of my conscience for that reason; but I had suffered from it my whole life until the other day, when it occurred to me that perhaps it was not a conscience at all, but was only a survival of that foolish and futile passion of remorse which it was one of the first offices of Christianity to rebuke and reject."

Here our visitor made a little pause, and "Ah!" we breathed, quite as people in novels breathe things when the author has got tired of saying that they uttered, or exclaimed, or ejaculated them.

"Yes," he took up the word again, "it occurred to me that it was that ugly and stupid and wicked thing, remorse, so wasteful of the soul and so dangerous to the mind, and that I ought to have been all along ashamed of it, and not proud. But I was so much under its bondage still that I could not take any immediate action regarding it, and, in fact, I have not taken any action yet."

"Then what have you done?" we demanded: one does not quite "breathe" such a thing.

"I have come to confess myself to you, and to have it out with you."

"But we are not a ghostly father, and we should not know what penance to im-

pose upon a man who had been too conscientious. The offence is almost unknown, isn't it?"

"Not to the confessional, I fancy. But the point is this, my discovery is this: has not the principle, or passion, or whatever you will or must call it, which we know as conscience had a wholly one-sided or lopsided development, if it has had any at all? Or is it not the essentially sterile and mercy-defying thing we have known as remorse, and from which we ought to distinguish it?"

"How do you mean?"

"If conscience is to supply us a rule of conduct from experience, oughtn't it to be intelligent, judicious, and impartial? Oughtn't it to take account of what we have done as fairly and justly as each of us takes account of what another has done? Why should conscience always be against us, and never for us?"

"Is it?"

"Well, no, not exactly. There are certain things, we will say, in which we have been so unquestionably right, that remorse itself can't accuse us of misdoing. But why shouldn't it give us the benefit of the doubt? Why should the recognition of our righteousness from within come so grudgingly, so tardily, so unflatteringly?"

"Oh, you want to be praised for doing your duty?"

"Don't you? It's often very difficult."

"Not for us."

"Oh, come! This is a serious matter. Why should conscience be punitive almost invariably, and almost never ap-  
plausive? Is it always to be like the trial justices of our courts who, when a man is found guilty, lecture him as well as sentence him, but when the fact is not made out against him, coldly say that the case is dismissed, and let him go away smarting from false arrest and imprisonment, with no sort of reparation from the State? I propose that hereafter when conscience brings us to book, in the wakeful hours of the night, or in diurnal moments of indigestion, it shall act as our defence as well as our prosecution. Under the old system, from which mankind has suffered ever since the notion of personal responsibility was invented, I am brought to grief and shame by the remembrance of all the

sins and follies I have committed, and am not allowed to recall one good or wise action for my consolation. Oh, I know what you will say!" He hastened to stay us. "You will say that I have perhaps no such actions to recall. But I know better, and you know better. In the average of life we all do more good deeds than bad ones, and yet our memory is swept blank of them when the inquisition begins; we have not a word to say for ourselves."

Here our friend paused, and allowed us to disown the intention which he had perhaps only too clearly divined. "We were not going to get off any cheap witicism at your expense; we recognize the seriousness of the inquiry, and we acknowledge its interest, its importance. What we were going to suggest was that, as we have observed before this, there is something much more positive in the nature of evil, when expressed in action, than there is in the nature of good; so that it might very well leave a deeper impression in the memory." Our friend looked as if he would like to believe us, and we added, "But we don't quite see what you are going to do about it."

"I am going to institute a reform of the human conscience; nothing less; and as this cannot be carried out single-handed, I must appeal to you and all fair-minded people to help me. As the matter now stands, our only defence is in flight. We must run to merry or reckless companions by day, or by night take one of those mysterious products of coal-tar, ranging from sulphonal to veronal, and escape to dreamless sleep from the torment of our thoughts. But this is cowardly; it is almost criminal. What I mean to do is to stand up to conscience and say, 'Now! If you are really an Angel of the Lord, and not a Demon of the Pit which I will not mention by name, I charge you to read the record of my good and wise actions along with this soul-sickening array of my sins and follies. It is perfectly true, and I do not seek to deny it, that in the instances you allege I was an ass and a fool, and a liar and a thief, in the measure that a gentleman can be without forfeiting the respect of the community by gross publicity. But at the same time I was a good citizen, a faithful husband, a

kind father, and a friendly neighbor. I am quite confident that if I had kept a diary, and carefully set down the things I did and said, day by day, I could parallel each of the misdeeds you recall to me with some effect of conduct which you would not blame and must applaud. I know that I have been rash at times, but at other times I have been prudent; I have been selfish, but I have also been generous; I have been cruel, but I have been merciful too; I have been silly, but I have had crises in which I have been sensible. Really, if you are going to be of any use to me, you have got to be fair henceforward, and give me a chance to defend myself. You must begin by taking account of my behavior in all those instances in which it was neither absurd nor wicked. This is what I shall say to my own conscience; and what I wish you to do is to call the general attention to the stand I have taken, and try to interest your readers in a movement which I am going to institute in behalf of humanity at large, as well as for my private comfort. As things are, conscience is simply going from bad to worse, and the time is coming when we must either get a keeper for it, as the Most Catholic or the Most Christian kings used to do, or else reform it on the basis I propose."

"Then," we reflected, "it appears to us that the first thing to be done is to begin a diary, and set down at the end of each day as many worthy actions as we can scrape together in the record. The sins and follies we may safely leave to take care of themselves, for they are so deeply branded in the soul that conscience can put its finger on them unerringly, infallibly."

"Something like that, yes," our friend assented, after a thoughtful moment.

"But don't you think," we suggested

farther, "that it would be well to keep tab, as you would say—"

"No!" he protested.

"Well, then, set down every high and ennobling emotion, every splendid intention, every impulse of good will, which we are aware of as qualifying us even in the commission of our worst sins and follies?"

"That would certainly be no more than fair. Yes, that would be a very essential part of the reform. What we wish to do is redeem conscience from the taint of remorse, and to make it the friend as we have hitherto made it the enemy of man."

"Yes, we see what you mean. But isn't there possibly something temperamental in the business which you have mistaken for something conditional?"

"Now, I *don't* see what *you* mean."

"We mean, does not conscience vary so much from man to man, and so much more from woman to woman, that there are individuals who are a match for their inquisitor, and who can overwhelm its vague accusals with a mass of excusals, instance upon instance, justification upon justification, which would leave it without the power or the hope of rebuttal?"

"If I knew any such man or any such woman," our friend said, tragically, "I would go and exchange my lot with him or her, and throw in any amount of good fortune into the bargain. But there is no such man or woman, depend upon it. There are some who will make a brave show of being such, but at heart they are as helpless and hopeless as you or I."

At this point we thought it well to say, "We are not helpless or hopeless, and you must exclude any supposed personal motive of ours from your reform of conscience if you expect us to take part in it."



## Editor's Study

WE were saying that our new writers could not expect to win the large audience of thoughtful readers without largeness of appeal. We were thinking more of the theme than of the art, or rather of the theme as the most essential thing in the art, though its quality depends so much upon what the writer as an artist sees in it and discloses to us that the matter and the form are inseparable.

What do we mean by largeness of appeal as associated with an author's theme? Evidently the attitude of the audience, in every stage of its progress, determines the scope and character of the subject-matter which appeals to its concern and interest, in literature as in science and philosophy. The new writer who is to stand for what is distinctive to his generation emerges directly from this audience and represents its attitude and disposition.

In our day we note a tendency which has become a movement in full course. We read a novel by Hewlett or Conrad or Hichens, or such short stories as Muriel Campbell Dyar and Georg Schock are writing, and we say that these belong especially to and illustrate this growing tendency. We observe a similar movement in all forms of imaginative literature—a movement toward reality in our knowledge and portrayal of life.

Everything in the world and in our life is coming to be interesting to us only as seen plain. We cherish real knowledge rather than notions, escaping, as far as we may, the tyranny of our intellectual concepts and fancies and the entanglements and pitfalls into which our sophistication betrays us. Science, in its quest of reality, has registered the general progress toward emancipation. Philosophy is following the example of science.

In reading Professor William James's recent book on *Pragmatism* we seem to be led along very much the same course which we suppose Mr. Howells might

take if he were to write a book on Realism in Literature. This does not introduce a new method into philosophy, but it is the first elaborate exposition and justification of an attitude toward truth, in the consideration of philosophic problems, which has hitherto been somewhat apologetically adopted. In science it was long ago inevitable that the close investigation of phenomena should exclude all speculative pretensions. Such assumptions as were from time to time made concerning unknown substance back of known phenomena—such as the postulation of the atom and of the ether—were held not as certitudes, but merely as working hypotheses which would be given up for others after they should have served their turn. There was a time when mere classification gave satisfaction, as in botany and physiology, before biology became a study of the cell. To name a thing and fix its place in a rational order was sufficient. Now such knowledge is accounted superficial, though its attainment involves careful and accurate observation; we are no longer satisfied with an orderly description of the world without us and within us; we desire to apprehend the real procedure of a genetic evolution, and, instead of leaping forward to a generalization which will enable us to label and shelve, and so summarily dismiss, the subject of our study, we linger with particulars and seek beginnings rather than conclusions.

Philosophy has naturally more tolerance of loose vesture, priding herself on generalities. But science has forced her hand. Mr. James delights in bringing her down from her aerial heights to the ground; and the ground itself is exalted, just as our earth was when she was admitted to the celestial sisterhood without favor or prejudice. The abstract ideal to which we fly, escaping reality, ceases to have those virtues which we hoped to find in its tenuous atmosphere,

and which, after all, are sensibly apparent to us only as we dwell in the real.

Mr. James is himself too much of an artist—as indeed he shows himself to be in the grace and charm of his literary expression—not to find the concrete in its “local habitation” more interesting than any notional entity. The universe may be One, as indeed is implied in the name we give it—but it is attractive to us chiefly because it is also Many, having begun to be charming with its passing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. It is significant that the æsthetic Indo-European at first imaginatively preferred polytheism, or favored a dualistic control of the universe by good and evil powers engaged in perpetual conflict. We are not ourselves seriously disturbed when we discover that heat may overcome gravitation, to which we impute universality, and do not need the consoling assurance—if it is consoling—that, at absolute zero, gravitation would probably be the only force in evidence; since the reduction of all things to a point below any temperature whatever, while it would convincingly illustrate monism by a general and disastrous univertence, would also involve the extinction of life, and thus of all the values we naturally cherish.

We agree with Mr. James that we prefer things as they are, with such hopes as progressive pragmatism will permit us to entertain of general issues. If there is any far-off “divine event toward which the whole creation moves,” we certainly cannot wish it to meet the rational expectations of what the world ought to be or of what from the beginning it ought to have been—a world of absolute completeness, in which nothing should be left to desire or to attain.

All this is simply saying that we cheerfully accept reality in whatever way it concerns us—in our life, our philosophy, our science and our literature.

Passing now directly to literature, or rather recurring to it as the chief matter constantly before us in the Study, let us consider what limitations the exclusion of unreal matter has imposed upon the imaginative writer as to the themes at his command in his appeal to

an audience which demands only the real. There still remains a vast reactionary audience composed of people who have not themselves, in the evolution of character, become simply plain men and women, and who cherish in their vague fancies the insignia of an order irrecoverably past. Marble halls still haunt their dreams, inhabited by crowned princes and helmeted knights and other very undemocratic personages; and all this masquerade is the more hungrily sought after by those from whose ordinary ways of life it is most remote and by starvelings whose fantastic appetites long for better bread than can be made of wheat. Writers of romances have never been lacking to respond to the fancied needs of this class of readers, not only giving them the coveted foreign satisfaction but also meeting nearer and more intimate cravings for abnormal mental and emotional nutrition.

Doubtless, too, we are all reactionary, and of set purpose, now and then, taking a kind of holiday in spontaneous revels and masquerades, or allowing ourselves to be carried off our feet by some antique obsession, lest we take ourselves too seriously in our insistence upon plain clothes. It is a healthy reaction, because we know what we are about. Moreover, we may be sincerely retrospective, and the outworn antique may hold for us a resource beyond that of mere amusement when we reflect that what seems so unreal to us was in its own time intensely and often pathetically real. Even the pompous and picturesque past thus remains to us our legitimate though not negotiable possession.

Realism holds us mainly to what is contemporaneous, because present values are reckoned in current coin; but we are not denied historical romance, provided it be true history and genuine romance.

Nor are we absolutely forbidden the melodramatic, even off the stage, certainly not that species of it which is so inevitable an element in our lives that in assuming its obsolescence we elude reality. Passion is profoundly real for all of us, and the exaltation which culture gives it, relieving its elemental violence, while happily unable to reduce its expression to logical terms, makes it a more interest-

ing as well as a more respectable factor in literature than it was in an older time; and melodrama, in so far as it inherits the virtues of this rehabilitation, maintains its appeal. Impassioned prose, also, when free from rhetorical artifice, may reflect deep reality, though in our day it is likely to have a less elaborate expression than in the pages of De Quincey. Lofty themes, therefore, concerning matters of deep and everlasting interest to every human soul, have not lost their place in literature, though held more closely within the limits of a secure but mobile anchorage—secure because of its mobility—and always repudiating the Preacher's assurance that any position taken is the conclusion of the whole matter, whereas it should be but the beginning.

The chief value of realism is that, while it seems to bring us down to earth, it at the same time, as we have said, exalts the earth, so that the common and homely things have a new disclosure of old but neglected values. We accept our dwelling-place and find it glorified, so that we no longer in ungrateful contempt speak of home as exile. Other-worldliness waits its other-world. Our existence here is doubtless, if not exile, at least a sequestration, but we make the most of our enclosure—a garden of it, if we will. Nothing is in our intellect before it is in our senses, yet we find no good reason for disparaging our sensations because of this limitation. Embodiment is the very sacrament which the spirit has sought with all its desire, itself shaping that organism which is at once its confinement and its expansion.

Reality, then, is not distinguished from appearances, which are indeed realization. The soul in us is, through sensible phenomena, brought into closer correspondence with the souls in things, which are akin to our own, than through our intellections.

Realism in imaginative literature means closer relations with nature in all the phases she presents to us, and the writer abides with them and makes the most of them in all their chromatic variety, becoming unliterary in his immediate regard of them for their own sakes. But, whether poet or essayist or novelist, he makes human action and

passion the dominant interest in this environment. Writers have always done this, but not always in this real way as to both natural and human phenomena.

We are aware that what we are insisting upon must seem like a truism to many of our readers, who ask if to portray life truly has not been the aim of all novelists. Did not Fielding speak of human nature with authority as if he were its infallible hierophant? And Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*—did he not regard himself as a successful rival of Dickens because of the reality of his fiction? Was not Defoe the father of realism, as he was, in a way, of English fiction itself? Yet there is not one of our critical readers who could not convict every man who wrote novels before Thomas Hardy of unreality in the kind of thing which he attempted to represent as human life, if not in his manner of doing it. Many of the women who have written fiction, from Jane Austen, Susan Ferrier, and Maria Edgeworth down to our own time, have come far nearer to realism, as we understand it, than the men; because they have been content to present common things and common experiences in a plain and direct appeal.

Those who regard fiction as mainly a comment on life naturally remind us that human nature is essentially the same in all ages, and that the views of life entertained by the novelists of to-day must be very much the same as those held by their predecessors. But it is just these "views" which realistic fiction must more and more repudiate. Every observant man's mind reacts upon what he sees in the world about him and what he finds in books, and inevitably his generalizations crystallize into views. That is what theory primarily means—a view. And it is true that these views of life do not suffer much change from one generation to another, for the purposes of didactic comment. But reality, as we have intimated, rests rather in the particular than in the general, in the individual rather than in the type, in phenomena themselves rather than in any laws of conduct we may deduce from them. George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser is more spontaneous, less easily accounted for logically, than her Daniel Deronda, and

is, therefore, more genuinely interesting because more real.

Our sensibility as a factor in art and literature is susceptible of constant development from age to age. Color and tone to the eye and ear of the modern painter and musician are divided into distinct shades which were not apparent to their primitive forebears. Formal and applied ethics as stated in general terms were the same in the oldest Egyptian dynasties as in our own day. Our advance is in the field of our perceptions, in our real knowledge through physical and psychical sensibility simultaneously developed. Richard Jefferies revelled in a world of reality undreamed of by Pliny or Humboldt. Real, as distinguished from formal, ethics has had a corresponding development into the complex and infinitely varied phenomena of what we call our manners—our psychical physiognomy, the most subtle and elusive as well as the most spontaneous manifestation of our life which the creative artist has to interpret. It is a vital development not definable in any formulary. Considering this ever-widening field of reality, we begin to see what realism in imaginative literature means and how inadequate must be any definition of it through what it excludes or through some partial though very important positive characterization of it—one so important, for example, as its exaltation of the commonplace. One of the most misleading distinctions of it is that which opposes it to idealism. It is in reality only that beauty and all that is ideally excellent are embodied forth or brought home and made familiar.

Accurate observation of nature is necessary to scientific research and statement, but in imaginative writing it is not the description of the external world that is essential, but the feeling of it as a familiar complement of our humanity; yet the feeling must be as true as if it were born of real acquaintance. In like manner the human sympathy of the writer rather than his critical judgment will lead him into the true vision of human life. He does not make a photographic transcript of actualities which he has observed. His portrayal of human nature is creative; his characters are born, not fashioned or

invented, else they and what they do and feel would seem unreal.

We seem to have been drifting away from the consideration of the theme to that of the method; but it is evident that the method of realism enlarges instead of narrowing the writer's field of creative work. Life is the theme—not what we think about it, but what it discloses to our developed sensibility. The theme divides itself as the living itself is divided to us and among us, and not, as in the old didactic formularies, into "firstlies" and "secondlies," till we reach the "finalties." This real distribution develops surprises as novel as those fairy-tales of recent science which are incidental to the disclosures of the universal life in its unfolding, which is a like dividing of itself to our comprehension. Following these lines, literature shows its unlimited resources for an entertainment far more interesting, if not so stately or imposing, than it could furnish under its old masks.

The enlargement of literature, like its enrichment, must be through the truth, which discloses the real values of our earthly existence and experience in their living terms, and which gives to common things and associations their full meaning, investing them with their natural pathos and with the romance formerly associated mainly with what was alien and remote. A new and higher kind of curiosity has been awakened and developed which the stories of old travelers like Marco Polo could not satisfy—a curiosity concerning intimate things. Our perspective is changed, diminishing the enchantments due to distance, as the microscope has outmatched the telescope in the revelation of the wonderful.

Any solicitude, therefore, which we may feel as to the immediate future of literature is not whether writers for the new generation will do the things which once seemed great, but whether they will still further widen the range of the human imagination in the field of reality. It is in that way that their larger appeal must be won. That indefinable distinction which genius alone can give to literature, even in truth's plain air, is not precalculable. Present conditions certainly do not justify any discouraging forecast.

## Cap'n Hezekiah's Treasure-Hunt

BY FREDERICK G. FASSETT

"I SEE," said Captain Hezekiah, "that there's an English lord a-fittin' out an expedition to go huntin' for treasure down to the Galapagos Islands. Well, I ain't no English lord, but I run a treasure-huntin' expedition once, with all the frills an' accomp'niments.

"Never met Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes, did ye? Cap'n Obadiah's a good sailorman, a good all-roun' master mariner. When he's Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes, a-sailin' on the deep, blue sea, ye couldn't fool him, not for a little bit. He's a holy terror of the old school, an' any man that's sailed afore the mast with Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes knows what's a-comin' to him if he don't git up right spry an' lively when he's told to do somethin'. But when Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes goes ashore an' becomes jest plain Mr. Obadiah Hawkes, so to speak, he develops a disposition which ye might call confidin'. It's too blame confidin'. An' the result was, on the time I'm tellin' ye about, that Obadiah made the acquaintance, one time or another, of pretty much all the fellers that was then in the bus'ness of sellin' gold bricks; an' among the acquaintances that Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes made when he was ashore seein' life in a great city was one L. Montmorency Mortimer.

"L. Montmorency was a leetle bit of a chap, but he was strong on clothes, L. Montmorency was.

"I don't rightly recollect jest how L. Montmorency did meet Obadiah in the fust place, but he kept a-cultivat'n his acquaintance whenever Obadiah got to New York, which was about once in two or three months, an' finally, when he thought the time was ripe, he sprung it on Obadiah. He jest sprung it with all the fixin's. There was the old chart written on parchment, jest tattered an' frayed an' torn round the aidges, ye know; looked jest 's if it was got up in A.D. 1709, jest when L. Montmorency said 'twas, an' right down in one corner of the chart was the initials of Cap'n Kidd, lookin' jest as natural as L. Montmorency said they did. An' then there was the story of the old sailorman who was a cabin-boy on Cap'n Kidd's ship jest before the Cap'n was hung, over to Boston, in 1710. An' the sailorman lived to be ninety, an' died jest after the War of the Revolution, leavin' the

chart an' tradition to his son, an' 'twas handed down in the fam'ly until it come into the possession of L. Montmorency.

"Well, L. Montmorency said he'd been lookin' round for a man to go in shares with him an' go an' git that gold of Cap'n Kidd's. He told Obadiah that he had jest been called by a cable message to the other side. I don't rightly remember whether he said 'twas the Prince of Wales or one of them Rothschilds that had sent for him.

"L. Montmorency said that if Cap'n Obadiah would go an' git the gold they'd go even shares. In the mean time, bein' as he was goin' abroad to see the Prince of Wales or Lord Rothschild, he allowed that it would be a great accommodation if Obadiah



"HE'S A TERROR OF THE OLD SCHOOL"



would let him have a leetle matter of two hundred an' fifty dollars.

"Not that he did that on the spot, ye understand, 'cause Cap'n Obadiah, not bein' accustomed to associate with the financial friends of L. Montmorency, warn't gen'rally carryin' two hundred an' fifty dollars round with him; but when he got back to his home in Round Harbor he mortgaged the house, an' the next trip he made to New York he jest laid down the two hundred an' fifty, like the durned sculpin he was.

"Say, it's funny about this diggin' for Cap'n Kidd's gold. It was on Jewell's Island that L. Montmorency's chart located the treasure. I tell ye, Obadiah didn't wait. He took the chart, an' he sot sail on the *Pretty Patience*, an' away they jogged for Casco Bay. An' he landed jest where the chart said he'd ought to land, an' he found a queer-shaped rock which was enough like the queer-shaped rock on the chart to answer the purpose. An' then he went due nor'east five hundred paces an' found another queer-shaped rock, an' by that time he saw himself a millionaire.

"An' then, havin' found the second queer-shaped rock, he took his compass an' travelled in from the shore five hundred paces, goin' west, half a p'int south, an' then, still sailin' accordin' to Captain Kidd's original chart, he went back to the first rock, an' then he started in agin, this time sailin' nor', nor'west by nor', an' when his second laig crossed his fust, he was a-standin' right on the spot where, in 1708, Cap'n Kidd buried that gold that everybody's been lookin' for ever since.

"Obadiah knew 'twas right, 'cause 'twas jest like the chart an' jest like what L. Montmorency had told him; an' then he an' the men he had with him began to dig, an' they dug there three days.

"Well, finally, of course, Cap'n Obadiah had to give it up, though he still had a sneakin' notion that if he kept on diggin' he might find the gold; but as he'd got down to the solid laidge an' didn't have no dynamite, he couldn't go any deeper; an' more'n that, it was plain enough that Cap'n Kidd hadn't lifted out more'n seven or eight tons of rock before he put the gold in. An' most of the rest of the island had been dug up already.

"Well, I heard the story, 'cause Obadiah was so hard up after puttin' that mortgage on his place that he needed some temporary assistance, an' I let him have some money. I didn't give Obadiah no advice. 'Twarn't no use.

"Things run along, an' I guess, 'twas 'long the next summer when I was down to Bayport, Long Island. I'd run in there in a ca'm, an' I'd stepped ashore one mornin', when who should I see comin' towards me but L. Montmorency Mortimer! I knew him right off. I'd heard Obadiah tell about him enough to know what he looked like.

"L. Montmorency was that tickled to see me you could hardly believe it. He comes along with his flipper stretched out, an' he says:

"'Why, Cap'n Skinner, I'm glad to see you.'

"'Tain't Skinner,' says I, 'it's Randall.'

"'Why, yes,' says L. Montmorency, 'of course; Cap'n Randall, my old friend Cap'n Randall from—from—'

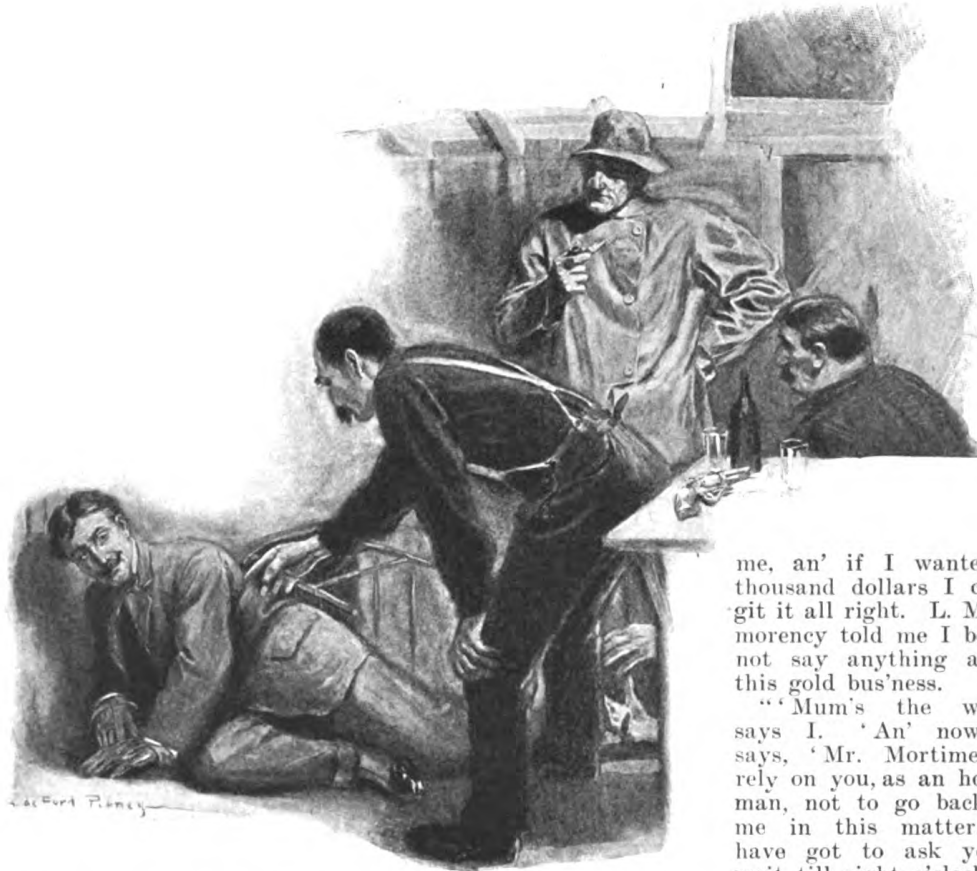
"'From Westport, Massachusetts,' I says, 'me bein' from Round Harbor, you understand.'

"'Why, yes, of course, to be sure,' he says. 'Dear old Westport! How is the dear old town, Cap'n?'

"An' then L. Montmorency insisted that I should go with him where I could git a



"HE LANDED JUST WHERE THE CHART SAID HE OUGHT TO LAND"



" 'CAPTAIN KIDD WAS MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER,' SAYS I "

leettle of the oh-be-joyful. Course I don't gen'rally tech nothin' except in case of sickness; but every time I looked at that L. Montmorency I felt sick, so I had a good excuse. Jest about as I s'posed he'd do, he started in with that yarn about Cap'n Kidd an' the old sailorman. He had another chart in his pocket. Looked jest like the fust. Same initials down in the corner. This time he'd jest come from a talk with a capitalist at his summer place, an' the capitalist was insistin' that L. Montmorency should start right off the next day to go up to Alaska to arrange for combinin' the reindeer farms up there.

"Well, ye see, I got along fust rate with L. Montmorency. He was a talkative chap, an' I let him run on. I found he'd gone up since he talked with Obadiah. You remember, he teched Obadiah for a trifle of two hundred and fifty dollars, while this time he wanted to know if I couldn't let him have a matter of a thousand dollars, takin' his half of Cap'n Kidd's gold as security an' the chart, so I could go an' git my collateral, so to speak.

"I told him I couldn't do it right on the spot, 'cause I should have to go an' raise some money on the schooner; but I said my consignees in New York knew all about

me, an' if I wanted a thousand dollars I could git it all right. L. Montmorency told me I better not say anything about this gold bus'ness.

“ ‘Mum’s the word,’ says I. ‘An’ now,’ I says, ‘Mr. Mortimer, I rely on you, as an honest man, not to go back on me in this matter. I have got to ask ye to wait till eight o’clock to-night, Mr. Mortimer; but I think you ought to give me an option on this thing until that time.’ I

says. He said that while he was in a hurry to git away to Alaska, he would wait until eight o'clock that evenin.' An' then we parted. But he was on hand at eight o'clock that night all right, an' then L. Montmorency Mortimer got the biggest surprise of his life.

"We was layin' to anchor out there at Bayport Harbor. Bill Muggins was mate for me that year. Bill stands about six feet four in his stockin' feet, an' he is built in proportion. Silas Hogg was cook. Silas ain't so tall as Bill, but he's a durned sight bigger round.

"Eight o'clock, 'longside comes L. Montmorency Mortimer. He was rowed out by a chap that looked somethin' like L. Montmorency gone to seed. I asked the two on 'em right down into the cabin, an' Bill Muggins an' Silas Hogg come right down too. An' when they got down there, I says to Mortimer, says I, 'Mr. Mortimer, I've been thinkin' this thing over, an' I've come to the conclusion that it ain't no manner of use for three men to go down there to git that gold.' I says, 'I've figured it all out, an' it weighs so much that 'twould take the whole five on us to lift it out an' git it into the schooner, an' so,' I says, 'this afternoon I jest dropped round on your capitalist

friends an' told 'em you couldn't go to Alaska, 'cause you was a-goin' to take a leetle sail with me.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen L. Montmorency Mortimer! He jest pranced round that cabin, an' the language he used was awful, even for a seafarin' man. Made me turn pale, some of it. An' then he started for the companionway, when Bill Muggins jest kind of reached, an' L. Montmorency Mortimer went for'ard instead of aft, an' when he lit there was a sound louder'n any of them words he'd been usin'. Looked kind of squally for a minute, though, 'cause L. Montmorency Mortimer's friend pulled a gun from his hip pocket, an' if he'd carried out his intentions, I shouldn't have been tellin' ye this story now, I guess. 'Twarn't the young man's fault that he didn't shoot. The reason he didn't was owin' to the fact that Silas Hogg happened to trip his toe at that instant, an' I be blamed if, when he fell, he didn't fall right on that chap with the pistol. Ye see, Silas, weighin' about three hundred, jest flattened the starch all out of that other chap.

"Montmorency was over to his corner rubbin' his head an' wonderin' how all the stars got into the cabin, an' I had the pistol. An' then I says, says I, 'Mr. Mortimer, you don't want to try any of them games on this ship. There's a part of the Cap'n Kidd story you haven't heard,' says I. 'Cap'n Kidd was my great-great-great-grandfather on my mother's side, an',' says I, 'Mr. Mortimer, when I git riled seems to me sometimes that Grandfather Kidd's sperrit takes right possession of me an' I'm a reg'lar pirate. An' if you two fellers don't go quiet an' peaceful on this voyage,' says I, 'Grandfather Kidd's sperrit will git such a grip on me that I sha'n't be able to answer for the consequences.'

"We got under way within an hour after they was on board, an' jest to see that they didn't git into any mischief down below while the rest of us was on deck, I let 'em come up an' try their muscle on the windlass for a few minutes while we was gittin' the anchor. An' then I took L. Montmorency Mortimer right into my watch, an' I give Bill Muggins the other feller in his watch; an' Silas Hogg, not havin' any watch an' bein' real talented as a musician, got out the concertina as we sailed over the moon-lit waters an' sot down on the bits for'ard an' played an' sung 'My name was Cap'n Kidd as I sailed,' which, I told L. Montmorency, was real appropriate to the occasion.

"I managed to time it so we come to anchor off Jewell's Island jest after dark. An' at the right p'int we set L. Montmorency Mortimer an' his friend diggin' for Cap'n Kidd's gold.

"They warn't very much accustomed to that kind of work, an' 'twarn't more'n an hour an' a half before they commenced to holler for mercy. But I kept right at it, till they were two of the plum beatenest chaps you'd ever see when we took 'em out on board the schooner agin. An' then I says

to L. Montmorency, says I, 'Mr. Mortimer,' I says, 'last year you sold this same original chart of my grandfather Kidd's to my friend Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes. As near as I can figure out,' I says, 'you owe Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes about three hundred an' fifty dollars. He give you two hundred an' fifty for the chart, an' 'twas worth, suttin, a hundred dollars to him to come round here to Jewell's Island an' dig that all-fired big hole. Now,' says I, 'I've decided that you pay that money back to Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes, an' that while you are payin' it back you'll keep out of mischief, so you won't have any chance to sell no more Kidd charts to confidin' sea-cap'ns from way down East.'

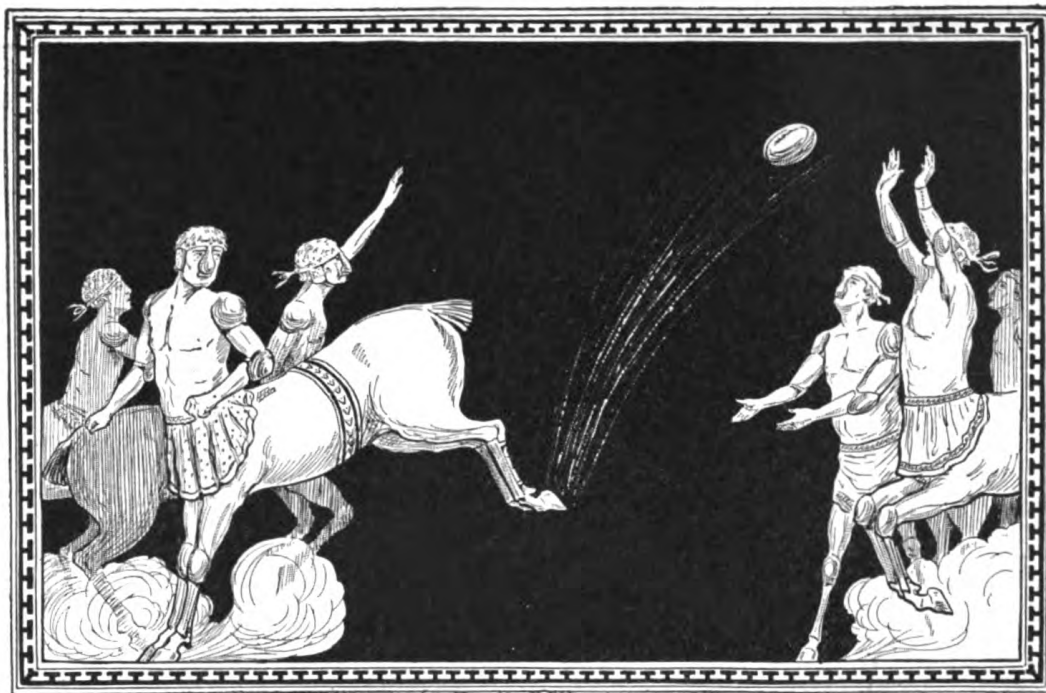
"Well, up to that time L. Montmorency Mortimer had put up a pretty good bluff. He'd stood it pretty well. He'd consid'able grit an' ginger in him, no matter what he was. But when I sprung that on him, he said he couldn't pay back that money, 'cause he didn't have it.

"'No,' I says, 'you hain't got it, but you're goin' to git it. What you're goin' to do is, you're goin' to stay right on board this schooner an' cook. Yes, sir, cook! You're goin' to cook for me an' Bill Muggins. I've been troubled for a cook for some time. Silas Hogg here is goin' to git married an' says he's goin' to stay ashore, an' I confess I didn't know which way to turn, 'cause Silas knows jest how I like my victuals cooked, an' there ain't nobody else that does. Now,' I says, 'I'm jest goin' to teach you, an' you'll stay an cook 'em until you earn that three hundred an' fifty.'

"I felt obleeged to speak real sharp to him,—an' say, I don't take no stock in the work most missionaries do, an' I ain't got any great opinion of all them schemes to convert the heathen an' the wicked, but after L. Montmorency Mortimer had sailed up an' down the coast with me for eighteen months, cookin' salt-horse an' pettatoes three times a day, gittin' hardened up by a seafarin' life an' earnin' the fust money he'd ever got honest in his mis'erable existence, I be hanged if he didn't become quite a feller, an' if he hasn't kept straight ever since! Where is he now? Why, he's sailin' with Cap'n Obadiah Hawkes. I told Obadiah that he could have him.

"Yes, I told Obadiah that he could have him for mate. I was sorry to part with him, but so long as he sails with Obadiah there ain't nobody goin' to sell Obadiah any gold bricks, or wheat-fields in Alaska, or anythin' of that sort, 'cause Mr. Mortimer has forgotten more about the gold-brick game than most of 'em know, an' he keeps an eye on Obadiah—sort of guarddeen angel, he is—an' sees that Obadiah sails straight.

"What did we do with the other chap? Oh, he was so onnery that we jest landed him on Jewell's Island an' left him there. But I presume somebody took him off the island after a time. An' for all I know, he's back in little old New York sellin' dreams to star-gazers."



### The Kick-off

*Showing football to be of classic origin*

## The Dream of the Automoboatist

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I'D love to float  
In a Motor-boat,  
The Automobile of the sea;  
To run down Whales,  
And scrape the scales  
Of the Shad and the C. O. D.

I'd love to scoot  
With a honking toot  
Through waves that are scraping the sky;  
And scare the Shark  
In the fathoms dark  
Where the cables supinely lie.

I'd love to whiz  
Through the filmy fizz,  
Past the Spanish Mackerel's home,  
And graze the wheel  
Of the startled eel,  
As he wiggles along the foam.

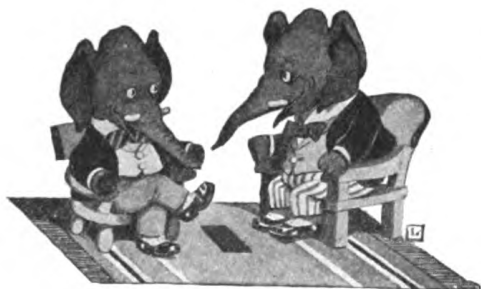
I'd love to speed  
Thro' dank seaweed,  
Over coral and reef and rocks,

Till the old sardine  
In the waters green  
Was frightened half out of his box.

I'd love to skip  
O'er the spume and drip,  
As the hurricane madly blows,  
And scatter the spray  
In the good old way  
In the ocean liner's nose.

I'd love to dash  
With a roar and a splash  
Through the ocean so vast and cool,  
And break up the class  
As I noisily pass  
In the Porpoise's Saline School.

I've had my day  
In the usual way  
In my little red car so free,  
And now I wish  
'Mid the waves and fish  
To do just the same at sea!



ELEPHAS. "Do you care for a heavy morning meal?"

ELEPHUM. "No; I prefer the light Continental style. Breakfast—a half-ton of hay and a demi-hogshead of water."

### A Budding Machiavelli

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Bob was playing with a little girl named May who lived next door, when some one saw little May begin to cry and hurry home. Knowing Master Bob's propensity for rough games, his mother called him to her and questioned him carefully as to what he did to hurt May.

"Didn't do nuffin to her," was the only satisfaction she could obtain from the youngster.

His mother was not satisfied, however, and when luncheon was served there happened to be on the table a kind of cake of which Bob was extremely fond. "Now, Bob," said she, "if you will tell me what you did to May I will give you a piece of cake."

The little fellow hesitated a moment, then answered boldly:

"I just raised up my shovel, and it hit her foot."

In accordance with her promise his mother gave him the cake, and also a severe reprimand. After luncheon, he was washed and dressed and taken in ceremony to apologize to May, which he did with due solemnity.

"But Bob didn't hit me with his shovel," May declared, with innocent surprise. "I fell down and hurt my foot so bad I had to go home."

"Why, Bob," cried his scandalized parent, "what did you tell me that you hit May with your shovel for?"

"Because I wanted the cake," answered the youthful diplomat. "And I fought maybe I'd do it sometime."

### Better than He Knew

THE hour had come for the language lesson in a government Indian school. Among the words on the board to be put into sentences was the word "singular." The teacher explained that it meant queer, peculiar, odd, uncommon. Tommie Stewart, a half-breed Crow Indian twelve years old, produced a result of diligent labor, showing a bit of humor in his make-up and keen observation as far as the Indians were concerned, at least. He wrote the following sentence:

"If a man have no wife he is singular."

### Once a Boy Himself

THAT man remembers that he was once a boy himself," a Broadway jeweller remarked, as a customer left the store. "He came in just now and said he wanted a watch for his boy for a birthday present, and that he wanted the cheapest I had."

"The old skinflint! And I know he is well fixed, too," the jeweller's friend commented.

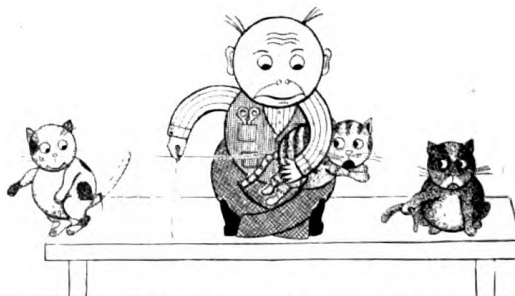
The other smiled. "I told him that those very cheap ones wouldn't keep good time," the other continued. "But he said: 'Oh, that's all right. Just give me one that has the back fixed on so that he can get it off—he will be satisfied.'"

### In the Library

WOULD you mind changing this for me, mum? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."

### THE CAT-TAILER.

THERE IS A MAN IN CATNIP TOWN,  
WHOSE KINDNESS BRINGS HIM GREAT RENOWN.  
ONCE ON A TIME HE DEALT IN FUR,  
BUT NOW HE IS A CAT-TAILER.  
WHEN CARELESS KITTENS BREAK THEIR TAILS,  
HIS MODE OF TREATMENT NEVER FAILS.  
HE'S QUICK AND KIND, AS YOU CAN SEE,  
AND NEVER CHARGES ANY FEE.





## All the Same

THERE is a minister in Chicago who doesn't believe in church fairs and similar methods of raising money, though these ideas are opposed to those of a number of his leading parishioners. Not long ago the church needed money, and a fair was proposed.

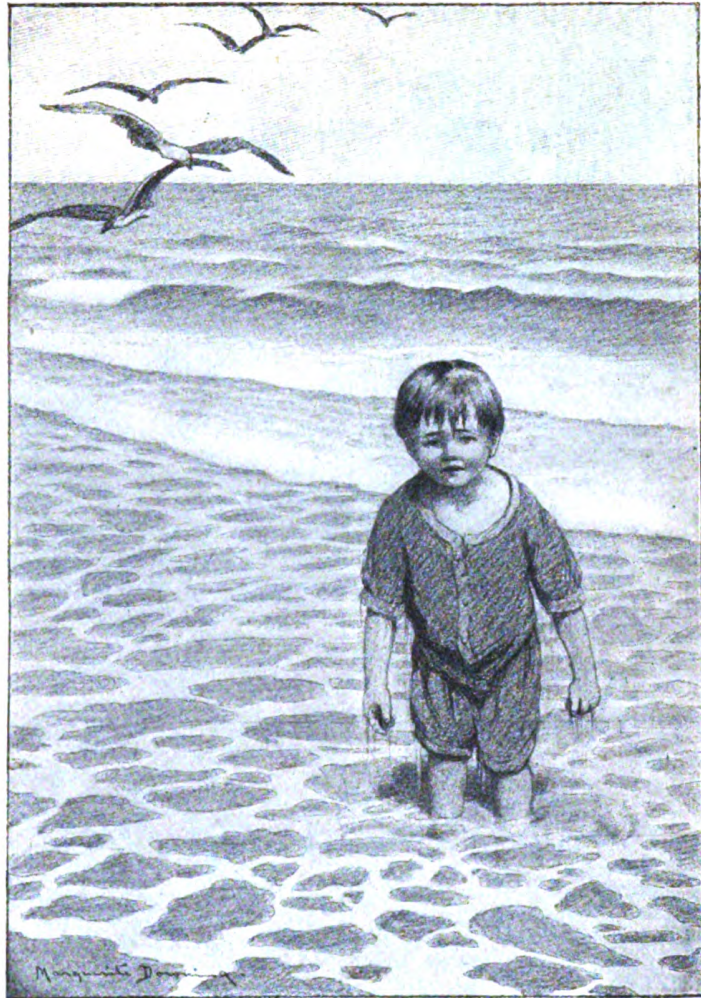
"Every time any one suggests a church fair, I am reminded of a little incident which — well, which might have occurred," the minister said, his eyes smiling.

"Once upon a time, a man was going along a dark street, when a footpad suddenly appeared, and keeping his pistol in the man's face, began to relieve the man of his money. The footpad, however, apparently suffered some pangs of remorse, for he said:

"It's pretty rough to be gone through like this, ain't it, pard?"

"Oh, that's all right, old man," his victim answered, cheerfully. "I was on my way to a church fair, anyway, and now I can go home and be comfortable."

The fair was not held.



## Swimmin'

I ALWAYS like to run right in  
And splash myself and shout;  
I lie right down and try to swim,  
(But tumble all about)—  
And people say, "Just look at him!  
He's brave without a doubt."

Yes, very boldly I behave,  
And never really get  
Afraid; but when a great big wave  
Makes me just *soaking* wet—  
Though pretty sure I'm very brave,  
I'm not quite certain yet!

EDWARD HALL PUTNAM.

## A New Version

A TEACHER in a North Carolina school recently asked the pupils of the seventh grade to sketch the events surrounding Julius Cæsar's death. A boy in the class wrote as follows:

"Cæsar was killed by the ides of March. Somebody told him he had better watch out for the ides, but he said he wasn't afraid of them. One morning when he was going along the street a man said to him, the ides are here. And Cæsar said, but they ain't all here. Then he went in the Senate House, and the ides were over in one corner. Directly one of them ran up and stuck his dagger in Cæsar's back, and then all the other ides stuck their daggers in him, and he fell over and died."

## Misunderstood

THE American small boy's mamma sent him to kindergarten in the Canadian city where he was visiting. All the exercises delighted him, but closing-day sent him home in excitement. "They sang, mother, and played games, and then every one stood up and sang, 'For God's Sake, Save the King!'"



## The Party Wire

### No Horse for Him

ONCE upon a time there was a young married man who had some slight bickerings with the woman of his choice. These having occurred with great frequency, he went to his father, who was older and much more married.

"Father," he said, "is it not meet that I should be the ringmaster in my own wickiup? Or must I kowtow to the old lady?"

Whereat the old man smiled wisely and said:

"My son, yonder are a hundred chickens and here a fine team of horses. Do you place the feathered tribe on this wagon, hitch up the team, and start out. Whenever you find a man and his wife living together, make diligent investigation to find out who the commanding officer is, and where it is the woman give her a chicken. If you find a man running a house give him one of the horses."

So the young man loaded up the fowls and started out upon his pilgrimage of self-education. And when he had but seven chickens left, he approached a habitation with his forlorn inquiry, to which the man replied:

"I'm the ace-high cockalorum of this outfit."

And the wife, without fear or favor, corroborated the statement. Then the young man said:

"Take your choice of the horses. Either one you fancy is yours." And after the man had walked around the team several

times and looked in their mouths, he said, "Well, I'll take the bay."

Now, the wife didn't like bay horses, and she called John aside, and after whispering in his ear she allowed him to return.

"I guess I'll take the black horse," he said.

"Not a bit of it," said the pilgrim. "You'll take a chicken."

### A Philanthropist

AN earnest East Side worker says that not long ago she was approached by an old gentleman, who has the reputation of being something of a philanthropist, with the request that he be permitted to accompany her on one of her rounds of visits. Much pleased, the worker consented. The destitute condition in which many families were found elicited expressions of deep sympathy from the old gentleman, but to his companion's surprise and regret nothing more material. Presently they came upon a small girl weeping bitterly.

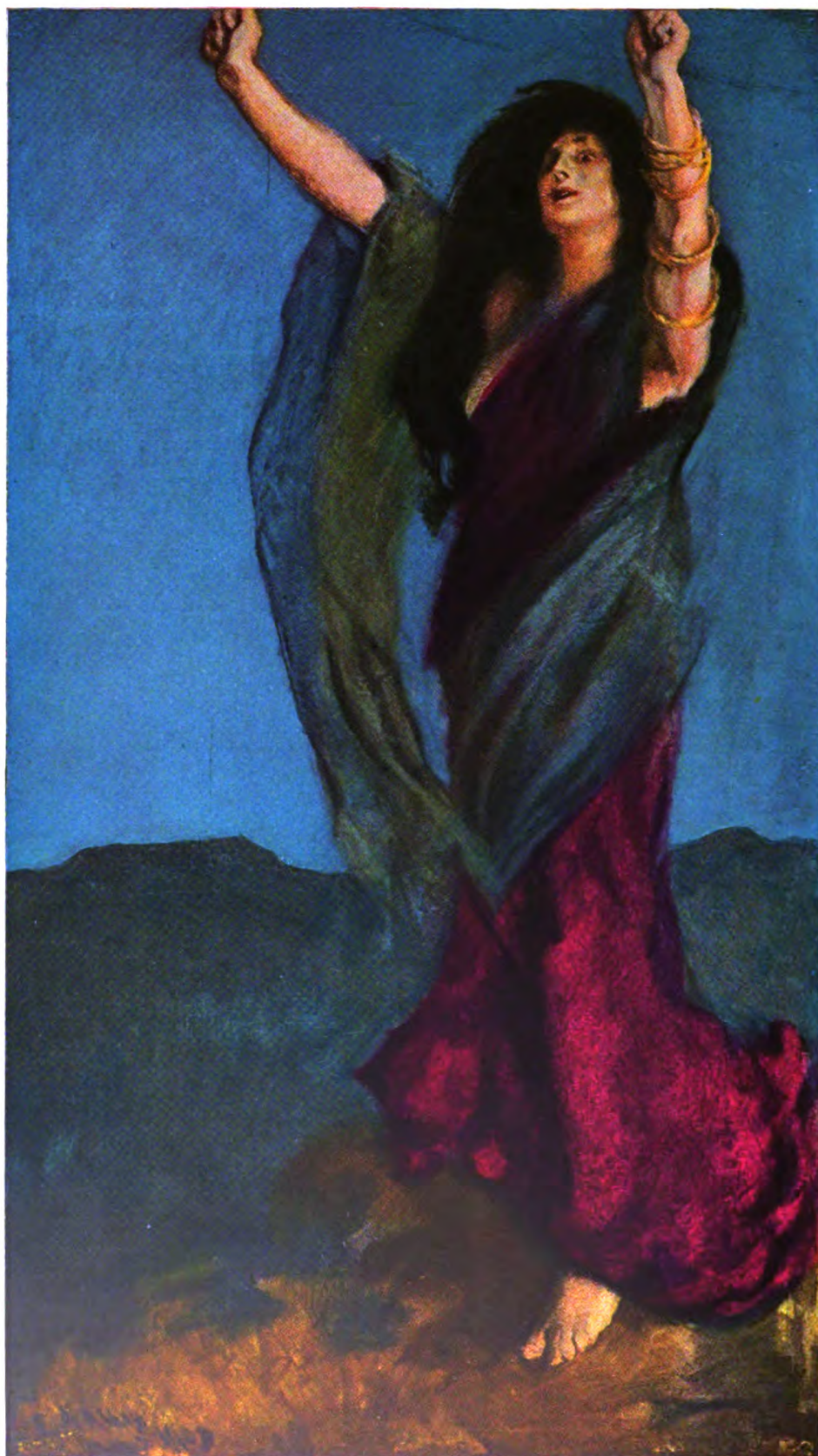
"What is it, my dear?" the old gentleman inquired.

The child raised a tear-stained face and pointed into a dark alleyway. "Me mudder sent me to buy some bread, an' I lost my dime in there an' I'll git licked awful!" she sobbed.

"Poor dear!" he remarked, in a tender voice, at the same time putting his hand into his vest pocket. "Don't cry. Here is a match; perhaps you will be able to find it!"







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Illustration for "Troilus and Cressida"

CASSANDRA

*Painted for Harper's Magazine by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.*

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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXV

OCTOBER, 1907

No. DCLXXXIX

## "Troilus and Cressida"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ARTHUR SYMONS

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

IT is probable that in this play, the most tragical of all comedies and the most comical of all tragedies, Shakespeare for once wrote to please himself; and, though we cannot take literally the publisher's note to the Second Quarto, that "you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," it is not likely that what we now read is precisely what the King's Majesty's Servants acted at the Globe Theatre. What they acted, and what we now read, was certainly not all from the hand of Shakespeare. The Prologue, which appears for the first time in the Second Quarto,

A prologue armed, but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice,

has the cumbrous bombast of a thing made for the occasion; and the concluding scenes of the play, in which Dryden rightly saw "nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," have much the same note of forced and laboriously measured writing. They are not like Shakespeare's writing at any period; they may possibly belong to some rough earlier play on the subject, from which Shakespeare, in his easy fashion, was content to take over un-

touched fragments, together with some of the original framework. The play as we have it, even apart from these doubtful scenes, is uncertainly constructed, and betrays the workmanship of different periods. What we know of its date confirms the suspicion that Shakespeare may have worked at it after its first rough completion. The two quartos, identical but for the new title-page and preface of the second, were published in 1609; but as early as 1599, in the satirical play *Histrionomastix*, there is an obvious allusion to a scene in a *Troilus and Cressida* which is coupled with a pun on "shake" and "spear." In 1603 there is an entry in the Stationers' Register relating to James Roberts's unsuccessful attempt to "get sufficient authority" for the printing of "the book of *Troilus and Cressida*"; in January, 1609, the publication of the Quarto is entered. More than one partial revision, at any time during those ten years, with the possible intrusion of the meddling hand of the Prologue-writer, would account for much of what seems difficult, at first sight, to account for in the play as we have it. If we accept the hypothesis of an earlier play, not Shakespeare's, there may have been some clearing away, as well as de-

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veloping and deepening, of the play as it was first acted by the King's Servants. I can imagine the deeper intention coming gradually into his own work, as he went over it, with some inattentive impatience towards those parts which had still to carry the original meaning, the main weight of the story. Throughout there are ragged ends of action, with one discrepancy in fact between the second and the third scene of Act I., and a transposition, by the printers of the First Folio, of a rhyming tag from the end of the play to the end of the third scene of the last act, as if that had once been the end of the play. Lines are left in careless lengths, now too short and now too long, as if parts had been revised without regard to their context. The difference between the formal rhymed couplets of some scenes and the free and weighty blank verse of others is the difference between one period and another of Shakespeare's technique. Some of the speeches, written in the later style, are the longest in Shakespeare.

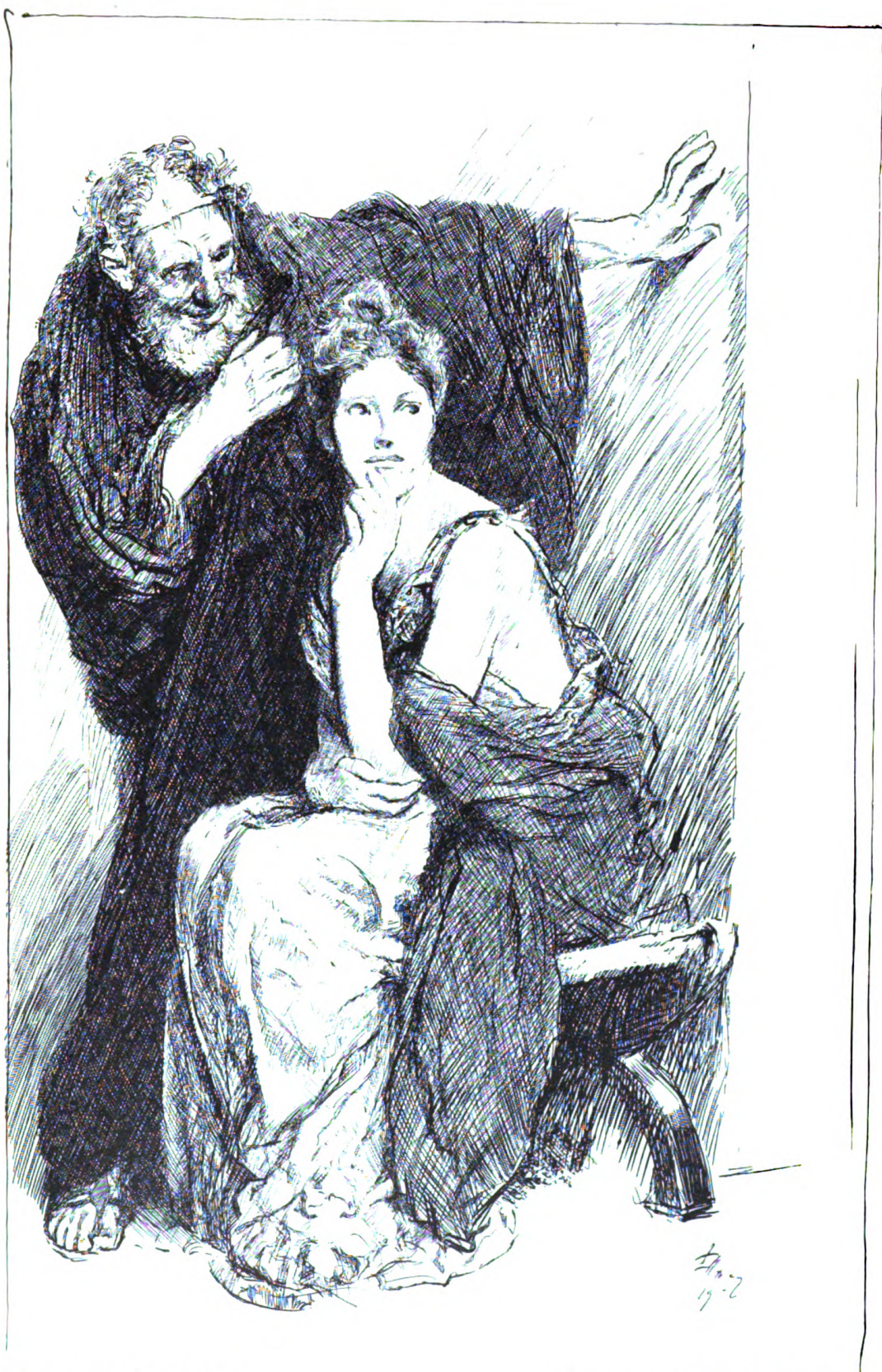
*Troilus and Cressida* is a kind of *Don Quixote*, in which it is even more difficult to disentangle the burlesque from the serious element. The first aim of Cervantes was to ridicule the folly of courtly romances, to "laugh Spain's chivalry away," so far as the extravagant facts of chivalry were concerned. But on the way he laughed at a thousand other things which are now of more interest to the world, and he made his scarecrow hero one of the most sympathetic victims of romance; the eternal idealist, lovable and ridiculous and lamentable and heroic, and the sport of a rough world which is, after all, always his servant. Shakespeare takes the story of the fall of Troy, the commonplace of poets and romance-writers, a legend almost as sacred as the Bible, and he makes it, in his parody of it, a parable of the world.

*Troilus and Cressida* is an assaying of accepted values, and Shakespeare takes the two prime heroisms, love and glory (the two fights for honor), and shows them to us through the eyes of Thersites: "Still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion." In this picture we see how like we are at our highest to the beasts that perish. Here is Troy, the city of the world's desire; Helen, the

desire of the world; the mighty Agamemnon; the wise Ulysses; the hero of heroes, Achilles; Ajax, the bravest of men; Hector, Cassandra, Andromache; and only Hector has any plain nobility, and is not either a coward, a bully, or a fool. It is a Greek who counts that "for every false drop" in the veins of Helen "a Grecian's life hath sunk"; even Hector doubts the wisdom of keeping Helen, though he would still keep up the fight, not for Helen's sake, but for the honor of the cause. None of these "heroes" have any heroic impulses; they fight for their own heads, for spite, because others are fighting. We see the petty inside of war, as, in *Cressida* and in *Helen*, we see the shallow and troubled depths of woman. In this morbid, almost Swiftian, consciousness of the dung in which roses are rooted, Shakespeare drags Thersites out of his sewer and bids us listen to him. Thersites is his chorus, his mouthpiece, his pet scavenger.

Beside Thersites is the other sign-post to the knowledge of evil, Pandarus. Pandarus is love's broker as Thersites is the broker of glory. Each has a different platform from which to rail at the world; but Pandarus is a foul and feeble part of that at which Thersites rails. Thersites is the Falstaff of a world that tastes bitter. He has infinite curiosity; he runs recklessly into danger, in order that he may spy out the mean secrets on which his mind battens. He is beaten, and rails on, saying, "I serve not thee," to the stronger bully against whom he has only the weapon of his tongue. He shares with Ulysses the only brains in two armies of fighters, who know not why they are fighting, and who are drawn into action or out of it for straws; and he sees farther than Ulysses, because he does not see with a purpose. He is Irish in the inventive imagination of his abuse; he has the richest vocabulary of any rogue in Shakespeare. His speech is a foul glory, a glory fouled. "So much and such savored salt of wit" is in his words that the foulness is forgotten in the fierce and ever-armed intelligence which, helpless to overthrow, pricks mortally all this "valiant ignorance."

For the most part, in his plays, Shakespeare gives us an underplot which is a kind of echo or reflection of the main



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CRESSIDA AND HER UNCLE

story; and here, as a luminous background for Cressida, between Troilus and Diomedes, we see Helen, between Menelaus and Paris. For a moment, as the great lines of Marlowe come into his mind, Shakespeare speaks of Helen, through the mouth of Troilus, with reverence:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launched above a thousand  
ships,  
And turned crowned kings to merchants!

The wonderful scene between Paris and Helen (Act III., Scene 1) gives, with its touch of luxurious, almost lascivious satire, the Renaissance picture of the two most famous lovers of the world. There is a refrain of "love, love, love," grossly, luxuriously, mockingly. "Let thy song be love," murmurs Helen; "this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!" And Paris echoes: "Aye, good now, love, love, nothing but love." Helen speaks as grossly as Cressida; Paris twice calls her "Nell." In the dispraise of Helen, from the mouth of Diomedes (Act IV., Scene 1), Shakespeare forces the note, making even those who had least cause rail on the woman with all the contempt of hate. Yet the noblest praise that has ever been said of Helen comes to her in this play from the undistinguished mouth of a punning servant, who calls her "the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul." Later on, in Cleopatra, Shakespeare is to give us the supreme enchantress, taking her wholly from her own point of view, or at least with sympathetic impartiality. Here he seems to ask with Pandarus, "Is love a generation of vipers?" His cruelty with Helen is but a part of his protest, his criticism, his valuation of love. Love in this cloying scene between Paris and Helen appears before us sickly, a thing of effeminate horror, which can be escaped only by turning it into laughter.

Cressida is a symbol of Helen, the feminine animal shown us in detail. Ulysses sums her up in a few significant lines which say everything:

Fie, fie upon her!  
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her  
lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits  
look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their  
thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,  
And daughters of the game

She is mere sex, the Manon Lescaut of her period, so incapable of fidelity, so anxious to get her pleasure by pleasing, a coquette, not a criminal, petty with the instincts of the cat, sly and provident, apologetic to the end. From the first she plays at virtue, and is taken for chaste when she is but chary of herself for a purpose.

In Troilus we get the sensual man, brave, passionate, and constant, suffering from passion as from a disease. His speech is often mere extravagance; but once, when he waits for Cressida in the orchard, he speaks perhaps the most sensitive lines in Shakespeare:

I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense: what will it be  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-repured nectar! death, I fear  
me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweet-  
ness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much, and I do fear besides  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys.  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

In those lines we get what is most precise and exquisite in the play, free, for the moment, of all irony: a rendering of sensation sharpened to the vanishing-point; the sensation which does not know itself for pain or pleasure, so inexplicably is it intermingled in the delights of opposites. Much of what seems to us most characteristically modern in modern literature, together with almost the whole aim of modern music, is here anticipated. It is Shakespeare showing us, in a flash, that he may be quite fair, all of ecstasy that does really exist in the thing he holds up to our mockery.

Is it with a kind of cruelty that Shakespeare is so patient with Cressida, setting her to unfold herself before us, little by little, in scene after scene nicely calcu-





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BEFORE AGAMEMNON'S TENT

lated for her exposure? To be so feminine and so vile, so much a woman, with all the woman's pretty tricks, and so old in craft, an angler for hearts: there is a dreadful and a merciless knowledge in the picture. In the scene in the court of Pandarus (Act IV., Scene 2), Cressida has all the lightness and unwholesome charm of actual, attractive vulgarity; in the scene in the Grecian Camp (Act V., Scene 2), where we hear her words through a series of listeners—Troilus, Ulysses, and Thersites, the lover, the observer, and the mocker—she is vulgar nature naked to the roots and no longer deceptive. Shakespeare is using her to point his moral against her sex; he gloats over her, not to spare her.

People have complained because *Troilus and Cressida* can be set down under no general title; because, as the printers of the First Folio discovered to their confusion, it is neither tragedy, comedy, nor history, but something of each and something else besides. It is made out of history, with an infinite deal of tragedy in the matter of it, and its upshot is purely comic. Here, more than anywhere else in Shakespeare, we get the comedy of pure mind, with its detachment from life, to which it applies an abstract criticism. Tragedy comes about from an abandonment to the emotions, and the tragic attitude is one of sympathy with this absorption in the moment, this child's way of taking things seriously, of crying over every scratch. To the pure reason emotion is something petty, ridiculous, or useless, and the conflicts of humanity no more than the struggles of ants on an ant-hill. To Thersites's "critique of pure reason" all the heroisms of the world reduce themselves to his fundamental thesis: "all incontinent varlets." Shakespeare uses not only Thersites but Pandarus to speak through, as he escapes the sting of love by making a laughing-stock of the passion under cover of Pandarus's trade, and holds up war to contempt, through the license of the "fool," mimic, and "privileged man" of these "beef-witted lords" who are playing at soldiers.

To write drama from a point of view so aloof is to lose most of the material of drama and all dramatic appeal. It is to make the puppets cry out: See what

puppets we are! When pure mind rules, manœuvres, and judges the passions, we lose as well as gain. We lose the satisfaction of tragedy, the classic "pity and terror," the luxury of tears. We no longer see a complete thing cut boldly off from nature and shown to us labelled. We are condemned to be on the watch, to weigh, balance, and decide. We must apprehend wholly by the intelligence, never by the feelings.

We gain, certainly, in knowledge, width of view, hardihood. We read life, in this bewildering comment on it, not through the eyes of Shakespeare's final wisdom, but as Shakespeare, at one period, read life. It is difficult to believe that *Troilus and Cressida* does not belong to the same period as *Timon of Athens*, and that, in these two illuminating and bitter plays, in which the glories of the world are reviled in so different a temper, to so similar a purpose, Shakespeare is not giving expression to an attitude of mind which was his in an interval of his passage from serenity to serenity. His young comedies have, first, the trivial gayety of mere youth before the spectacle of the world; then a woodland breath and sweetness, all the comfort of nature, not tried past forbearance. Tragedy comes into the scheme of things simply as a disturbance natural to life at its height, the shadow pursuing love, beauty, all the graces of the world. The shadow darkens, the colors of life are washed one by one out of it, in a mere inexplicable spoiling of the delicate fabric. At the last we get the ultimate calm of *The Tempest*, which is the calm of one who has suffered shipwreck and escaped. *Troilus and Cressida* is laughter in the midst of the storm; it has all the wisdom that lies in the deepest irony. The wisdom of Shakespeare, as we sum it up from a contemplation of his whole work, is neither optimism nor pessimism, but includes both. It is part of Shakespeare's vital immensity that he can give us in a single play, as in *Troilus and Cressida*, a complete philosophy, which will prove sufficient for the use and fame of more than one great writer who is to come after him; and can then go on his way, creating new aspects from which to see life, as nature itself leads the way for him.



# The Home

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

I STOOD by the wayside watchin' the kettle on our thornwood fire, and wonderin' whether we'd gotten a bad bargain in some tableware we were peddlin' to the farmers; my husband, havin' staked out old Charley, the horse, leaned against the wagon and inspected the sunset.

"Notice that Indian bow o' pink cloud, bent over this deep, dusky lane," he said, "with the last ray laid across it like an arrow. And there's the evenin' star flamin'—" He drew a deep breath, and losin' himself as usual in his picture-book, forgot he was talkin' to me.

"I believe it's flamin' brighter than our fire, Davvy," I remarked, and he began to walk around in a circle, pickin' up hickory twigs, but keepin' one eye on his star.

"It's Old Jupe," he said finally, with his arm full of fagots; "they say he has moons flickerin' about like fireflies."

I reminded him it was hardly Christian to give a nickname to one of the Lord's works, and with a shake of his head he went about buildin' up the fire.

Durin' supper he looked at me in a mournful way several times, but I thought his view-point would change presently, and didn't remark on it. Then he lit his pipe, and after several long puffs, said:

"You don't lean much toward nature, do you, Mary?"

"Yes; I like fine weather as well as anybody," I answered.

"I mean," he went on, pointing his pipe at me, "that you don't feel a stir in the blood when you meet the first whiff o' spring across the meadows; or let your mind drift away into the sky at sunset. I've never thought much about it before, but I don't believe you do."

"Well," I admitted, "in this business my mind sometimes feels a call to do its driftin' on earth."

"That's so; I forgot about the business," he said, reflectively.

After a while, as I was lookin' into the embers with my chin in my hand, he asked a very unusual question.

"What are you thinkin' about?"

"Just lookin' into the ashes," I told him.

"But you must be thinkin' about somethin'," he insisted; "is it past or future?"

"I can't say that I'm drawn to think about either one, Davvy."

There was another silence, then another strange question.

"How would you like to have a new velvet bonnet to wear to meetin'? How would you like to have a black silk dress?"

There's nothin' pleasanter than to humor Davvy, so I answered, with a stretch of imagination: "I've been waitin' forty years for a fairy godmother."

"How would you like to have a home?"

This time I laughed outright, but in such utter mockery, I startled myself.

"That thought's a waif of my own, Davvy. It's the only thing I ever imagined."

He cast his eyes down as if abashed at surprisin' my secret, and I felt half resentful that he should touch on that old, lost hope. But I answered bravely enough.

"Never mind; two old people have a right to dream o' silks and velvets—and other things, if they want to." Though it was the first time they'd been under discussion since we two went a-wanderin'.

"We ain't very old," said he, sturdily; and indeed he didn't look it, with his smooth forehead and quick dark eyes.

I didn't reply, but I've wondered since if right then he didn't notice my gray hairs and wrinkles for the first time.

"Brother Lem is dead," he said suddenly; then rose to his feet, whistlin', and winked at the new moon. "You needn't look for us along the highway any more," he told it; "Mary is goin' to have a home."

"Davvy, you can't mean it!" I cried.

"Yes, I do. In spite of our old quarrel and his lookin' on me as a vagabond because I couldn't stay in that jail of a store, Lem has left us the home place at the edge of town."

"When did you hear of it?"

"In the letter I got at the Perryville post-office yesterday from lawyer Mills. I'd have told you before," he added, weakly, "only I thought, as we'd lived so long out-o'-doors, maybe we wouldn't like to be housed up."

"We'll risk it," I said, surprised at my own firmness; and perhaps I felt a little bitter that he should hesitate after I'd done my hard duty by him so many years. Then, to make the idea attractive to him, I continued: "Why, you can take a rest

after all your rovin' and smoke your pipe comfortably in the house."

"Yes; in the house," he repeated, lettin' his eyes wander over the wide blue spaces of the sky. "In the house; comfortably. I'll bet there's not an old fellow in the world who thinks as much of his home as I will of mine," he added almost too convincin'ly.

Any homeless creature might understand how I lay that night, not darin' to close my eyes for fear this prospect, only yet half real, would vanish. While lookin' at the stars from my cot under the wagon-flap, I pictured a home of my own in so many different ways that I grew afraid I was developin' imagination too.

I remember, the next mornin' was very bright and peaceful in a Sabbath way, and we ate the meal as if afraid to break the calm of our own thoughts. Then, with old Charley hitched up, Davvy listened to the tinkle of the bell over Perryville way, and said:

"There'll be a good meetin' this mornin'; people all feel like worshippin' of a fine May Sunday."

"Let's go home, Davvy."

"Why, this is such a day!—clear as silver, and you've always gone in the worst storms," he said, in surprise.

"I know," I answered, solemn enough, for I didn't mean to be unchristian; "but this earthly home is a vast deal nearer than the heavenly one, and if this transgression be judged against me, I feel I can accept it there with resignation."

While we drove along, Davvy would fill his lungs as if he thought he was gettin' his last breath of fresh air, and when passin' some landmark I'd been tired of for twenty years, he would turn his head and watch it till he ran the wagon into a stump.



I LAUGHED OUTRIGHT, IN UTTER MOCKERY



# WE'D LIVED SO LONG OUT-O'-DOORS

For once I grew a little impatient with him.

"You're not sayin' your last farewells," I reminded him, takin' the reins.

"You never can tell," he answered, shakin' his head dolefully. "I've known that old stile on the path to the river for a long time. I wouldn't like to pass it without a last look."

"Get up," I said to the horse.

But Davvy was as interested in what we left behind as I was in things ahead, and not a landmark from the old stone mill to the spring-houses got by without a nod or a greetin'.

It was a drive of twenty miles, durin' every one of which my spirits rose, while Davvy's lowered with the increasin' bereavements of old stumps and farm gates.

I didn't say anything more to him, feelin' that, after all, he was only showin'

a decent regret that would soon pass in the home I would make for him.

At last we drove into the long windin' lane, crossed the old bridge of the trout-brook, and drew up at the bars. Without seein' any necessity for delay, I let old Charley go up the slope to the house at a gallop, and then looked back at Davvy, who, I knew, would like to be alone with his affliction for a few minutes.

He stood just outside the bars, shadin' his eyes with his hand as he leaned forward and looked long down the lane and into the sycamore woods. Then he walked up and down as if hesitatin' at a dismal border-land he could never recross, entered, and came quietly up to the house.

If there ever was a spick-and-span home, it was mine, if I do say it, and I know Davvy appreciated it by the way he'd



IF THERE EVER WAS A SPICK-AND-SPAN HOME, IT WAS MINE

walk through on tiptoe. It was on the very edge of town, with open woods and fields beyond, and Brother Lem had left us a little income to keep it up.

On the other side was the place of Jasper Mills, the lawyer.

"His health is poor, and he's retired from practice," Davvy told me, after a conversation over the fence one day, and I was very glad to learn it, for he was a very practical man, though a little hard, and would be just the companion for my husband.

"Do you remember what a wild, playful kind of boy he was, Mary?" mused Davvy; "it's a pity he grew up so cold and unimaginative."

"He's been a very gifted, successful man," I answered to the point, "and don't have to imagine anything he wants; he's got it. Who is that freckled boy with his front tooth out I see over there?"

"That's little Oliver; some poor relation died and left him to Jasper."

It took some time to realize that this home was indeed my own forever; but I'd never found anything so interestin' in my life. I enjoyed workin' at it from mornin' till night, and though I didn't have much time to talk to Davvy, I was glad to notice that he liked it as well as I did. In fact, he would never step off the place, except to go to meetin' down-town on Sunday.

After we'd been there several weeks, we bought a cow, and as I didn't care to risk Davvy in the woods, lest the old wanderin' mood should come over him again, I said I'd drive her to and from pasture.

On the very first evenin', as I brought her down the lane, I saw Davvy leanin' over the fence in the nearest corner, waitin' for me.

"That big bass jumps this high out



OLIVER, WITH A FISH-POLE OVER HIS SHOULDER



of the pool every evenin' at sunset," Oliver was sayin'.

"Did you watch that ant-hill again yesterday?" asked Davvy.

"Yes. The sentinel I'd sprinkled flour

But Davvy took it all in, and nodded his head solemnly.

"And say!" went on truthful Oliver, "that old kingfisher has got so he sits with his head on one side and talks back just as plain!"

"What does he say?" chuckled my foolish husband.

"Oh, he says, 'I'm too wise, boy, to tell what I know to anybody but Uncle Davvy.'"

I was so disgusted I went into the house, while they began to dispute on which side of some old stone the moss was growin'. Then Davvy sent Oliver to make sure, waitin' in the fence corner till he got back. Though I don't see how he could expect the truth from such a source, even if it had made any difference.

It was along toward midsummer now, and though I was very busy with my home all the time, I noticed Davvy was thinner and seemed to be losin' his appetite. He would walk up and down the fence on the side nearest the woods, and finally, with many misgivin's, I suggested that he walk, or drive Charley around the country a little bit. But he was too much at-

tached to home by that time to wish to leave it, and then I knew that his old rovin' spirit was forever at rest, and thanked the Lord for it. My last worry was gone.

About this time Jasper Mills took to comin' over once in a while, and would

on was on guard again; I could tell him through Uncle Jasper's glass. Just at evenin' a lot of 'em ran out of the hill; they was goin' out to milk their cows."

I dropped the trowel I'd been usin' and could hardly restrain my indignation at such nonsense.



HIS OLD, ROVING SPIRIT WAS AT REST

attend the conferences of Davvy and Oliver, listenin' to the statements of what his nephew saw in the woods with the silent contempt they deserved.

As he never took a hand in the discussions of why a bee got lost if you moved the hive, or about a crayfish's teeth bein' in his stomach, which was ridiculous, I wondered why he came.

Once or twice he said he felt able to walk a piece in the woods, but Davvy treated the proposition without warmth.

"Ain't you a little distant to neighbor Mills?" I asked him. "He meant well when he hinted for you to take a walk with him."

"I don't believe he was sincere about it," said Davvy, darkly; "I've got strong suspicions of him."

"But his nephew is all right, I suppose," I said.

"Little Oliver sees the most remarkable things, and is remarkably honest about them," answered Davvy.

It was time for me to assert myself. I put the ban on little Oliver; but though Davvy didn't dispute my statement that he was a perverter of character, he talked to the boy over the fence while I drove up the cow.

I don't know why it should have made any difference, but I felt hurt and angered that he never came again to meet me in the fence corner.

As I was determined to have a home complete in all respects, I led my husband toward the niche he was to occupy, by takin' him to meetin' several times a week. He went with a meek and lowly spirit, though he never would set foot on the street at any other time.

One fair, still August mornin', at breakfast-time, lawyer Mills came and sat on the sawbuck near the shed. He had a hard, wrinkled face and the habit of lookin' at you with half-closed eyes;—perhaps a little crafty, but I admired him for bein' so circumspec' and practical.

Davvy came on him unawares, and Jasper, raisin' his spare figure, held out his hand.

"Davvy," said the lawyer, in his dry but ringin' voice, "this life is a cold business proposition; I have met it in a cold, business way, and been successful, though I am not rich. I have been in Congress,

and could have been Governor of this great commonwealth of Missouri."

"Yes, you are a brilliant man," said Davvy, quietly.

"But I have never cultivated my imagination."

Davvy shook his head.

"Well, I'm not too old to begin; the cold business commonwealth can go to the devil. Let's go fishin'."

He picked up a fishin'-rod and looked off over the woods wavin' in the south wind, with that same gapin' expression that so distracted me.

"That ungrateful nephew, that little, falsifyin', pesky Oliver!" I muttered through my teeth as I stood listenin' by the window; "if he hasn't perverted lawyer Mills himself!"

I saw Davvy's eyes begin to shine, and he drew a deep sighin' breath. Then his brows wrinkled, his lips contracted, and a brief silence followed.

"I hope this improvement in you is heartfelt,"—Davvy spoke earnestly, as Jasper sat with his face still turned away; "but I am too much attached to my home to leave it."

He did not speak unkindly, but somehow there was an undertone of accusation, and his manner was one of regretful hostility.

Jasper Mills showed no surprise or resentment. He shot a quick glance at Davvy, his face wearin' a curious expression, half concern, half contempt.

"Have it your own way," he said, and walkin' away, climbed the bars into the lane.

I faced Davvy from the porch. "What evil spirit has come over you?" I demanded. "I know you are not tempted to wander from home any more, but that's no reason why you shouldn't go fishin' with a practical man. You treated him shamefully."

"I suspected he wasn't sincere about it," said Davvy, lamely; "I couldn't help it; he's been so hard and unimaginative all these years."

"So have I," I cried, exasperated.

It was out at last—the word that should always remain unspoken—and Davvy received it as he might a death-wound.

"Don't, Mary," was all he said, but it was enough.

I found the tears I thought long dried

up droppin' as I went about my work, while Davvy wandered listless around the yard. A first quarrel comes hard to old people.

He did not come in, and all day I struggled between pride and a wish to beg forgiveness. At last, about dusk, I saw him standin' near the door as if without courage to face me, for never until my cruel words had he suspected that I had been unhappy durin' those weary years of wanderin'.

I went out to meet him. "Davvy," I said, with a tremblin' voice, "the home's been desolate all day without you. Can't you feel only pity for a shrew-tempered old creature, who misses you very much?"

He took my hand in an embarrassed way, for we'd neglected to show our affection till we hardly knew how deep and true it was, and then went in together. His face was dead white, and I knew he had been deeply hurt, but he spoke to me as kindly as ever, and when I went for the cow, waited for me in the old fence-corner.

But I was almost heart-broken when I observed in the followin' days that his face never regained its color, and that he began to walk like a much older man, while his figure was thin and stoopin'.

Either because of his strange dislike to Jasper Mills, or fearin' to displease me, he never talked to Oliver any more.

"Maybe he'll get some comfort out o' the boy," I thought, so one day I called him to the fence.

"Wouldn't you like to go over and talk to Davvy?" I asked him.

"Yes; I've a lot o' things to tell him."

He stopped half-way over the fence and looked at me strangely. "Please don't keep him a prisoner any longer; he wants to go out into the woods so bad."

I was bewildered for a moment, and then grasped the boy by the shoulders.

"Did Davvy say that?"

Oliver did not flinch. "One day when I'd been tryin' to persuade him into the woods, and was goin' away, I heard him mutter somethin' about bein' prisoner to a will. I thought it must be your will."

"Take your eyes out of the clouds and look me in the face," I commanded sternly. "Tell me only the truth."

Oliver looked at me with half-closed

eyes, just like his uncle. "I never tell anything else," he said, with angry pride.

I drew back from him in disgust, but the word "will" was ringin' in my mind.

I saw Jasper Mills enter his house, and on the impulse hurried to the side gate and almost ran across his garden. Straight into the house I went, to the library door. He was standin' at the window lookin' over the fields and woods that bordered our lane.

"I was just thinkin' of old times, Mary," he said, absently, as he drew up a chair for me. "Do you remember how we used to play over that bridge as children? Why, poor Davvy and I—"

"The will; what was in Lem's will?" I cried impatiently.

His manner changed. "What of it?" he demanded abruptly.

"Tell me, Jasper; Davvy is like a man sick to death."

He turned to his secretary littered with papers. In a moment he handed me a large sealed envelope.

I trembled as I broke the seal and drew out the will, and with it another paper in Lem's handwritin'.

One glance, and my heart grew sick with apprehension. In so many words, signed and witnessed the day before Lem's death, it bequeathed our home place to "my faithful and lifelong friend, Jasper Mills."

With no conscious interest I opened the other paper.

"This attached will to be in force if David Wilson ever sets foot off the homestead, except on the street between it and the business places of town. He has chosen to live like a vagabond; I give him one more chance for the sake of the wife he has made miserable for twenty years. And like a vagabond he shall die in the wayside ditch if he transgresses this condition one jot.

"I trust Jasper Mills to observe him, and, as my friend, bind him in honor to enforce this just provision."

Jasper Mills's voice, dry and cold as the rustle of parchment, broke the silence as I finished reading.

"Lem had little else than his business, which he gave to his partner before he died. David inherited this property as next of kin, with a full knowledge of the condition."



"I SEE A FRECKLED NATURALIST FOUR FEET HIGH, LEADIN' TWO PUPILS SOMEWHAT OLDER"

Suddenly I rose in a storm of indignation.

"You hypocrite!" I cried. "No wonder Davvy despised you for tryin' to entice him away from his home."

"I am a practical man," said lawyer Mills, dryly.

It seemed as if the next moment expanded, while all the hardships and longin's of my life came into mind.

"My home; my home," I said aloud, in anguish of spirit.

"You have it," said lawyer Mills.

How I hated him! cold-blooded as a dragon, lookin' at me through his half-shut, cynical eyes. I thought of my husband beside him. There was a Man; honorable, fearless, generous. A dreamer, maybe, but why shouldn't a man dream if he wants to?

"Jasper Mills," I said, quietly, "record your will. I love my home, but I've learned that I love my husband better."

He raised his brows questioningly.

"Davvy is dyin' for freedom like some captive creature o' the woods. To-morrow we'll hitch up and drive along once more."

I knew I would live all my trials over again for the reward of that one moment. Unworthy as I am, I felt that with Davvy's hand in mine I had entered into the peace that passeth understandin'.

Lawyer Mills bowed to me with an expression that did not surprise me, for the appearance of all things had changed. He did not try to conceal the tears in his fierce gray eyes as he spoke:

"This will was made for your sake, Mary, and you alone could reject it. I could not explain to Davvy when he thought I was temptin' him—"

He held the will in his hand, burnin' like a torch.

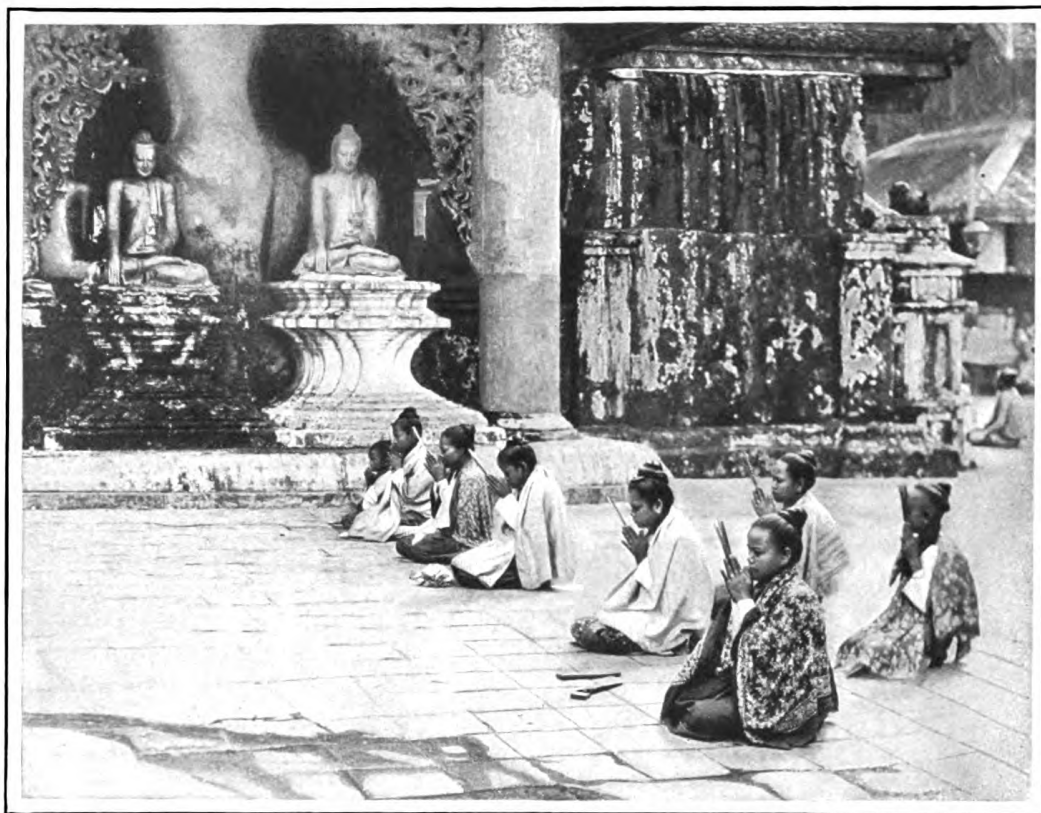
"I hear the call o' the woods," he said, his face glancin' mischief as I'd seen it many a time at school.

"I see a freckled naturalist four feet high, with a fish-pole on his shoulder, leadin' two pupils somewhat older than himself, down the lane to the river."

"In short, Mary, I've wasted my life indoors; I begin to have hopes of an imagination, and feel that I am indeed livin', for the first time since I was a boy. All practical people can—" He began snappin' his fingers savagely.

"Jasper," I said, between sobs, as I sat with my sunbonnet on the floor and my eyes full of stragglin' gray hair, "you're as big a fool as Davvy, after all."

"There's not much hope for you," he said, cynically, "but we'll have Oliver take you in hand, too. His honesty should appeal to you, if nothin' else does."



BURMESE WOMEN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS IN A BUDDHIST SHRINE

## The River of Pagoda Land

VOYAGING AMONG THE IRRAWADDY VILLAGES

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

THE Bishop had made an end of his slight luncheon and now looked out over his little congregation of the faithful gathered in the teak meeting-house of Myanong. These, with eyes that never wandered from his face, and with minds plainly tense and eager for his instruction, sat upon their heels, in the manner of the East, and patiently awaited his pleasure. More women than men were there, that is true, as usually it is true of Buddhist gatherings in Burma, but of men were thirty or forty, and their pink or orange-colored silk head-coverings and the white jackets and bright skirts of the women gave to the place varied and handsome color. It was, in

truth, but a roof and a floor, as is the country custom; yet with the assembly and the yellow-robed Bishop somehow it seemed to lack neither dignity nor worth. The Bishop sat in a chair at a little table, whereon his followers had served him rice and cakes. He was about seventy, clean shaven and spare, of good features and a grave, kindly, sincere manner, yet bearing himself as one having authority. He now pushed away his plate and saucer and began to speak in slow, measured, even cadences, every sentence apparently well considered, and delivered with neither hesitation nor formality. In the usual Buddhist (Burmese) way he spoke of the common affairs of the every-day life



of his people, their family duties, trading, work and homely cares, and about all these he gave wise counsel. Sometimes he introduced humor (of a dry sort, doubtless) into his discourse, and his hearers, men and women sitting there together, would interrupt him with soft laughter, and he himself would pause to chuckle—a feat of which you would hardly have thought him capable. His attire differed in no way from that of the hundreds of other pongyis you see in Burmese towns, but everywhere his manner would have distinguished him.

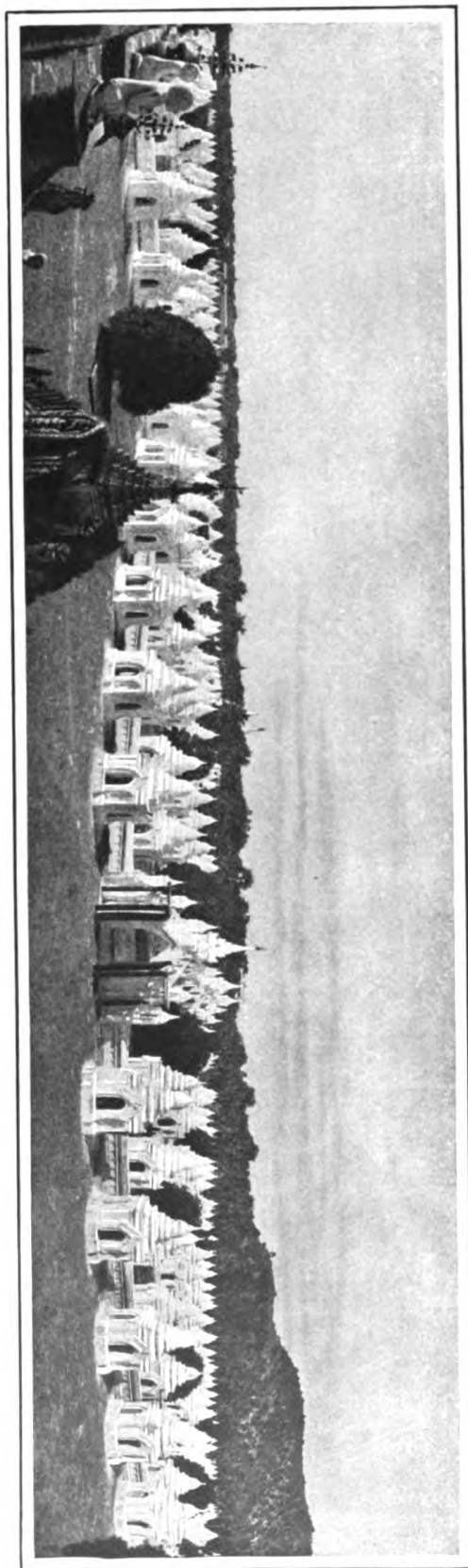
In all the East, Burma is the only spot in which you could see such a spectacle of men and women gathered on equal terms in a religious or any other assembly. But from the uttermost reaches of the Irrawaddy to Elephant Point, Burma is chiefly an exception to the Orient and filled with strange things. Where else in the East shall you find people that laugh? Or populations that have enough to eat? Or people without caste or crushing traditions? Or such handsome children? Or where is a stream so strangely interesting as this Irrawaddy, with towns like Donabew and pagodas like those at Minbu, and congregations like that in the meeting-house of Myanong, where the grave Bishop, unmindful of the curious gaze of two intruding Europeans, talked to his patient flock hour upon hour of cardinal virtues put to daily use?

Truly, from C Road and the Four Hundred and Fifty Pagodas to the golden Shwe Dagon towering above Ran-

goon, it is the unexpected that comes upon the traveller in Burma. There at Mandalay, for instance, in that great bazaar, marvel of order, precision, uniformity, with clean, regular, brick buildings almost in a European style, you catch your breath to come suddenly upon a group of those queer wild Chinns from the hills, with their monstrous straw hats, bigger than umbrellas, their strange robes hanging about them like tablecloths, their eyes staring at everything, their yellow faces of a tinge you have never seen before. Or upon half-tamed but wholly unrepentant Dacoits, still in their hill haunts dreaming of head-hunting. Or upon Chinamen that seem unusually tall of frame and light of color, performing, it may be, not ill on the two-stringed violin. Where else shall you find a gathering so motley and picturesque



MONASTERY AT MANDALAY



THE 450 PAGODAS, MANDALAY

and still so orderly? Just as those silks in the bazaar or the beaten old-gold amaze you beyond measure with the excellence of the work, so do the people about them seem like parts in a strange play. These clever, keen, bargaining women that keep the stalls in the bazaar, adroit and handsome, and yet right modest—you are not expecting to find such faces in such a place. And here the shops seem so singularly good, the aspect of the place so open and wholesome, the people so intelligent, the pagodas so fascinating—and you drive from the bazaar to Arrakan pagoda and spy a great snake swimming in the ditch beside the carriage.

“If it were not for the snakes and the fevers and a few things like that, Burma would be heaven,” said the Englishman, homeward bound on leave. He said it with a sigh, and knew well enough he would return. All men return, or sigh unappeasedly to return, once captivated by the familiar of this extraordinary land; yes, snakes and all, black-water fever and all, the fascination is as potent as strange. You shall have cobras racing through your dooryard, if you dwell there; and may be, if along the Irrawaddy, vipers, the most venomous and deadly of all reptiles, you shall dislodge from the rafters or picture-frames. Scorpions shall add a piquant interest to domestic life, and perhaps in some regions tigers be heard in the jungle or nearer. And yet, having once taken the infection, you are back among the gorgeous Burmese colors and the strange Burmese people.

Yes, and fires: Outside Rangoon, maybe, you shall build you a tinder-box in a lovely compound, and then go and live in it, all slats of oiled teak, so combustible that you can hardly say it burns, but with a thought explodes into flame and is no more among the works of men. And these slats will be the walls of your house, and you can turn them all like the slats of a shutter; and in the evening, when the burning sun has gone at last and the night wind sweeps up the river, you shall open those slats and give it clean, easy entrance—with, maybe, a chance cobra or two, from the compound, where you keep them, but not as pets. And at ease withal and sipping an iced “peg” you shall be content.

Seven hundred miles this Irrawaddy runs from Mandalay to the sea. I use the word advisedly; some other rivers flow, this runs—and otherwise misbehaves. Now they take you down (or up, as you prefer) in one of thirty or forty steel-hulled, Scotch-built steamers, unlike anything afloat—low, and to the eye not graceful, but good cargo-carriers on a draught of eight feet. Flat-bottomed, you see. Good cargo-carriers and good Burman-carriers also. Here on the *Ceylon* this night are nine hundred of them, camped upon the flat steel upper deck, nine-tenths of it given up to them, and in the remaining tenth behold a dozen Europeans fenced off by themselves on the imminent forward verge. The Burmese carry their own bedding and provide their own food, but neither is a great matter where a strip of cloth is a bed and rice is so easily had. They can cook at a great range provided for their convenience, and need have they none for tables nor for chairs. No Eastern people have such wants. Men's joints are sup-

pler in the Orient, and all day without discomfort they can sit upon their heels.

So old this country is through which this steamer whirls you, and yet so fresh still, and full of an infinite variety. It was great in history when England was peopled with savage tribes and Stonehenge was new-built. It was covered with such pagodas as these before there was a Christian church in northern Europe; it had a high degree of civilization when northern Europe was barbarian; it had alliances and conquests and a place in architecture. This wonderful deserted city of Pagan, whose eight miles of ruins the steamer takes you past the second day from Mandalay, that was the great brilliant capital of a powerful kingdom eight hundred years ago. Six thousand of its temples were destroyed then to build fortifications against the Chinese, and here are a thousand left, many of them beautiful and skilfully done, though so long abandoned. Ruins more impressive and eloquent of the vanity of human effort you shall hardly find even in Egypt. The



MONASTERY ARCHITECTURE IN BURMA; PLATFORM OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA

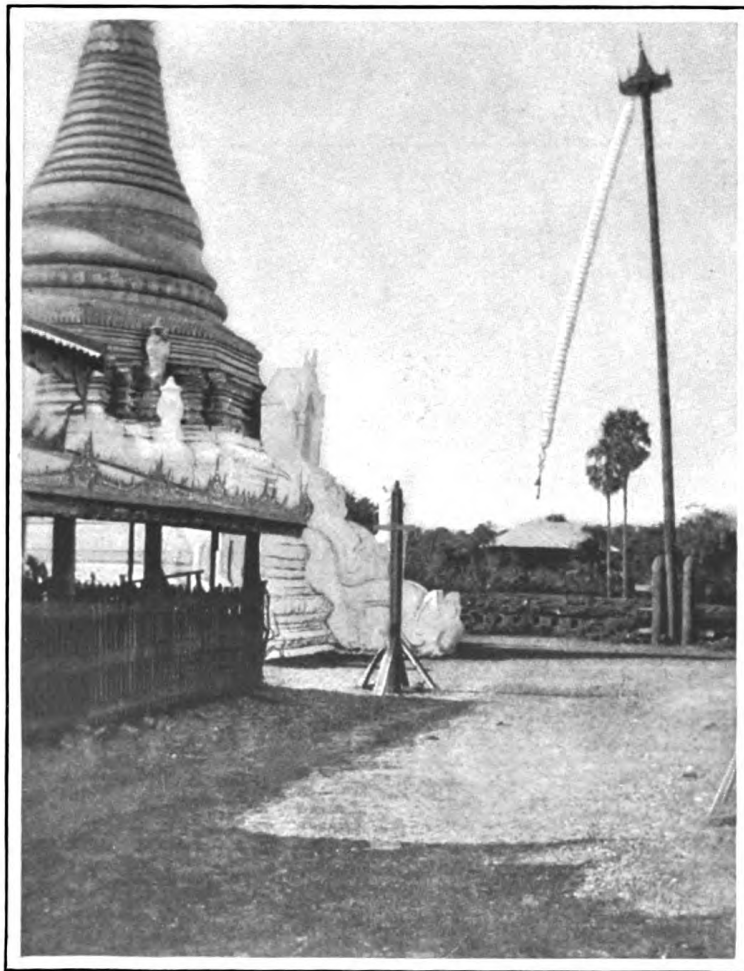
houses wherein the people dwelt are heaps of dust, but the shrines and temples stand, a long procession of them on an even plateau, thirty feet or so above the level of the river. It must have been a stately city in its prime, when it was making history, and London was a dirty village.

"I saw old Burma with young Burma in her arms," the author of "Sir Patrick Spens" might say. From ancient mouldering Pagan to modern Yenangyaung, one of the sources of new Burma's wealth, is but a few hours down the river. It is oil that is recreating Burma, and all the hills about are dotted with derricks. You might think you were in Pennsylvania; indeed, for more than one reason, since all this vast industry is engineered and directed by Americans, for the most part from Pittsburg. It gives you an odd

sensation, as you walk up the little street of Yenangyaung to have in a place so far away and among a people so strange, your ears stung with the peculiar Pittsburg dialect. Around the door of a little teak shed, uncouth as a shack in a prairie town, is a cosmopolitan group, pink-head-gear'd Burmans, turbaned Hindus, and grave, patient Chinese, and from the interior suddenly a deep voice bawls, "Bill, are you writing *home* this mail?" with that inimitable circumflex you know can indicate only one nativity upon this earth. And from another shed farther up the way another voice responds, "Not on your sweet life; ain't got time."

American women, wives of superintendents and engineers, adorn the slender society of Yenangyaung, making the best of the uncompromising environments; for the place is all rock and hills,

and everywhere are the spikes of hideous derricks. One of these plucky country-women of ours dwells in the most elaborate house of the town, built on a kind of terrace, where she has made her garden and grown her masses of flowers, and for all her prodigious efforts it looks a little forlorn. She told me that, two mornings before, in her room where we were sitting, she had killed two of those deadly vipers I have before mentioned: knocked them down with a broom. She described minutely their appearance and habits, and said that they seemed to infest particularly the ledge of rock on which her home stands, for she had killed many in her garden. She said that they were small, unobtrusive, snakelike



OFFERING OF A PAPER STREAMER INSCRIBED WITH PIOUS THOUGHTS





A GROUP OF PAGODAS. SHWE DAGON

things, a kind of grayish-green in color, and their favorite place of repose was the foot-path. She also said that they were deaf, never tried to get out of one's way, and that their bite caused death in about one hour. We declined an invitation to visit the garden, where she thought we could probably see choice specimens of the breed.

Crude oil is pumped out of the wells very much as it is at Lima, Ohio, and is about the same grade. Barges take it down the river to Rangoon, where a great nest of refineries clusters over an island in the harbor, far enough away to save the city from the rich perfumery of Hunter's Point. Strange to say, the Standard Oil Company has no interest in this business—as yet. Once it had made all arrangements to add the Burma wells to its world-wide collection, but the government interfered. An appeal to London produced some show of favorable action, but strong representations by the local authorities prevailed, and in the end the government was allowed to have its own

way. Competition has already begun through the East, and even so far as Australia, whither the Burmese oil is carried in tank-steamers. As its production rapidly increases, the Burmese fields being very large, the Standard is not expected to rest with defeat, and is popularly supposed to be preparing unobserved the next stage of the battle.

From any spot on the descending steamer, but mostly from the wheel, the Irrawaddy looks a sullen and sinister stream. No doubt the banks are handsome, sometimes, and interesting always, with quaint villages below a far sky-line of dark mountain, but this sickly yellow color of the water, the swift current pushing you downward, the surface carved everywhere with evil rings, and the long procession of those fluted lines that mark the shifting bar, are things you do not like, if you know what they mean. From time to time you pass buoys (bamboo poles tied down at one end), supposed to indicate the channel, but you know perfectly well that in a



river almost as muddy as the Missouri, swift, and scored all over with those rings, no buoy is worth much twenty-four hours after it has been placed, and it is no more than you expected when you learn that the sand-bars catch many a steamboat.

Europeans officer the steamer, Mohammedans man it, and nominally a native Burmese pilots it, standing beside the wheel. You shall, indeed, travel far before you see in another man of clay a dignity so conducive to awe. More than human wisdom sits upon that brow of care as he peers out upon the brimming river, absorbed in study of its mystic signs. It comports not with his austere eminence that he should address words to the helmsman, still less that touch of his be laid upon the wheel; he does but wave a hand of majestic seeming whither he would have the vessel go. His native dress is scrupulously clean, the pink silk that winds his head is new and bright, his jacket spotless; for he is an aristocrat in his own land and receives a wage of maybe thirty-two cents a day.

But, alas! the vanity of human splendor! Even at that he is overpaid, except as he makes part of the picture. For any practical purpose he is of less avail than the gilt on the flagstaff. Look not too long upon him, pleasing as he is, lest you unmask a fraud. Invariably he points the way after the keen-witted and keen-eyed boy helmsmen, those brown Mohammedans there, have discovered or remembered it. To them the stately waving of his hand means nought except, belike, provocations to inward mirth. Once between Myanong and Henzada, of a sudden there hove in sight a steamer aground and blocking up the channel, and the gorgeous pilot knew no more what to do than if he had never seen a river. And before he could recover speech or action, lo! they had spun the wheel around and were off into a network of villainous sloughs and back channels he had never seen before, and wished not to see again.

Something of a lonely stream, likewise, this strange river. Though many hills are topped with single pagodas to show man's presence, you whirl past miles of forest that seem as virgin as the banks of the Amazon. And of other hardy navigators like yourself you see only occasional reminders. Two or three times a

day you note a knau making up or down, the lordly captain and owner sitting at canopied ease on the top of the strange and lofty stern, the native crew toiling at the oars. Very often the natural artistic sense of the Burmese has ornamented the knau with excellent carving; for better wood-workers are hardly to be found. But it is no swift traveller; even with sail and oar it makes small haste, and its favorite habitat is the water-front of a village where food is good and the bazaar well stocked.

Along the plateau a level stretch of low brown roofs; cocoanut and myra palms, and from thick foliage bursting forth a tall monastery pile and many pagodas—that is an Irrawaddy village. The boat lands below a steep clay bank, the worn-down slope to the water being covered with the venders of sweetmeats, cigarettes, fruits and rice; and all of these merchants women. The vessel's landing is made clumsily and with wasted time, but after the manner of the East, where labor is so cheap that in the superfluity of it men tread upon and impede one another. Side-wheel steamers like these, with both wheels on one shaft, are not handy vessels in a strong current. The *Ceylon* sweeps a half-circle, until her nose points up-stream and above the landing, three hundred feet away, or such a matter. Then the outside anchor is dropped and the chain runs out while the boat drifts slowly down. In the bows the captain stands, and six half-naked Mohammedan boys hang over the side—standing upon the guard and watching him. At his signal they leap into the water and swim shoreward, the red-Indian stroke, hand over hand. One has in his teeth a bit of line, whereof the other end is fast to the hawser. When the six strike the shore they pull in the hawser, make it fast to a tree or a great post, and the steamer drops down to the wharf-boat. The white-helmeted agent springs aboard with outstretched hand, always a little moved, no doubt, to see other Europeans in that far land; and the coolies begin to take on the rice-bags, and the women that own the rice to bargain with the captain.

If women had the franchise in Burma you should see them holding all the offices, acting as mayors, sheriffs, judges,



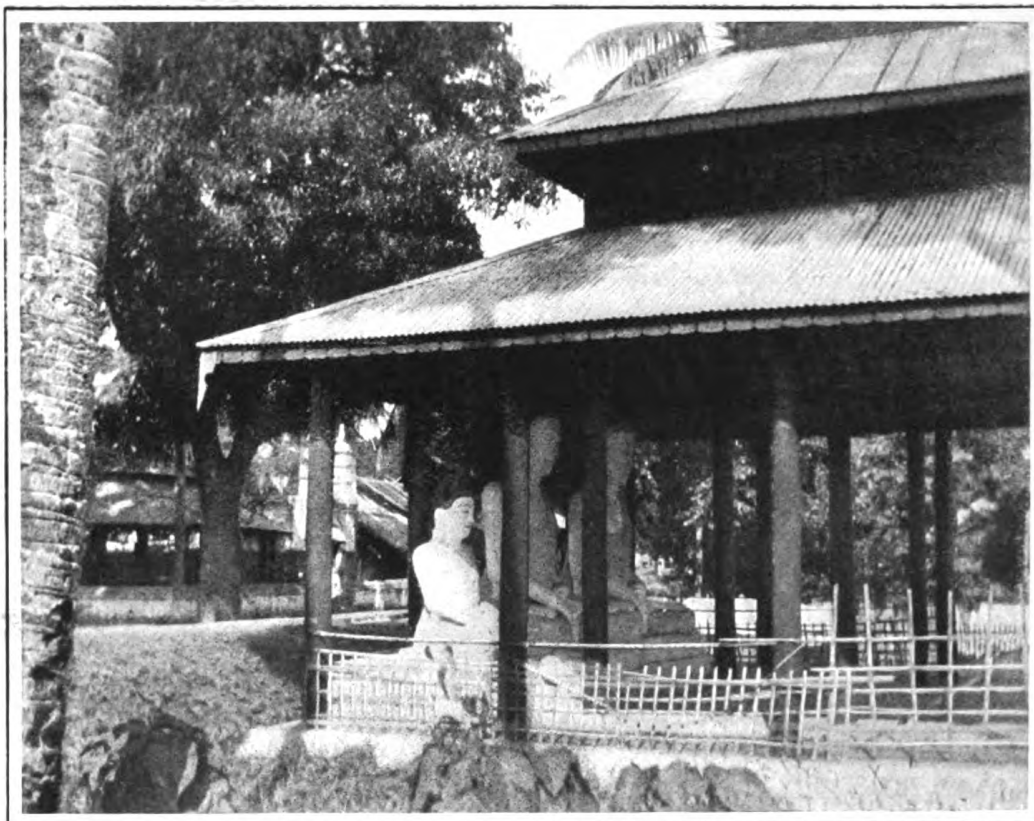
THE STEAMER LANDING OF AN IRRAWADDY VILLAGE

and, I doubt not, as police likewise; for Burma is possessed by its women, and (whether the facts have relation I know not) it is by all odds the happiest country from Switzerland to New Zealand. Such freedom and independence as the Burmese women have are hardly to be equalled even in the West. In public they appear on equal terms with their husbands; they can get a divorce for the asking; they are not property, but partners; they manage their households, finance the family, and do most of the business that is done in Burma by Burmans. So strange that will sound in your ears, I know; yet it is perfectly true. In all Burma are very few shops of any kind (government opium-dens excepted) that are kept by Burmese men. Cheroot and cigarette making is a great industry, but all the factories I ever saw there were owned and managed by women, and all the workers in them women. Go back to that great bazaar at Mandalay: you find there to sell you goods one hundred women to every China-

man, and scarcely shall you find a Burmese man. Or at Nyaungu, here on the river, where the Burmese lacquer-work is made so cunningly and handsomely, all the industry is in the hands of women. Except for here and there Chinese and Hindu merchants, the rice crop is financed, managed, and sold by women; and Rangoon is the largest original rice-market in the world.

The Burmese woman is clever, witty, well-informed, one of the shrewdest of business persons, usually an excellent housekeeper as well as a good merchant. Her two errors seem to be: first, in marrying John Burman, who is generally lazy and unworthy of her; and second, in submitting to the medical tomfoolery that the Burmese, for all their intelligence, still practise about childbirth. I might add for a third, if one more be needed, the smoking of the Burmese cigarette, which tends to twist out of shape her handsome mouth.

This cigarette, by the way, is a monstrous thing, often eighteen inches in



IMAGES OF BUDDHA AT DONABEW

length and an inch and a quarter in diameter. Imagine a man going about with a box of them on his person! The mouth-piece is bamboo and the wrapper is a leaf of the banana-tree. If the contents were all tobacco the smoking of them would be a crime, for Burmese tobacco is strong enough to lift a ship. But three-quarters of the filling mixture is of harmless herbs. One Burmese cigarette burns for two hours or more. Men, women, and children smoke them; I am afraid to say how early some of the children begin. It is conclusive evidence of the harmless, beneficent nature of the herbs with which the tobacco is ameliorated that the average Burmese constitution is exceedingly rugged and the health of the country is above par. Nowhere else in the East is a people so well nourished. Mongolians are usually healthy, but on the whole these are the healthiest of Mongolians.

The Burmese cheroot, a cylinder about the size of your little finger and somewhat longer, seems made chiefly for export. It is like the little girl with the

curl, only it is horrid most of the time. The good cheroots are reserved for special customers and wealthy British and Chinese merchants. You can get them made to order, but you cannot buy them in the shops. The cheroots that you buy in the market are as black as your hat, oily as lard and stronger than sin. One of them will lay out the unwary European, unless his constitution be of iron. A few years ago the British government imported an American (from Kentucky, they say) to show the Burmese how to cure their tobacco so that it should not cause fits when smoked. I made diligent inquiry as to the results of the American's labors. One half of the witnesses said that his methods had produced all the good tobacco grown in Burma, and the other half said he made no difference, for as soon as he was gone the natives returned to the old way. I wish I knew.

The Burmese woman not only manages all the material interests of her household, but she keeps the Buddhist faith in-

tact. Without her influence it may be doubted if John Burman would care very much. He is too indolent and too fond of his ease in smooth water. But the women are strict in their performance of religious duties; you can see them at all hours praying in the shrines where not often you see the men. If this theory about the women is correct, it is wonderful testimony to their strength of mind, for Buddhism in Burma is rock-ribbed and apparently unassailable; and then, in the last analysis, it must be to the women that we owe the beautiful pagodas, the excellent monasteries and the gemlike shrines that dot this pleasant country. It is not only the huge Shwe Dagon pagoda at Rangoon, nor the Arrakan at Mandalay, that attests the tremendous power of Buddhism, though the gold on the Shwe Dagon be all it is said to be, and though the gifts of the pious at Arrakan pass ready belief. Every town, every village, every hamlet has its reminder of Nirvana and the way thither. Sometimes every hill shoulder, whichever way you look, bears one; sometimes a village will show literally as many pagodas as houses. Since more merit lies in building new than in repairing old pagodas, and since neglect and the climate have dealt sadly with many, the bright new and forlorn old pagodas often encroach upon one another in the same village; but of that no matter. The pagoda usually contains nothing and shelters nothing. Its one significance is to remind mankind of lofty thoughts and purer ways. The shrines, monasteries, and meeting-places are quite different from the pagoda, though often near at hand. Buddhism is at its best and purest in Burma; thither Buddhists make pilgrimages from distant lands, and many of the monasteries have good collections of the sacred books and writings of the faith.

Monastic architecture here has the one general plan of stories diminishing one above another until the top is reached in a mere point; but the carvings vary the design, and the richest monasteries have much gold-leaf adornment within. The monastery is a great matter in Burma. As in European countries every young

man must undergo military training, so here every young man must pass a certain time in a monastery and even serve as a priest, going about with his one garment of coarse silk and his head closely shaven. Buddhist priests receive no salary, and are supported by the charity and the gifts of the faithful; hence the begging-bowl, an indispensable part of every priest's outfit. The young men are educated in the monasteries; but the girls, too, have schools, and illiteracy is comparatively rare among the Burmese proper. There was one of the girls' schools at Myanong, as in other towns, but this I remember particularly because of the dignified port of the old schoolmaster as in huge spectacles he trundled up and down his unwallied schoolroom. On the floor the little girls knelt in straight rows, each with her text-book before her; and ceaselessly in concert, at the tops of their shrill voices, all recited their lessons. It seemed strange enough, and yet I recalled that I had known something of the kind in a board-school in London. The uproar was great, but the students evidently were oblivious of it.

Through the narrow Bassein creek, almost in sight of the sea, to the Rangoon River and the city of the Shwe Dagon,—for Rangoon is not on the Irrawaddy. No more bustling place shall you find in the torrid zones, nor one of more extraordinary growth. Fifty or sixty years ago it was only a fishing-village, and now behold an imperial city of 280,000 inhabitants, growing like a boom town of the West, the mistress of the vast riches of golden Burma. All the world is represented in its marts; Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, English, Americans, Germans, Russians, stray folk from all about Europe, jostle in the wide airy streets. The native element seems submerged by this alien flood that rises week by week as the steamers land their thousands of Hindu coolies. Hindu and Jain temples and Mohammedan mosques begin to mingle with the pagodas. The invasion is sweeping up the Irrawaddy; you see Hindus in all the larger towns. Destiny, opium imports and foreign domination seem to point to Burmese annihilation, and on the whole it seems a pity.

# The Unlit Lamp

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD AND HARRIETT CRANDALL

DR. JOHN BRYCE told himself that it was a mere matter of business. He was responding to a call for consultation in an insignificant case back in the little town whence he had emerged, an ambitious country boy, some thirty years before. He felt perhaps a tinge of curiosity mingled with the elation that comes from patronage,—he would waive the customary fee. A slight smile curved his gray mustache, and he gazed fixedly over his paper out of the window at the slow-flying landscape. Suddenly he straightened with a start; something in the curves of the insignificant hills, the willow-marked streams, seemed familiar; something knocked upon his heart surprisingly, unreasonably. And then he knew: forgotten all these years, those hills were home; they had grown into his boy's life, they were there still, part and parcel of that life that never dies out of us. Presently he dropped his paper excitedly; there was Hickory Tree Triangle where he had gone nutting every autumn when he was a child; and there the high rusty-red barn on Hawkins' Corner where he went to his first dance.

When the train stopped he collected his bags and got out on the small weather-beaten platform. It seemed to him that time must have stood still. There was the same irregular semicircle of men and boys in faded blue jeans staring at the passengers as they had stared at him when he boarded the outgoing train thirty years before. The ticket-agent, a little better dressed, leaned in the doorway of the station; behind him Bryce caught a glimpse of a rusty balloon-shaped stove. At one side stood two or three mud-spattered vehicles drawn by placid horses.

As the doctor looked about him, a fresh-faced man with a professional air, which he seemed to wear half diffidently, came quickly down the platform.

"This must be Dr. Bryce," he said, with a shy welcoming smile. "I'm Craye."

Bryce held out his hand.

"I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Craye."

"Well, it's a pleasure to us that you've come," replied Craye. "Lots of the old people about here remember you. You must have left before my time, but my wife's father knows all about you. That all your baggage? We'll go right up to the house. Mrs. Craye wouldn't hear of my letting you stay in the hotel; she knows what their kitchen's like."

Bryce hesitated. "I mustn't put you to such trouble," he began.

"Don't you believe it," said Craye, heartily; "no trouble at all, and you'll be just as free as if you were at home."

Bryce yielded; he knew the discomfort of small country hotels. Craye led the way to his neat carriage, at the back of the station.

"I've just got new rubber tires," he said, as Bryce climbed over the wheel; "guess you'll find it comfortable riding."

He jumped in beside the older man and clicked to the horse.

Bryce looked about him curiously. There was an air of slackness and sordidness about the little gray and red buildings near the station. They looked like sick creatures that had crawled hopelessly to this spot, and hopelessly had stayed. Always they had depressed him; in his boyhood days he had hated them as a symbol of the dreariness of his own life.

But presently they turned into the wide "main" street, shaded on both sides by elms drooping their branches in great sweeping lines. He had forgotten how beautiful they were; they atoned for the little, badly painted shops behind them. There were the same untidy window displays, the same lack-lustre loafers.



"There is old Jim Ayres in front of his store," Bryce exclaimed, as they passed a blue-shirted humped figure sitting on a barrel in front of a grocery-store.

"Guess it's the old man's son," suggested Craye. "Town look the same?"

"Yes," said Bryce, absently.

"This here is Bryce's Lane," said Craye, as they turned down a narrow street. "Named after your folks?"

Bryce's lips curved in a bitter smile. Bryce's Lane! How often, when the children had jeered at him for his drunken father, he had taken a kind of comfort in the fact that once at least his people were respected and had had streets named after them!

There stood the old brown house in which he had been born, deserted and drooping. Long ago gone for debts, no one had cared to buy it and try to make a home of it. It had never been a home, he reflected; just a place to house people. Across a field he caught a glimpse of a green roof. He drew a quick sighing breath. Once he had worn a path over the field that lay between his house and that other.

"Little tired, aren't you?" asked Craye. "We'll soon be there."

"What is the name of the person in whose case you have called me?" he asked, abruptly.

"Mrs. Tarrant—James Tarrant's widow. Don't remember him, hardly, do you?"

"James Tarrant," he repeated slowly; "yes, I remember him. He was the teacher in the school when I was a boy, and then, later, he became a farmer."

His voice trailed into silence. Yes, he remembered; James Tarrant had married Mary Mason, *her* sister—Amelia's sister. The wedding had taken place just two years before he had gone away. He remembered how pretty Amelia had looked in her white dress with cherry ribbons about her waist and neck, her little brown curls slipping out upon her forehead, one after another. Those curls were like her laugh and her hopefulness; nothing could constrain them.

"Well," said Craye, in a consciously indifferent tone, "that's my house there, the white one."

"It's very pretty," Bryce said, me-

chanically; "a fine porch, and a—a very pretty situation."

Craye's simple face glowed.

"Well, we like it," he replied.

The commonplace white house was fronted by a plot of grass defined by a foot-wide border of nasturtiums and petunias. In the exact centre was a plaster fountain, not in running order, representing two plump cupids under a curled-over plantain leaf.

But Bryce felt that the simplicity and kindness of the household gave it all the distinction it needed when little Mrs. Craye came forward out of the kitchen, an odor of fried chicken wafted after her. She carried a plump baby, whom she shifted to her left arm so that she might shake hands with Bryce.

"How do you do, sir? Please excuse my having baby—take her, Charlie; she wants to go to you—but she's always restless just before supper-time and has to be carried. Charlie, you show Doctor to his room, and I'll get supper on in a minute." And the white-clad figure turned towards the kitchen with the free step that means content.

"I haven't smelt anything like this in thirty years," Bryce called after her. "I warn you, Mrs. Craye, that my appetite is growing."

"That's right," she said, pausing. "The one thing my father could remember when I asked him what your folks liked to eat, was fried chicken. 'The Bryces had it in season and out,' he says; 'fried pretty brown, but not too brown.' So I fixed it myself."

"You're very good."

Bryce went up to his room with all sorts of remembrances tugging at his heart. He had forgotten how kind and simple country people are; how much trouble they are ready to take for one, and how genuinely democratic they are. This little Mrs. Craye was not thinking of him as the great city doctor come hundreds of miles to exhibit his skill in a difficult case; to her he was a guest whom she wanted to make comfortable.

When he went down-stairs she was putting the finishing touches to her table.

"I'll have to wait on you myself," she said; "I'm not going to keep a hired girl till we get the house all paid for. Now, Charlie—"

Bryce unfolded his napkin; then, aware of a pause, he looked up. They were waiting till he should have finished; of course, Craye was going to say grace.

He bent his head and listened to the simple blessing, the first he had heard in a generation. After he had been helped to fried chicken, fried potatoes, and hot biscuit, food which he had long since forbidden himself in the city, but which here seemed proper healthful fare, Mrs. Craye asked:

"Has Charlie told you all about Mrs. Tarrant?"

"He wrote me about most of the symptoms, I believe," replied Bryce.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" Mrs. Craye said; "but all that she's done for this town."

"We haven't discussed it on the human side."

"We want she should be cured," Mrs. Craye said, wistfully; "she's done so much for us all, we want her to enjoy life a little herself."

"I can't seem to make Mary see that if there isn't much chance, you can't do much," said Craye, half apologetically; "she seems to think that just because Mrs. Tarrant deserves to live and be happy, she must."

"I guess I oughtn't to be spoiling Doctor's supper talking of it," Mrs. Craye said, remorsefully; "but our baby would have died except for her, even if its Poppa is a doctor."

"That's so," agreed Craye.

"Pass Doctor the biscuits, Charlie. She's the most wonderful nurse ever was," Mrs. Craye went on; "she's born to it. Queer thing, she always seems to feel when she's needed. Charlie has never sent for her that she wasn't up and dressed and ready. Isn't that so?"

"Pretty nearly always," Craye replied.

"When I was a boy," mused Bryce, "there was always nursing going on in this town, formally and informally. Half the young women had sick or elderly relatives to take care of, to give their youth to."

"I guess it's that way yet," said Craye.

"Old people don't live so long in the city, I guess," his wife remarked. "Well, Mrs. Tarrant had enough of her own folks to nurse as well as strangers.

Why, she's never gone anywhere, and always wanted to travel, too. I guess, Doctor, you just have to cure her."

"I'll do my best," Bryce returned earnestly.

He had ceased to look on Mrs. Tarrant merely as a case. He had come back to do what he could for old friends and neighbors. A sense of personal interest was strange and stimulating. After Mrs. Craye found out that he would eat no more, she said:

"Now, Doctor, we want you should feel at home, Charlie and I, and we wonder if you'd like to walk around town? You can go alone, or with Charlie, or sit here on the porch, or he'll take you for a drive, whichever you prefer."

Bryce looked from her kind little face to Craye's.

"Perhaps your husband and I can have a chat later on," he said; "but I think I should like to look about alone."

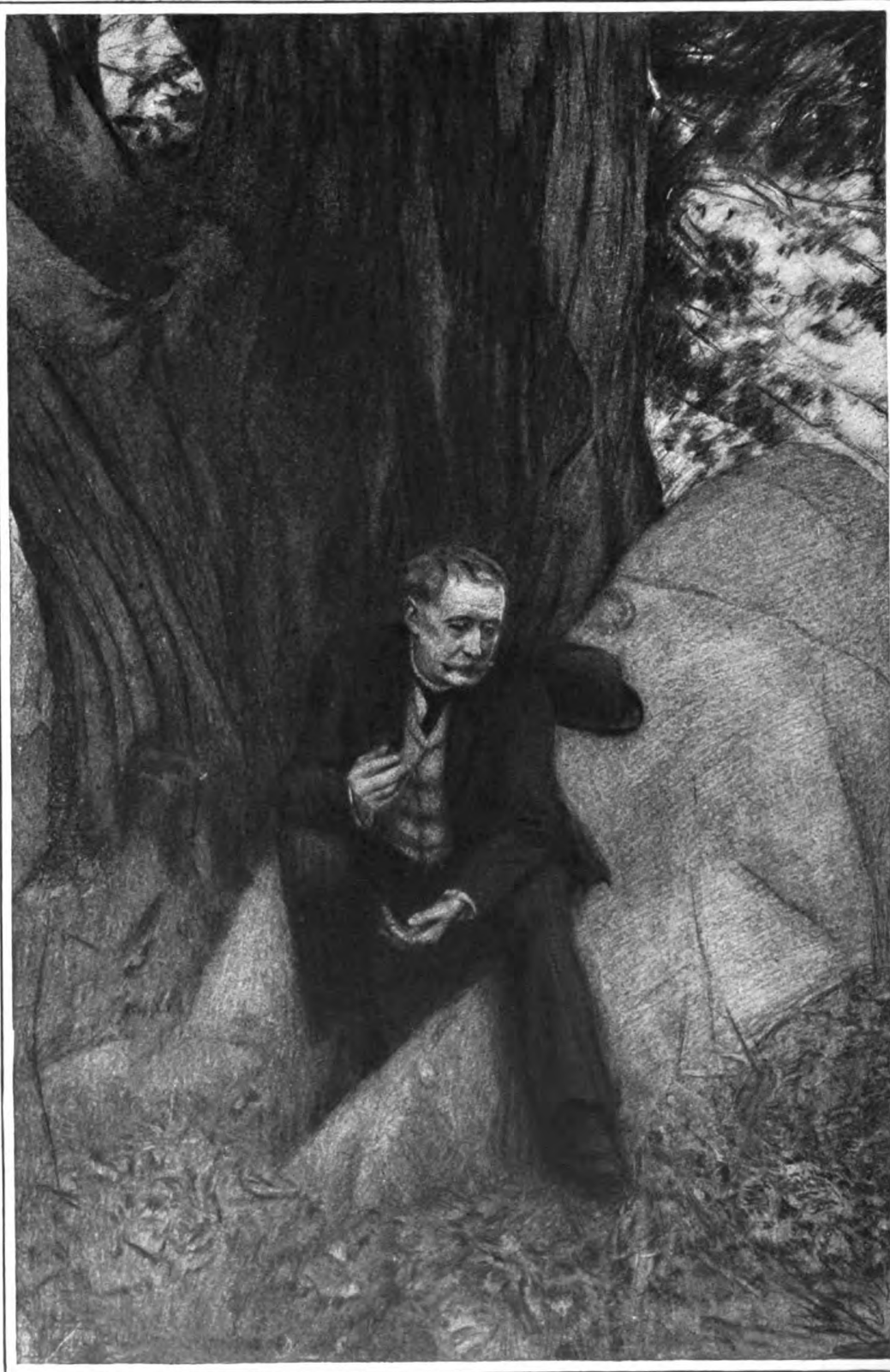
Craye's face lighted; he wanted Bryce to be free, but his simple heart could not but feel flattered at the thought of a little talk with his famous confrère.

"Oh, never mind me," he said, heartily; "you just stay out as late as you like. I'll be sitting up for you."

Bryce found his hat and passed down the cement walk. When he looked back from the gate, they were both standing in the doorway, the baby in Mrs. Craye's arms. She waved its little right hand at him, and he took off his hat and waved back.

Twilight was beginning, and as he strolled down the street he saw girls in white dresses sitting on porches, and young men turning in at the various houses or sitting on the steps. Some girl was singing a song popular in his city six months before, but the young voice made it fresh to him. He reached Bryce's Lane, and stood for some time looking at the sunken brown house which had harbored his restless boyhood. No wonder, he thought, that he had never cared to return to it.

He searched for the path across the field; it was still there; he wondered if the feet of other lovers kept it fresh. The green roof was darkening in the early twilight. Amelia had always liked the color, he recalled. She had said that



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

HE HAD CONQUERED, BUT YOUTH WAS GONE



if nature preferred it, that was a good precedent. He climbed the fence, and stood looking at the cottage among the trees. The porch of the house was hidden by the foliage, but young voices floated out to him. He wondered if Amelia were married; was she living here still? Just as probably she had sold the house or rented it; perhaps her father had not left it to her at all, but had willed it to James Tarrant's wife. He remembered the bent, querulous old man. Amelia had been one of those who cheerfully offered up her youth a sacrifice to age. How rarely she could be spared to go for walks with him to Lover's Lane.

Lover's Lane! He turned down the road towards it, hurrying to reach it before the darkness should quite come. Just a long narrow road of green—lilac bushes, sycamores, and oaks thick at the sides. In the spring, when the young lilacs broke into a tender lavender mist, those who were brave in love walked together there. They were above the crude teasing of their companions, and perhaps that was why no word was ever said that could disturb the sacred tenderness of those to whom Lover's Lane belonged by love's right.

The green was glooming to black when he reached the Lane. He had just time to find the white stone near the little Bubbling Spring where he and Amelia had come the night before he had gone away. He sat down heavily like a man who has been running. He was quite alone, and there was no sound in the place except the muffled ripple of thin water. He took off his hat and felt the cool moist air of spring. He picked up some cool pebbles from the brook and dropped them from one hand to the other, mechanically.

He was a successful man, but all his life he realized he had lacked something—not Amelia alone, but the right to be loved. She had said that she could not leave her old father and uncle; that she must not let herself think of love—she must not, did not love him. He had not believed her. He had thought that she did love him, but not considering herself free, she would not hurt him and herself by confessing the truth.

He remembered the impatient pain of

that night of parting; but then there had been no sense of defeat, and to-night defeat had been born. Then he had had a heart of courage. He would conquer; he would return soon with money and fame and take her away with him. Success must come to his youth—success in every sort. And to-night he was rich, famous; he had conquered, but he had been defeated; for youth was gone and youth's right to love and to be loved. Even the simple Crayes had it; perhaps Amelia herself had it; but he had missed what he had never till now felt the lack of.

He could see again the slim young figure in its quaint flounced dress, the little brown curls slipping out of the prim net that confined her coils of hair. Her deep blue eyes were full of irrepressible smiles; and her laugh! Could time or care ever dull the joyousness of that laugh!

Why had he not come back? He pondered forgotten reasons. She had forbidden it, he remembered, and at first there was hurt pride, and then the insistent demands of his work, and finally indifference. No doubt if he should see her now he would wonder at the fervors of his youth. But it was not of the present Amelia that he thought. What did it matter what farmer she had married? He was mourning the irrevocable right that his youth should have won to love and to be loved. Amelia's slim figure stood among the trunks of the sycamores, and pointed him back sadly along the lost years.

No one came. He wondered if ever a sad lover walked alone in the Lane, or if some magic kept it for happy lovers who, grown into placid married people, silently cherished the memory of it, and sometime sympathetically watched their own children taking their first shy walks here. He shivered a little as he rose to go. There was no place here for one who could no longer dream.

He felt strangely lonely as he walked briskly back past the houses where the white dresses of the women showed dimly among the shadows of the porches. These people had not gone away to seek their fortunes, to conquer whatever they wanted from life; they had stayed by their own doors, and life



had come to them and poured her riches in their laps.

Craye was sitting on the steps, the red disk of his cigar making a little welcoming spot of color. He hurried down the walk to meet his guest.

"You must be tired," he said, anxiously; "I guess you'd better go right up to bed."

"Perhaps I had," returned Bryce, wearily.

Craye was disappointed.

"I wouldn't keep you up for worlds," he said, regretfully.

"Perhaps you will let me stay till the afternoon train to-morrow," said Bryce; "I can drive about with you—"

"Oh, will you?" cried the young man, eagerly; "that would be great for me."

Bryce went to his room—a typical country bedroom: yellow oak furniture, white muslin curtains and hangings, and cheap lithographs on the walls; but it was clean, and in some way homelike. In the night a cry from the baby, soon hushed, woke him, and he opened his eyes on a world of radiant moonlight, turned on his pillow, and slept again.

In the morning he woke late—as alert and sure as ever he had been in his life. He willed to keep his mind away from the fact that he had come home; he was his keen professional self. Even Mrs. Craye, charming with her baby and her country breakfast, could not touch his mood. Craye felt it, and after the meal was over, and the two men were on the front porch, he plunged at once into a discussion of Mrs. Tarrant's case. He was afraid she could not live long; the question was, would an operation prolong her life sufficiently to make the risk worth taking? Bryce liked the young man's deferential way of stating his diagnosis.

"You said she would be ready for us at any time?" he asked, rising. "Shall we not go now?"

Craye responded with alacrity.

"She'll be glad to get it over, and her friends will want to know," he said; "'tisn't worth while driving; just three blocks from here."

He went into the house to get their cases and to tell his little wife good-by.

"I guess the neighbors are interested," he said, indicating the heads at win-

dows and doors as they passed. "They'd all like to see Mrs. Tarrant well."

Mrs. Tarrant's was a green frame house, set back from the street and well hidden by trees.

"Looks like a place where there ought to be lots of people," Craye said, as they walked up the gravel path; "but she lives alone, except for a hired girl."

They entered without knocking, and going up the steep staircase, stopped at the door of the south room. Craye tapped.

"Come in," said a voice.

Craye entered first, his big figure blocking Bryce's view.

"Good day, Mrs. Tarrant. Here's Dr. Bryce to see you," he said, cheerfully.

And then Bryce saw her. The brown hair was gray, but little thin curls still strayed away from its coils. The blue eyes were faded, but they still wore their look of hope.

"Amelia! Amelia Mason," he stammered.

"Amelia Tarrant," she corrected; "I married James some time after sister died. Hadn't you heard?"

"N-no; I got very little news from home," he answered, confusedly.

"We were more attentive to you," she said, smiling; "we've heard all about you for years—haven't we, Charlie Craye?"

"We certainly have," Craye returned.

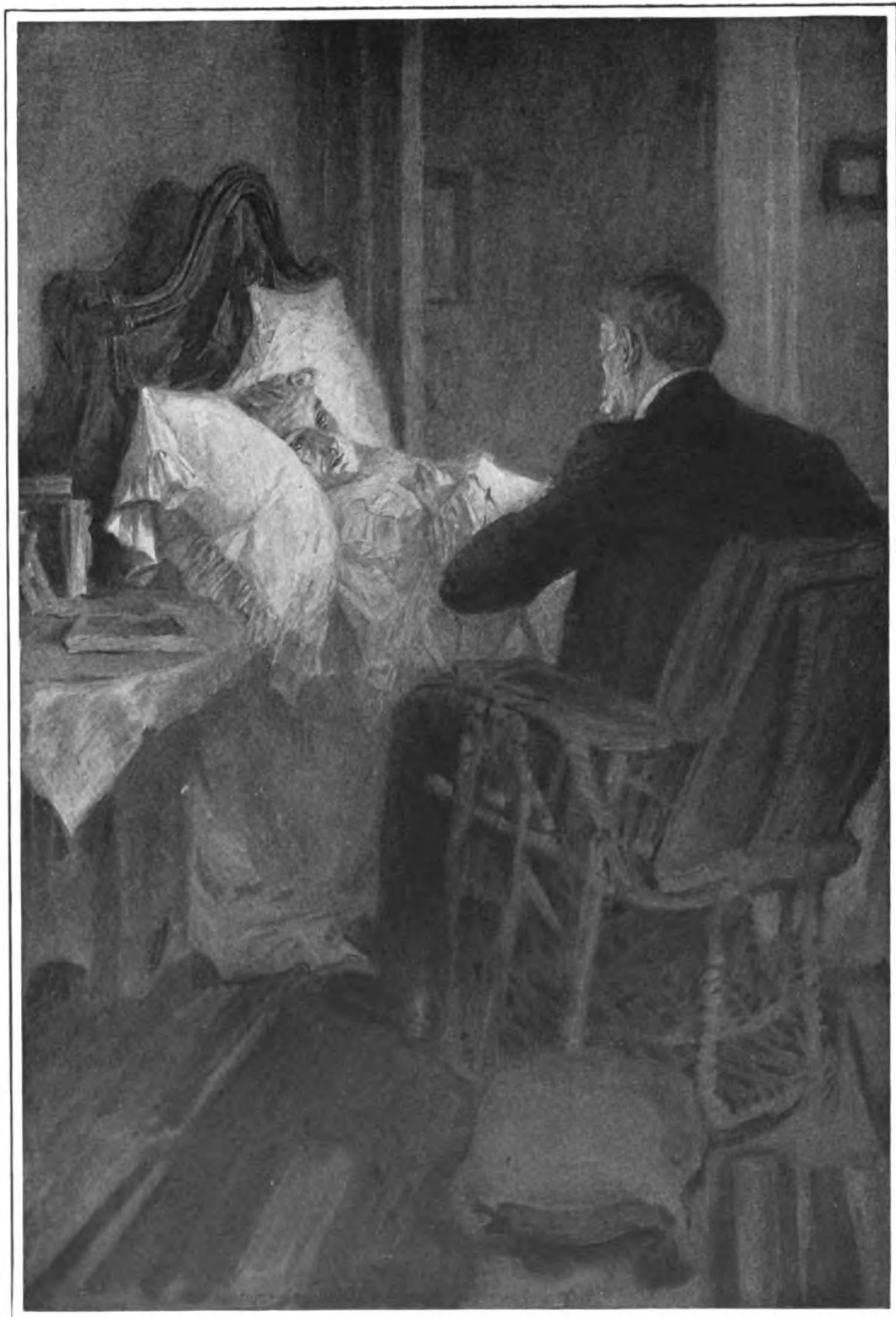
Bryce looked about the darkened room; the walls were soft green, the color Amelia loved, and the furniture willow. Always she tried to bring nature as close to her as she could. She followed his glance.

"Does it seem dull in here, John? The light hurt my eyes. Don't you want to get your examination over? Then we can gossip. There is so much I want to ask you about."

Bryce stood silent a few moments, turning over the books on her table. Then he looked up with a slight squaring of his shoulders, and an alert tension of his brows and jaw. He was again the man of impersonal science.

When it was over, with a few cheerful words to Amelia, the two men went down-stairs into her little parlor.

"Well?" asked Craye.



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

THEY BOTH FELL INTO SILENCE



Bryce shook his head.

"It is just as you said; no hope, of course. Suppose we leave the question of an operation to her. Without it, she cannot live more than a year."

"Not two, you think?"

"Possibly two when one considers her indomitable hopefulness," Bryce returned. "Let us leave it to her."

"You think we had better?" hesitated Craye. "Her friends will gladly pay you for the operation—"

Bryce laughed a little drearily.

"Did you ever know Amelia Mason—Mrs. Tarrant—to let any one else manage her life for her? She would find us out, Craye."

"I didn't know she was a friend of yours," said Craye, irrelevantly. "You thought she was the first wife, didn't you? Well, she brought up all the first wife's children. I don't see that they've ever helped her much since."

"I think I shall go up again," Bryce said.

"You'll tell her, then?"

"Yes; don't wait for me."

"All right. Come back any time you like, sir."

Craye went out, and Bryce slowly mounted the stairs to the south room.

"Well, John, you have been long enough over your silly consultation," Amelia said, gayly.

He sat down by the bed and said, gently, "Are you tired, Millie?"

The old name slipped unconsciously from his lips. She smiled.

"Nobody's called me that for twenty years," she said. "James called me 'Amelia' and the children 'Auntie.' No, I'm not tired. You'd better tell me, but I know already."

She listened as he told her painfully.

"So I'll live maybe a year if I don't have the operation, and maybe two years if I do. Dear me, John, I don't mind hearing it. Will you pull down the blind, please? You and Charlie forgot and left it up when you went downstairs."

He obeyed and again took his seat beside her. For a little time they said nothing. He looked at her face, younger in the subdued light, and saw that it had grown grave. One white hand lay on the white coverlid, still—and Amelia's

hands had always been in motion. As he looked about the darkened room with its green walls, that strange forgotten mood came back to him. The Amelia he used to know had been the cheerful woman chatting to himself and Craye; but now there was a new expression in the blue eyes that looked up searchingly at him. It was the look of a woman who had suffered and who understood. The gayety of the girl was gone; in some way he knew it was a mask that was to be taken away between them two only. He glanced at the pictures on her walls; serene beautiful pictures—pictures of fulfilment. His hand, moving restlessly on the table, swept against one or two good books. The simple people of the town knew the service of her body, but from some other source Amelia must have fed her mind and soul.

He turned back to her a face of sorrow and of pity.

"Oh, Millie; oh, Millie!" he said, and took her hand softly.

Tears rose to her eyes, and yet the look in them was not unhappy.

"A long, long road it has been, John," she said.

And they had not travelled it together!

He pressed her hand suddenly.

"Did you love him so much better than you did me, Millie? If I had come back—oh, I should have come back."

She looked at him half wonderingly.

"Ah, you don't understand, quite. I don't know, John dear. I think if I had been free I should have come to love you, but I was never really free."

He looked at her, puzzled, and she shook her head impatiently, so that some frail gray curls slipped upon her temples.

"You see, after sister died, I moved father up to James's house and took care of them all. A little more than a year later father died, and it seemed best for the children's sake to marry James."

"Oh, Millie!" he said; "and I might have come back."

"I don't know that it would have made any difference," she said, musingly. "It seemed as if the gift of love was never there for me to take. There were always—duties. James always loved sister, and not me; I knew that, always; if he woke suddenly in the

night he spoke her name. I don't think it occurred to me to do anything but just go on day by day taking care of the children and James. It seemed as if I did my work in the present, but there always—in the future—”

She looked far beyond him, and he wondered what vision she saw.

“Long ago—you should have gone with me long ago,” he said.

She did not seem to hear him, as she lay with a beautiful young smile on her face. He had seen such a look on the faces of girls in Lover's Lane; a smile for love rather than for the actual lover.

“I've seen a lot of sorrow and happiness going on in the lives about me, John,” she said; “I was just a spectator, you know. And there's always something wrong about the lives that love has been left out of; even if it brings nothing but sorrow, every one has a right to love and to be loved.”

He started; his own thought meeting him!

“I've been coming closer and closer to the other rim of my life,” she said, with a little smile. “I guess I'm about through.”

The dull shadows of the room seemed to pulsate with silence. At length he turned a questioning face upon her—this man who had sat by so many a death-bed; and there was a strange weight in his words.

“Tell me,” he said; “you've lived so that your vision must be clear: are you sure of another life?”

She smiled at him.

“Oh, I don't think much of what we've been taught, John. It all seems just words—words. I think of all the suffering, the grief, the pain of those who have loved and have not been loved,

and those that have been hurt by love, and I don't understand. But, John, there's one thing I know,” and she touched his hand lightly, “God is good, and I'm sure, *sure* that there will be another life for those who have never loved. They'll have another chance. Oh no, I'm not afraid to die. I'm sure—sure.”

Something in the man's throat hurt him, and he drew a sharp breath. She put out her other hand and clasped his fingers.

“And we haven't been unhappy, either of us,” she went on.

“No, no; not so unhappy as some of those who have had love.”

“Ah, but I'd have changed places,” she murmured.

They fell into silence. The minutes went by for both of them in a kind of sad peace. He had a sudden irrelevant thought of the life that waited for him—letters, invitations, the strenuous work of his profession. In a few hours he would be back again in the swift old current, and she would lie here quietly waiting (for he knew without question what her choice would be), waiting with the look of indestructible hope in her eyes.

The sun went under a cloud and the room became suddenly darker. Amelia turned her head with a sigh.

“I suppose I'm tired. Stay with me, John, till I go to sleep. I don't want to see you go. I don't like partings.”

She shut her eyes; presently she breathed more deeply, and her light grasp on his hand slackened. He withdrew his fingers softly, and leaning over her, smoothed the little curls that he had touched only once, long ago, in Lover's Lane.







THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF ALICANTE

## The Mañana Habit

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT had been creeping over us ever since our arrival at Gibraltar. We attributed the condition to various causes, such as "feeling the ship's motion" or "a touch of the grip"; but it had secured no definite hold upon us, and we still could rail against the lack of business enterprise exhibited by the Spanish country people and remain guiltless.

As we began to work our way northward, en auto, the insidious habit became more distinctly a part of us, although our state might have politely escaped comment were we not of those candid specimens of earth's creatures known as Man and Wife. I observed it first in the Man, and, being of a confiding nature, remarked upon it immediately. Thus confronted with the discovery, he was

forced to admit that he did wait until morning to put oil in the feeders instead of filling them up the night before—as all gentlemen chauffeurs should—and that the frequent rests at the wayside inns were not entirely for the sake of the engine.

My triumph was short-lived, however, for he replied with unnecessary spirit that he had noticed long ago (though had refrained from speaking of it) that I did not pack now until the last moment, and that was probably one reason his slippers had been left behind in Murcia. Upon reflection, I decided not to combat this cause for the loss of the slippers. When a man's feet are tired, packing in a rush seems a better excuse than a fourteenth-century saint. Besides, the





A FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA—JATIVA

spirit of unity that has made us a couple worthy of comment has for its foundation our mutual peccadillos, and the consciousness that we shared the crime of the "to-morrow habit" held us closer than our bonds of wedlock.

It grew rapidly upon us after we had admitted the thing, and with it developed a gentle tolerance of the postponing proclivities of those around us. We bore no malice toward the chambermaid who waved her hand airily as the only

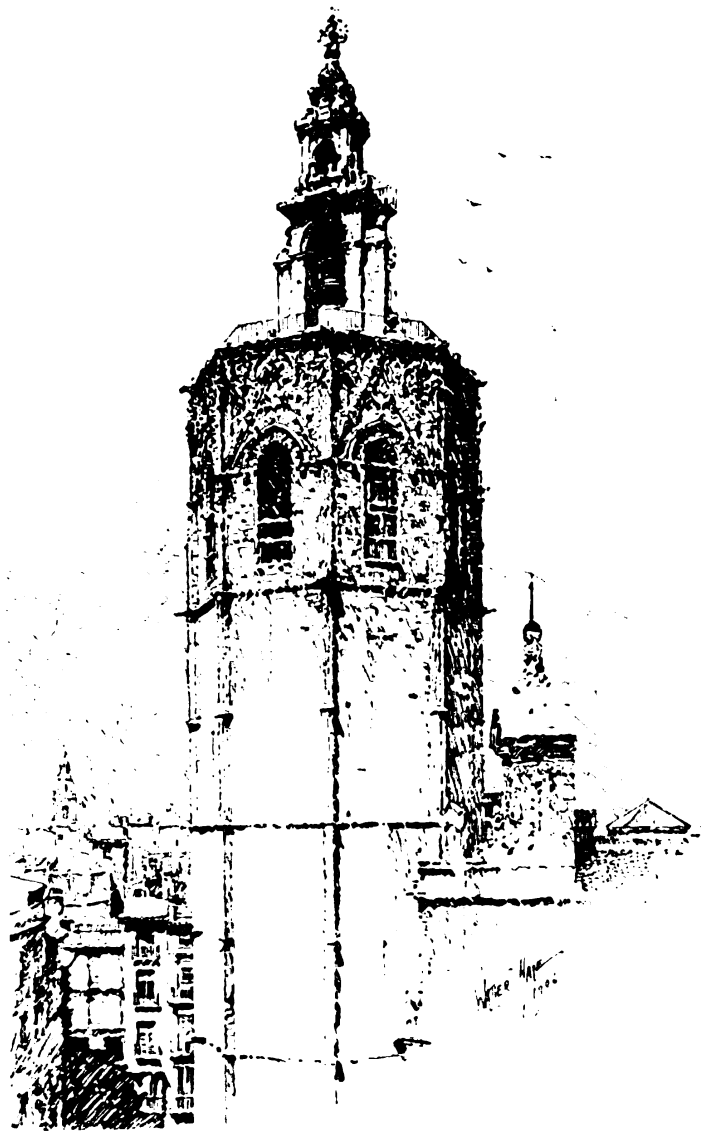
response to our demand for towels while the water dried upon our faces; nothing but the choicest of English was expended upon the boy who carried off the gentleman chauffeur's puttees and forgot where he had hidden them (the pitiful bare expanse from knicker to sock top was nothing to the boy); and we abandoned the black looks we were wont to cast at the patron of the inn, who invariably delayed in making out his bill until the motor was pounding at the door.

A cause for congratulation that did much to allay any pangs of conscience was the excellence of our intentions—we expected to do better things when we got farther on, to-morrow, or to-morrow, or to-morrow.

I remember how eagerly (for Mañanites) we entered Alicante, after crossing the map of Spain with unsullied note-book and a sketching-pad free from all impressionistic records. We were considerably behind in our schedule, owing, not to our difficulty in arriving at a town, but to our difficulty in getting away from it. The morning was so pleasant for lazily sleeping, the afternoon so short for a decent run, the night so vibrant with promenading Spaniards, that—well—the morning *was* pleasant for lazily sleeping. But all this dalliance was to cease at Alicante. Alphabetically speaking, the town suggested a

commencement; who could have struggled against the M of Malaga or S of Seville? Alicante was a beginning—a beginning of real endeavor, real results, and the Spanish Riviera.

We had decided to call the strip of Mediterranean coast running from Alicante to Barcelona by this name, for the reason that Spain had as much right to a Riviera as France or Italy. We felt that we were justified in this claim when we discovered palm-trees waving a welcome to us as we neared the coast, and



THE TOWER OF THE MIGUELETE—VALENCIA CATHEDRAL



while we appreciated their hospitality we must admit that the town they shaded was as good a start for anywhere as any one could choose, for, no matter the destination, it was sure to be better than the beginning.

There are two things to do in Alicante. One can walk under the palms of the Alameda which runs along the water's edge and be stared at by those who sit in the cafés, or one can sit in the cafés and

stare at those who walk under the palms of the Alameda which runs along the water's edge. Only, if you are a Spanish woman, you will probably walk up and down with your grandmother, while your husband or your father sits at the cafés. I have sometimes felt very lonely at those little tables; but they have seemed preferable to the cool stare of the don as he comfortably sips his liqueur. Neither the señora nor the señorita objects to

this stare; if they are conscious of it they are unresentful, and they must be mightily strong to stand an evening's senseless parading.

The Spanish peasant is the most polished gentleman in the world, but the provincial dandy is not a pleasant person. He does not limit himself to admiring one (which might be endured); he laughs at one. Since the foreign city hat is different from the Spanish town hat, the Spanish town hat laughs and points its finger; even a lady hat will do this. It never occurs to the Spanish provincial head-gear that it is very funny, too—that is because a Spaniard is under it, and therefore it *must* be right; yet, if the foreign city hat laughed, the resentment would be deep.

Spain is a land of contrasts. When one is



A STREET IN A HILL TOWN (JIJONA)





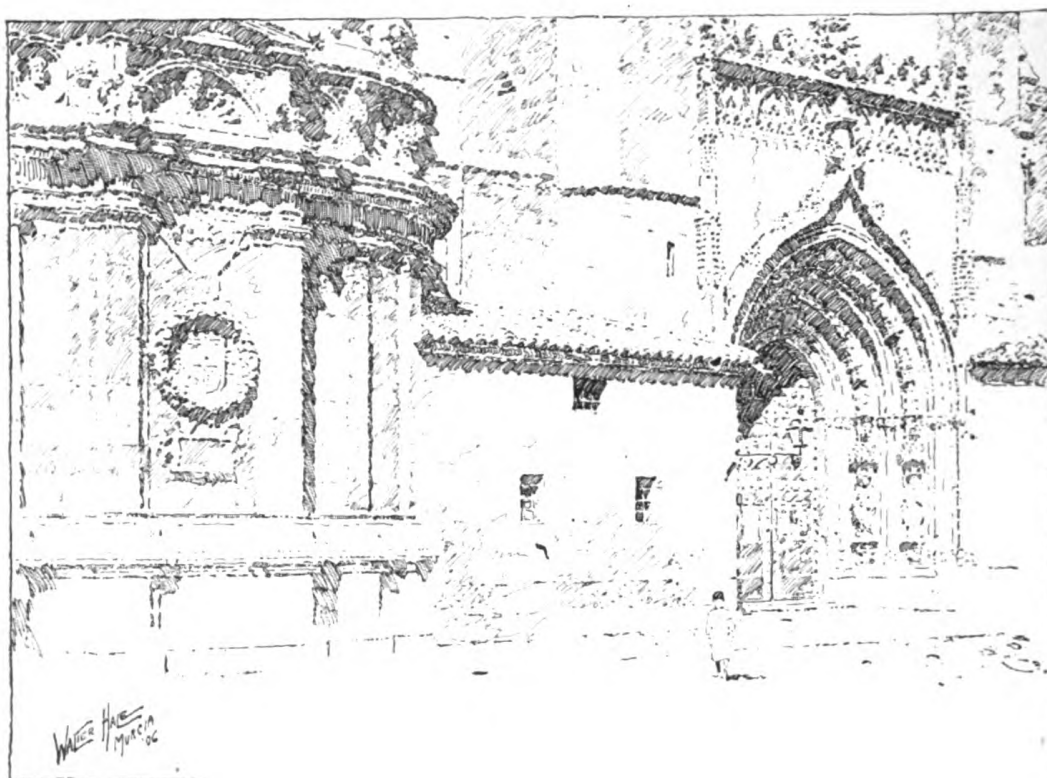
MARKET DAY, ALCOY (PLAZA DEL MERCADO)

driven to the point of laughing loudly and pointing retaliating fingers at the gazing populace, something very beautiful always happens, and one forgets about the finger of scorn and wipes one's eyes surreptitiously. It took a fine, big policeman to remind me of my manners on one occasion in Alicante. I found him arresting a very feeble old woman, who was asking alms without a license. She sat upon the usual child's chair, and she was loath to let it go but too weak to carry it. So the big policeman carried it for her, in one big hand, and supported the trembling old crone with the other. Very slowly they went, stopping frequently for her to rest—the big policeman and the little chair and the old lady. So slowly that I, discreetly following them, was obliged to look into shop-

windows as though that was my only mission in life. And all the people on the streets who met them turned aside to gaze up the road fixedly at something imaginary, as though feeling "the old one's" shame. When I finally reached the Municipal Building she was panting before the sergeant's desk, and no one laughed at my hat when I made it understood that I would pay for the license. I shook hands with the department and was courteously escorted to the hotel; but—mark the contrast—the change they gave me from my gold piece was bad!

Owing to the head of our hotel having the key to the case which contained the souvenir post-cards, we were delayed several days in Alicante. It was a point of honor with us that, in spite of our inertia over gasoline for the motor-car and such





THE DOOR OF MURCIA CATHEDRAL (LA PUERTA DE LAS ANIMAS)

trifles, we had never forgotten to mail from each place pictured evidence that we were having a better summer than our friends. We had given up by degrees any serious following of art and architecture; we did not climb towers for the view, and we seldom entered a church except to cool off; but we inscribed post-cards nightly on the wabby tables of the café, and it was upsetting for the head to go off and "dreenk somet'ings," for two days, with the key in his pocket.

If one asks at this point, "Could we have bought cards elsewhere?" I do not hear him. The question is irrelevant, and, as though there were good in everything, the delay of the hotel man sent me to church. Or perhaps it was the persistent cry from the bells of San Nicolas which impelled me to follow the sound. The second peal started me flying up the street, with no other preparation than a scarf to cover my head. Since I was penniless, I tiptoed past the half-dozen blind beggars at the door, and, well pleased with my craftiness, entered the gloom.

It was early, which was remarkable for a Mañanite, but not to be regretted. I became immediately absorbed in the antics of a small boy in a red gown and a short white shirt effect, lace-trimmed, who bore all the earmarks of a disciple of Satan. He appeared first with a key as long as his arm, and proceeded to hippety-hop to the great bronze gate of the choir, which, after the fashion of Spanish churches, stood squarely in the centre of the nave and destroyed the vista. The key turned only by hanging to it, arms extended and much glorious swaying from side to side, after which the gate was thoroughly opened by clinging to the twisted scrollwork and swinging back and forth. Clang, clang, clang, went the gate to and fro, and life was very beautiful, until a tall person in a white wig, purple gown, and wand appeared and poked him off.

Unabashed, my imp hippety-hopped to the high altar, never forgetting the genuflection as he passed and repassed; but, catching my admiring eyes fixed upon

him, from that time on he covertly wriggled his wicked little nose as he bent his pious little knee to the unseen Deity. His arrangement of the altar seemed correct to my untutored eye, although at the last moment, as a scale of tiny silver bells rang out sweetly and I caught the red glow of priests' robes from the cloisters, the empurpled official rushed to the altar, whisked away one crucifix, put another in its place, made his wand once more felt upon the small demon, and returned in time to head the procession, accompanied by the magnificent roll of the organ.

We left the next morning very early. We had told the porter the night before that we wished to do so, and since he was an Englishman, a remnant of a stranded circus, he took us at our word, bundled down our luggage, and started us off before we could analyze our jarred sensibilities. The approach to Jativa (which, with Alcoy and Jijona, although inland mountain towns, were firmly included as three of our cities of the Riviera) was across a fertile valley brilliant with vineyards, and very welcome after climbing the usual steep range of hills which is part of every day's motor-ing in Spain.

Seen from the plain, the site of the town was astonishingly high. The village itself was blocked from view by a line of wall at the top of the mountain, flanked by turret towers, and impregnable in appearance to all living things but birds. The road, knowing a thing or two, however, kept on its uneven way until, having skirted the base of the hill, we found the inhabitants recklessly distributing their dwellings all over the other side, as though, like a painted scene, the appearance of invulnerability was the only vital requirement.

At the city gates we were met by Vicente and Camilla. Vicente appeared first upon our asking at the Customs for a niño to ride with us and direct us through the labyrinthine streets to the best inn. He was one of the vast body of children who sprang out of the ground to greet us, but he was singled out for a certain softness of the eye; and that a soft heart beat under his blue-checked smock was demonstrated by his hurriedly seizing and depositing upon my as-

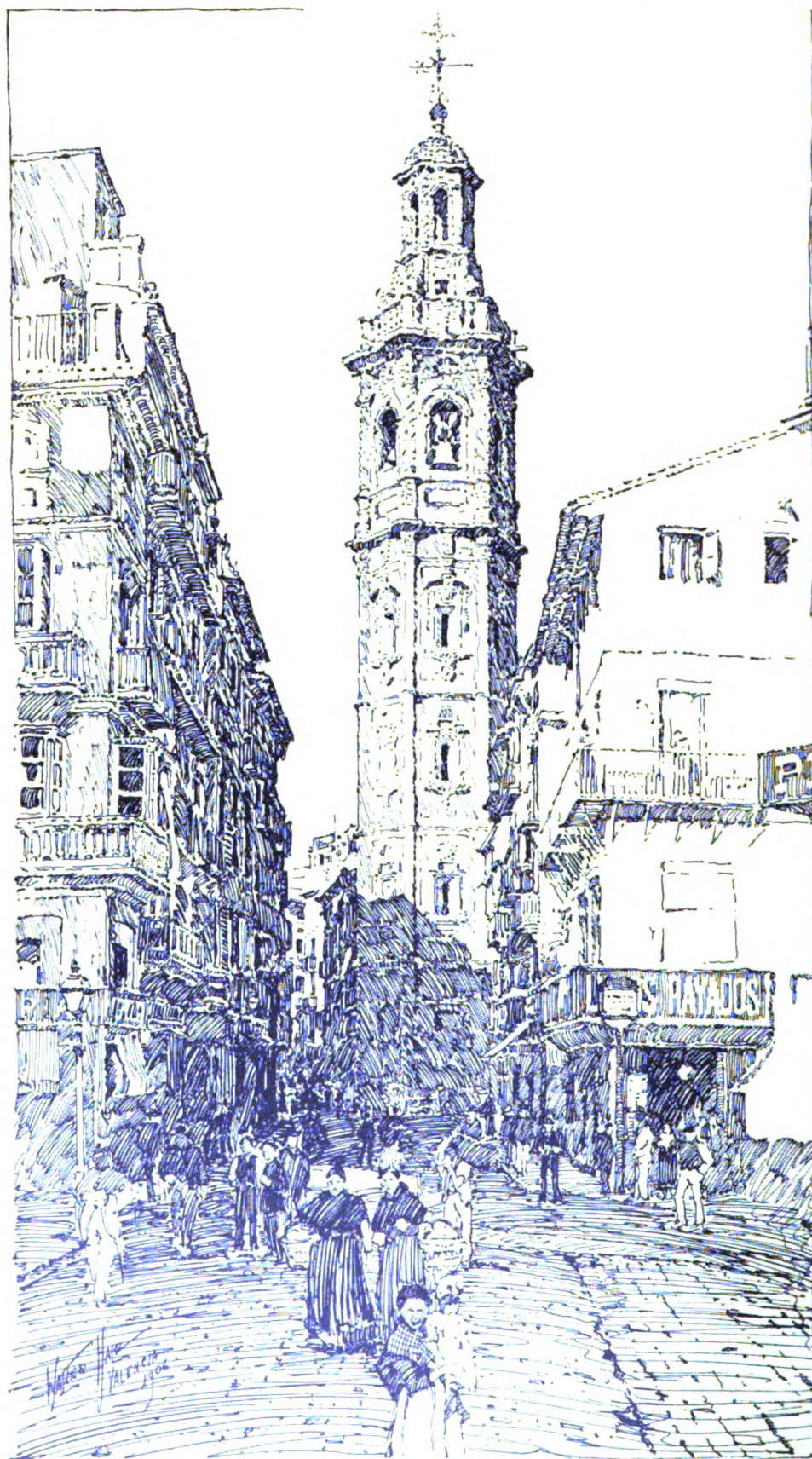
tonished self sister Camilla, that she, too, might enjoy the wonderful "automobile." As Vicente was comparatively clean, Camilla was superlatively dirty; one wonders how, with but eight months to her credit, she could so industriously collect the soil of Jativa. She sat in my lap and crowed, and Vicente sat at my feet, beckoning on his companions who brought up the rear.

In this manner we were annexed by the children of Jativa. For four days we were their diversion, followed, surrounded, and engulfed. The plague of the edible locust would have been preferable. We could have retaliated in a small way by eating the pests, but in modern Jativa (while the primeval instincts of cannibalism did recur to us) we were obliged to limit our warfare to the simple expediency of the English language.

"Go back," we shouted.

"Goback," quacked the flock, following on; some, with an overdeveloped sense of humor, even adopted the waddling gait of the fowl we appeared to imitate. The dons of the city issued from their patios to hurl stones at our escort, and to apologize profusely to us for the bad manners of the niños. "The foreigner is not known in Jativa," explained the dons; and to atone, in a measure, two of the municipal guard were detailed to keep clear the line of vision of the gentleman chauffeur when he wished to sketch.

Our most valiant defendant, however, was Vicente. Tears of rage were in his soft eyes as he fought back his companions with his fierce little fists. To be sure, he did not use them well. The mild fighting of the Spaniard consists in violently pushing his opponent around in a circle—a bit of Islamism which the Moor left behind. But Vicente did his best. For two days he was my brave knight. Too shy to speak, but his hand proudly in mine, he led me through the winding ways of the ancient town. Then I committed the unpardonable sin; with his patched smock and shabby sabots so much in evidence, and grateful for his protection, I offered a piece of silver to the little boy of nine. Vicente looked at the silver and at me. His soft eyes flashed. Then, turning quickly,



*Drawn by Walter Hale*

THE TOWER OF SANTA CATALINA—VALENCIA

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he flew up a twisted street. Staggered by the strangeness of these people, I ran weakly in pursuit, but I never saw him afterwards.

Our landlord of the fonda did not possess the sensitiveness of Vicente. The hour of our arrival was spent in a conclave with his family, as they gathered around our motor-car in the courtyard to gaze admiringly at its extreme redness and the yellowness of its brass. And while this employing of their country's colors greatly endeared us to them, the evident wealth of the owners of such a gay machine tempted Señor Boniface to sundry raises of the usual hotel rate. He did this in the most dignified manner by ordering an aged servitor to our rooms to beg to inform us that a mistake had been made, and twenty cents daily must be added to our bill. After two such errors had been accepted by us and a third was heard coming up the stairs, we forestalled the aged servitor and sent him back again with the irretrievable mistake dying on his lips.

Our host dismissed the subject as one beneath him, and heaped coals of fire on our heads by serving the best food we found on our travels. It was so good that travelling salesmen stopped over from train to train for the noonday dinner—one can say nothing more than that! The "feather drummer" from Madrid we had seen in Alicante; had shaken hands with him upon his departure, along with the string of servants, after the fashion of this democratic monarchy, and our meeting again was a matter of tremendous exchanges of felicitations and loud explanations to the table.

We all became very friendly after that. The woollen gentleman of Barcelona shared his especial wine with us; and the fan-dealer, who rode around the country on a motor-cycle, and with whom we had naturally a great deal in common, presented me with an extra long pin for the picking out of snails—which no one had ever used but himself!

The gentleman chauffeur claimed our delay in leaving Jativa was due to the difficulty in making sketches, and, liking the cooking myself, I did not argue the point. More than that (almost), the village has an architectural beauty that is absent in many of the Spanish towns,

and a charm that is shared by none. We care little for the fact that this had once been the home of the Borja, or Borgia, family. Of what moment was the imprisonment of Cæsar Borgia, in the castle high above the plaza, as compared to the nightly appearance in the plaza itself of a certain black-haired señora wearing the high comb of her country, a true Carmen in type and a rare one, who shopped loudly in the market-place and exchanged smiling indecencies with the men before the posada? That this was the birth-place of the great painter Ribera scarcely added to its attractiveness; but the photographs of his pictures hung bravely in the cathedral were a pathetic tribute of the poor little town to their revered citizen, and we swallowed down an appreciative knot in our throats.

While Jativa owned not one Ribera, it possessed a cow. It was the first cow we had seen in Spain, and she had every right to be the haughty creature that she was. A girl led her about the plaza at dusk, milking a thimbleful of the rare beverage at the houses of the customers, and it is hard to say which of the three concerned was the most proud—the one who sold, the one who bought, or the one who gave the milk. She of the bovine race was decorated with an old chenille-fringed curtain and, as though that was not enough to boast of, pulled along the streets a very unruly but bouncing daughter. The calf was tied to the tail of the cow by a rope, and had already learned the ineffable joy of hanging limp and being dragged by her fond parent. Fortunately, the rope was not too long for disciplinary purposes, and when exasperated beyond all polite admonition, the cloven hoof of mother set daughter upon her feet once more. Charmed with these bucolic instances in the heart of a medieval city, we might never have escaped but for the open contempt with which the woollen gentleman grew to regard us. With Barcelona, a real city and his city, straight ahead, how *could* we linger, was his daily cry. In our blissful idleness we regretted that we had once flatteringly likened his alertness to the business man of our country. After that there was no enduring him; *mañana* was hurled from his vocabulary, and relentlessly he drove us to our gay

red wagon; the hand-shaking began, continued, and eventually was finished; the guards cleared the streets of children (with no Vicente in their midst), and we jolted miserably away.

The rest of the story is a pitiful one. The habit we had once decried, later admitted with a sense of shame in Valencia, so overwhelmed us that only the remnant of a once strenuous pride forced us to conceal its ravages by offering a thin veiling of excuse for our delays.

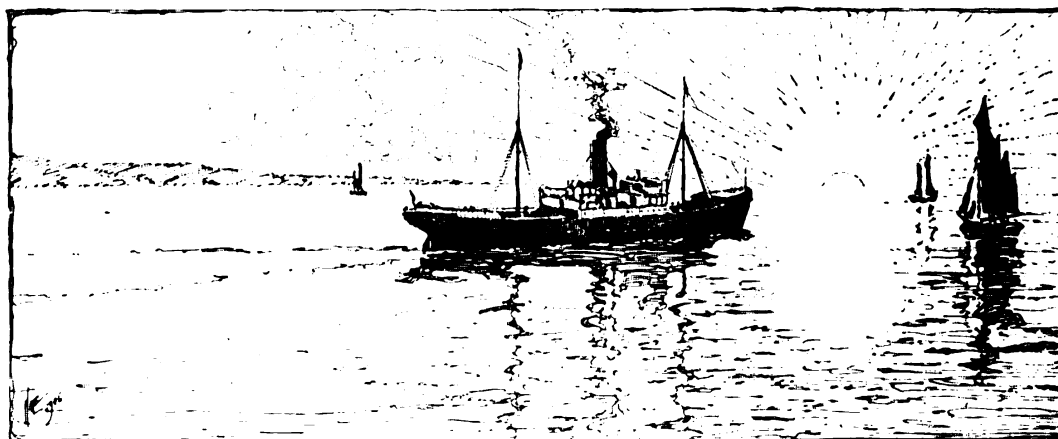
In Valencia the veiling was a strip of asphalt pavement. Perhaps, to a mechanic who has driven a beloved motor-car over 800 miles of tortuous Spanish road-bed, a strip of asphalt pavement will seem as good a reason for delay as one could offer. It was nicely situated in the heart of the town; one could dash from any point along the way into a perfect thicket of historical localities and still keep his eye on his car. This being the case, we saw more of the city than we would ordinarily have done. Moreover, one could buy fans, and postal cards even, in the very shadow of delightful ancient towers. Two of great beauty were octagonal in shape, and the design appealed particularly to our weak, many-sided dispositions. They were also extremely historical. On the site of one of these, the Miguelete, formerly stood a Moorish tower, and to the top of this the Cid once proudly led his wife, that she might view the lovely country he had wrested from the industrious Moriscos—and realize whom she had married.

Valencia is known as the City of the Cid; and brought thus closely to the character, we made an effort to discover

by what glorious right was he among a tenor's operatic répertoire. Indeed, I fear the gentleman chauffeur (he protests, however) had long associated the character with a sort of youngish goat, and, I noticed, was considerably surprised to find El Cid a gallant Christian knight, who broke his vows and tortured Moors.

It was on the fifth day in Valencia as we were slipping over our fine strip of asphalt gloomily discussing the necessity of driving on to Barcelona to-morrow, or to-morrow, or to-morrow—it was on the fifth day that something passed us, something chugging, leaving behind the scent of gasoline to assail our astonished nostrils, something we had not met throughout southern Spain—a motor-car in action. Eyes fastened on this strange bird of passage, we followed on its trail, while all Valencia ran out to see two automobiles “making the promenade.” On went the car, out of the city, down to the wharfs, where lay a boat, steam up and pennant flying, for the port of Barcelona. Silently we watched the stevedores run the majestic car over the gang-plank; bitterly we eyed the languid owner; gravely we gazed upon the bare mountain range that we must cross “to-morrow.” Then the captain of the craft approached us.

Six hours later, as the sun sank behind the bare mountains, the *Infanta* steamed from out the lower bay. Up in the bow of the ship, secured by hawsers, could be discerned two motor-cars. The evening was divine, and as we sat in our accustomed places in lieu of steamer-chairs, we planned our course of action for to-morrow, or to-morrow, or to-morrow.





# The Illimitable Senses

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

IT was one of those nights that sometimes come to Georges: air without motion, sea serenely still.

One by one the men coiled in their lines, left their berths by the vessel's rail, salted down the fish, went below, turned into their bunks, and soon were sleeping soundly. All but three or four, who, with the passenger, were not yet wearied; and these presently began to wonder, and, after a while, to venture guesses, as to when the skipper would come below. They could hear him walking the quarter, evidently striving to tread softly, but clearly failing; for one who had a mind to sleep, turning again in his bunk, cried querulously, "I wish the old man 'd get out of those red-jacks."

"Hush, boy," interposed old Bob, who knew the skipper longest; "something's vexed him. He'll work it off, and then he'll come and tell us what it was about."

And he came below at last, but not yet in his usual good temper. Plainly it was as old Bob had said—something had vexed him; and as nobody, as a rule, has much to say on a fishing-vessel while the skipper is put out about anything, so now respectful silence held the cabin—held until, after the various uneasy movements and rumbling sighs which in him betokened disappointment as well as vexation, he at length settled into his chair and began the preparations for the long-delayed night smoke; whereat gentle leading questions were inserted into the silence, first by old Bob, then by the less venturesome, all with a view to draw the master, who took no immediate heed, but exactly cut the tobacco and filled the bowl, carefully tamped the brown weed with his forefinger, and smartly drew the match across his thigh.

Pu-u-f-f! pu-u-f-f! pu-uff! puff! Gradually he established a good draught; slowly the marks of annoyance faded from his brow—which, incidentally, was a fine brow, with noticeable development above

the deep-set, glowing eyes, and of a white that lay like a broad band between the bronze of cheek and chin below and the iron gray of the thick hair above. At length, as he would have said himself, he eased his sheets and let her run.

"Did you ever, when you were walking along the street, hear a child utter some foul word that he probably no more knew the meaning of than if 'twas a bit of some foreign language? Yes, of course. We all have; and never heard but what we felt—not angry, altogether, but grieved and shocked to think of what an upbringing that child was getting. Well, that was something like the way I felt to-night when up on deck young Russell, because some little thing went wrong, had to curse and swear and blaspheme as he did. He said things, and at his age no more notion of the awful things he was saying than the little child that utters oaths on the street—oaths that he's heard his elders using. I stopped Russell, of course, after a while; but my mind's been on it since. I tell you I don't like it. I'd known young Russell's father—shipmates we'd been for many a year before he was lost; and thinking of him up there while I was walking the deck alone a while ago, I got to thinking of our own young days, and the *Didymus*, and that night which none of us who were there will ever forget—the night Eb Stone was struck down at the rail. Bob there was one of that crew, and he too has been a changed man since. You never heard of that?"

The passenger had heard of it from a dozen sources, but never a first-hand version of it; and so, "Never from one of the crew," he answered now.

"Well, you'll hear it now from one who was there, and then you won't wonder, maybe, why I was so disturbed a while ago. This time I speak of the *Didymus* was hand-lining on Georges

here, and those few of the crew now alive are a good many years older than they were then. Young fellows all we were, few of us more than twenty-five, and proud of our notoriety as the most blasphemous crew that ever sailed out of Gloucester. To explain how that crew came to be that, would be a long sermon on one thing or 'another—hypocrisy mostly. They came from people who were more concerned that they should be well thought of than that they should themselves do well. These young fellows weren't old enough then to have got to where they could separate the true from the false; and so, seeing their elders preaching one thing and practising another, they come to the way of thinking that what their elders preached, as well as their elders themselves, must be in the wrong. From fearing God too much they come to fear Him too little. And so with them 'twas a daily riot of scoffing, blaspheming, mocking what men should hold holy. Maybe some of them pretended to be worse than they were, after the manner of young men; but there they were, that hard crew of the *Didymus*.

"Well, this trip they were doing the usual things in the usual way, invoking the devil, defying the Almighty, profaning sacred things. A common thing with them when they went to their berths by the rail, before they hove over their line to fish, was to throw over a copper or a nickel—generally a copper, they coming mostly of thrifty ancestry—and, as it dropped into the sea, to call by name the particular power they had it in mind to ridicule. 'Come up out of the sea, you fork-tailed Beelzebub,' they'd call, casting in the coin, 'and show us your horned head till I clout it with an oar'; or, 'Come up, whoever You are that knows all and sees all, and scare me blue, as they say You can.' But that's as much as I dare repeat now, though one time they slipped off the end of my tongue as the swash off the rail of a rolling deck.

"And so it came to the night that Eb Stone came on deck, saying he couldn't sleep, and guessed he'd fish for a while. There was nobody else awake at the time but me. I was on watch, and tending to my line too, as a man on watch quite often does, when he's not overtired and the night is fine. Having to stay awake

anyway, a man might as well be fishing and adding to his store as be doing nothing. This night, when Eb came up, I thought it would be a good chance to go below and get a mug of coffee. Eb could have an eye out, and there was no danger anyway, for it was a wonderfully fine night—'twas the look of to-night made me think of it, even as much as Russell's words a while back—clear as could be, except for the little spats of clouds drifting across the moon and throwing small, little shadows onto the sea. A quiet sea it was, too, the same as it is to-night, smooth as the oilcloth on this cabin floor. A wonderful night altogether, I couldn't help remarking to Eb as I was about to drop below.

"'Yes,' said Eb—to the rail he was then and ready to bait up,—'mighty fine night to get a hook into a few people from the other world. I wonder, now, would I pull up a devil if I was to throw a penny over?' and picked up his line to overhaul it. 'And bring my knife from my bunk when you come up, will you, Ned? But no hurry—there's a couple of baits here still fresh enough to use.'

"The last thing I saw as I sank down the companionway was Eb ready to cast over his line as he stood by the rail. Well, I drew a mug of coffee from the pot on the stove. It was wonderfully quiet below as well as on deck. Not a sound from out of the bunks, where a dozen men were sleeping. You know how, among ten or twelve healthy men, there will always be two or three, at least, to turn and toss, especially if they've eaten a hearty supper; but that night they were all breathing like infants. Unnaturally quiet, altogether, I was thinking—so quiet that before lifting the mug of coffee to my lips I couldn't help looking toward the bunks again to make sure there really were men in 'em. Yes, they were occupied—of course 'twas foolish ever to doubt it. And yet, after that, I had to look up the hatchway to assure myself again by the sight of the peeking moon and the little patches of drifting clouds that I wasn't in a dream. But there they were, all the tranquil heavens.

"Well, I began to grow lonesome then—almost called to Eb once, just for the companionship of a human voice; but I



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

THERE WE FOUND HIM, STRETCHED FULL LENGTH



thought again how foolish that would be, and turned to my coffee. The coffee was good and warm, and with two or three mouthfuls of that inside me I began to feel better. And yet I looked up the companionway to the sky again—and I simply couldn't get over it, such a supernaturally quiet night it was!

"And all at once, while I was looking up—I never knew why, certainly I didn't intend to,—I set down my cup of coffee, and I found myself trying to catch my breath; which couldn't have been for any lack of air—there was plenty of air, the companion slides drawn far back—but my lungs seemed not to want it. It didn't smell right to me, that air—it really didn't. 'Twas like something decaying. And, trying to pick up the mug of coffee again, my fingers felt numb. I grew scared—I did. 'What in God's name is the matter?' I heard myself saying, but not like myself, either—much as though it was somebody else talking. 'But I *will* pick it up,' I said, like somebody was daring me to do it, and grabbed the mug of coffee suddenly, as though I was afraid somebody would really stop me. And I got it, too, but my fingers barely on the handle, when such a shriek! Just one shriek. There wasn't any notion to compare it to anything then, but I've often thought since that if 'twas a lost soul being dragged over the brink of hell I'd expect he'd shriek like that.

"One breath before, and I thought nothing short of a call to judgment could have waked that crew for'ard; but with that cry from above, every man of them leaped from his bunk. None of 'em needed more than boots and trousers to be dressed, but some, not even waiting for that, rushed on deck to see what it was. Eb's berth was on the starb'd side, just for'ard of the fore-rigging; and there we found him, stretched full length beside the rail, his feet to the cleat under the pin-rail and his head almost against the drumhead of the windlass. And that wasn't all. His line was cut clean off at the rail; not broke off, nor bit off, but cut clean off as with a knife. Said somebody, 'He must have cut it himself,' and we looked for his knife, and couldn't find it. And then I remembered Eb couldn't have had a knife on deck—he'd asked me to get his from his bunk

when I dropped below for a mug-up. And, sure enough, under the mattress in Eb's bunk we found it, where he always kept it when he wasn't fishing; and nobody else's knife was missing from its place.

"We looked out to sea then, and there wasn't a thing there—no craft, no light, no sail, no floating thing of any kind; and 'twas the kind of a night, too, to see far, but nothing there; only the awful quiet and the drifting bits of clouds across the sky, and the little shadows they threw on the sea, which was itself so smooth that not even the play of the everlasting tides was rippling the surface of it.

"We carried him below, stiff and motionless, and laid him on the cabin floor. We called to him; and before his eyes, wide open and staring up to the roof of the cabin, we waved things—even the tin-type of his girl we took from the shelf in his bunk. But not the smallest twist of his lips, nor quiver of his eyelids, to show that he heard or saw.

"There was nothing to it but put for home. So we up-anchor; and I mind how mournful sounded the clinking of the chain through the hawse-hole; and winching in, there were men on that vessel who dreaded standing on the side of the windlass where Eb's body had lain. Arrived in Gloucester harbor, we carried Eb to the house of his only brother, and there we laid him on the lounge in the parlor. And an awful duty that—bearing a dead man in from sea."

"But *was* he dead, then, skipper? I always heard—"

"Well, as to that, he was dead, and yet he wasn't dead. He lay there stiff and stark, with never a word or moan, and the doctor came; and another doctor came and another doctor came; but none of 'em could say what was the matter with poor Eb. And seven nights from the night he was struck down the last flutterings of his heart stopped entirely."

Tick, tick, tick, went the cabin clock. Tick, tick, insistently, until it gained the skipper's attention. "Aye, I 'most forgot her," said the skipper, and stood up to have a look. "She'll be a few seconds fast, I'm thinking," and compared it with the superb little chronom-

eter that sat in a polished cedar case in his room. "But only a few seconds—gains maybe four seconds a day. Pretty good that, when you allow for the pitching of the vessel and where it has to hang. But it was always a great little clock that," and this last he almost whispered. "'Most nine o'clock already." Carefully he replaced the chronometer, and presently closed the stateroom door behind him.

The passenger turned from the blank door to old Bob. "Surely he's not turning in?"

"'Sh—!" warned old Bob.

And silence held the cabin again, till the door was slid back, and the skipper, resuming his chair and leaning forward, fastened his gaze on the hot coals in the stove.

"But, Captain"—the passenger was consumed with curiosity,—“during that seven days and nights, didn't Eb Stone ever come to sufficiently to offer a word of explanation, any word or sign to throw a little light on the matter?"

At sound of the passenger's voice the skipper came out of his reverie. Tightly he closed his eyes, as if to shut out the pictures in the fire, and over them pressed his tense finger-tips. "Eb? Never a word. He died without speaking."

"But didn't the doctors have anything to say?"

"What could they? They wanted to cut poor Eb open, but Eb's brother wouldn't stand for it. 'No,' he said, 'it's something more than doctors can explain,' and had him buried without an autopsy."

"And what did you think yourself, Captain?"

"Think? Well, 'twould take a long time to say, but I know what I *did*, and what effect it had on me. From the day of his burial I made up my mind never again to cast ridicule on things that other people venerated, simply because I didn't wholly believe in them. I began to see that there might be things in the universe that my brain was unequal to grasping. And—"

The passenger was about to offer a theory, but the skipper raised a protesting hand. "Wait a bit with your scientists. And adhering to that, I came to be a better man. And from being a better man I came to have the courage to

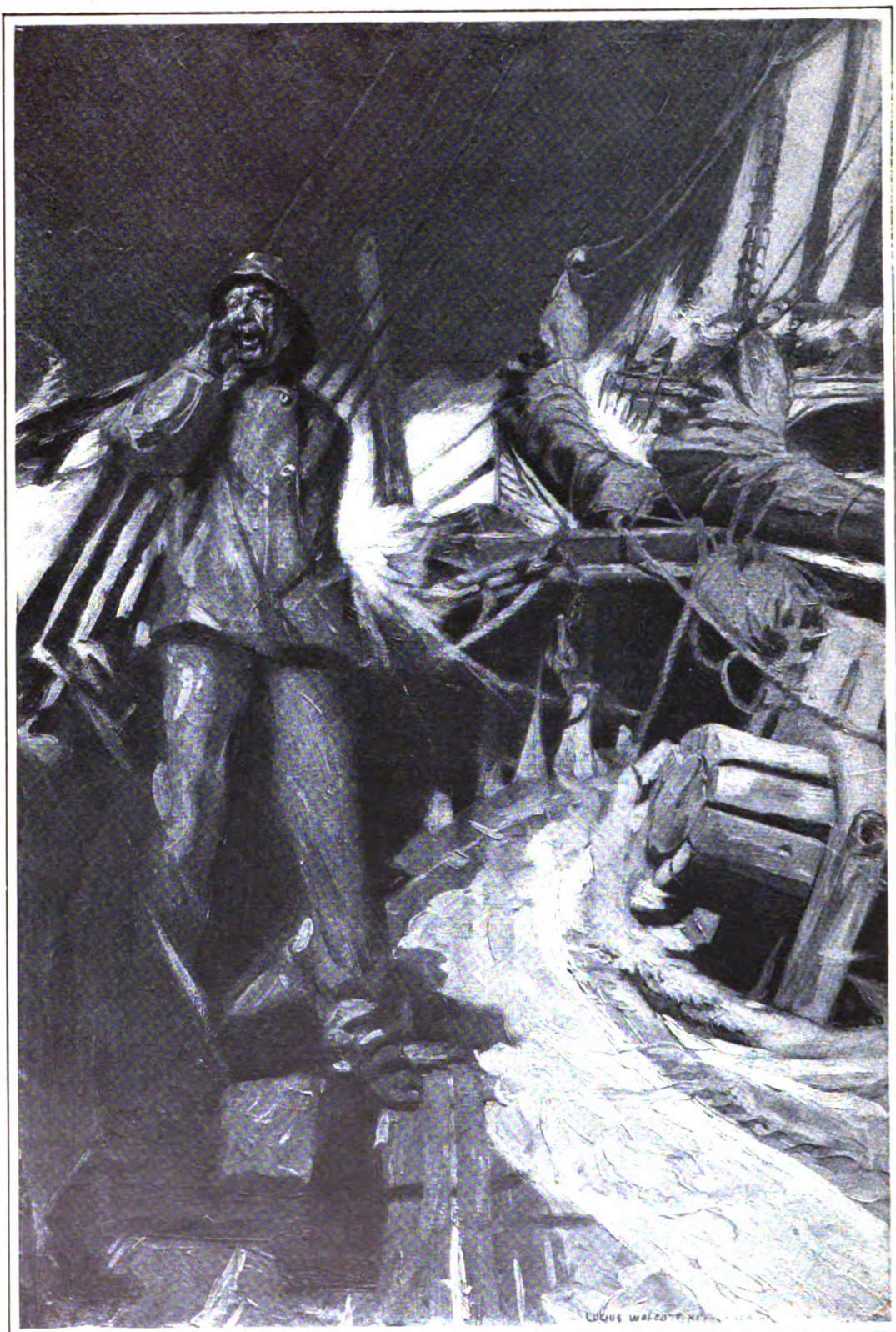
marry a girl that I'd almost begun to think was never to be for me; and, marrying her, life began to take on new aspects. It was no longer hard and gray, though 'twas terrible enough at times—mostly through fear for her. For one thing, she had, not exactly a dread of the sea, but a dread of what it might do to me—in winter-time especially. You see, she was the kind that knew—whether I was near her or away from her didn't matter—she knew when danger threatened me. She'd wake out of her sleep at night—many's the time she's told me, and the children have heard her, too—and cry out my name and pray to God to save me. And when next I'd get home, after I was quiet and calm under the home influence, and no distress to hear it, she'd tell me, and, coming to look into it, sure enough I'd find that on the night or day, at the time she said, myself or the vessel was in more or less danger. Sometimes I had to strain my memory to find grounds for her alarm, but there'd nearly always be something, maybe some little thing that any man would forget two minutes after it happened, but yet a terrible matter 'twould be to a timid and loving woman ashore."

"'Nearly always,' you said, Captain?"

"Nearly always, that's right. There were times when I couldn't discover the least ground for her fright; occasionally, on coming home from the calmest trips imaginable, she'd have her fears to tell. And when I'd laugh at her then, she'd only say 'twas there just the same. 'You don't know what might have been threatening you in the dark and you not able to see it,' she'd say."

"Well, in the course of time I got to be a different man. No man could've been married to my wife long and not be; and I got to appreciate her, and coming home from sea and meeting her again got to be what I lived for. I came, too, to believe in the mysterious power she had of knowing how things had gone with me. Even when there'd been no particular danger, she'd know whether I'd had a hard trip or a pleasant one; but saying nothing of it at the moment, she'd meet me at the door with just the word to suit my feelings, though, again, as I said, never any long speeches till I'd been made comfortable generally."





*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock*

"'TWAS THAT FLASH OF LIGHT SAVED US"

"At last it came to what I want to tell you about. I'd got a fine little chronometer for taking some people off a wreck, and by and by I took some more off another dismasted vessel—at great peril, as the resolutions went with 'em said, though 'twas just an ordinary sea running at the time. But, anyway, I got another chronometer, both the same winter. And my wife says I must give her one and keep one on the vessel. Which I did. There in my room, now, is mine—you saw me go to it a while ago. By it I take care to set the cabin clock every few days, and after every trip I take it ashore and compare it with my wife's at home; and if they don't agree have them corrected. But they need but small correction. They are both good chronometers—sometimes those rescue ones are that way—and these two 'll run almost tick for tick for months together. Which is just what my wife wants; for every night, exactly at nine o'clock, she has the older children kneeling by their bedsides and saying a prayer for me. She prays with them. And I've got to where I say a prayer myself aboard the vessel at the same hour, if the weather'll allow. And there's where the chronometer comes into the story. You all know of the last gale out here on Georges. Of course. Fourteen vessels and one hundred and sixty-five men lost that night. Every third man and vessel of the hand-lining fleet went down inside twenty-four hours. We were in that gale, this same vessel, and no particular praise to me or the crew—and a fine crew, too—that ourselves and vessel came out of it safe. And how was that? I'll tell you.

"A wicked night it was, and we trying to buck our way off the Bank. Wind? Lord knows, maybe ninety or a hundred miles an hour 'twas blowing. Frightful—yes. Under a two-reefed fores'l we were, and that was plenty. Black as hell, and seas to your masthead. All around us we could hear the calls of men in peril, with their voices, when sometimes they'd rise above the wind, like the cries of ghosts in the night. Suddenly comes a bolt of thunder and a flash of lightning, so bright and sudden as to blind us almost, and in the glare of it we saw the other two vessels. It was like seeing when you're being photographed in a

flash-light group at night—the sudden report and glare, and the other people being seen suddenly—and then darkness again, with a ringing in your ears, and you trying to keep your eyes from blinking after it. 'Twas that flash of light saved us. There were three vessels of us about to come together, and you know what happens to vessels that come together on Georges in a gale. We saw them, just time to shift the wheel and to scrape by, the *Smuggler* to one side and the *Barmecides* the other. Man, but 'twas close!

"But more wonderful than the flash of lightning or our being saved and the two other vessels being lost—which they were—we could hear them grinding together and their calls in the dark—and, worst of it all, we couldn't help, and they went, God rest 'em! But the wonderful thing—just at the time of the flash, which we easily fixed by the cabin clock—old Bob there was to be relieved at the wheel on the hour, and the new man on watch had just looked at the clock—that same clock, which I then as well as now kept to exact time with the chronometers,—he'd just taken a peep and said, 'Less than a minute now,' and had drawn on his mitts and had one foot on the companionway steps there to go on deck, when the flash came. Well, ashore, as it happened, which it doesn't always, it was bad weather that same night too, and my wife was feeling worried, but not worrying enough to make any fuss over, for she knew that it might be bad weather in Gloucester and good weather on Georges. The children were sitting around reading or playing—she was nursing the baby—when all at once she set the baby down and got the children together—she didn't know why, and all in a moment. 'Children,' she said,—'Anna, Jack, Tom, Irene—on your knees, quick! and pray for your father—'

"'Why, mamma, it's only eight o'clock, an hour to bedtime yet,' says Irene.

"'H'sh! your father's in danger—pray with me now!'

"And they repeated the prayers after her; and the chronometer tinkling eight bells as they prayed, little Irene turned her head to tell it to hush. It didn't seem right to her that even the

striking of a clock should be allowed to disturb prayers."

The skipper drew the sensitive fingertips slowly down over forehead, eyelids, cheeks, and jaw. "Eye-ah!" he sighed, and slipped feet out of slipshods, and, after another pause, slipped suspenders from shoulder to waist and went to the companionway, and there for a while stood, head above the house, for a whiff of the air, and presently returned and faced the passenger.

"And what do your scientists make of that?"

"Oh, they've long been working on the question of psychic force."

"H-m! and consider it, most of 'em, a disease of the nerves, hallucination and so on. Well, my wife's not one of those that take in mysterious séances in darkened, smelly rooms. She's a healthy, lovable woman, with eight healthy, handsome children. Now what?"

"Well, telepathy's admitted by some."

"By some, yes, but half doubting. And others?"

"Well, superstition."

"Superstition, that's it. What they don't understand, whatever's beyond their dull imaginations and souls—for the average scientist is weak in what we agree to call a soul—whatever's beyond them they say bah! old superstitions! And why? Lord knows, unless it's because they can't explain it. Now there will always be the so-called scientists, and useful people they'll be, too, and yet more useful if they weren't so fond of overrating their mission, which is to deal mostly with facts, so called, of the physical world—things you can measure with a bushel-basket or a tape, or weigh on a pair of platform scales. If only now and then they wouldn't consider all but their own cold-blooded kind deficient in intellect and would try to explain, instead of destroy, the faith in so many things that make for the betterment of mankind. These men who dabble in laboratories should really follow behind. There is where they might become useful. A hundred things we might quote, but take the one thing that all the world is interested in now. Take wireless telegraphy. Now, before the days of wireless telegraphy, you had your scientists, didn't you?"

"Surely. They were very active, too."

"Aye, and so are ants, though mostly by way of example, and they mustn't mistake their little sand-heaps for Himmalayas. Well, suppose we say one hundred years ago, or fifty or sixty years ago, before the cable was laid, a man came to them and said, 'The other day I sent a message across the sea—from a point in Newfoundland I asked a question of a man in Ireland, and got his answer.' What would they have said to that man? We all know what they'd have said. Well, suppose, again, that to-day a fine old lady, who has lived a full life, loved and married and borne her brood of children, and her children after her borne children, too, and some have lived and some have died—she has christened her quick and waked her dead, her own and her children's children—she's had great joys in her life, but mostly she's had great sorrows, and from out of her life has come much thought. And all her life she has been trying to get nearer her Creator. Well, she hears in the night the cry of a beloved—at the other side of the earth he may be. He is in danger, and she hears his cry, his prayer for rescue, his wail of despair. He is dying, and she hears his whispered hope for pardon, and she speaks of it with tears, actually choking with the thought of it. And what is said of it? 'She is an old woman,' they say—your friends the scientists, I mean now—'she is an old woman—can't read or write, possibly. Dreams,' they'll say; 'don't mind her.' And soothe her as if she were a child. And so she is hushed, but something within her is still unsatisfied. And there it is: Marconi in Newfoundland tunes up his instrument to so many vibrations a second, and a man in Ireland, with his instrument—whatever 'tis called—tuned up to the same number of vibrations, gets his message. In their symbols they communicate, and thereby prove the truth of what in an earlier day your friends would label superstition. Yet Marconi is only proving in the physical world what that saintly old woman is doing continually in the spiritual world. All her life she has lived in God. Why can't she, towards the end of it, have the eyes that see, the ears that hear, the divinations that us ordinary fleshly people



never have. We know people that would as soon smell a cabbage as a rose, who see no purple in a summer sunset in the hills, who know no difference between the booming of a negro boy on a bass drum and the touch of a heaven-born musician on the violin. You talk to them, and you have to limit your speech. Live with them long enough, and you may come yourself to have the same limited senses, to see nothing delightful in flowers, sunsets, music, poetry, or in any of the beautiful things in life, for we certainly can lose the finer senses by gross living.

"And again, for your people who believe nothing until it is proved to them, and proved according to their own rule; for by proof they mean something *they* can understand, something that's within their grasp, never for a moment alive to the fact that their grasp on the great things may be pitifully weak. I've had that kind out on a trip with me, and I've seen them grow—actually grow to a bigger conception of things. All their lives they've been looking out of little windows on narrow streets, and suddenly they are brought out here and set face to face with one of the great works of the universe. On a black night I've seen them stand on the deck of this little vessel—no great big seven-hundred-foot ship, with her promenade rail sixty feet from the water; but on this little fisherman, where they have only to lean over the rail and trail their fingers in the ocean. And something comes to them. They don't know what it is. They are then inarticulate, like the child. Something, whatever it is, too big for them to understand. But they feel it, although they never stay long enough to grasp it quite, or to let it take full hold. If they only would stay longer! But no, in a week, a fortnight, they're once more ashore, back to their little four-walled room they go again. Back to their books, compiled by men but half of whom are grown, half developed, deficient in insight, in emotions, in experience of humanity. And, mind you, I'm not deriding science—I'm only saying, why do they not come out in the open and enlarge their vision? A man of the hills and the prairies, they tell me, rarely doubts. And the man of the sea, this I know myself,

is never a sceptic; and so to him nothing is impossible."

The last straggler sank to sleep below, and the passenger sought the deck, where only old Bob was; and he, a sculptured figure against the fore-rigging, might have been asleep too. So still he stood that the passenger was in doubt until he reached his side and saw that the steady eyes were really open.

"A grand night, Bob!"

"Aye, lad, grand—and solemn."

"That's it—solemn. Something like the night that Eb Stone was struck down, the skipper was saying a while ago."

"Something like that, but"—his slow eyes roamed sky and sea—"but stiller that night."

"Stiller? Than this? Then the elements themselves must have been asleep, Bob?"

"And why not? Why not to sleep, lad?"

"Sleep?"

"Aye, sleep."

"And dream, too, Bob?"

"Aye, lad, why not? To sleep and dream o' God?"

Why not? The passenger looked above and about. A notable night, not alone for the overpowering beauty—beautiful nights are not rare at sea—but for the amazing quiet of sea and sky. The passenger's thoughts came back to that other night of the *Didymus*.

Wasn't it possible that a knife was lying around deck, after all? And with it couldn't Eb have cut the line and let it slip overboard then? If not that, what sort of a creature—what manner of a countenance did it bear that the strong man was stricken dead at sight of it?

What was it? Was it—A hundred hypotheses took shape in the passenger's brain. But no, for thirty years the fleet had passed up that question, and in the fleet were those who dwelt ever on the brink of the Great Crossing, and who dwelt there had thoughts beyond the measure of the roof-bound peoples.

The tide was turning; from the chain in the hawse-hole came the almost imperceptible note of chafing; the ceaseless tide against the side of the vessel emitted a gurgle that was like an infant's sob. Round rolled the stars. The passenger went below.

# Expletives and Non-Expletives

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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THE autobiography of the Reverend Newman Hall, published about a dozen years ago, tells us that he began life as a reporter. In the exercise of his calling it was his fortune to take down a speech of Wilberforce's which, as it turned out, was the last ever delivered by the philanthropist. After Hall had written out his notes he was sent to Fairleigh to submit the manuscript to the orator himself for revision. "All I remember about the interview," he writes, "is the earnest attention with which he went over the proofs, and with what emphasis he said: 'Upon! Upon! Why upon? Don't say *upon*, but *on*.'"

Dr. Hall gave this story as an interesting illustration of Wilberforce's careful attention to trifles in speech. In no way does it deserve that commendation. So far from being an exemplification of a careful attention to trifles, it is nothing but a specimen of countless illustrations that could be furnished of trifling and wholly misleading criticism of usage in which even men of eminence indulge under the fond persuasion that they are manifesting a noble zeal for preserving the purity of the language. It is needless to add that beliefs of this sort are not confined to men of eminence.

As a rule, criticisms of the class to which this belongs are directed against special words and phrases. No small share of them is taken up with censure of something which is apparently not needed for the comprehension. The zeal of Wilberforce led him to attack the unnecessary *up* of *upon*. At least it did so in theory; in practice he doubtless used, as does everybody, the objectionable form habitually, and in consequence had been reported accurately. But his correction of the word which he pretty surely employed suggests the consideration of a view of language which is constantly put forth as conveying a general truth

not to be gainsaid. It has further the special distinction of being always approved and enjoined by those who dis-course upon usage, and of never being adopted in their own usage or in that of anybody else. If there is one characteristic of style held up constantly for admiration and imitation, it is the desirability of saying whatever is to be said in the fewest possible words. This is proclaimed everywhere as the ideal to be aimed at, and it is usually proclaimed at interminable length. There seems to be a generally accepted belief in theory that language ought to be regulated on purely economic principles. Everything not absolutely essential to convey the meaning should be discarded remorselessly. To act otherwise is to put a needless burden upon reader or hearer.

It is to be remarked that the point of view which has just been indicated is in no wise limited to verbal criticism. There is hardly a single matter about which opinions of a nature essentially similar will not be found professed by some and often by many. There are those, for example, who object to winding roads, no matter how delightful the country they traverse, how pleasant the surprises the various turns cause to spring unexpectedly upon the sight. Now a railway is designed primarily for swiftness of despatch. With a highway that is but one consideration out of several, and often not the most important one. But the idea of the railway has affected the views of many modern men. To them a road is not a road in the proper sense of the word unless it conform to the mathematical definition of a straight line. It must be the shortest distance between two given points. The primary object of its existence in the eyes of such persons is to furnish easy and rapid conveyance to carts containing coal or lumber or manure. The result may be and



usually is hideous. But to these practical gentlemen it is satisfactory, because their ideal conception of a highway as a work purely of utility has been successfully carried out.

Now at the outset it is desirable to say that language is not disposed in the slightest degree to shut itself up within any restrictions of this sort. The principles by which its development is modified or governed are deeper and more philosophical than those of mere utility. It is, in truth, exactly the same with the clothing of our ideas as with the clothing of our persons. What in the narrower sense is the unnecessary becomes in the broader sense the absolutely necessary. Shakespeare, while limiting it for his own purposes to the bodily covering, stated the general truth in the powerful lines in which Lear addresses Regan:

O reason not the need; our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a  
  lady:  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous  
  wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

The whole philosophy of style is here embodied in the philosophy of dress. There are few things said so concisely that they could not be said much more concisely were one willing to sacrifice all grace of expression to the desire to say what he has to say in the fewest possible words. But literature never has taken and never will take as its model the style of telegraphic despatches. The conveyance of meaning is but one of many motives which actuate either speaker or writer. What every one is consciously or unconsciously aiming to do is to make the meaning clearer or more effective, so that men shall not merely comprehend it, they shall have their attention arrested by it, shall be influenced by it, shall be gratified by the way in which it is expressed.

The gospel of conciseness, like the gospel of silence, is proclaimed in hundreds of articles and books. Every one, however little he himself follows its precepts, recommends them to his friends and charges disregard of them upon his foes. Now conciseness is neither a good

thing nor a bad thing in itself. Its value, like its appropriateness, depends upon the subject, upon the occasion, upon the audience addressed. But the success of it depends most of all upon the personality of the speaker. If terseness can be united with vigor of expression which conveys the idea powerfully to the mind and with point which fixes it there, nothing can be more all-sufficient. Conciseness then has done its perfect work. But to effect this result requires great ability, if not genius; and great ability, to say nothing of genius, is very exceptional. On the other hand, when brevity is united with dullness—as it is very apt to be—it loses not merely the power to influence and to inspire, but to inform. To be concise, without being bald and jejune, is granted only to the highest order of minds. On the other hand, condensation, even when the matter is particularly valuable, is rarely entertaining. Intellectual fare can no more be made palatable by compression than can bodily. Pemmican is described as a food intended to comprise the greatest amount of nutrition in the smallest space. It is useful—in fact, invaluable—on certain occasions and in certain places. But no one is likely to choose it as a regular article of diet, still less to entertain his friends with it at a feast.

A great deal can justly be said in favor of conciseness. There are those in whose case it would doubtless be an advantage if they carried its practice still further and said nothing at all. But it is well to look upon the other side of the shield. The whole system of education, for instance, rests upon an entirely different basis. Instruction proceeds upon the assumption that to make durable impression upon the mind it is not conciseness that is needed but fulness, the constant repetition of the same facts and the same ideas, and often in the very same words. There is nothing new about this principle. It has behind it the experience of the ages. It is precisely the attitude of the Hebrew prophet twenty-five hundred years ago. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, was the way the word of the Lord was to be impressed upon those who were to be taught knowledge and made to understand doctrine.

In the use of language men vary constantly between what may be deemed an unnecessary diffuseness and what some are disposed to regard as improper conciseness. In the daily intercourse of life we constantly indulge in modes of expression which have no reason to show for their existence on the ground of utility. On the other hand, we proceed to omit what, grammatically speaking, is essential. Take a single illustration out of scores which present themselves. Why do we, in writing, address our correspondent as *My Dear Sir*? The concluding word is at most all that is actually needed. Usually the one we are addressing is not dear to us; usually he does not belong to us in any sense. If the name of the person addressed is made to precede, even the *Sir* can be omitted and yet leave the intent of the writer perfectly clear. Why again before signing our own names do we interpose such phrases as *Very truly yours*, or *Your obedient servant*? The words are wholly unnecessary; if interpreted strictly, they are ordinarily false. In nine cases out of ten we are not truly our correspondent's; we should be indignant if any one really thought us to be what we call ourselves, his obedient servants. Usages of this sort may be demanded by convention; but the moment we set up brevity and conciseness of speech as the ideal standard of expression there is nothing to be said in defence of any of these locutions.

Let us, however, turn to another part of this same business of correspondence. If the method of addressing letters on the inside is found objectionable on the score of diffuseness, the present method of addressing them on the outside struck men at first as objectionable on the score of brevity and the consequent assumed violation of grammar. To this day there are persons who still retain the practice, once general, of preceding the name upon the envelope by a *For* or a *To*. It is the survival of a usage which was in former days common, or perhaps it may be right to say universal. The omission of the preposition from the direction began to manifest itself conspicuously in the latter half of the eighteenth century; at least that is the earliest period in which reference to it has fallen under the present writer's notice. Naturally it pro-

voked considerable comment. It brought much grief to many estimable persons, who saw in it another agency contributing to the ruin of the language which is always impending unless certain usages they object to are abandoned.

The feeling then provoked by this discarding of the preposition may perhaps be best shown by an extract from a forgotten book of a forgotten man who had in his own day, however, some little repute. He was a music-composer named William Jackson, who in 1781 brought out two volumes of essays entitled *Letters on Various Subjects*. The work was successful enough to pass through at least three editions. One of these essays embodied a protest against the practice just mentioned in the shape of a petition from the preposition *To*. In this the petitioner is represented as complaining that "he had for years past had a place in the direction of all letters—that he was first removed from thence, as he apprehended, by some member of Parliament, who was too much busied in his country's good to attend to propriety. As it is the wicked custom of the world," he continued, "to press down a falling man, the said *To* is in a manner totally displaced from his ancient possessions; all people except the very few, who prefer grammar to fashion, agreeing to his removal." The petitioner went on to say that he would have kept his complaints secret had his place been filled by a worthy successor; for he remembered that he had himself displaced *For*. But to be succeeded by nothing was a revival of the levelling principles of the fanatics of the last century, which he felt to be something all lovers of the constitution must shudder at. "Consider, good people," he concluded, "you who so well know the value of property, what quantities of letters are at this instant in the post-office that are neither *To* nor *For* any person."

The considerations so far advanced have dealt rather with general principles than with specific instances. Sufficient has been said, however, to indicate, what later will be shown more fully, that diverse and sometimes antagonistic influences are constantly operating upon the users of speech, and that these lead often to results entirely different and

sometimes even actually conflicting. But the first example just given brings out sharply the one point that needs to be made emphatic here. This is that the desire to express themselves in the briefest possible way has never been a distinguishing characteristic of men, whether ignorant or cultivated. The observation is as true of grammatical forms as it is of phrases and sentences. English in the course of its history has sloughed off a large proportion of its inflections. Some, however, have been retained which from the point of view of mere utility have no reason to show for their existence. Why, for instance, should *-s* terminate the third person singular of the present tense of the verb? An ending is no more required there than is an ending in the first person or in the three persons of the plural. The pronoun or noun as subject would indicate sufficiently all that the speaker or reader would need to know in order to understand either the meaning or the grammatical construction. Yet no one designs or desires to dispense with this abstractly useless letter. It shows how little in the matter of speech we are governed by utilitarian considerations, how little we are disposed to abandon on the score of its needlessness what has come down to us, that it would require a revolution violent enough to unsettle the foundations of the language to dislodge this one termination *-s* from the place it now occupies.

But while not neglecting the consideration of grammatical forms, it is to the consideration of words and phrases which can be discarded without affecting the meaning that these articles will be mainly directed. In the general class called expletives will accordingly be included here for the sake of convenience not merely the locutions which go specifically under that name, but all the various expressions to which the terms redundant or pleonastic or tautological or intensive are applied. The number of these that are heard everywhere and are used by everybody makes up a somewhat formidable list when taken together. Still, it could not well be otherwise. Language is always disposed to resort to circumlocutions, to roundabout methods of expression, to the employment of two or

more words when a single one could apparently perform all the service that is really required. These theoretically unnecessary modes of expression have always existed; they will always continue to exist. If he is to be stoned who indulges in them, every one of us must expect to undergo that form of lapidary death. Let no one fancy because he takes exception to some one locution which contains words in his opinion utterly needless that he personally is free from committing offences of a similar nature. Damnèd custom, to use Hamlet's phrase, has so brazed our conscience or our consciousness that we have come to be unaware of the existence of our own frailties. So far from being sensitive to them we have ceased to be sensible of them.

Numerous indeed are the motives which have led and still lead men to resort to expletives. Certain of those now in use contain little more than a repetition of the same idea expressed by two different words. A part of the compound has become obsolete or archaic; hence it needs or needed to have its meaning strengthened. *Luke*, for instance, meant "tepid"; but as it came to be somewhat unfamiliar, the sense was brought out with precision by adding to it *warm*. Different from this, though possibly allied to it, may be the attributive use of *widow* in the expression *widow woman*. The second word of the combination is clearly unnecessary; but it may not have been always so. The difference of the final vowel in the original Anglo-Saxon words constituted the sole distinction between *widuwa* a "widower" and *widuwe* a "widow." When the leveling processes that went on after the Conquest gave to both these words the same ending *-e*, a natural way to fix definitely the idea of femininity, before *-er* was added to create the masculine form, would be to append "woman" to the common word. If this were so, it would be almost inevitable that the combination would survive, long after the necessity for it had disappeared. However this may be, the expression has subsisted for centuries in our speech. When in our version of the Bible the woman of Tekoah tells King David, "I am indeed a widow woman, and mine husband is dead," we are supplied in

the same short sentence with illustrations of two different sorts of expletives. For the one the original Hebrew is necessarily responsible; for the other the sixteenth-century translators. The Wycliffite version of the fourteenth century had "woman widow." But whatever the origin, the expression has come down to the present time. Nor is it confined, as is often asserted, to colloquial speech. To cite one instance out of many, it is used in *Barnaby Rudge* by Dickens, when speaking in his own person. "To find this widow woman," he says, . . . "linked mysteriously with an ill-omened man . . . was a discovery that pained as much as startled him."

A common influence operating upon the users of speech in the creation of expletives is the disposition to break up the monotony of expression by varying the form of the sentence. If we were really overcome with a desire to discard the employment of useless words, if we were really anxious to say in the shortest space what we have to say, the language would be forced to undergo alteration and reconstruction to an extent that would leave much of its present structure hardly recognizable. For instance, none of us would hesitate about observing, "There were many persons present." Yet it is impossible to maintain that the adverb *is* in the slightest degree essential to the conveyance of the meaning. We could have expressed ourselves just as accurately, just as clearly, if we had simply said, as we often do say, "Many persons were present." When we think of the vast number of sentences in our tongue which are introduced by the strictly useless *there*, we can get some faint conception of the extent to which, according to the glorifiers of the terse, the resources of speech have been squandered in the employment of this one unnecessary word.

One observation is to be made here of the construction just given which applies equally well to a large number of others. *There* in the sentence cited is unquestionably an expletive; but it does not strike us as an expletive. Usage has made this method of expression so familiar that the sense of the needlessness of any part of it has disappeared entirely. Whenever, in fact, an unnecessary word or locution

has established itself for a long time in the speech, it usually escapes reprehension because it escapes apprehension. Therein consists the security from attack of many of the phrases we hear daily. The redundant way of expressing one's self has become so common that to us it is the proper or sometimes even the only possible way. A resort to the shorter but all-sufficient form of speech would appear stiff and pedantic. Usage in this matter plays strange tricks not merely with our practice, but with our perceptions. All of us would be puzzled to explain why one method of forming a sentence, though containing an expletive, strikes us as perfectly proper, and a method essentially similar grates upon our feelings merely because it contains an expletive. Even farther than this can we go. A word or phrase which is actually redundant sometimes does not seem so to us, while another word or phrase which seems to us redundant is not so at all.

Who, for example, in asking another his intentions about travelling, would put a question in such a form as this: "Go you to Europe this summer?" It is, nevertheless, all he needs to say in order to express the meaning fully. Yet to this method of interrogation the most ardent advocate of brevity would not resort. He would proceed to begin his sentence with a strictly unnecessary word, and say, "Do you go to Europe this summer?" The one spoken to, if he wishes to reply in the negative, refrains in turn from confining himself to the perfectly adequate expression, "I go not to Europe this summer." Instead he insists upon inserting into the sentence the word *do*. From the point of view of linguistic utilitarianism this auxiliary verb is pure surplusage. It is in that light a specimen of modern degeneracy; for the ancient language knew it not.

But let us take the same sentence and put it in another form. Any one of us, if he sought to declare an affirmative intention with the simple verb, would then confine himself to that without using any auxiliary. He would not think of placing *do* before *go* unless for some special reason he wished to make his assertion emphatic. If he did so without some such motive, the redundant word would strike

every one as distinctly objectionable. Consequently we leave out in the affirmative sentence what in the interrogative and the negative we regard as essential. No one will pretend that either in the nature of things or in the principles of grammar there is any real ground for this difference of usage. In truth, the distinction in the employment of these forms of expression is a comparatively modern one. Readers of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature are well aware that *do*, though its employment was then on the wane, was still found frequently in declarative sentences. It is the mere accident of usage that makes us now regard it as redundant in these. Dr. Johnson in his life of Cowley criticised that poet for his frequent use of *do* and *did* under such circumstances; but he conceded that in the time of the latter this "inelegance of language," as he phrased it, was little censured or avoided. He further intimated that the bad impression produced by it may have been confined to the ears of his own contemporaries. But this usage of the past had witnessed its final day when in 1711 Pope could both attack it and exemplify as a fault in the single line,

While expletives their feeble aid do join.

When, indeed, we have come to feel that we cannot get along without the use of some particular expression containing a word or words strictly unnecessary, these words have ceased to be redundant to us, whatever they may strictly be in themselves. But the process can be reversed. Let us take a locution which seems peculiarly exposed to the charge of containing an expletive and yet contains nothing of the sort. It is the colloquial *have got* in the sense of "have." This expression is of peculiar interest, because it is a late partial exemplification of a process which took place on a considerable scale in that remote period in the history of our tongue when the English verb had only two tenses—a present and a past. There were a few verbs whose original presents went out of use. But their preterites continued to survive and took upon them the signification of presents. In so doing they assumed another meaning suggested by the change of form and time they had undergone. Starting

thus on their course as independent verbs, they developed new preterites of their own. The steps which followed one another in procedures of this sort can be illustrated by the archaic *wot*, "know," and *wist*, "knew." It is a common, if not the common, theory that *wot* is the past tense of a strong verb meaning "to see." According to that view its strict signification is, "I have seen," or, "I saw." I saw, therefore I know, is the natural development of the sense. Thus assuming the meaning of a present, it proceeded to form a new preterite—*wist*. The account of the change that went on may or may not be true in this particular instance; but it illustrates exactly the nature of the transition which must have taken place.

As these verbs have the form of a preterite and the meaning of a present, they are technically called preterite-presents. They constitute a most interesting class, if men will consent to believe that anything in grammar is entitled to the epithet of interesting. Of it the auxiliaries form an important contingent. In it *dare* would be included, were we to classify this word according to its origin. As its existing present was originally a preterite, it conformed to the inflection of that tense. Its third person singular therefore appeared regularly and still appears frequently without the final *-s*. Not until the sixteenth century did men venture to say "he dares" for the strictly proper "he dare." Etymologically speaking, indeed, the verb ought no more to have an *-s* in the third person singular than *can* or *shall*. All the justification for the appearance there of this ending lies in good usage. A story exactly opposite can be told of another verb. *Need* belongs to the regular conjugation. Consequently the third person singular of its present tense should always be *needs*, if we defer to strict grammar; but in certain cases, especially where it denotes obligation or necessity, it is disposed to drop and generally does drop the termination *-s*. We say preferably "he need not do it" instead of "he needs not do it." This has been true of the verb for centuries. So while *dare* has assumed an *-s* to which it is not entitled, *need* has dropped one to which it is.

But a peculiar interest attaches to



*have got* in connection with the preterite-present verbs. As has been observed, it is a late partial exemplification of a process through which they all went. Owing to its compound form it could not drop its present tense, nor could it develop a new past. But it could go and did go so far as to assume the meaning of a present. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that the Greek verb meaning "to get" had a precisely similar history. As a consequence, however, of this condition of things, the *got* of *have got* is not really redundant. It is simply a natural and legitimate extension of meaning. Certainly if there is anything which a man can justly be said to have, it is that which he has got. The subsequent transition from the idea of acquisition to that of possession is both easy and proper. Still, as the same meaning can be expressed by its auxiliary *have* used as an independent verb, *have got* has been long

subjected to much vituperation. It is not infrequently held up as a signal example of errors of speech. This has doubtless affected the feelings of some of those who employ it, though it has not affected the fortunes of the expression itself. It continues to be now, as it always has been, in the best of use. During all periods it occurs in the language of comedy. It belongs primarily to colloquial speech and the literature which represents or approaches colloquial speech. The persistent avoidance of it in that might at times render the speaker liable to the charge of pedantry, just as its introduction into grave discourse would oftentimes subject the writer to the imputation of lacking somewhat in the sense of fitness and decorum. For it must always be kept in mind that methods of expression which are appropriate and indeed necessary in one style may be quite out of place in another and distinctly different style.

## His Appeal

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

GIVE me your weariest hours  
When the tides of life ebb low,  
Give me the hopeless moments  
When the light seems near to go.

Come to me in temptation—  
Ah, never I bid you, Sweet,  
When life is glad or glorious  
And the roses kiss your feet!

Others may drink of your triumphs  
And garner your laurels green,  
Mine be the love enfolding  
In weakness and pain unseen.

Why should you feign to spare me  
With your smile that cheats the years—  
When my heart finds all its heaven  
In the shadow of your tears?

# The Uncharted Sea

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

LEXINGTON PARK is only a city square in extent, but it possesses the agreeable characteristics of real trees, shrubs, and flower-beds, authentic grass-plots, and even a practicable fountain, wherein a classically designed lady in terra-cotta repeats, at stated intervals, the rôle of the persecuted Arethusa; the fountain plays and the nymph dissolves in tears—a surprisingly natural effect.

To the wayfarer in the city wilderness the discovery of this secluded garden comes as a delightful surprise—"an Eden in miniature" is the metaphor that inevitably suggests itself. But, alas! the figure must be carried a step further. It is Eden after the fall, for the park is enclosed by a spiked iron fence, and its four gates are always shut and locked. Then you remember that Lexington Park is a private institution whose usufruct can only be enjoyed by the residents of the respectable dwelling-houses that front upon it. Without a pass-key you cannot enter this sacrosanct enclosure; you are an alien, an outer barbarian. Still, it is something to be able to look through the bars and see the green things growing inside; the barrier might have been a solid brick wall, thereby reducing the public utility of this urban Arcadia to the vanishing-point.

At certain seasons of the year, notably early spring and late autumn, Lexington Park is fairly well patronized by the holders of its exclusive privileges. Nursemaids trundle baby-carriages up and down its neatly asphalted walks, children sprawl about on the grass, and elderly persons sit contentedly on the benches and make a pretence at reading or embroidery. But with the coming of the summer solstice the houses about the square are closed and their occupants seek the wider range of sea and mountain side; save for the presence of a few caretakers and the infrequent loiterer within the city gates, the park is deserted.

On this particular afternoon in mid-July, Middleton was passing through the square on the way to his club. It was a hot day, and he stopped for a moment at the north gate to rest his eyes on the comparative freshness and coolness of the oasis within. He had not noticed the black, squally-looking cloud in the west, but presently it proceeded to announce itself by blowing off his hat; he made a clutch at it, but it eluded his hand, sailed gracefully over the fence, and was forthwith lost to sight.

There was no one about to witness his discomfiture, yet Middleton felt it keenly—he stood there hareheaded and blushing, a pathetically ridiculous figure. It is all very well for young gentlemen in tennis flannels or riding-clothes to dispense with formalities in head-gear, and on the countryside the practice has long ceased to excite comment. But for a grown man in a city street the loss of his hat carries with it a definite diminution of dignity; the temptation to scramble after the derelict is irresistible, and you know that the onlookers, their own property secured by protective hands, are smiling ironically.

A sharp agony, but mercifully soon over, for there is always a small boy to join in the chase, and afterward one may lose himself in the crowd. But for Middleton the defeat was absolute; he could neither scale the pickets nor repeat the Samsonian exploit of carrying away the gates entire. There was nothing for it but to walk on. This he was about to do when a slight, swiftly moving figure appeared at the barrier, and he stopped in obedience to the unspoken summons.

A woman, a young woman, a very pretty young woman, concluded Middleton, in a rapidly rising crescendo of induction. She stood there for a moment surveying him with friendly gravity; then, as though reassured, she slipped the latch, and the gate swung open.

Middleton hesitated, and then, seeing that ingress to the sanctuary had been actually offered, he stepped within and waited expectantly.

"The wind carried it down the right-hand path," said the girl, with a polite show of interest—"at least, it disappeared in that direction."

They walked along side by side. She had assumed the air of a hostess anxious for the welfare of a guest, albeit an unexpected one, and Middleton accepted his part with an equal simplicity.

"This is very good of you," he said, and involuntarily his hand went up to a non-existent hat brim. At that—irresistibly—they both smiled; the fine-spun filaments of interest, that even a casual encounter of the sexes creates, had suddenly coalesced and been twisted into a definite thread of friendliness. Now given a thread, some kind of a pattern must immediately begin to form; the Imagination only asks for the raw material under her hand to start upon her weaving.

"You are very nice not to laugh at me," continued Middleton, after a moment's pause. "Unhatted in Lexington Park! I might as well have been unhorsed at Ashby-de-la-Zouch; there is the same element of personal humiliation."

The lady seemed amused. "Aren't you rather hypersensitive?" she asked. "Such a trifle."

"Quite so; but the completeness of my discomfiture is not to be measured by its triviality. A man doesn't so much mind being knocked down if only he is accorded the chance to get up and renew the battle. Now I was hopelessly beaten; I couldn't make a battering-ram of my head."

"And you had no pass-key?"

"No."

Middleton had sobered at that last question, as possibly she had expected him to do. Of course it was her duty to remind him that he was only present on suffrage in this elect corner of the earth; he had been permitted to pass a jealously guarded portal for one especial purpose—the recovery of his hat. Let us attend, monsieur, to the business in hand. And, by the way, where was the wretched thing?

Truly the hat was not to be seen, and

the seekers looked at each other in some perplexity.

"I am certain that it went in this direction," said the girl. "Perhaps—oh, there, there!"

Under the impulse of a new wind-flurry they beheld the hat arising from the depths of a geranium-bed and rolling cartwheel-like along the path. Middleton made a frantic grab, but, as though endowed with demoniac life, it escaped his hand and danced gayly away.

"Here, take these!" She thrust an embroidery-frame and some skeins of floss silk at Middleton and was off after the quarry. Middleton stood and watched. It was delightful to see her run; for the first time he appreciated the full subtlety of the familiar Vergillian verse,

*et vera incessu patuit dea.*

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. To differentiate the goddess from the crowd the test still remains the only infallible one—in the act of locomotion divinity inevitably reveals itself.

Flushed, but triumphant, she returned. "Here is your hat," she said, graciously. "It was just on the point of slipping through the lower fence when I caught it. But isn't it getting very dark—and, oh, look!"

All unnoticed, the storm-cloud in the west had covered the entire sky, and now a long, jagged streak of lightning rushed from zenith to farthest horizon; the thunder-crash followed immediately.

"It is on us!" exclaimed Middleton, confounded; half a dozen enormous rain-drops splashed steaming on the asphalt path. The girl, quicker witted, pointed toward the small tool-house that stood in one corner of the park, and they ran for it.

The foliage, dry and sere from the long drought, crackled above their heads, a frightened squirrel scurried between their feet; the sparrows, flying close to the ground, twittered excitedly. Down the wide street, debouching into the square from the west, swept a dust-cloud vast enough to have heralded the approach of an army with banners; then came a final minatory bellow of the storm demon, and the strife was on.

Fortunately, the tool-house had been left unlocked by the caretaker, and they





*Drawn by W. H. Foster*

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

SHE STEPPED INTO THE CIRCLE OF HIS ARM





gained its shelter without difficulty. With the door closed it was stuffy in the hut, and a little clean rain spray on their faces would not matter; they stood on either side of the threshold and commented contentedly on their good luck.

"For generally, you know, the house is kept locked," said the girl. "The gardener does his work in the morning, and we hardly ever see him here after twelve o'clock."

"It's an unusually heavy thunder-shower for these latitudes," observed Middleton; "something almost tropical in its intensity. I remember once at Barbadoes—we were cruising among the island there, and—"

The words died upon his lips as he looked out upon the vision of sudden death that presented itself.

About thirty paces from the cabin stood an enormous tulip, the finest tree in the park. It had just been struck by a lightning bolt, but appeared unharmed, save for a long spiral scored into the bark of the main trunk. Now on leaving the tree the electric fluid had not been dissipated into the ground, as is usual, but had resolved itself into a globe of crackling, luminous flame; the ball rolled along the ground and toward the tool-house, making directly for the open doorway.

The floor space behind them was not large, and, moreover, it was encumbered by the presence of a couple of wheelbarrows and a lawn-mower; there was absolutely no room for retreat. The globe of fire advanced with a wavering motion, and its ultimate purpose seemed unmistakable; it was coming straight into the hut, and already a flickering greenish light was playing about their feet.

With a tremendous effort Middleton tore his eyes away from the on-coming terror; he made as though he would place himself in front of the girl. But she would not have it thus; quite naturally she stepped into the circle of his arms, and so they waited.

The sphere continued to roll steadily forward. At a yard's distance it stopped; it appeared to swell and shake, as though in petulant protest against some invisible barrier that withstood its progress; then it sidled away, hopping gro-

tesquely along the shaven lawn; they watched it bound upon the head of the lachrymose nymph of the fountain and disappear in an eye-searing flash of light.

Middleton opened his eyes; it seemed as though ages must have rolled away since that last period of conscious thought. He tried to speak, and, to his astonishment, succeeded. "It is gone—gone," he stammered.

She looked up at him vaguely and a trifle distressfully. "I do not understand," she said, quite as a child might have spoken.

"Perhaps in a moment or two," he answered, reassuringly. "But look!"

The rain had stopped; the clouds were disappearing with the rapidity of a theatre-scene shift; the sun was shining again, and a sparrow, darting from the thick covert of a rose-bush, had pounced upon an unfortunate earthworm just a trifle too late in seeking sanctuary.

And thereupon to the man and to the woman who stood within his arms the full tide of life returned—dominant, ecstatic, triumphant. He felt her bosom heave against his own, and their eyes swam together; he bent and kissed her.

The clatter of hobnailed boots upon the walk caused them to draw hastily apart. The caretaker—an ancient man in velveteens—stumped forward. Evidently he knew the young lady by sight, for he favored her with a brief dab at his forelock—the gesture of an old sailor-man.

"Pretty wettish, miss," he observed; then turned discontentedly to survey the litter of leaves and broken twigs the storm left behind. "It 'll be all of a day's work for old Andra'," he remarked, with extreme bitterness, "the cleaning up of this 'ere mess." His glance fell upon the headless nymph of the fountain, and he started dramatically. "Wot's this! Defacin' of the statoots in the park! There's law for this sort of thing, young man," and he fixed on Middleton a watery and accusing eye.

"The damage must have been caused by the lightning," answered Middleton, and he went on to explain the phenomenon of the luminous globe. "Old Andra" listened with manifest incredulity.

"Ball o' fire!" he exclaimed. "Never 'eard of such a thing, and, boy and man,

I've sailed the western ocean for five-and-forty year. Walker!"

But Middleton was good-humoredly insistent upon the truth of his statement, and following upon the transfer of an oblong piece of paper, "Old Andra" softened perceptibly, even to the point of admitting that strange things may happen along shore, particularly in a comet year. Moreover, it appeared that the lady of the fountain had been condemned, and was shortly to be replaced by a more modern design; as between friends, let no more be said about it. "I thank ye kindly, gov'nor," concluded "Old Andra," with a bob and a flourish. "Likewise your lady." He clumped away, locked up his tool-house, and retired; it would be time enough on the morrow to begin the unwelcome task of clearing up.

It had been the "knocking at the gate" over again, the inevitable reentrance of real life—flat, trivial, and depressing. Middleton experienced a sudden fall of spirits; he felt curiously uncertain of himself.

"I must go now," said the girl. He did not answer, but walked silently at her side until they reached the up-town exit. She gave him her hand in parting, but her gaze travelled steadily beyond him. She seemed afraid lest he might speak, grateful that he did not. She walked swiftly away to the northward, and Middleton watched her out of sight.

Middleton left his rooms at an early hour the following morning. He had some work on hand, and it occurred to him that he might do it at his club. The library was a pleasant room, generally untenanted during these mid-summer days, and it commanded an excellent view of Lexington Park. In this last respect he was quite honest with himself. Frankly, he wanted to see again his "Lady of the Garden," as he chose to call her, and the only chance lay in her reappearance on the scene of their first meeting. In his heart he believed that she would come; it was unthinkable that she would not. Yet the hours dragged away, and the seat under the syringa-bushes at the west gate remained unoccupied. It was a disappointment, of course, but he would not acknowledge its finality. "I will come again to-morrow,"

he told himself doggedly, "and keep at it until she has to give in." Now the yesterday had been Wednesday, the 16th of July, and to-day was the 17th. It may be well to keep these dates in mind.

Friday morning, and the third day, Middleton tried to keep his mind on his work, and so far he had succeeded pretty well; then he looked over at the park and saw his "Lady of the Garden."

Five minutes later he stood before her, and there was a light in his eyes that caused her own to drop. "No; I didn't have to scale the fence, nor bribe 'Old Andra,'" he explained, with an eagerness almost boyish. "I am a member of the club over there, and so a proprietor *ex officio*, equally with yourself. I simply asked the clerk if the club owned a pass-key, and if I might have the use of it. He looked surprised, but handed it out at once; I don't suppose that it had ever been requisitioned before."

There was a little pause. "I was waiting for you Thursday," he continued, "most of the day."

Was it that the girl felt it incumbent upon her to gather herself? "Why not?" she said, and looked straight at him. "As you say, you have the right." She went on pointing a drawing-pencil with careful deliberation. It might have been noticed that her hand was shaking, but she knew that she was safe there; no woman is supposed to be capable of handling a penknife.

"But you did not come. It was a beautiful day—almost equal to this one."

Possibly she had no explanation to give to herself; certainly she did not seem disposed to invent one for the benefit of this "Curious Impartinent," and she said nothing.

"Why?"

"I was not aware that there was any understanding in the matter."

Middleton considered; then he coolly removed her sketching-block and sat down beside her; she would have risen, but he put out a restraining hand.

"You may as well hear me out," he said. "After that I'll go, if you like."

"No."

"But I say yes."

Middleton, however, seemed in no hurry to begin. He looked over at the green settee near the fountain; it was tenanted

by an elderly gentleman attired in a suit of white drill and a nankeen waistcoat. His bushy white mustache and eyebrows suggested the retired military officer; in his hand he held a pocket chess-board, and he was frowning portentously over the problem that presented itself. "Who is that?" he asked.

The girl laughed frankly. "One of the regulars," she answered. "I don't know his name, but under my breath I call him 'Parrain.' You see, I have always wanted a godfather of my own."

"Yes."

"He comes here every morning at ten o'clock and stays until six. He divides his time punctiliously between chess and Machiavelli's something or other—oh yes, *The Prince*. Sometimes he reads me a chapter, but I don't seem to understand it very well. Do you know the book?"

"No," said Middleton, shortly. The old gentleman had glanced over at his neighbors and had nodded; his smile had a slow friendliness that to Middleton was of good omen. He turned determinedly toward his companion, and she colored and drew herself up.

But Middleton was not to be put off again. "Let us begin at the beginning," he said. "Two days ago we were strangers. Then we were hurried to the edge of the world, and we knew—at least, I did. When a lifetime is crowded into a few scant moments one is forced to recognize certain things—the verities." His eyes wandered to the scarred trunk of the tulip-tree and he stopped.

"You were a man; you were not afraid." She spoke quickly, as under a generous impulse.

"And you were a woman; you trusted me at that moment—the ultimate one. Could it be for that moment and not for this?" he went on. "Yes, and for all times to come?"

Still she had no word to say.

"I—loved you. Then—and now."

In certain words there are latent potencies, capable upon occasion of raising the face values of common speech to an infinite premium. The ancients knew them—these words of power—that we in our self-sufficiency have despised and forgotten. And yet one, the mightiest of them all, still remains to us; the magic of magics is contained in that

single syllable—love; preeminent in that it alone has power to resolve the supreme problem of our human relations. One may talk about love and around it in many fine and eloquently sounding phrases, but never shall the god himself be revealed until we pronounce his name.

Middleton leaned forward and took her hand. She did not draw it away, and a delicious sense of realization possessed him.

A man carrying a bundle of newspapers passed through the street outside. He was shouting the word "Extra!" at the top of his voice, but the succeeding sentences were unintelligible. Middleton turned his head to listen, but it was only for the moment.

"It does not matter?" she questioned, boldly.

"No," he answered. "Nothing matters but this."

And so again the outer world had forced itself upon them, but its power to impair, to alienate, was gone, and Middleton thrilled to the thought. She smiled.

"Ah, you understand that too," he said, in amaze. After that silence held them, for there were yet many things to learn, and the time seemed all too short.

The old gentleman of the nankeen waistcoat stood before them; he held by the hand a little boy whose years may have numbered four. The intruder seemed suddenly to realize the significance of the scene that met his eyes; he blushed, and begged many pardons. But the girl would not suffer him to retire.

"Why, it's Jacky!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand to the child. "I haven't seen you for a week. Where have you been?"

"His nurse brought him a few minutes ago, and she seemed so disappointed that Jacky's young lady was not in the park. Evidently she could not see you sitting behind the bushes."

Jacky's young lady smiled. "Had she an important errand to do?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered the old gentleman, with entire simplicity. "She said that it would not take her over ten minutes."

"I fancy," said the girl, addressing Middleton, "that nurse is interested in some one on the next block—perhaps a

policeman. I have been asked to oblige several times of late, and the ten minutes generally stretch themselves into an hour. But we don't mind; do we, Jacky?"

The child nodded gravely; he was a self-contained little chap, satisfied to build block castles for hours at his young lady's feet. He would have slipped away now, but the girl suddenly caught him up and kissed him. One could see that she wanted him in her arms, something to hold close and cover with caresses.

"You are always my Jacky," she crooned.

"I knew that you were behind the syringas," continued the elderly gentleman, "and so I offered to take charge of him. Thank you very much." He lifted his hat with punctilio, and was for backing away.

"One moment," said the girl, with a charming blush. "We have an addition to our circle to-day, and I want you to know my—my friend."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, and Middleton arose and bowed. Whereupon she turned very red; after all, there could be no formal introduction, since nobody knew the name of any other present.

"It does not matter," said the old gentleman, pleasantly. "You are her friend, and that is quite enough."

Middleton laughed. "We intend to be very happy," he said, boldly.

"I know," smiled this superlative pattern of godfathers. "Or, perhaps, I should have said that I have known. I see now that there will be no more readings from the *Prince*. So! Well, there are better things. Sir, I make you my compliments. Yes; there are better things."

He walked away. The little boy had begun to wriggle, and was gazing longingly at his blocks; reluctantly, he was permitted to slip to the ground.

Middleton pulled out his card-case. "Shall I offer evidence in form?" he asked, lightly. But the girl put forth an objecting hand.

"Is it necessary?" she said.

Middleton stared. "But surely," he began—"surely you want to know."

"What?"

"Why, the—the usual things. For instance, I am supposed to have a name. Don't you expect me to account for myself?"

She considered the question gravely, her hands clasped about one knee and her head fixed on the headless nymph of the fountain.

"Of course you would demand a similar confidence in return?" she inquired.

Middleton flushed. "I don't exactly see how we could get along much further without—without—"

"You should have thought of that before."

"Oh, but that is hardly fair. Do you suppose that I was thinking of myself—that it is I who am seeking reassurance?"

"Now if we two were alone on a desert island, or if we chanced to be the last man and woman living on the earth—would these other things matter then?"

"Of course not. But as we are—"

"Just a moment; I want to get this clear in my mind. What are the things that count—that make for trust and sympathy and absolute understanding. Now, if we had met in the ordinary way—outside these gates—in the real world."

"Yes."

"We should have been tagged after the accepted manner, and I should have read your labels, and you would have inspected mine—carefully, too, since one learns through bitter experience to be careful. Withal, there would have been the customary guarantees of good faith. The meeting would have been at the house of some common friend, and presently I should have discovered that you knew the Browns intimately, or that Mrs. Smith was your sister-in-law. Quite possibly your name would have meant something definite—you had been doing things of which the world, including me, had heard. A woman could hardly be expected to furnish credentials in kind, but there would have been my friends, my people, my position in society; I too should have established myself in your eyes.

"With the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun, it would have been easy to pass into the friendly relation, and, perhaps, after a while, to go further. And yet for all this time we should never have laid aside our armor for an instant—visor down and lance at rest, ready to guard our real selves from every danger. Especially from the greatest of all—that of discovery.





*Drawn by W. H. Foster*

Halt-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I COULD NOT ACCEPT SUCH A SACRIFICE," SHE SAID





"The real man, the real woman—do we ever truly know them? Even the lovers deceive themselves, or each other, and, perhaps, they are the worst offenders of all. Afterward, of course, the knowledge comes, and if the truth be bitter we may still learn to put up with it, or we may be lucky enough to find a substitute for the old ideal. Sometimes it becomes the unendurable, and then there is a smash-up.

"A little while ago you reminded me that it had been our fate to stand together on the edge of the world. There had been a moment in which the verities had been revealed; of that neither of us could doubt. I looked at you and saw a man—brave, unselfish, clean of hand and lips. What you saw in me—"

"I have already told you—the woman I love. Nothing can make any difference as to that fact."

"Thank you—my friend. Whatever I am or could be it must have been revealed at that moment; under that terrible light there was nothing to be hidden or concealed—except, perhaps, the labels, the tags, so useful in ordinary life to divert one's attention from the contents of the package."

"Then you don't want to know anything?"

"Say, rather, that I do want to know everything. It's simply the question of the best way to go about it. On that desert island now—"

"This is a desert island, isn't it?—for practical purposes, I mean. The real world is outside the gates. And it can't get in—not without a pass-key."

"Very true; but the metaphor falls to pieces as the dinner hour approaches. The island is quite too completely a desert; if we remained here indefinitely we should starve to death."

"And a hundred thousand families comfortably sitting down to supper within a stone's-throw. If you listen attentively you can hear the call of the hot-frankfurter man over on the avenue."

"You agree with me that it would be too much for human endurance," smiled the girl. "So we are left dependent on that real world, after all. It can't reach us here, but we must finally and inevitably go forth to meet it."

Middleton put back his card-case.

"What do you propose?" he asked. "Mind, I won't give you up, now that I have found you—that's flat."

A brusque, even a brutal utterance, but it did not seem to displease. Only she still looked away and hesitated.

"I wish I could express just what I have in mind," she said, at length. "But it amounts to this. If we had met under normal conditions, and—and—"

"Fallen desperately in love, as we have."

"Very good; what then? Knowing all about one another, so far as the tags and labels could help us, we should be quite easy in mind about some things—the superficial ones, as we must agree to call them in the light of our present knowledge. You would be well informed concerning the extent and importance of my social orbit, and I should have, at least, some inkling as to the amount of the worldly goods with which you purposed to endow me. For the rest, we should be always standing best foot forward, and the complete revelation must of necessity be consistent with the waning of the honeymoon.

"Now it is our great good fortune that we have learned first the things that count, and we have been satisfied—or, may I say that we are?"

"Indeed, you may."

"But there still remain these other things—the superficialities."

"Ten minutes would be enough."

"Quite so; but suppose that we couldn't know until after—until after—"

"We are married?"

"Yes. Would you dare to take the risk?"

Middleton was silent from sheer stupefaction. "I never heard of such a thing," he said, at length.

"I suppose not. The opportunity doesn't and couldn't happen very often. For example, your hat might have blown off in quite another direction."

"But it's so unnecessary, don't you see. Yes, and, more than that, it's quite too romantically foolish and futile. Now I have hurt your feelings, but you asked me."

"You haven't hurt my feelings in the least. It is only that the problem presented itself to my mind, and I had to state it. Barring a few material exter-

nals, we have the best foundation possible upon which to build our future happiness. We know each other—the real man, the real woman. Well, is it enough?"

Middleton squared his shoulders. "There is a church around the corner," he said, "and we are both of age. Will you come?"

"How impulsive you are! I have Jacky to take care of. Besides, one can't decide a question like this—"

"At the drop of the hat," interrupted Middleton, smilingly.

"Precisely. It is something that we ought to consider seriously—oh, I mean it. Remember that the world outside is a real thing; it insists upon being taken into the account."

"Yes," he agreed, absently; he was wondering whether it was relief or disappointment that possessed him at the thought of the proposed decision.

"To-morrow is Saturday. It will not be possible for me to get here until about five o'clock."

Middleton felt an unaccountable twinge of jealousy. Why should she give the suggestion of having any other interest in life? Yet he assented, as he was bound to do. "I will be here at five," he said.

"Very well. And now you must go. Jacky is entitled to his play-hour, and he has been most patient." She rose, and gave him her hand.

"Of course—since you wish it. But please understand that nothing is going to alter my decision. I want you, and I am going to have you—remember that."

"I will remember." The girl's eyes were very bright, and a scarlet signal flew on either cheek. Middleton impulsively took a step forward. Too late; for the child was already in her arms, and the castle-building was about to begin.

The park gate clanged behind Middleton. He was in the outer world again, and the realization sobered him. He walked on a little way; then stopped and looked back. Behind that leafy screen lay a country of unimagined romance, a country in which he himself had held citizenship unquestioned. A step across the enchanted threshold, and time and space and circumstance once more existed—and asserted themselves. Before his eyes rushed a yellow electric car, crammed

with rural sight-seers and shoppers; upon his ears fell the shouts of street-hawkers and the strains of a wandering German band. The realities! And where, in very truth, were they to be found? Had he turned his back on them, or were they now advancing to meet him? He walked on and on—miles, it must have been—and still the problem remained unsolved. He roused himself finally, to observe that he had walked far into the suburbs; it was nearly six o'clock, and rain was falling steadily. He might have hunted up a train for home, but an inexpressible weariness had taken possession of him. There was a respectable-appearing country hotel a little distance ahead; Middleton entered, secured a room, and slept for fourteen hours on end.

Upon the stroke of five, Saturday afternoon, Middleton presented himself at the park entrance. He looked over at the green settee, and observed the old gentleman with the nankeen waistcoat sitting in his accustomed place and absorbed in a chess problem. In the corner where the syringa bushes grew he caught the flutter of a white frock. She had not failed him, then, and he had been tormenting himself quite uselessly.

Jacky was engaged in constructing a magnificent edifice, and his young lady sat on the grass beside him, obediently handing the blocks as they were required. She looked up as Middleton's shadow passed, and blushed charmingly. "We will be through in just a moment," she said.

It was a perfect mid-summer day, and never, to Middleton's thought, had the sky been so blue, the sun so golden, or the wind so soft. The trees and grass, revived by the rain of the night before, looked green and fresh; the city dust winds had not had time as yet to mar their beauty with drab finger-marks. He wondered if she had ever noticed the magnificent wistaria-vine that almost hid the unsightly outlines of the tool-house; in September its purple blooms should be something gorgeous.

"Jacky," said the girl, "Parrain is beckoning, and I think that he wants to tell you a story. I'll help you load the blocks in your go-cart—there. Run along, and we'll come too in a little while to hear about Mowgli and the jungle people."

The little boy trotted cheerfully away; the girl turned to Middleton.

"Don't," he pleaded. "On such a day there isn't anything to be thought of but just that the world is beautiful and that love abides. Isn't that enough?"

The girl looked at him. "I understand," she said, softly, "but even this hour is not wholly ours. Something has occurred—it was quite unforeseen."

"Tell me."

"To-morrow morning I am to leave the city. I cannot tell you more."

"Not even for how long?"

"An indefinite time—I do not know."

"And it is imperative?"

"Yes—unless—"

Middleton understood. If this affair were to advance any further the decisive step would have to be taken at once—that very night. He studied the ground for a moment or two. "Does that 'unless' mean that you would be willing to trust yourself to me?" he asked.

"Do you offer me your—protection?"

Middleton felt the blood surging in his ears. He did not like the use of that word "protection"; it had a sinister sound. He was being tested now, and he knew it—it did not please him. Yet for very shame's sake he must needs have answered yes to her question. She smiled wistfully.

"I could not accept such a sacrifice," she said, at length.

Middleton grew angry. "Haven't circumstances altered this case?" he asked. "Can't we be quite frank with each other? No decent man wants a woman to take a leap in the dark. There's too much at stake—don't you see?"

"And how about the man?"

"It doesn't—it can't make the same difference to him," persisted Middleton. "There are other forms of existence possible for a man—he can always find an outlet somewhere. But when a woman sails into an uncharted sea—oh, it's madness, sheer madness."

"You see that I was right in not accepting your offer," she said, with all gentleness.

Middleton sat irresolute; then his mouth hardened. "Shall we say eleven o'clock to-night here at the park?" he asked. "I can make all the necessary

arrangements, and an hour will give us plenty of time for—for everything. There is a train for the north at midnight."

Jacky, dragging after him his elderly friend, appeared before them. "You didn't come," he began, reproachfully. But he condescended to accept a package of chocolate cigarettes from Middleton by way of indemnity, and returned contentedly to his go-cart. The old gentleman would have retired also, but the girl begged him to sit down between them.

"We have a difficult question to decide," she pleaded, "and you, Parrain, are very wise. Will you not help us?"

"If I can."

"We are going away from Lexington Park. Both of us, you understand, and, perhaps, together."

The old gentleman took this astounding confidence quite calmly. "Why not?" he asked, smilingly. "I have been watching how things were going, and I could have guessed as much. I am famous for adding up two and two."

"It isn't quite so simple as that," said the girl. "I have insisted upon a complication; will you let me state it?"

When she had finished she waited for her counsellor to speak, but he remained discreetly silent.

"You are thinking that I am a foolishly romantic person," said the girl, at length. "It does look that way, I admit. But supposing—"

"You mean that there may be reasons—cogent ones?"

"Yes."

"Difficulties, obstacles—perhaps the existence of others who have the right to be consulted?"

"I confess to nothing. Here, at least, I stand alone."

"But no one stands alone, my dear. There are always the others who must be taken into account. It comes back to the old, old question: If love were all—Isn't that it?"

The girl was silent, and the arbiter turned to Middleton.

"You feel that she is asking too large a proof?" he said. "Perhaps you are right, and she herself could not condemn you."

"Oh no!"

Middleton flushed deeply. "I have already accepted the conditions," he said.

The older man smiled sadly. "Ah, I see. You have decided upon what you want to do; you are quite sure of it. And yet the *arrière pensée* lies back of all; the doubt is there, and it poisons everything—even love. If anybody could help you. But Jacky there is too young to understand, and I—I am too old."

Middleton found his thoughts reverting to his own past. There was much in it that he would willingly have cancelled, but nothing that could fairly be called an insurmountable barrier, an absolute bar against the satisfaction of his present desire. Suddenly his passion took possession of him; he quite forgot that there was a third person present. "Come with me now," he said to the girl. "Now!"

She shook her head. "That is impossible," she answered. "You have named the hour of eleven, and we must leave it at that. There must be certain things that each of us should look after; we can't drop all the threads at loose ends."

"Now," reiterated Middleton; but she would not yield.

"At eleven o'clock I will be here," she said, and from that he could not move her, although he argued long and stubbornly.

Suddenly they realized that the twilight had gathered, and that the street lamps were being lighted.

"It is half-past seven," said the girl, straining her eyes over the white dial-plate of her watch. "We must go. Where is Parrain?"

But both the old gentleman and Jacky had effaced themselves; the park was entirely deserted. They passed through the gate, and lingered for a moment on the sidewalk; Middleton gathered himself for a last appeal.

"Just one word," he pleaded. "You mustn't send me away—I can't endure it. Make what conditions, what reservations you like, but let me remain with you—now and always."

"It's the three or four hours in between—you understand, don't you? So long as I am with you, so long as I can look in your eyes and hear your voice, it is all right; nothing else matters. But

to leave you, to go back to my rooms and think this thing over in cold blood—I couldn't do it. I confess my weakness—I shouldn't be able to keep that appointment if once I left you."

"Of course you are disappointed in me, you despise me, as you have the right to do. Pitiable, isn't it? and yet I can't help it."

"Another thing. I know that if I do have to sit in my room and hear the clock strike eleven—sitting there, you understand, while you are waiting here—it will be the end of all things for me. Oh, I'm not going to shoot myself—I'm not such an utter dastard as that. But it will be the finish. I suppose that it's in the blood of people bred as I have been. We know perfectly well what are the real treasures of life, but the price is beyond us; we can't pay it—I can't pay it."

The girl was silent; her lips moved, as though marking the inward struggle, but she said no word.

"I don't ask for anything else," continued Middleton. "I shall be satisfied and content for all future time if you will have it so. Nothing matters but that you are you and that we are together—now and always."

In his excitement Middleton had caught the girl by both hands, and was drawing her after him into the street. She had resisted; then it seemed to him that she yielded, and an overwhelming joy possessed him, for this was victory at last. An instant later he realized that something was wrong: a fierce white light was beating down upon him, his ears were filled with the chug, chug of rapidly moving machinery, ominous and deadly.

Around the corner had come a big motor at top speed, and they were standing directly in its path. Owing to the fact that the head-light was mounted on the dash it necessarily described a wider arc than the wheels, and the driver had not seen them until too late; he was striving hard now to avert the catastrophe, but his efforts were manifestly futile.

For one infinitesimal moment Middleton stood motionless. Again he had reached the edge of the world, and, with this woman in his arms, was waiting for Death to strike. Once he had won, but this time he was to lose; he knew that certainly and absolutely.



With all his strength he flung the girl from him and in the direction of the curb; then the rush caught and carried him away.

And now again it seemed to Middleton that ages had rolled away since that last period of conscious thought. His gaze rested upon a scene unforgettable—the scarred trunk of the tulip-tree, the headless nymph of the fountain, the sun's rays reflected from the facets of countless drops of water gemming the sward. A sparrow cheeped and a fat earthworm wriggled frantically toward its hole. "It is gone—gone," he stammered.

"I do not understand," an uncertain voice responded.

Middleton felt his brain whirling. He remembered, but was it indeed remembrance? He turned as though to flee, and then something drew his eyes irresistibly—the upturned face of the woman who stood within the circle of his arms. He bent down towards her—and hesitated.

The clatter of hobnailed boots upon the walk caused them to draw hastily apart. The caretaker, an ancient man in velveteens, stumped forward. Evidently he knew the young lady, for he favored her with a brief dab at his forelock—the gesture of an old sailor-man.

"Pretty wettish, miss," he observed; then turned discontentedly to survey the litter of leaves and broken twigs that the storm had left behind it.

"I must go now," said the girl. Middleton did not answer, but walked silently at her side until they reached the up-town exit. She gave him her hand in parting, but her gaze travelled steadily beyond him. She seemed afraid lest he might speak, grateful that he did not. She walked swiftly away to the northward, and Middleton watched her out of sight. Then he made his way to the avenue and bought an evening paper; he looked at the date-line and saw that it read, Wednesday, July the 16th.

Middleton waited until Monday night; then he went to see Wallace—Wallace, who had always been his closest friend, and who was now accounted the ablest man of the philosophical department in their old university. "I want to tell

you a story," he blurted out, "if you don't mind, and it may interest you too—it's something in your line."

When he had finished he looked over at Wallace, who nodded absently and refilled his pipe.

"What do you think of it?" asked Middleton.

"You did not see her again?"

"No. I went back to the park several times, and on Saturday, the 19th, I waited until eleven o'clock at night. Rather a lame and impotent conclusion, isn't it?"

"Call it a psychical projection," said Wallace. "The case is unusual, we'll admit, but not without precedent. I think it fair to assume that those three days were as real to you as any other part of your conscious existence?"

"Absolutely so."

"Nevertheless, you were in a state of unstable equilibrium; and when that second white light appeared, the counterpart of the one that had caused the original disturbance, you again found yourself on this side of the solid wall of time present. The psychical current, however, remained in force—you broke it when you bent forward for the second time—and hesitated."

"Yes. I was a coward; I did not dare."

"It was your subconscious self, the memory of what must happen if you persisted. There was the image of that Juggernaut car at the end of the passage."

"I'm afraid that I haven't the stuff in me of which discoverers are made; I couldn't set forth on an uncharted sea. But it was not the motor that I feared—it was myself." And upon that silence fell between the two men.

"I must be off," said Middleton, rising. "I am sailing to-morrow to join the Jack Trevors in Norway."

"One question, if you don't mind. During those four days—if we could but find some material trace of your progress through them—something you did, an actual point of contact with realities. It would be tremendously interesting to discover the footmark of a new 'Man Friday' on the shifting sands of time."

Middleton reflected. "I told you," he said, "that I passed the night of Friday,

the 18th, at the Grandon Hotel, corner of the Boulevard and the road leading to the Zoological Gardens."

"As a matter of fact," interrupted Wallace, "you spent that night with me in my apartments. You were nervous and couldn't sleep; we sat up half the night talking."

Middleton nodded. "But I registered at the Grandon," he insisted.

"I'll look it up in the morning—first thing," said Wallace, with enthusiasm.

Six months later Middleton returned from abroad, and the first person that he ran across was Wallace. The latter's manner almost immediately changed to the apologetic.

"You must have wondered why you never heard from me," he said, at length.

"Apropos of what?"

Wallace stared. "There was that odd psychical experience of yours," he said. "I was to make the test—about the hotel, you know."

"Oh yes."

"I went to the hospital with typhoid that next morning. But as soon as I got out I did make the inquiry."

"Well?"

"The register for the month of July had been destroyed," said Wallace. "It's too bad," he went on, after the little pause. "If we could have found what we were looking for it would have gone a long way toward answering some mighty interesting questions. And then I know that it mattered a lot to you."

"I suppose I ought to tell you," said Middleton, "that I met Miss Stanfield on the Trevors' yacht. We are to be married after Easter."

## Magnolia Moons

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLIN

LAST night the moon of April  
Went sailing up the sky:  
I crept into the garden  
When nobody was by,  
For it was long past bedtime  
For children such as I.

The garden wasn't sleepy,  
Even so late at night:  
The cactus-buds were open,  
Brimful of silver light:  
And all the great magnolia  
Had flowered in globes of white.

I saw they were moon-colored  
And shiny,—just the way  
The big moon looked above me:—  
And there I meant to stay,—  
But mother said magnolia moons  
Would shine as bright next day.

# What Science Does for Farm Crops

BY HARRY SNYDER

Professor of Chemistry, College of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota

MODERN science has done much to improve the lot of man through a better understanding of life processes. His diseases are being studied, and as a result of modern methods of sanitation, antiseptic surgery, and serum therapeutics many diseases that once were scourges are now controlled. A factor in the further betterment of the condition of man is the improvement of his food. It must be made cheaper, more wholesome, and more nutritious; these are some of the problems that are being investigated, particularly by those scientists connected with the various universities and agricultural experiment stations of this and other countries.

The improvement of farm crops has been a gradual process of evolution extending from remote antiquity, when primitive man obtained his food from the chase and from such uncertain sources as the fruits and seeds that nature provided. In order to supplement nature's supply, man was forced to sow and garner seeds, and from this beginning dates the improvement of food plants. They have been domesticated in much the same way as farm animals, and in this man has greatly assisted nature. It is working in harmony with nature's laws and not against them that produces results. There are certain habits and characteristics of growth that have been acquired by plants through centuries and have become fixed, but not so rigidly as to resist all forces, particularly those that tend to improvement. It is due to the inherent tendency of plants to improve under favorable conditions that man is able to come to nature's assistance and aid in the improvement of farm crops. In this achievement man, exalted as he may feel, is not the master but simply the servant of nature.

In many respects plants are like animals; they are subject to disease, preyed upon by insects, dependent upon food, and affected by climatic conditions. Plant diseases destroy large numbers of useful plants, greatly reducing the food supply, and in some instances causing famine, as in the case of the potato blight in Ireland over half a century ago. During recent years the diseases of plants have been extensively studied, and as a result they are now better understood. Many of them have been found to be due to specific fungi or to bacterial organisms, which either destroy the tissue of the plant or produce poisonous or toxic bodies. A knowledge of the causes of plant diseases has led in a number of cases to their control. The plant pathologist studies plant diseases in much the same way as the progressive physician studies human diseases. The laboratories of plant pathologists form in reality the plant hospitals, and the results secured in them have been of great economic value. The tissue of a diseased plant is studied with the microscope. In some cases fungus bodies can be distinguished intermingled with the diseased cells. The fungus has fed upon the plant tissue, extracting nutritive substances and causing the diseased condition. In other cases the disease is brought about by bacterial bodies, which are distinguished with difficulty. Again, a chemical irritant or poison produced as a result of the activity of bacteria may be the cause of the disease. The separation and identification of the organism is often a difficult task, as it is associated with other forms of bacteria. The method followed consists in growing the organisms upon some appropriate nutritive substance, isolating individual colonies, and reproducing them until a pure culture is secured. The process is

one of elimination. Each group of pure cultures is used to inoculate sound plant tissue until the disease is produced. In this way the specific organism is found.

There are a number of diseases—as, the smuts of wheat and other grains, flax wilt, potato blight, and many of the fungus diseases of garden crops—that can be effectually controlled by the use of disinfecting agents and better sanitation. Plant diseases resemble human and animal diseases, and are controlled by the same general methods of treatment, such as improved sanitation and disinfection. The treatment of seed wheat with formalin and bluestone to destroy the smut spores on the seed, so as to prevent infection of the succeeding crop, has resulted in practically eradicating this disease in localities where the remedy has been thoroughly applied. Unfortunately, however, a general application of this knowledge is not made. There are a number of plant diseases that have been brought under control, and from which there is no longer any need of heavy financial loss on the part of the farmer and the gardener if the proper precautions are taken in the treatment of the seed, soil, and crop. Undoubtedly the time will soon come when laws will be passed with the view of controlling certain pestilential plant diseases, as is now the case with human and animal diseases.

Plants often acquire a certain immunity to disease. When a plant has had a disease in a mild form it is believed that its progeny, as in the case of animals, may acquire a certain immunity due to the antitoxins developed in the cells as the result of the disease. It has been noted that during the years following heavy losses from wheat rust there is a tendency for the disease to be less severe, due, it is believed, to the seed having acquired a partial immunity. So far the development of immune varieties of plants can scarcely be said to have passed the experimental stage; this is, however, a line of investigation which promises to give fruitful results, and is being prosecuted by a number of experiment stations.

Not all bacterial affections of plants can be regarded as injurious diseases. The roots of clover, alfalfa, peas, beans,

and other members of the pulse family are affected with bacterial growths which, from a pathological point of view, might be considered a diseased condition, yet the organisms working within these growths are of great assistance, aiding the plant by securing from the air free nitrogen, which undergoes fixation by the organisms and is then used by the plant as food. When the roots of the clover decay the soil is enriched with nitrogen compounds that serve as food for grains and other crops which are unable to assimilate directly the free nitrogen of the air.

Inoculation of the seed and soil with the specific organisms that carry on the work of acquisition of atmospheric nitrogen has been successfully practiced for a number of years. Only a few soils, however, are in need of inoculation. The proposed method of distributing the bacteria in the form of dry cotton cultures, like a package of yeast, has been shown by bacteriologists to be a disastrous failure because the organisms are destroyed when the material is desiccated. Wide publicity was given to this method, and it was the popular belief that it would be a great boon to agriculture; but it has been proved worthless, and the verdict of science is against it.

The improvement of crops has also been greatly facilitated by the selection of seeds. In the struggle for existence the weaker seeds succumb. When the stronger ones are given additional assistance, in the way of better food and better sanitary conditions, the individuality of the seed is able to exert itself.

Mature heavy-weight seeds, free from fungus and bacterial diseases, invariably produce crops that are the healthiest, largest yielding, and of the highest commercial grade. The yield of wheat has been increased two or three bushels per acre by simply screening out the light-weight seeds. Heavy-weight seeds have reached a higher state of development, and contain germs of greater vitality and more active physiological properties than light-weight seeds. They contain, too, a larger amount of reserve plant-food for the use of the plantlet, enabling it to become stronger before it is compelled to subsist entirely upon the food

derived from the soil. This additional advantage in start is often manifest throughout the life of the plant.

In addition to weight and vitality of the germ, seeds possess other characteristics—as, early or late maturing, or a tendency to contain the maximum or minimum amounts of certain compounds, as starch or gluten. These properties are, to a high degree, inherent in the seed, and are reproduced in the offspring. The physical characteristics of seeds—as, hard or soft—generally indicate the character as glutenous or starchy. From the appearance of the seeds it is possible, between certain limits, to pick out glutenous and starchy kernels capable of transmitting the same individuality to succeeding crops. From an apparently uniform lot of seed the crop will contain two distinct types, one starchy and the other glutenous, the glutenous kernels differing from the starchy by containing from one to five per cent. more gluten proteids. Each seed has an individuality, and it is by studying the individual characteristics—as, larger yield, stiffer straw, early maturity, and more glutenous character—that the resultant crop is improved. Often some of these characteristics are to a certain degree antagonistic, and an improvement in one direction may be followed by a loss of some desirable quality.

To secure direct results the cerealist often resorts to cross-breeding of varieties. To illustrate, in the Canadian Northwest an early maturing variety of spring wheat is desired. Such a one is secured by crossing Fife wheat with Ladoga, and, as a result, a wheat known as the Preston is secured which has the desirable qualities of the late maturing parent with the early maturing habit of the other parent. In the breeding of plants many interesting peculiarities develop. Part of the progeny will resemble one parent and part another, and occasionally a new characteristic—as in the case of wheat, a beard, which was a peculiarity, probably, of an ancestor—will make its appearance. By careful selection of the parent stock in plant-breeding, as in animal breeding, certain characteristics can be intensified and more firmly fixed, while other and less desirable ones can in part be eliminated.

The general principles of heredity formulated by Mendel give much promise in the way of crop improvement through more systematic methods of breeding. It is believed by many biologists that Mendel's law offers in part a solution to some of the perplexing problems in plant and animal improvement. It is too early, however, to predict what benefits can reasonably be expected from its application. This law attempts to reduce to a mathematical basis the characteristics of the progeny of plants and animals; a certain percentage having the individual characteristics of each parent, and a certain percentage the blended characteristics of both parents. It is not too much to expect that the proposed law with modifications will do much to place the science of plant-breeding upon a rational basis.

In the case of corn, careful selection of seed has resulted in the production of plants which have a tendency to produce an additional ear, thereby increasing the yield ten to twenty-five per cent. Also ears of larger size and more uniform character are secured by breeding and selecting the seed-corn. One of the best examples of the improvement of a crop by selection and breeding is the sugar beet, which has been developed from the common stock of garden beets that contain only a small amount of saccharine material and are unsuitable for the manufacture of sugar, until high grade beets containing sixteen to eighteen per cent. of sugar are secured.

As a result of the study of seeds, their requirements are better known. In many instances the vitality of the crop is unnecessarily lowered through storage of the seed in poorly ventilated rooms and bins. The life process of the seed goes on to a certain extent even during storage. There is a slight activity of the cells, resulting in the production of carbon dioxide. This might be called vegetable respiration. When this ceases death and decay ensue. With the seed it is either a state of life or death. There is no absolutely dormant period in seed life.

While the selection and breeding of seeds has done much, and is destined to do more for the improvement of crops, plant-breeding alone will not produce the results that can be secured through



the judicious feeding of crops coupled with seed improvement. Feeding of crops is too frequently neglected. A larger supply of plant-food is the crying need of many soils, and low yields and poor quality of crops are more frequently due to lack of food than to any other cause except adverse climatic conditions.

There is a close relationship between soil and crop. The improvement of the one is dependent upon the upbuilding of the other. Half-starved, struggling plants that fail to mature a reasonable seed crop are of too frequent occurrence. In some instances lack of tillage rather than lack of plant-food is the cause of restricted growth. But tillage alone, important as it is, fails to maintain the fertility of the soil and to produce maximum crops. Tillage and fertilizers both have their place in crop production and plant improvement, and neither can take the place of the other. It is when tillage and fertilizers are judiciously combined that the best results are secured. The rôle in plant nutrition of certain elements—as, nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, and calcium—is so well established that the fertilizing of soils to secure maximum crops has become a reasonably well-grounded science. It bears to crop production the same relationship as the science of animal nutrition bears to animal production.

The quality of wheat is greatly influenced by the fertility of the soil. In some experiments with soils that were deficient in available plant-food the addition of fertilizers increased not only the yield of wheat, but also improved the bread-making qualities of the flour made from that wheat. Larger, plumper, and sounder kernels were produced when there was a liberal supply of plant-food in the soil. Better and more nutritious bread can, as a rule, be secured by good methods of tillage and the use of fertilizers. Spring wheat grown upon worn-out soil yielding ten bushels per acre was found to contain from ten to thirteen per cent. of glutenous compounds, while wheat grown upon adjoining plots well fertilized yielded twenty-four bushels per acre, and contained from twelve to fifteen per cent. of gluten. The composition and character of a crop are largely de-

pendent upon food-supply, and crop improvement is mainly secured through feeding and breeding. Plants, like animals, must be reasonably well fed in order to reach their maximum perfection.

It is not consistent with the scope of this paper to exhaustively discuss the part which each science has taken in the improvement of crops. In addition, however, to the sciences of botany, bacteriology, animal biology, physics, and chemistry, the benefits from which have been briefly alluded to, there are also others that have taken an important part in crop betterment. No one science is paramount. The apparently indirect influence of some of the sciences is in reality of much importance. For example, the regulation of the water-supply by irrigation and drainage, which is primarily a problem of engineering, is an important factor in influencing the composition and commercial value of crops. In the case of wheat, excessive amounts of water produce large yields of starchy wheat, while the amount of gluten is increased by supplying the requisite amount of water at the right time and avoiding an excess.

The geological study of soils has also been of benefit in crop production. A knowledge of the history of a soil is of value, for the kind of rock materials out of which it has been produced, together with the agencies that have taken part in its formation and distribution, are important factors in modifying the character of crops. All this knowledge relating to the improvement of farm crops and other agricultural subjects, secured by scientists in their laboratories and experimental fields, is disseminated in the form of bulletins, and distributed, without cost, by the agricultural experiment stations of the various States.

There are two distinct phases of the problem of crop improvement. The first is the acquisition of new facts with the view of enlarging the knowledge relating to the subject. It is this quest of knowledge and desire for discovery that is so keenly enjoyed by the true scientist. The second phase is the application of the knowledge to some useful purpose. This is the educational side of the question. While only a few can engage in scientific inquiry, all may benefit by the results obtained.

# The Bible in Four Hundred Tongues

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

A LOW coral atoll, languid with lilies and palms. Futuna, of the New Hebrides, 1500 miles east of Australia. Just one of the myriad islets sprinkling the map of the South Pacific as stars dust the firmament with nebulous splendor. And landed on the strand a Scotsman, permeated with the true "Idea" of Plato. Here, where Dr. Paton and John Williams were clubbed and eaten, he will make his home, it may be for twenty years. Note-book in hand, listening for words in a vocabulary so small; paying the cannibals eighteen cents a hundred for the precious gutturals, parting with his last two pieces of cotton for an elusive verb.

"Pig," "rat," "dog," exhaust the terms of zoology; no words for "city," "wheat," "barley." Nay, I go lower—numerals up to four only. Five is "my hand"; six, "my hand and one"; and so on until ten, which is "both hands." Then come brown toes up to twenty; and after that a vague gesture and "very many"!

The lonely white man is going to reduce this savage speech to writing for the first time, and having done that, he will hand over to this remote people a magnificent literature entire—the Christian Bible; and that so cheaply that any Futuna man may buy a perfect copy in Aneityum for fifteen pounds of arrow-root. Impossible? Nothing is impossible to the man with the "Idea"; he will give his life to it with a singleness of purpose, an ingenuity, a selflessness, a disregard for deadly peril, which I hope to show in such wise that our hats will come off to him, whether we be among the Oxford philologists, Mormon farmers, free-thinkers, or sun-worshippers.

He is one of many, that patient lonely Scotsman. Let us look at others—the pioneers, captained only by an abstract "Idea" that drives them night and day

with dynamic force. Here is an American in camp with the Micmac Indians of Nova-Scotian wilds. He is in dismay over his first printed copy of St. Matthew's Gospel. At xxiv., 7 he reads, "A pair of snow-shoes shall rise up against a pair of snow-shoes!" Mere gibberish. Yet only one letter was wrong. "Nāō-ōktūkūmiksījk" is a nation; "nāōōktā-kūmiksījk" is a snow-shoe.

In Tahitian words must be coined for abstract conceptions like "honesty" or "conscience"; in Maori, for "hope" and "law"; and in Yaghan terms distinguishing between hands and fingers. "Faith" would be an unthinkable thing to a tribe whose very existence depended upon suspicion. And yet to-day the Bible is printed in eleven Polynesian tongues, and parts of it in thirty-eight other dialects of the South Seas and New Guinea. Mistakes? Plenty at first: at a second revision of the Lifu Bible for the Loyalty Islands 52,310 corrections were made!

Here is a Testament for the Mosquito Indians of Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. There are many English words you see—"king" "priest," "marriage," "angel," "holy." No terms exist in Mosquito for these, nor could any be coined in so miserable a vehicle. "Sin" was rendered by "*saura*"—"bad to eat." Let a man give life and strength to the work; let him escape hostile clubs and spears, wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, fevers and perils by land and sea. Let him live to old age—and yet the work is not complete. Henry Nott and John Williams spent twenty years learning Tahitian, and another twenty translating. In Uganda Dr. Crawford waited five years to get the one word "plague" in Ki-Mbundu. And one day he overheard an ivory-hunter complaining about the village rats—what a "*dibebu*" they were. And down went the long-sought word in a tattered note-book that would



A WOMAN TRANSLATOR IN MADAGASCAR WITH NATIVE INTERPRETER

fly out from the ragged coat at such times, as though it had ears to hear.

The "Idea" driving always, as the quest for gold drives others. Behold Crawford with smarting eyes prostrate on mud floor in the wattle huts of Mboga, gasping with smoke from the brushwood fire that guided his blue pencil over the grimy sheets. Or Medhurst, lost in the "Dead Heart" of Central Australia, oblivious to heat and thirst, wondering only whether *kuli ngomu* (nice smell) would do for "frankincense" in St. Matthew ii., 11. And he rendered gold as *marda maralje*—"red stone." Low savages, indeed, that have no word for a metal found in every outcrop of the wilderness.

"The *Lamb* of God" was a serious stumbling-block to Purdy, poring over his manuscript by the light of a whale-oil lamp in an Eskimo igloo, built of frozen snow-blocks. He compromised on "The *Little Seal* of God," and let it go at that! The "Idea" of Plato has a formula in these cases. Translator Kilbon put it into the mouth of his Master—"The Words which Thou Gavest to Me, I have Given unto Them." For

that reason Bishop Schereschewsky gave his tired life to the "Easy Wen-li" translation of Chinese. Paralysis had left the old man the use of but one forefinger, yet with this he pounded out on the typewriter for fourteen long years every word of both Testaments, requiring two secretaries to keep pace with him. By way of relaxation he turned aside into High Wen-li, Mandarin, and the Shanghai and Foo-chow colloquials, that he might reach the bulk of China's four hundred millions.

Of pitfalls there are many in the work, yet one is sorry to smile. What notion of a mountain can the dreamy-eyed people of a low-lying coral atoll have? One translator in China took the wrong word for a palm-tree and represented the multitudes who went forth to meet Christ on Mount Olivet casting in His path not fragrant branches, but formidable thorns! Another in Haussaland, trying to render the "Parable of the Sower," represented *carnivorous* birds as coming down to devour the seed that fell by the wayside.

And when the vast work is done and done well, what misunderstandings there

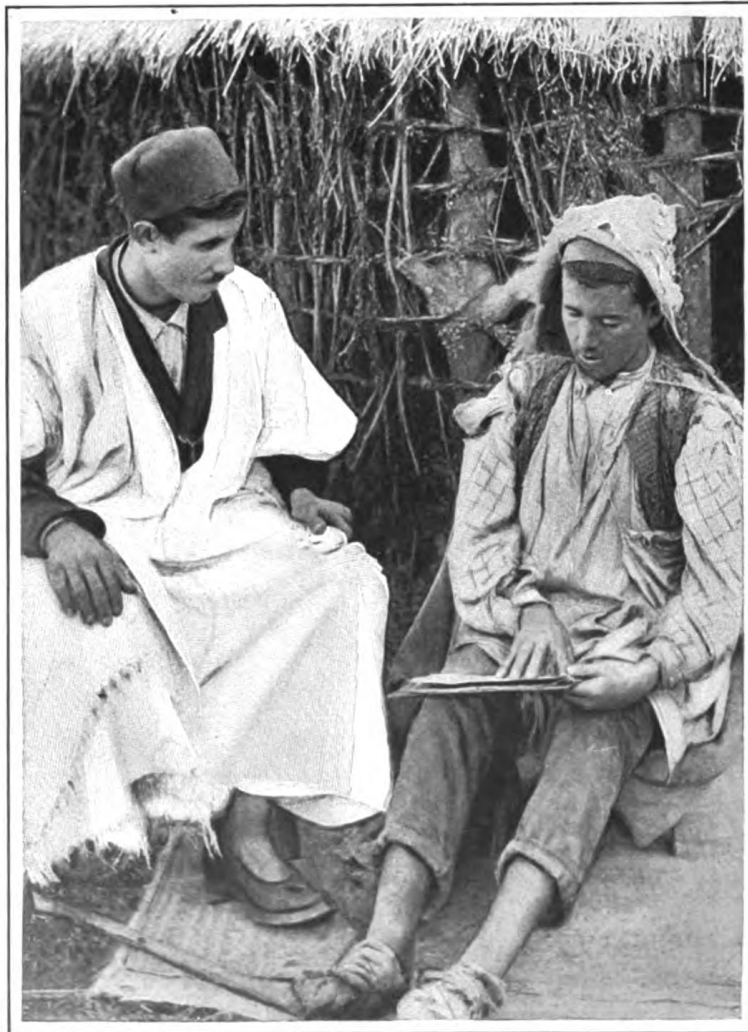
are; what clashings with the prejudice of a thousand years! "It is a good moral story," gravely commented an old Hindoo on that of the Prodigal Son, "but, oh, why was the father criminal enough to kill a young cow?" And similar scandal was evinced among the Buddhists of Upper Burmah when their new Bible told them St. Peter was a fisherman, and therefore got his living by taking life!

But of romance, of patient heroism—consider Hiram Bingham in the mid-Pacific Gilbert group, a curiosity among staring savages, yet with a fixed resolve to learn the language, reduce it to writing, and then begin to translate. Day and night this pioneer collected words and phrases more precious to him than dull pebbles delved by the De Beers, than pearls in Torres Straits—correcting and rehearsing, comparing always the written notes with the spoken word day and night, year in and year out, with a patience surely not of this earth. At last he ventured to put the Lord's Prayer and a simple psalm into the savage vernacular. Next came a gospel, and so on.

More than a century ago did this work begin. Napoleon was watching anxiously for his "six hours' mastery of the Channel" to descend on England, where 500,000 men were sleeping under arms and beacons waited the torch on hill-top and church-tower. And in 1808, four years later, a

similar world movement in connection with the Christian Bible was born in Philadelphia, at a time when our total population was but seven millions, and the "Wild West" of the emigrant's dream lay well on the Mississippi's eastern side. Thus early was Robert Morrison at Canton working on a Bible for the Forbidden Land. And soon "colloquial portions" were circulating along the Cochin China coast and the Gulf of Siam, and on through the Malay Archipelago to the Celebes and Moluccas.

Now it was Gutzlaff, scouring the China coasts as an itinerant surgeon, risking his life every hour, yet always note-book in hand wrestling with "ideo-



A BLIND KABYLE READING THE SCRIPTURES IN RAISED MOON TYPE

graphs," picking up words from shipwrecked sailors. The result was the famous Delegates' Version, read with amazement by the Tai-ping rebels in troublous days, when monstrous Buddhas drifted down the Hoang-Ho.

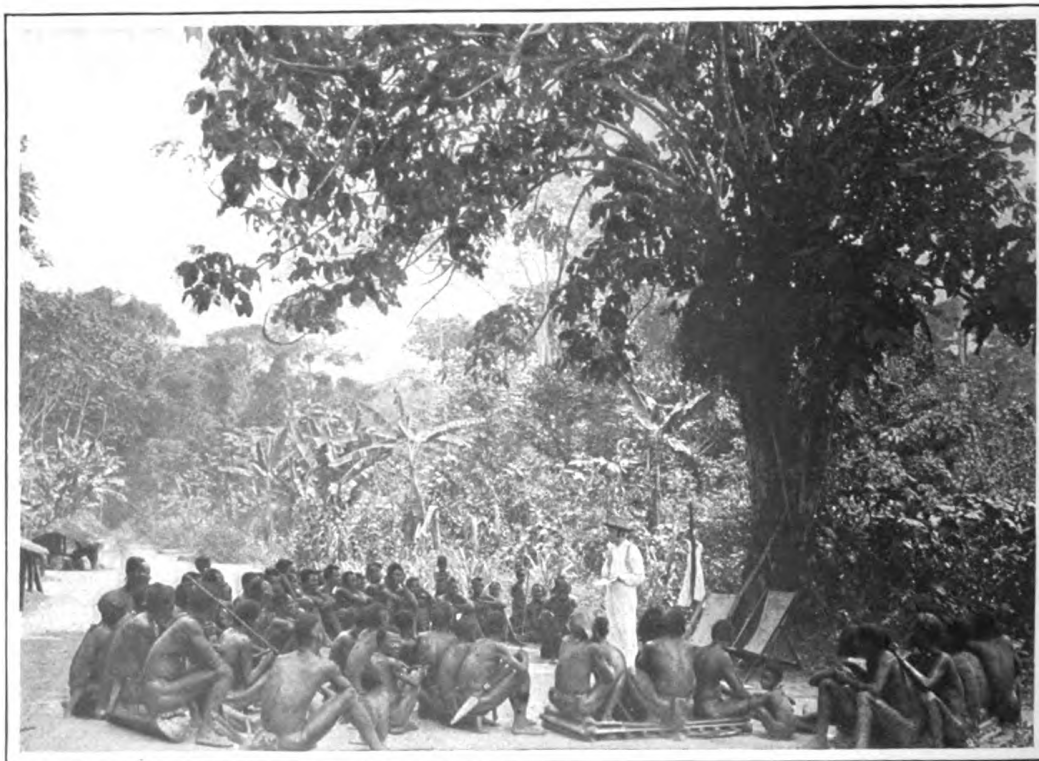
Japan was closed, too, yet Wells Williams was braving the wrath of two-sworded daimios, preparing a gospel without dictionary or grammar. With such men it is little wonder the work went ahead. In the South Sea Islands sacrificial stones of cannibal tribes were presently turned into printing-presses; and in 1816 the first grant for paper was made for "Te Parau na Luka"—Luke's Gospel in Rarotongan.

Naturally the work appealed to governments and kings; to great universities and men of philology, geography, ethnology, and commerce. All these were benefited. For while in olden-times a race took an age to reach even the rudiments of culture, here they were being discovered one year and handed an alphabet and literature the next. Many semi-savage races—those of western China, for in-

stance—can only learn their own language through the translated Bible; and down in Peru Madame Matteo de Turner's version of the Gospels in Quichus has preserved what has been called "our only key to the ruins and institutions of the Incas."

The dawn of the nineteenth century beheld four million copies of the Bible extant in some fifty tongues. I include those in manuscript and print in every land, together with versions in such bygone speech as Mæsothian and the Anglo-Saxon of Bede. In its first half-century, however, the British Bible Society issued eight million copies in English alone, and to-day engages in a babel of 378 languages, besides sundry dialects that bring the number to well over four hundred.

And the bands are never off the wheels; the work never stands still. Translation, revision, rerevision. The undertaking costs millions—is, even commercially considered, a vast enterprise. The parent society has spent ninety million dollars and distributed above two hundred million



A PIONEER COMPILING A GRAMMAR AND DICTIONARY IN A CONGO VILLAGE BY NOTING DOWN NATIVE PHRASES



copies through an army of devotees. With an income of over \$1,250,000 a year, its presses at home and abroad produce six million copies a year in four hundred tongues; and nearly sixty different sets of characters are employed in the printing. Yet no profit is looked for. The Bengali Gospel, that costs two cents to produce, is sold in Calcutta bazaars for a pice, or half a cent; and even this is swallowed up in freight. And since a man must be maintained in the field for years, a complete manuscript is a costly document.

The last revise of the Madagascar Bible cost \$15,000. And to Dr. William Carey and his associates \$150,000 was paid for the Serampore Version of the Bible in Hindostani. Altogether the two great societies, British and American, have an army of 2000 linguists in the field, whose work is supervised by expert philological committees at home. Last year the London Board alone considered matters relating to 151 languages and dialects. And its record output for one month was 48 tons of Scriptures, in 440 cases and 70 shipments. In these were 116,370 books, in 114 different languages. There were even Bible portions in their own languages for blind savages, printed in the Moon and Braille types. Easily the most impressive philological institution the world ever saw. Fast steamship and train are but the first step in the transportation of this babel of books. And then come little sailing-ships among the coral islands of the Pacific; canoes and house-boats for Indo-China and the West Coast of Africa; camel-carts in Australia; dog-sledges for the arctic; pack-horses and hard-headed negro porters, with many other varieties of transport, according to the region.

Quite three-fifths of the output must be printed abroad to save freight and avoid



TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO KABYLE WITH HELP OF A NATIVE ASSISTANT IN THE CITY OF ALGIERS

possible error. Our own American society has local headquarters in Shanghai and Foo-chow; in Yokohama and Tokio; Constantinople, Beirut, and Bangkok in Siam. The first vernacular version for Uganda in East Central Africa was prepared in London, and cost \$1 58 a copy. To this was added another \$2 58 per copy for the freight from London to Chinde, and thence inland on men's heads, through a country where all cattle had been wiped out by the tsetse-fly. Hence the local "factories." And how amazed must even the white explorer be on reaching the lofty village of Ghoom, high up in the snowy cap of the Himalayas, to find devotees at humming presses turning out Gospels in Tibetan and selling them to traders from the north that they may be smuggled even into the sacred Lhasa itself!

Is any region closed? Yes. Arabia, Persia, Nepal, the Sudan (for political reasons), Albania, and Abyssinia. The Christian ruler of that last-named state sent the secretary a superb pair of tusks with a magniloquent letter signed, "The Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Menelik the Second, Emperor of Ethiopia by the Will of God." Albania as a for-

bidden territory is a queer case. For years the Gospel and Psalter have been in type in the Tosk dialect, with the national Albanian character. But the Sublime Porte would not permit its introduction. One of the viziers turning over the pages caught sight of the word "Macedonia." "It is treason to the Caliph," he said, with gentle rebuke, "to mention such a place. You must mean the vilayets of Van and Monastir."

Our own society, with \$750,000 a year, has circulated 77,000,000 copies in 150 tongues—not forgetting those of the polyglot immigrants that land on our shores. Nor are the lumbermen of the West forgotten; nor the miners of coal and gold; the missions in crowded cities; our sailors and soldiers; sufferers in hospitals; inmates of asylums and prisons.

Our Indians have the Bible in five dialects; and work was begun on the thirty-four languages and dialects of the Philippines within two weeks of Dewey's victory. To-day the complete Testament may be had in Tagalog, Ilokana, and Pampanga. Altogether we have translations in thirty European, forty-three Asiatic, eleven African, nine oceanic, and twelve American tongues. Its diversity amazes one. Africa alone, eighty-one languages; and India, besides her classic Bengali, Urdu, and Telugu, has hundreds of other dialects. But strangest of all is that last year the British society sold the Scriptures in twenty different languages in Austria-Hungary and fifty in the Russian Empire!

One word about the precious manuscripts that entail a life's labor. Dr.

Judson had just finished his Burman translation of the New Testament, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison. It was in King Thebaw's day, before the British occupation. Judson's wife took the roll of paper and buried it. So far, good; yet here was a dilemma. In the ground it would surely decay, and on the other hand, if revealed it would be destroyed. And so the doctor asked Mrs. Judson to dig it up, hide it in a roll of cotton, and bring it into the prison as a pillow. For seven anxious months the man laid his weary head at night upon his treasure; but at last they took it from him and threw it out into the prison yard, to be trodden by the obscene dogs that prowled



A COLPORTEUR READING STORIES FROM THE BIBLE IN A VILLAGE OF SOUTHERN JAPAN

among the offal. In despair Judson now confided his secret to a friendly old Burman, who rescued and took home the roll as a relic of the white captive. And in this little man's possession was it found when the victorious British stormed the Mandalay made classic by Kipling.

Thus far translation and printing. Now for the annual distribution—six millions of the British, two millions of the American society. Here is a world of adventure in very truth; the march of an army of 3000 pioneers—"Sowers of the Seed" for the world's missionaries. Dog-sledge and komatik in Alaska; magic lantern and buffalo-cart among Dyak head-hunters in Borneo; camels and ponies among Mongols of the Gobi Desert; mule-train and llama-herd in the Andes; laden junks, man-hauled by bamboo cables up the Yangtse gorges, and elephants and straw-thatched carts in far Siam.

Let me tell you of a man whose exploits do not get into the papers. His letters are before me as I write. On an open raft, laden with half a ton of Scriptures, he drifted down the mighty Lena for 3000 miles through the frozen heart of Siberia, selling Gospels to the Yakuts in their own savage tongue. His wife was with him. "Our hands were soon in blisters," he says, calmly, "and we had to keep watch, for many dreadful murders had been done. I slept from 11 P.M. till 2 A.M., and then my wife watched until dawn, when I took up the vigil again."

You will gather the "Idea" leads to tragedy. One man in eastern Asia, trading Scriptures with the Samoyede fishers and Ostyak fur-hunters on the arctic coast, was never heard of again. Nor was John Matthews, after he left Santa Fé de Bogotá to ascend the great Magdalena River. On the other hand, the fate of Johnson and his native assistant was well known—but not until nineteen years later. They had ascended the Yangtse and landed at a remote town to sell books. During their stay a ter-

rible fire broke out and was attributed to the evil influence of the "foreign devil." That night a band of men murdered them with every circumstance of horror. A fourth, W. T. Beynon, with his wife and three children, were massacred by Yu Hsien and his Boxers in the square before the governor's yamen.

In Paraguay an adventurous peddler of Bibles found himself entangled in an insurrection, and dropping his books on the plain, fled for his life in a canoe. He was captured by the revolutionists, however, and after a remarkable series of adventures only escaped with his life by disguising himself and acting as a stoker on a river steamer.

Of course these men are paid in kind for the Bibles. In Uganda it may be cowrie-shells, calico, brass wire, ivory, feathers, and gold dust. In Central America the "money" may be eggs, starch, cocoa-beans, fowls, logwood, and firewood. Again, in the Solomon Islands of the Pacific, Gospels may be bartered for beads, porpoise teeth, and bracelets. The diary of Mr. Glass in Brazil is typical. Thus: "*June 4.*—Sold a Gospel for a bunch of sugar-canes; another for a bag of rice, some cheese, and eight eggs. Last night we slept in an old sugar-mill; not bad, but a little sticky. . . . *June 5.*—Killed the biggest snake I have ever taken in Brazil—6 ft. long, black and yellow banded, and lying right across our path. A forest fire ahead. The river Itapirapoan in flood held us up all day. And so we stayed on the banks washing our clothes that had been chewed up by cows the night before. We're so bothered by the sand-flies that we must sit constantly in the acrid smoke of wood fires."

Welcome awaits these pioneers, save in time of strife. "This is no time to talk of Bibles, but of war," Colporteur Jons was told in a Colombian town on the eve of a revolution; and a confrère of his on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier reported, dryly, he "found no demand for Bibles, but plenty of inquiries for guns and dynamite"!

# The Weavers

## A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

### CHAPTER XLI

#### IN THE LAND OF SHINAR

*"Then I said to the angel that talked with me, Whither do these bear the Ephah?"*

*"And he said unto me, To build it an house in the land of Shinar; and it shall be established, and set there upon her own base."*

DAVID raised his head from the paper he was studying. He looked at Lacey sharply. "And how many rounds of ammunition?" he asked.

"Ten thousand, Saadat."

"How many shells?" he continued, making notes upon the paper before him.

"Three hundred, Saadat."

"How many hundredweight of dou-rha?"

"Eighty—about."

"And how many mouths to feed?"

"Five thousand."

"How many fighters go with the mouths?"

"Nine hundred and eighty—of a kind."

"And of the best?"

"Well, say, five hundred."

"Thee said six hundred three days ago, Lacey."

"Sixty were killed or wounded on Sunday, and forty I reckon in the others, Saadat."

The dark eyes flashed, the lips set. "The fire was sickening—they fell back?"

"Well, Saadat, they reflected—at the wrong time."

"They ran?"

"Not back—they were slow in getting on."

"But they fought it out?"

"They had to—root hog, or die! You see, Saadat, in that five hundred I'm only counting the up-and-at-ems, the blind-goers that 'd look down the muz-

zles, that 'd open the lid of Hell and jump in after the enemy."

The pale face lighted. "So many! I would not have put the estimate half so high. Not bad for a dark race fighting for they know not what!"

"They know that all right; they are fighting for you, Saadat."

David seemed not to hear. "Five hundred—so many, and the enemy so near, the temptation so great!"

"The deserters are all gone over to Ali Wed Hei. You ought to have shot him after we defeated him at Sobat a year ago, Saadat. For a month there have been only the deserted."

A hardness crept into the dark eyes. "Only the deserted!" He looked out to where the Nile lost itself in the northern distance. "I asked Nahoum for one thousand men—I asked England for the word which would send them. I asked for a thousand, but even two hundred would turn the scale—the sign that the Inglesi had behind him Cairo and London. Twenty weeks, and nothing comes!"

He got to his feet slowly and walked up and down the room, occasionally glancing out towards the clump of palms which marked the disappearance of the Nile into the desert beyond his vision. A cannon-shot occasionally crashed upon the rarified air, as scores of thousands had done for months past, torturing to ear and sense and nerve. The confused and dulled roar of voices came from the distance also; and, looking out to the landward side, David saw a series of movements of the besieging forces. Here a loosely formed troop of lancers and light cavalry cantered away towards the south, converging upon the Nile; there a group of cavalry in glistening mail moved nearer

to the northern defences; and between, battalions of infantry took up new positions, while batteries of guns moved nearer to the Nile, curving upon the palace north and south.

Suddenly David's eyes flashed fire. He turned to Lacey eagerly. Lacey was watching with eyes screwed up shrewdly, his forehead was shining with sweat.

"Saadat," he said, suddenly, "this isn't the usual set of quadrilles. It's the real thing. They're watching the river—waiting."

"But South!" was David's laconic response. At the same moment he struck a gong. An orderly entered. Giving swift instructions, he turned to Lacey again.

"Not Cairo—Darfûr," he said.

"Ebn Ezra Bey coming up! Ali Wad Hei's got word, I guess."

David nodded, and his face clouded. "We should have had word also," he said sharply.

There was a knock at the door, and Mahommed Hassan entered, supporting an Arab, down whose haggard face blood trickled from a wound in the head, while an arm hung limp at his side.

"Behold, Saadat—from Ebn Ezra Bey—from Darfûr," Mahommed said. The man drooped beside him.

David caught a tin cup from a shelf, poured some liquor into it, and held it to the lips of the fainting man. "Drink," he said. The man drank greedily, and, when he had finished, gave a long sigh of satisfaction. "Let him sit," David added.

When the man was seated on a sheepskin, the huge Mahommed squatting behind like a sentinel, David questioned him. "What is thy name—thy news?" he asked in Arabic.

"I am called Feroog. I come from Ebn Ezra Bey, to whom be peace," he said. "Thy messenger, Saadat, behold he died of hunger and thirst, and his work became mine. Ebn Ezra Bey came by the river—"

"He is near?" interjected David, impatiently.

"He is twenty miles away."

"Thou comest by the desert?"

"By the desert, Saadat, as Ebn Ezra comes."

"By the desert! But thou saidst by the river."

"Saadat, yonder, forty miles from where we are, the river makes a great curve. There the Effendi landed in the night with three hundred men to march hither. But he commanded that the boats should come on slowly, and receive the attack in the river while he came in from the desert."

David's eye lighted. "A great device. They will be here by midnight, then, perhaps?"

"At midnight, Saadat, by the blessing of God."

"How wert thou wounded?"

"I came upon two of the enemy. They were mounted. I fought them. Upon the horse of one I came hither."

"The other?"

"God is just and merciful, Saadat. He is in the bosom of God."

"How many of Ebn Ezra's men come by the river?"

"But fifty, Saadat," was the answer, "but they have sworn by the stone in the Kaabah not to surrender."

"And those who come with the Effendi, by the desert, are they as those who will not surrender?"

"But half are so. They were with thee, as was I, Saadat, when the great sickness fell upon us at Sobat, and were healed by thee, and afterwards fought with thee."

David nodded abstractedly, and motioned to Mahommed to take the man away; then he said to Lacey, "How long does thee think we can hold out?"

"We shall have more men, but also more rifles to fire, and more mouths to fill, if Ebn Ezra Bey gets in, Saadat."

David nodded. "But with more rifles to fire away your ten thousand rounds"—he tapped the paper on the table—"and eat the eighty hundredweight of dourha, how long can we last?"

"If they are to fight, and with full stomachs, and to stake everything on that one fight, then we can last two days. No more, I reckon."

"I make it one day," answered David, coolly. "In three days we shall have no food, and unless help comes from Cairo, we must die or surrender . . ."

"None that are left will surrender."

"It is not well to starve on the chance of help coming, and then die fighting with weak arms and broken spirit."



Therefore, thee sees we must fight to-morrow if Ebn Ezra Bey gets in to-night. And I think we shall fight well," he added. "Thee thinks so?"

"You are a born fighter, Saadat."

A shadow fell on David's face, and his lips tightened. "I was not born a fighter, Lacey. The day we met first, no man had ever died by my hand or by my will."

"There are three that must die at sunset to-night—an hour from now—by thy will, Saadat."

A startled look came into David's face. "Who?" he asked.

"The Three Pashas, Saadat. They have been recaptured."

"Recaptured!" rejoined David, mechanically.

"Achmet Pasha got them from under the very noses of the sheikhs before sunrise this morning."

"Achmet—Achmet Pasha!" A light came into David's face again.

"You will keep faith with Achmet, Saadat. He risked his life to get them. They betrayed you, and betrayed three hundred good men to death. If they do not die, those who fight for you will say that it doesn't matter whether men fight for you or betray you, they get the same stuff off the same plate. If we are going to fight to-morrow, it ought to be with a clean bill of health."

"They served me well so long—ate at my table, fought with me! But—but traitors must die—even as Harrik died." A stern look came into his face. "It may be that they would fight to-morrow even as Achmet fights—for he also was a traitor! But, no, it is too late. Our men would fear them. . . . And we must fight to-morrow. If Ebn Ezra Bey gets in, we must fight; if he does not get in, we must fight." He looked round the great room slowly. "We have done our best," he said. "I need not have failed, if there had been no treachery, if—"

"If it hadn't been for Nahoum!"

David raised his head. Supreme purpose came into his bearing. He gave that quick toss of the head which had been a characteristic of both Eglington and himself. His eyes shone—a steady, indomitable light. "I will not give in. I still have hope. We are few and they are many, but the end of a battle has never been sure. We may not fail even now.

Help may come from Cairo even to-morrow—and God will be here to-morrow."

"Say, somehow you've always pulled through before. When I've been most frightened, I've perked up and stiffened my backbone, thinking of your luck. I've seen a blue funk evaporate by thinking of how things always come your way just when the worst seems at the worst."

David smiled as he caught up a small cane and prepared to go. "More than once thee has said thee is cowardly, but if thee were not more accurate in speech as to other things, we should have parted long ago," he said, and stroked his thin, clean-shaven face with a lean finger. Presently a movement in the desert arrested his attention. He put a field-glass to his eyes, and scanned the field of operations closely once more.

"Good—good!" he burst out cheerfully. "Achmet has done the one thing possible. The way to the north will be still open. He has flung the Shillooks between the Nile and the enemy, and now the batteries are at work." Opening the door, he passed out. "The Shillooks are under the cover of the batteries. He has anticipated my orders. . . . Come, Lacey, it will be an anxious night. The moon is full, and Ebn Ezra Bey has his work cut out—sharp work for all of us, and . . ."

Lacey could not hear the rest of his words in the roar of the artillery. David's steamers in the river were pouring shot into the desert where the enemy lay, and Achmet's Shillooks and Egyptians were making good their new position. As David and Lacey, fearlessly exposing themselves to rifle fire, and taking the shortest and most dangerous route to where Achmet fought, rode swiftly from the palace, three small steamers appeared up the river, and came slowly down to where David's gunboats lay. Their appearance was greeted by desperate discharges of artillery from the forces under Ali Wad Hei, who had received word of their coming two hours before, and had accordingly redispensed his attacking forces. But for Achmet's sharp initiative the circle of fire and sword would have been complete; for on the other side of the Nile, opposite to where Achmet now lay, was a small army of Ali Wad Hei's adherents. Ach-

met's new position had not been occupied before, for men were too few, and they had been sorely needed elsewhere; and the position just left was now exposed to an attack, which, if pressed as boldly as was this upon the new position, might make complete one-half of the circle of death.

David's heart sank as he saw the danger. If others in command had moved with the intelligence and audacity of Achmet the situation might be saved, but one position had been secured while another had been left exposed. It could not, however, be captured for half an hour at least; and in that half hour anything might happen. From the palace David had sent an orderly with a command to an officer to advance, but still the gap was open, and the men he had ordered to occupy the position remained where they were. Every minute had its crisis.

As Lacey and himself left the town the misery of the place smote him in the eyes. Filth, refuse, débris filled the streets. Sick and dying men called to him from dark doorways, children and women begged for bread, carcasses lay unburied, vultures hovering above them—his tireless efforts had not been sufficient to cope with the daily horrors of the siege. But there was no sign of hostility to him. Frequently voices called blessings on him from dark doorways, lips blanching in death commended him to Allah the compassionate, the merciful, and now and then a shrill call told of a fighter who had been laid low, but who had a spirit still unbeaten. Old men and women stood over their cooking-pots waiting for the moment of sunset; for it was Ramadan, and the faithful fasted during the day. As though every day was not a fast!

Sunset was almost come as David and Lacey left the city and galloped away to send forces to stop the gap of danger before it was filled by the foe. Sunset—the Three Pashas were to die at sunset! They were with Achmet, and in a few moments they would be gone! As the two rode hard they suddenly saw a movement of men on foot at a distant point of the field, and then a small mounted troop—fifty at most—detach themselves from the larger force and gallop fiercely down to the position which Achmet had left.

David felt a shiver of anxiety and apprehension as he saw this sharp, sweeping advance. Even fifty men, well entrenched, could hold the position until the main body of Ali Wad Hei's infantry came on to reinforce them. Once there the end of all would be swift, for it was the key to the whole position.

They rode hard, but harder still rode Ali Wad Hei's troop of daring Arabs. Nearer and nearer they came. Suddenly from the trenches, which they had thought deserted, David saw jets of smoke shoot out, and a half dozen of the advancing troop fell from their saddles, their riderless horses galloping wildly on.

David's heart leaped. Achmet had then left men behind, hidden from view; and these were now defending the position! Again came the jets of smoke, and again nine Arabs dropped from their saddles. But the others still came on. A thousand feet away seven more dropped. Twenty-two of the fifty had already gone. The others fired their rifles as they galloped. But now, to David's relief, his own forces, which should have moved long before, were coming swiftly down to cut off the approach of Ali Wad Hei's infantry; and he turned his horse upon the position where a handful of men were still emptying the saddles of the impetuous enemy. But now twelve of the fifty were upon the trenches. Then came the flash of swords, puffs of smoke, the thrust of lances, and figures falling from the screaming, rearing horses.

Lacey's pistol was in his hand, David's sword was gripped tight as they rushed upon the *melée*. Lacey's pistol snapped, and an Arab fell; again, and another swayed in his saddle. David's sword swept down, and a turbaned head was gashed by a mortal stroke. As he swung towards another horseman, who had struck down a defender of the trenches, an Arab raised himself in his saddle and flung up a lance with a cry of terrible malice. He threw his lance, but, even as he did so, a shot from Lacey's pistol pierced his shoulder. The shot had been too late to stop the lance, but sufficient to lessen its force and to divert its course. It caught David in the flesh of the body under the arm—a slight wound only. A few inches

to the right, however, and his day would have been done.

The fight was over. Not a man of the attacking party remained in his saddle; but one unwounded Arab who had ridden with an European saddle was being dragged by the foot across the desert by a maddened horse.

As David, dismounting, stood with a dripping sword in his hand, he heard in imagination the voice of Kaïd say to him, as it said that night when he killed Foorgat Bey, "Hast thou ever killed a man?"

For an instant it blinded him, then he was conscious that on the ground at his feet lay one of the Three Pashas who were to die at sunset. It was sunset now, and the man was dead. Another of the three sat upon the ground winding his thigh with the folds of a dead Arab's turban, blood streaming from his gashed face. The last of the trio stood before David, stoical and attentive. For a moment David looked at the Three, the dead man and the two living; then he turned and gave orders to the men near him. They were only six besides the two pashas, whom his commands also comprised. Two small guns were in place. He had them trained on that portion of the advancing infantry of Ali Wad Hei not yet covered by his own forces. Years of work and responsibility had made him master of many things, and long ago he had learned the work of an artilleryman. In a moment a shot, well directed, made a gap in the ranks of the advancing foe. An instant afterwards a shot from the other gun fired by the unwounded pasha added to the confusion in the swerving ranks, and now from Ebn Ezra Bey's river steamers there came a flank fire. The force wavered, stopped. From David's gun another shot made havoc. They turned and fell back quickly. The situation was saved.

As if by magic the attack of the enemy all over the field ceased. By sunset they had meant to finish this enterprise, which was to put the besieged wholly in their hands, and then to feast after the day's fasting. Sunset had come, and they had been foiled; but hunger demanded the feast. The order to cease firing and retreat sounded, and three thousand men hurried back to the cook-

ing-pot, the sack of dourha, and the prayer-mat. *Malaish!* If the infidel Inglesi was not conquered to-day, he should be beaten and captured, and should die to-morrow. And yet there were those among them who had a well-grounded apprehension, based on what the Saadat had done in the past, that "The Mad Inglesi" would win in the end. Their watchers had been down the river for months, ready to announce the approach of a relief force from Cairo, and the weeks had gone and the months had gone, and the colors of Effendina's soldiers showed nowhere, the flag floating on any steamer which came was the flag of Ali Wad Hei; but these same watchers had grown listless, and, as it was now Ramadan, they resigned themselves to feasting by night and sleeping by day.

As David prepared to return to the city, he said to the unwounded pasha, "Thou wert to die at sunset—it was thy sentence."

And the pasha answered: "Saadat, as for death—*Malaish!* But I fought to hold this place! I am ready to die, Saadat; but have I not fought for thee?"

David turned to the wounded pasha. "And thou—why did Achmet Pasha spare thee?"

"He did not spare us, Saadat. Those who fought with us but now were to shoot us at sunset, and remain here till troops came, if that might be. Before sunset came we saw the danger, since no troops came. Therefore we fought with those who were to kill us, to hold this place. Have we not proved that we are with thee, not against thee, Saadat?"

David looked them in the eyes. "Hither across the desert Ebn Ezra Bey's men come. Ye shall fight again, if need be, betwixt this hour and the morning—and ye shall die, if need be. Ye are willing?"

Both men touched their foreheads, their lips and their breasts. "Whether it be death or it be life, *Inshallah*, we are true to thee, Saadat," one said, and the other repeated the words after him.

The moon stole up, ample, white, and glowing, and the desert drew down its whiteness until the sand was like a wide soft coverlet which men might draw over them and sleep the sleep of peace.

The moon rose higher and higher, and gradually to the glowing whiteness was added a deep stillness. The fighters were no longer fighting. David's men had had the fullest meal they had eaten in weeks—by his orders, in thought of the morrow—and heavy sleep had followed repletion in Ali Wad Hei's camp.

Upon the roof of the palace Mahommed Hassan watched and waited, his eyes scanning sharply the desert to the south, straining to catch that stir of life which his accustomed ears had so often detected in the desert when no footsteps, marching, or noises could be heard. Below, now in the palace, now in the defences, his master, the Saadat, planned for the last day's effort on the morrow, gave directions to the officers, sent commands to Achmet Pasha, arranged for the disposition of his forces with as strange a band of adherents and subordinates as ever men had—adventurers, to whom adventure in their own land had brought no profit; members of that legion of the non-reputable, to whom Cairo offered no home; Levantines, who had fled from that underground world where every coin of reputation is falsely minted, refugees from the storm of the world's disapproval; Greeks with Austrian names; Armenians, speaking Italian as their native tongue; Italians of astonishing military skill, whose services were no longer required by their offended country; French Pizarros with a romantic outlook, even in misery, intent to find new El Dorados; Englishmen, who had cheated at cards and had left the Horse Guards forever behind; Egyptian intriguers, who had been banished for being less successful than greater intriguers; but also a band of gallant men of every nation—fighters who fought and aspired with equal honesty, and whom danger and trial had cemented into a brotherhood of heroism.

Upon all these during the siege Mahommed Hassan had been a self-appointed spy, and had indirectly added to that knowledge which made David's decisive actions to circumvent intrigue, and its consequences, seem almost supernatural. In his way Mahommed was a great man. He knew that David would endure no spying, and it was creditable to his subtilty and skill that he was able

to warn his master, without being himself suspected of getting information by dark means. On the palace roof Mahommed was happy to-night. To-morrow would be a great day, and since the Saadat was to control its destiny, what other end could there be but happiness? Had not the Saadat always ridden over all that had been in his way? Had not he, Mahommed Hassan, ever had plenty to eat and drink, and money to send to Manfaloot to his father there, and to bribe when bribing was needed? Truly, life was a boon! With a neboot of dom-wood across his knees he sat in the still night, peering into that distance where Ebn Ezra Bey and his men must come, the moon above tranquil and pleasant and alluring, and the desert beneath, covered as it was with the outrages and terrors of war, breathing softly its ancient music, that delicate vibrant humming of the latent activities. In his uncivilized soul Mahommed Hassan felt this murmur, and even as he sat waiting to know whether a little army would steal out of the south like phantoms into this circle the Saadat had drawn round him, he kept humming to himself—had he not been, was he not now, an Apollo to numberless houris who had looked down at him from behind mushrabieh screens, or waited for him in the palm grove or the canefield? The words of his song were not uttered aloud, but yet he sang them in his throat—

"Every night long and all night my spirit  
is moaning and crying—

O dear gazelle, that has taken away my  
peace!

Ah, if my beloved come not, my eyes will  
be blinded with weeping—

Moon of my joy, come to me, hark to  
the call of my soul!"

Over and over he kept chanting the song; but suddenly he leaned farther forward and strained his ears towards the desert. Yes, at last, away to the south-east, there was life stirring, men moving—moving quickly. He got to his feet slowly, still listening, stood for a moment motionless, then with a cry of satisfaction dimly saw a moving mass in the white moonlight far over by the river! Ebn Ezra Bey and his men were coming. He started below, and met David coming

up. He waited till David had mounted the roof, then he pointed. "Now, Saadat," he said.

"They have stolen in?" David peered into the misty whiteness.

"They are almost in, Saadat. Nothing can stop them now."

"It is well done. Go and ask the Effendi Ebn Ezra Bey to come hither," he said.

Suddenly a shot was fired, then a hoarse shout came over the desert, then there was silence again.

"They are in, Saadat," said Mahomed Hassan.

Day broke over a hazy plain. On both sides of the Nile the river mist spread wide, and the army of Ali Wad Hei and the defending forces were alike veiled from each other and from the desert world beyond. Down the river for scores of miles the mist was heavy, and those who moved within it and on the waters of the Nile could not see fifty feet ahead. Yet through this heavy veil there broke gently a little fleet of phantom vessels, the noise of their paddle-wheels and propellers muffled as they slowly moved on. Never had vessels taken such risks on the Nile before, never had pilots trusted so to instinct; for there were sand-banks and ugly drifts of rock here and there. A safe journey for phantom ships; but these armed vessels, filled by men with white eager faces, and others with dark Egyptian features, were no phantoms. They bristled with arms, and armed men crowded every corner of space. For full two hours from the first streak of light they had moved swiftly on, taking chances not to be taken save in some desperate moment. The moment was desperate enough, if not for them. They were going to the relief of desperate men, with a message from Nahoum Pasha to Claridge Pasha—and with succor. They had looked for a struggle up this river as they neared the beleaguered city, but as they came nearer and nearer not a gun fired at them from the forts on the banks out of the mists. If they were heard they still were safe from the guns, for they could not be seen, and those on shore could not know whether they were friend or foe. Like ghostly vessels they passed on, until at

last they could hear the stir and murmur of life along the banks of the stream.

*Boom! Boom! Boom!* Through the mist the guns of the city were pouring shot and shell out into Ali Wad Hei's camp, and Ali Wad Hei laughed contemptuously. Surely now the Inglesi was altogether mad, and to-day, this day after prayers at noon, he should be shot like a mad dog, for yesterday's defeat had turned some of his own adherent sheikhs into angry critics. He would not wait for starvation to compel the infidel to surrender. He would win freedom to deal in human flesh and blood, and make slave-markets where he willed, and win glory for the Lord Mahomet, by putting this city to the sword; and, when it was over, he would have the Inglesi's head carried on a pole through the city for the faithful to mock at, a target for the filth of the streets. So, by the will of Allah, it should be done!

*Boom! Boom! Boom!* The Inglesi was certainly mad, for never had there been so much firing in any long day in all the siege as in this brief hour this morning. It was the act of a fool, to fire his shells and shot into the mist without aim, without a clear target. Ali Wad Hei scorned to make any reply with his guns, but sat in desultory counsel with his sheikhs, planning what should be done at noon, when the mists had cleared away. But surely the Inglesi Saadat was a mad dog, and must die a dog's death. Yesterday evening Ali Wad Hei had offered to give him life if he would surrender and become a Moslem, and swear by the Lord Mahomet; but late in the night he had received a reply which left only one choice, and that was to disembowel him and carry his head aloft on a spear. The letter he had received ran thus:

"To Ali Wad Hei and All with Him:

"We are here to live or to die as God wills, and not as ye will. I have set my feet on the rock, and not by threats of any man shall I be moved. But I say that for all the blood that ye have shed here, there will be punishment, and for the slaves which ye have slain or sold, there will be high price paid. Ye have threatened the city and me—take us if ye can. Ye are seven to one,





Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE MOMENT WAS DESPERATE ENOUGH



why falter all these months! If ye will not come to us, we shall come to you, rebellious ones, who have drawn the sword against your lawful ruler, the Effendian.

CLARIDGE PASHA."

It was a rhetorical document couched in the phraseology they best understood, and if it begat derision, it also begat anger; and the challenge David had delivered would be met when the mists had lifted from the river and the plain. But when the first thinning of the mists began, when the sun began to dissipate the rolling haze, Ali Wad Hei and his rebel sheikhs were suddenly startled by rifle-fire at close quarters, by confused noises, and the jar and roar of battle. Now the reason for the firing of the great guns was plain—the noise was meant to cover the advance of David's men. The little garrison which had done no more than issue in sorties was now throwing its full force on the enemy in a last desperate endeavor. It was either success or absolute destruction. David was staking all, with the last of his food, the last of his ammunition, the last of his hopes. All round the circle the movement was forward, till the circle had widened to the enemy's lines; while at the old defences were only handfuls of men. With scarce a cry David's men fell on the unprepared foe, and he himself on a gray Arab, a mark for any lance or spear and rifle, rode upon that point where Ali Wad Hei's tent was set.

But after the first onset, in which hundreds were killed, there began the real noise of battle—fierce shouting, the shrill cries of wounded and maddened horses as they struck with their feet, and bit as fiercely at the fighting foe as did their masters. The mist cleared slowly, and, when it had wholly lifted, the fight was spread over every part of the field of siege, a full mile in diameter. Ali Wad Hei's men had gathered themselves together after the first deadly onslaught, and were fighting fiercely, shouting the battle cry, "*Allah hu achbar!*" Able to bring up reinforcements, the great losses at first sustained were soon filled, and the sheer weight of numbers gave them courage and advantage. By rushes with lance and spear and sword and rifle they were able at last to drive back David's men upon their old de-

fences with considerable loss. Then charge upon charge ensued, and each charge, if it cost them much, cost the besieged more, by reason of their fewer numbers.

At one point, however, the besieged became again the attacking party. This was where Achmet Pasha had command. His men on one side of the circle, as Ebn Ezra Bey's men on the other, fought with a valor as great as the desert ever saw. But David, galloping here and there to order, to study, to encourage, saw that the doom of his gallant force was certain; for the enemy was still four to one, in spite of the carnage of the first attack. Bullets *pinged* past him. One carried away a button, one caught the tip of his ear, one pierced the fez he wore; but he felt nothing of this, saw nothing. He was buried in the storm of battle, preparing for the end, for the final grim defence, when his men would retreat upon the one last strong fort, and there await their fate. From this absorption he was roused by Lacey, who came galloping towards him, shouting—

"They've come—Saadat, they've come at last! We're saved—you bet, oh, my God, you bet we're all right now! See! See! Saadat!"

David saw. Five steamers carrying the Egyptian flag were bearing round the point where the river curved below the town, and converging upon David's small fleet. Presently they opened fire, to encourage the besieged, who replied with frenzied shouts of joy; then they broached the shore, and soon there poured upon the sands hundreds of men in the uniform of Kaïd, the Effendina. These came forward at the double, and with a courage which nothing could withstand the whole circle spread out again upon the discomfited troops of Ali Wad Hei. Dismay, confusion, possessed the Arabs. Their watchers had failed them, God had hidden his face from them; and when Ali Wad Hei and three of his emirs turned and rode into the desert, their forces broke and ran also, pursued by the relentless men who had suffered the tortures of siege so long. But the chase was short; for they were desert folk, and they returned to loot the camp which had menaced them so long.

Only the newcomers, Nahoum's men, carried the hunt far; and they brought back with them a body which their leader commanded to be brought to a great room of the palace. Towards sunset David and Ebn Ezra Bey and Lacey came together to this room. The folds of loose linen were lifted from the face, and all three looked at it long in silence. At last Lacey spoke:

"He got what he wanted—the luck was with him. It's better than Leperland."

"In the bosom of Allah there is peace," said Ebn Ezra Bey. "It is well with Achmet."

With misty eyes David stooped and took the dead man's hand in his for a moment. Then he rose to his feet and turned away.

"And Nahoum also—and Nahoum," he said presently. "Read this," he added, and put a letter from Nahoum into Ebn Ezra Bey's hand.

Lacey reverently covered Achmet's face. "Say, he got what he wanted," he said again.

## CHAPTER XLII

### THE LOOM OF DESTINY

IT was many a day since the Duchess of Snowdon had seen a sunrise, and the one on which she now gazed, from the deck of the dahabieh *Nefert*, filled her with a strange new sense of discovery and revelation. Her perceptions were arrested and a little confused, and yet the undercurrent of feeling was one of delight and rejuvenation. Why did this sunrise bring back, all at once, the day when her one lost child was born, and she looked out of the windows of Snowdon Hall, as she lay still and nerveless, and thought how wonderful and sweet and green was the world she saw and the sky that walled it round? Sunrise over the Greek temple of Philae and the splendid ruins of a farther time towering beside it! The wide, islanded Nile where Cleopatra loitered with Antony, the foaming, crashing cataracts above, the great quarries from which ancient temples had been hewed, and unfinished obelisks and vast blocks of stone left where bygone workmen had forsaken them when the invader came, and another

dynasty disappeared into that partial oblivion from which the Egyptian still emerges triumphant over all his conquerors, unchanged in form and feature.

"I wonder what Windlehurst would think of it—he always had an eye for things like that," the old Duchess murmured; and then caught her breath, as she added, "He always liked beauty." She looked at her wrinkled, childish hands. "But sunsets never grow old," she continued, with no apparent relevance. "La, la, we were young once."

Her eyes were lost again in the pinkish glow spreading over the grey-brown sand of the desert, over the palm-covered island near. "And now it's others' turn—or ought to be," she murmured.

She looked to where, not far away, Hylda stood leaning over the railing of the dahabieh, her eyes fixed in reverie on the farthest horizon line of the unpeopled, untraveled plain of sand.

"No, poor thing, it's not her turn," she added, as Hylda, with a long sigh, turned and went below. Tears gathered in her pale blue eyes. "Not yet—with Eglinton alive. And perhaps it would be best if the other never came back. . . . I could have made the world better worth living in if I had had the chance—and I wouldn't have been a duchess! La! La!"

She relapsed into reverie, an uncommon experience for her; and her mind floated indefinitely from one thing to another, while she was half conscious of the smell of coffee permeating the air, and of the low resonant notes of the Nubian boys, as with locked shoulders, they scrubbed the decks of a dahabieh near by with hemp-shod feet.

Presently, however, she was conscious of another sound—the soft clip of oars, joined to the guttural explosive song of native rowers; and, leaning over the rail, she saw a boat draw alongside the dahabieh. From it came the figure of Nahoum Pasha, who stepped briskly on deck, in his handsome face a light which flashed an instant meaning to her.

"I know—I know! Claridge Pasha—you have heard?" she said excitedly, as he came to her.

He smiled and nodded. "A messenger has arrived. Within a few hours Claridge should be here."

"Then it was all false that he was wounded—ah, that horrible story of his death!"

"*Bismillah*, it was not all false! The night before the great battle he was slightly wounded in the side. He neglected it, and fever came on; but he survived. His first messengers to us were killed. That is why the news of the relief came so late. But all is well—at last. I have come to say so to Lady Eglington—even before I went to the Effendina." He made a gesture towards a huge and gaily caparisoned dahabieh not far away. "Kaïd was right in coming here. His health is better. He never doubted Claridge Pasha's return. He believes a magic hand protects the Saadat, and that, faithful to him, he himself will carry high the flower of good fortune. Kismet! I will not wait to see Lady Eglington. I beg you to offer her my congratulations on the triumph of her countryman—such patriotism is hers."

His words had no ulterior note; but there was a shadow in his eyes which in one not Oriental would have seemed sympathy.

"Pasha, Pasha!" the Duchess called after him, as he turned to leave her, "tell me, is there any news from England—from the Government?"

"From my Lord Eglington? No!" Nahoum answered meaningly. "I wrote to him. Did the English Government desire to send a message to Claridge Pasha if the relief was accomplished? That is what I asked. But there is no word. *Malaish*, Egypt will welcome him!"

She followed his eyes. Twoscore of dahabiehs lay along the banks of the Nile, and on the shore were encampments of soldiers, while flags were flying everywhere. Egypt had followed the lead of the Effendina—Claridge Pasha's star was in its zenith.

As Nahoum's boat was rowed away, Hylda came on deck again, and the Duchess hastened to her. Hylda caught the look in her face. "What has happened? Is there news? Who has been here?" she asked.

The Duchess took her hands. "Nahoum has gone to tell Prince Kaïd—he came to you with the good news first," she said with a flutter.

She felt Hylda's hands turn cold. A kind of mist filled the dark eyes, and the slim beautiful figure swayed slightly. An instant only, and then the lips smiled faintly, and Hylda said in a quavering voice, "They will be so glad in England."

"Yes, yes, my darling. That is what Nahoum said." She gave Nahoum's message to her. "Now they'll make him a peer, I suppose—after having deserted him. So English!"

She did not understand why Hylda's hands trembled so, why so strange a look came into her face; but in an instant the rare and appealing eyes shone again with a light of agitated joy, and Hylda leaned suddenly over and kissed her cheek.

"Smell the coffee," she said, with assumed gaiety. "Doesn't fair-and-sixty want her breakfast? Sunrise is a splendid tonic." She laughed feverishly.

"My darling, I hadn't seen the sun rise in thirty years—not since the night I first met Windlehurst at a Foreign Office ball."

"You have always been great friends?" Hylda stole a look at her.

"That's the queer part of it; I was so stupid, and he so clever. But Windlehurst has a way of letting himself down to your level. He always called me Betty after my girl died, just as if I was his equal. La, la, but I was proud when he first called me that—the Prime Minister of England! I'm going to watch the sun rise again to-morrow, my darling. I didn't know it was so beautiful—and gave one such an appetite." She broke a piece of bread, and, not waiting to butter it, almost stuffed it into her mouth.

Hylda leaned over and pressed her arm. "What a good mother Betty it is!" she said tenderly.

Presently they were startled by the shrill screaming of a steamer whistle, followed by the churning of the paddles as she drove past and drew to the bank near them.

"It is a steamer from Cairo, with letters, no doubt," said Hylda; and the Duchess nodded assent, and covertly noted her look, for she knew that no letters had arrived from Eglington since Hylda had left England.

A half hour later, as the Duchess sat



on deck, with a great straw hat tied under her chin with pale blue ribbons, like a child of twelve, she was startled by seeing the figure of a farmer-looking person with a shock of grey-red hair, a red face, and with great blue eyes, appear before her in the charge of Hylda's dragoman.

"This has come to speak with my lady," the dragoman said, "but my lady is riding into the desert—there." He pointed to the sands.

The Duchess motioned the dragoman away, and scanned the face of the newcomer shrewdly. Where had she seen this strange-looking English peasant, with the rolling walk of a sailor?

"What is your name, and where do you come from?" she asked, not without anxiety, for there was something ominous and suggestive in the old man's face.

"I come from Hamley, in England, and my name is Soolsby, your grace. I come to see my Lady Eglington."

Now she remembered him. She had seen him in Hamley more than once.

"You have come far—have you important news for her ladyship? Is there anything wrong?" she asked with apparent composure, but with heavy premonition.

"Ay, news that counts, I bring," answered Soolsby, "or I hadn't come this long way. 'Tis a long way at sixty-five!"

"Well, yes, at our age it is a long way," rejoined the Duchess in a friendly voice, suddenly waiving away the intervening air of class, for she was half a peasant at heart.

"Ay, and we both come for the same end, I suppose," Soolsby added; "and a costly business it is. But what matters, so be that you help her ladyship and I help Our Man."

"And who is Our Man?" was the rejoinder.

"Him that's coming safe here from the South—David Claridge," he answered. "Ay, 'twas the first thing I heard when I landed here, me that be come all these thousand miles to see him, if so be he was alive."

Just then he caught sight of Kate Heaven climbing the stair to the deck where they were. His face flushed; he

hurried forward and gripped her by the arm as her feet touched the upper deck. "Kate—ay, 'tis Kate!" he cried. Then he let go her arm and caught a hand in both his and fondled it. "Ay, ay, 'tis Kate."

"What is it brings you, Soolsby?" Kate asked anxiously.

"'Tis not Jasper and 'tis not the drink—ay, I've been sober ever since, Kate, lass!" he answered stoutly.

"Quick, tell me what it is!" she said frowning. "You've not come here for naught, Soolsby."

Still holding her hand, he leaned over and whispered in her ear. For an instant she stood as though transfixed, and then with a curious muffled cry broke away from him and turned to go below.

"Keep thy mouth shut, lass, till proper time!" he called after her, as she descended the steps hastily. Then he came slowly back to the Duchess.

He looked her in the face—he was so little like a peasant, so much more like a sailor here with his feet on the deck of a floating thing. "Your grace is a good friend to her ladyship," he said at last, deliberately, "and 'tis well that you tell her ladyship. As good a friend to her you've been, I doubt not, as that I've been to him coming from beyond and away."

"Go on, man, go on. I want to know what startled Heaven yonder, what you have come to say."

"I humbly beg pardon, your grace. One doesn't keep good news waiting—and 'tis not good news for her ladyship I bring, even if it be for Claridge Pasha, for there was no love lost 'twixt him and second-best lordship that's gone."

"Speak, man, speak it out, and no more riddles," she interrupted sharply.

"Then, Lord Eglington that was, is gone foreign—he is dead," he said slowly.

The Duchess fell back in her chair. For an instant the desert, the temples, the palms, the Nile waters faded, and she was in some middle world, in which Soolsby's voice seemed coming muffled and deep across a dark flood; then she recovered herself, and gave a little cry, not unlike that which Kate gave a few moments ago, partly of pain, partly of relief.

"Ay, he's dead and buried, too, and in the Quaker churchyard; Miss Faith Claridge would have it so. And none in Hamley said nay, not one."

The Duchess murmured to herself. Eglington was dead—Eglington was dead—Eglington was dead. And David Claridge was coming out of the desert, was coming to-day—now!

"How did it happen?" she asked faintly, at last.

"Things went wrong wi' him—bad wrong in Parliament and everywhere, and he didn't take it well. He stood the world off like—ay, he had no temper for black days. He shut himself up at Hamley in his chemical place, like his father—like his father before him. When the week-end came, there he was all day and night among his bottles and jars and wires. He was after summat big in experiment for explosives, so the papers said, and so he said himself before he died to Miss Faith Claridge—ay, 'twas her he deceived and treated cruel, that come to him when he was shattered by his experimenting—no patience, he had at last—and reckless in his chemical place, and didn't realize what his hands was doing. 'Twas so he told her, that forgave him all his deceit, and held him in her arms when he died. Not many words he had to speak; but he did say that he had never done any good to any one—ay, I was standing near behind his bed and heard all, for I was thinking of her alone with him, and so I would be with her, and she would have it so. Ay, and he said that he had misused cruel her that had loved him, her ladyship, that's here. He said he had misused her because he had never loved her truly—only pride and vain-glory being in his heart. And then he spoke summat to her that was there to forgive him and help him over the stile 'twixt this field and that that's Beyond and Away, which made her cry out in pain, and say that he must fix his thoughts on other things. And she prayed out loud for him, for he would have no parson there. She prayed and prayed as never priest or parson prayed, and at last he got quiet and still, and, when she stopped praying, he did not speak or open his eyes for a longish while. But when the old clock on the stable was striking twelve, he opened his

eyes wide, and when it had stopped, he said, 'It is always twelve by the clock that stops at noon! I've done no good. I've earned my end.' He looked as though he was waiting for the clock to go on striking, half raising himself up in bed, with Miss Faith's arm under his head. He whispered to her then—he couldn't speak by this time. 'It's twelve o'clock,' he said. Then there come some words I've heard the priest say at Mass, '*Vanitas, Vanitatum*,'—them was his words. And her he'd lied to, there with him, laying his head down on the pillow, as if he was her child going to sleep. So, too, she had him buried by her father, in the Quaker burying-ground—ay, she is a saint on earth, I warrant!"

For a moment after he had stopped the Duchess did not speak, but kept untying and tying the blue ribbons under her chin, her faded eyes still fastened on him, with the flame of an emotion in them which made them dark and young again.

"So, it's all over," she said, as though to herself. "They were all alike, from old Broadbrim, the grandfather, down to this one, and back to William the Conqueror."

"Like as peas in a pod," exclaimed Soolsby—"all but one, all but one, and never satisfied with what was in their own garden, but peeking, peeking beyond the hedge, and climbing and getting a fall. That's what they've always been—evermore."

His words aroused the Duchess, and the air became a little colder about her—after all, the division between the classes must be kept, and the Eglingtons were no up-starts! "You will say nothing about this till I give you leave to speak," she commanded. "I must tell her ladyship."

Soolsby drew himself up a little, nettled at her tone. "It is your grace's place to tell her ladyship," he responded; "but I've taken ten years' savings to come to Egypt, and not to do any one harm, but good, if so be I could."

The Duchess relented at once. She got to her feet as quickly as she could and held out her hand to him. "You are a good man and a friend worth having. I know, and I shall like you to be my

friend, Mr. Soolsby," she said impulsively.

He took her hand and shook it awkwardly, his lips working. "Your grace, I understand. I've got naught to live for except my friends. Money's naught, naught's naught, if there isn't a friend to feel a crunch at his heart when summat bad happens to you. I'd take my affydavy that there's no better friend in the world than your grace."

She smiled at him. "And so we are friends, aren't we? And I am to tell her ladyship, and you are to say 'naught.'"

"But to the Egyptian, to him, your grace, it is my place to speak—to Claridge Pasha, when he comes."

The Duchess looked at him quizzically. "How does Lord Eglington's death concern Claridge Pasha?" she asked rather anxiously. Had there been gossip about Hylda? Had the public got a hint of the true story of her flight, in spite of all Windlehurst had done? Was Hylda's name smirched, now, when all would be set right? Had everything come too late, as it were?

"There's two ways that his lordship's death concerns Claridge Pasha," answered Soolsby, shrewdly, for though he guessed the truth concerning Hylda and David, his was not a leaking tongue. "There's two ways it touches him. There'll be a new man in the Foreign Office—Lord Eglington was always against Claridge Pasha; and there's matters of land betwixt the two estates—matters of land that's got to be settled now," he continued, with determined and successful evasion.

The Duchess was deceived. "But you will not tell Claridge Pasha until I have told her ladyship and I give you leave—promise that," she urged.

"I will not tell him until then," he answered. "Look, look, your grace," he added, suddenly pointing towards the southern horizon, "there he comes! Ay, 'tis Our Man, I doubt not—Our Man evermore!"

Miles away there appeared on the horizon a dozen camels being ridden towards Assouan.

"Our Man, evermore," repeated the Duchess, with a trembling smile. "Yes, it is surely he. See, the soldiers are

stirring. They're going to ride out to meet him." She made a gesture toward where Kaïd's men were saddling their horses, and to Nahoum's and Kaïd's dahabiehs, where there was a great stir.

"There's one from Hamley will meet them first," Soolsby said, and pointed again towards Hylda riding in the desert.

The Duchess threw up her hands. "Dear me, dear me," she said in distress. "If she only knew!"

"There's thousands of women that 'd ride out mad to meet him," said Soolsby, carefully; "women that likes to see an Englishman that's done his duty—ay, women and men, that 'd ride hard to welcome him back from the grave. Her ladyship's as good a patriot as any," he added, watching the Duchess out of the corners of his eyes, his face turned to the desert.

The Duchess looked at him quizzically, and was satisfied with her scrutiny. "You're a man of sense," she replied brusquely, and gathered up her skirts. "Find me a horse or a donkey, and I'll go, too," she added. "Patriotism is such a nice sentiment!"

For David and Lacey the morning had broken upon a new earth. Whatever of toil and tribulation the future held in store, this day marked a step forward in the work to which David set his life. A way had been cloven through the bloody palisades of barbarism, and though the dark races might seek to hold back the forces which drain the fens, and build the bridges, and make the desert blossom as the rose, which give liberty and preserve life, the good end was sure and near, whatever of rebellion and disorder and treachery intervened. This was the larger, graver issue; but they felt a spring in the blood, and their hearts were leaping, because of the thought that soon they would clasp hands again with all from which they had been exiled.

"Say, Saadat, think of it: a bed with four feet, and linen sheets, and sleeping till any time in the morning, and, 'If you please, sir, your bath is ready' . . . say, it's great; and we're in it!"

David smiled. "Thee did very well, friend, without such luxuries—thee is not skin and bone."

Lacey mopped his forehead. "Well, I've put on a layer or two since the relief. It's being scared that takes the flesh off me. I never was intended for the 'stricken field.' Poetry and the hearthstone was my real vocation—and a bit of silver-mining to blow off the steam with," he added with a chuckle.

David laughed and tapped his arm with a twig he carried. "That is an old story now, thy cowardice! Thee should be more original."

"It's worth not being original, Saadat, to hear you *thee* and *thou* me as you used to do. It's like old times—the oldest, first times. You've changed a lot, Saadat."

"Not in anything that matters, I hope."

"Not in anything that matters to any one that matters. To me it's the same as it ever was, only more so. It isn't that, for you are you. But you've had disappointment, trouble, hard nuts to crack, and all you could do to escape the rocks being rolled down the Egyptian hill on to you; and it's left its mark."

"Am I grown so different?"

Lacey's face shone under the look that was turned towards him. "Say, Saadat, you're the same old red sandstone; but I missed the *thee* and *thou*. I sort of hankered after it; it gets me where I'm at home with myself."

David laughed dryly. "Well, perhaps I've missed something in you. Thee never says now—not since thee went south a year ago—"Well, give my love to the girls.' Something has left its mark, friend," he added teasingly; for his spirits were boyish to-day; he was living in the present. There had gone from his eyes and from the lines of his figure the melancholy which Hylda had remarked all those months ago.

"Well, now, I never noticed," rejoined Lacey. "That's got me. Looks as if I wasn't as friendly as I used to be, doesn't it? But I am—I am, Saadat."

"I thought that the widow in Cairo, perhaps—"

Lacey chuckled. "Say, perhaps it was—cute as she can be. Maybe wouldn't like it, might be prejudiced; but I didn't mean to be unfeeling, Saadat; no, siree!"

Suddenly David turned sharply to Lacey. "Thee spoke of silver-mining

just now. I owe thee something like two hundred thousand pounds, I think—Egypt and I."

Lacey winked whimsically at himself under the rim of his helmet. "Are you drawing back from those railway concessions, Saadat," he asked with apparent ruefulness.

"Drawing back? No! But does thee think they are worth—"

Lacey assumed an injured air. "If a man that's made as much money as me can't be trusted to look after a business proposition—"

"Oh, well, then—!"

"Say, Saadat, I don't want you to think I've taken a mean advantage of you; and if—"

David hastened to put the matter right. "No, no; thee must be the judge!" He smiled sceptically. "In any case, thee has done a good deed in a great way, and it will do thee no harm in the end. In one way the investment will pay a long interest, as long as the history of Egypt runs! . . . Ah, see, the houses of Assouan, the palms, the river, the masts of the dahabiehs!"

Lacey quickened his camel's steps, and stretched out a hand to the inviting distance. "Say, it's great," he said, and his eyes were blinking with tears. Presently he pointed. "There's some one riding to meet us, Saadat—a woman. Golly, can't she ride! She means to be in it—to salute the returning brave!"

He did not look at David. If he had done so, he would have seen that David's face had taken on a strange look, just such a look as it wore that night in the monastery when he saw Hylda in a vision, and heard her say, "Speak, speak to me!"

There had shot into his mind the conviction that the woman riding towards them was Hylda. Hylda, the first to welcome him back, Hylda—Lady Eglington! Suddenly his face appeared to tighten and grow thin. It was all joy and torture at once. He had fought this fight out with himself—had he not done so? Had he not closed his heart to all but duty—and Egypt? Yet there she was riding out of the old life, out of Hamley, and England, and all that had happened in Cairo, to meet him. Nearer and nearer she came. He could not see

the face yet, but could he mistake that figure among thousands! He quickened his camel, and drew ahead of Lacey. Lacey did not understand, he did not recognize Hylda as yet; but he knew by instinct the Saadat's wishes, and he motioned the others to ride more slowly, while he and they watched horsemen now coming out from Assouan towards them.

David urged his camel on. Presently he could distinguish the features of the woman riding towards him. It was Hylda. His presentment, his instinct had been right. His heart beat tumultuously, his hand trembled, but he summoned up his will, and ruled himself to something like composure. This, then, was his home-coming from the far miseries and trials of battle-fields—to see her face before all others, to hear her voice first. What miracle had brought this thing to pass—this beautiful, forbidden thing? Forbidden! Bronzed as he was, his face showed no paleness; but as he drew near her it grew pinched and wan from the effort at self-control. He set his lips, and rode on.

What had been her feelings during that ride in the desert? She had not meant to go out to meet him. After she heard that he was coming, her desire was to get away from all the rest of the world, and be alone with her thoughts. He was coming; he was safe; and her work was done. What she had set out to do was accomplished—to bring him back, if it was God's will, out of the jaws of death, for England's sake, for the world's sake, for his sake, for her own sake. For her own sake? Yes, yes, in spite of all, for her own sake. Whatever lay before, now for this one hour, for this moment of meeting he should be hers. But meet him, where? Before all the world, with a smile of conventional welcome on her lips, with the same hand-clasp that any friend and lover of humanity would give him?

The desert air blew on her face, keen, sweet, vibrant, thrilling. What he had heard that night at the monastery, the humming life of the land of white fire, the desert, the million looms of all the weavers of the world weaving, this she heard in the sunlight with the sand rising like surf behind her horse's hoofs. It was all behind her now, the disillusion

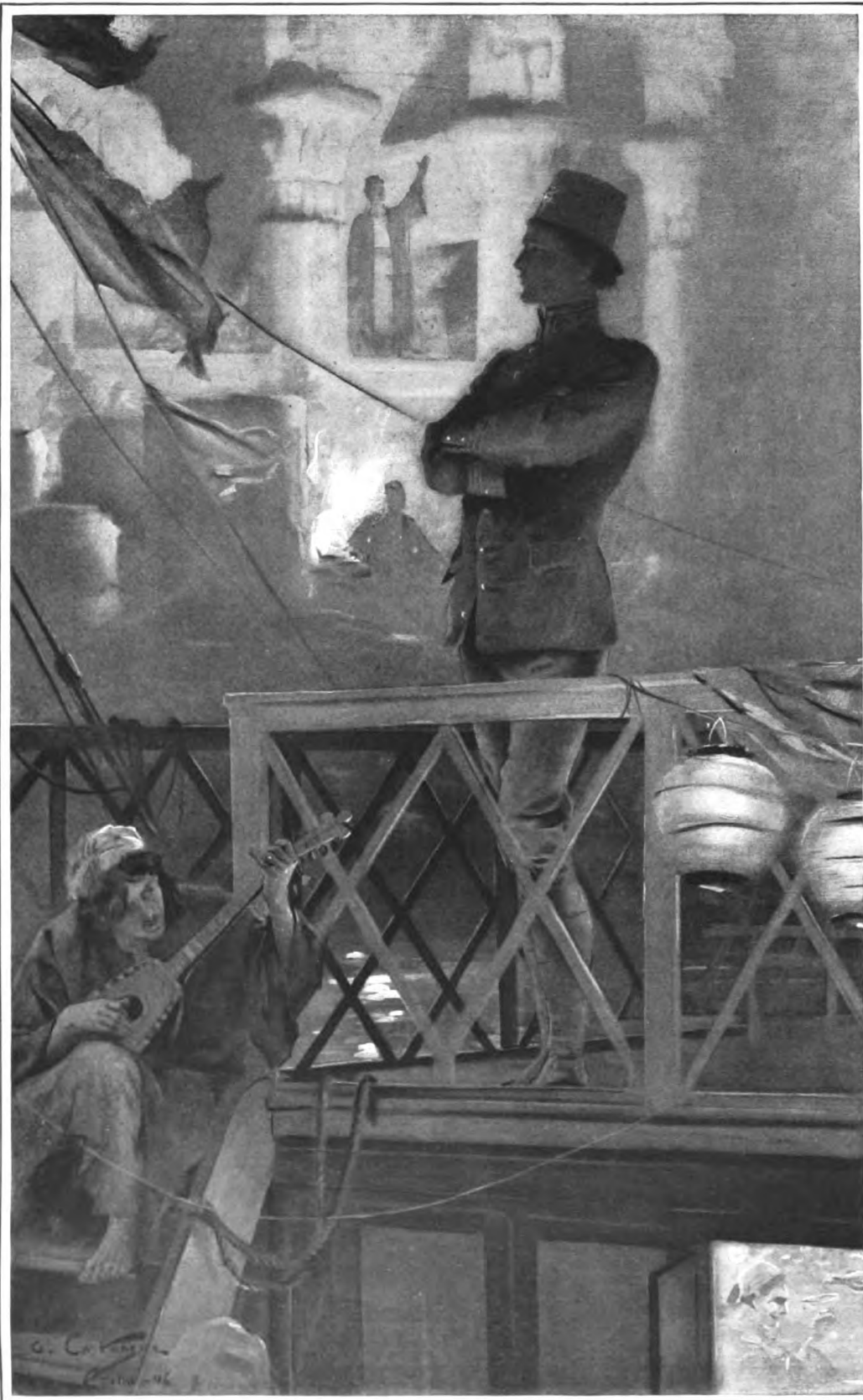
and the loss and the misery, and the undeserved insult to her womanhood—all were sunk away into the unredeemable past. And here, in Egypt, where she had first felt the stir of life's passion and pain and penalty, here, now, she lost herself in a beautiful, buoyant dream. She was riding out to meet the one man of all men: hero, crusader, rescuer—ah, that dreadful night in the Palace, and Foorgat's fate! . . . But he was coming, who had made her live, to whom she had called from afar. Had she ever done aught to shame the best that was in him? Had she not striven to love Eglington even when the worst was come, not alone at her own soul's command, but because she knew that this man would have it so? Broken by her own sorrow, she had left England, Eglington—all, to keep her pledge to help him in his hour of need. She had come to Nahoum. And yet, alas! not herself had conquered Nahoum, but David—David—David, as Nahoum had said! She herself had not done this one thing which would have compensated for all that she had suffered. But it remained that she had come here to do it, and perhaps he would understand when he saw her; perhaps he would realize why she had come—not because he was the man and she the woman—

Yes, she knew he would understand. She flung up her head to the sun and the pulse-stirring air, and, as she did so, saw his cavalcade approaching. She was sure it was he, even when he was far off, by the same sure instinct that convinced him. For an instant she hesitated. She would turn back, and meet him with the crowd. Then she looked around. The desert was deserted by all save herself and himself and those that were with him. No. Her mind was made up. She would ride forward. She would be the first to welcome him back to life and the world. He and she would meet alone in the desert. For one minute they would be alone, with the world afar, they two to meet, to greet—and to part. Out of all that Fate had to give of sorrow and loss, this one delectable moment, no matter what came after!

"David!" she cried with beating heart, and rode on, harder and harder.

And now she saw him ride ahead of





*Drawn by André Castaigne*

HIS THOUGHTS WERE MOVING IN A MIST OF HAPPINESS



his followers. Ah, he realized that it was she, though he could not see her face. Nearer and nearer . . . they looked into each other's eyes.

He stopped his camel, and made it kneel for the dismounting. She stopped her horse also, and, sliding to the ground, stood waiting, one hand upon the horse's neck. He hastened forward, then stood still, a few feet away, his eyes on hers, his helmet off, his brown hair, brown as when she first saw it—peril and hardship had not thinned or grayed it. A moment they stood so, a moment of revealing and understanding, but speechless; and then, with a smile infinitely touching, she said, as he had heard her say in the monastery—the very words:

"Speak—speak to me!"

He took her hand in his. "There is no need—I have said all!" he answered, happiness and trouble at once in his eyes. Then his face grew calmer. "Thee has made it worth while living on," he added.

She was gaining control of herself also. "I said that I would come when I was needed," she answered less tremblingly.

"Thee came alone?" he asked gently.

"From Assouan, yes," she said, in a voice still unsteady. "I was riding out to be alone with myself, and then I saw you coming, and I rode on. I thought I should like to be the first to say, 'Well done,' and 'God bless you!'"

He drew in a long breath, then looked at her keenly, "Lord Eglington is in Egypt also?" he asked.

Her face did not change. She looked him in the eyes. "No, Eglington would not come to help you. I came to Nahoum, as I said I would."

"Thee has a good memory," he rejoined simply.

"I am a good friend," she answered, then suddenly her face flushed up, her breast panted, her eyes shone with a brightness almost intolerable to him, but he said in a low, shaking voice:

"It is all fighting, all fighting. We have done our best. And thee has made all possible."

"David!" she said in a voice scarce above a whisper.

"Thee and me have far to go," he said in a voice not louder than her own, "and I pray that it may be well with us—but our ways may not be the same."

She understood, and a newer life leaped up in her. She knew that he loved her—that was sufficient; the rest would be easier now. Sacrifice, all, would be easier now. To part, yes, and forevermore; but to know that she had been truly loved—who could rob her of that?

"See," she said lightly, "your people are waiting—and there, why, there is my cousin Lacey! Tom, oh, Cousin Tom!" she called eagerly.

Lacey rode down on them. "Say, I'm tickled to death," he said, as he dropped from his horse. "Cousin Hylda, I'm blest if I don't feel as if I could sing like Aunt Melissa in the dairy!"

"You may kiss me, Cousin Tom," she said, as she took his hands in hers.

He flushed, was embarrassed, then snatched a kiss from her cheek. "Say, I'm in it, ain't I? And you were in it first, eh, cousin Hylda? The rest are nowhere—there they come from Assouan, Kaïd, Nahoum, and the Nubians. Look at 'em glisten! My!"

A hundred of Kaïd's Nubians in their glittering armor made three sides of a quickly moving square, in the centre of which, and a little ahead, rode Kaïd and Nahoum; while behind the square—in parade and gala dress—trooped hundreds of soldiers and Egyptians and natives.

Swiftly the two cavalcades approached each other, the desert ringing with the cries of the Bedouins, the Nubians, and the fellaheen. They met on an upland of sand, from which the wide valley of the Nile and its wild cataracts could be seen. As men meet who parted yesterday, Kaïd, Nahoum, and David met, but Kaïd's first words to David had behind them a world of meaning.

"I also have come back, Saadat, to whom be the bread that never moulds and the water that never stales," he said, with a new look. Superstition had set its mark on him—on Claridge Pasha's safety depended his own; and the sight of this thin bronzed face, with its living fire, gave him vital assurance of length of days.

And David answered, "May thy life be the nursling of Time, Effendina, and I bring the tribute of the rebellious once more to thy hand. What was thine and was lost is thine once more. Peace and salaam!"

Between Nahoum and David there were at first no words. They shook hands like Englishmen, looking into each other's eyes, and with pride of what Nahoum, once, in his duplicity, had called "perfect friendship."

Lacey thought of this now as he looked on; and not without a sense of irony, he said under his breath, "'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

But in Hylda's look, as it met Nahoum's, there was no doubt—what woman doubts the convert whom she thinks she has helped to make! Her confidence was not without reason, as the future showed. Meanwhile, the Nubians smote their mailed breasts with their swords in honor of David and Kaïd.

Under the gleaming moon the exquisite temple of Philae, perched on its high rock above the river, the fires on the shore, the masts of the dahabiehs twinkling with lights, and the barbarous songs that floated across the water, gave the feeling of past centuries to the scene. From the splendid boat which Kaïd had placed at his disposal, David looked out upon it all with emotions not yet wholly mastered by the true estimate of what the day had brought. With a mind unsettled he listened to the natives in the fore part of the boat and on the shore beating the darabukkeh and playing the kemengeh. Yet his thoughts were moving in a mist of greater happiness than he had ever known, even while he was face to face with a renunciation which had been made complete in the Coptic Monastery. He was realizing that in sacrifice there is the highest happiness the world offers; and the will to make it, and the subjection of the will to the supreme duty, is the soul of that happiness—the will, not the act itself.

He did not know, and Hylda did not know, that Eglington was gone forever, and that, in a sense, he was as though he had never been; so does selfishness and egotism, and the robbery of all the rest of the world to enrich one's own treasury bring dust and ashes only at the last. He did not know that the winds of time had already swept away all traces of the house of ambition that Eglington had sought to build; and that his nimble tongue and untrustworthy mind would

nevermore delude and charm, and wanton with the truth. He did not know, but within the past hour Hylda knew, and now Soolsby came to tell him.

He was roused from his reverie by Soolsby's voice saying, "Hast nowt to say to me, Egyptian?"

It startled him; sounded ghostly in the moonlight; for why should he hear Soolsby's voice on the confines of Egypt? But Soolsby came nearer, and stood where the moonlight fell upon him, hat in hand, a rustic modern figure in this Oriental world.

David sprang to his feet and grasped the old man by the shoulders. "Soolsby, Soolsby," he said, with a strange plaintive note in his voice, yet gladly too, "Soolsby, thee is come here to welcome me! And has she not come—Miss Claridge, Soolsby?"

He longed for that true heart which had never failed him, the true and simple soul whose life had been filled by thought and care of him, and whose every act had for its background the love of sister for brother,—for that was their relation in every usual meaning—who, too frail and broken to come to him now, waited for him by the old hearthstone, with a life of service to lay at his feet, if he would but make it possible. And so Soolsby, in his own way, made him understand; for who knew them both better than this old man, who had shared in David's destiny since the fatal day when a Lord Eglington had married Mercy Claridge in secret, and set in motion a long line of tragic happenings?

"Ay, she would have come," Soolsby answered, "but she was not fit for the journey, and there was little time, my lord!"

"Why did thee come, Soolsby? Only to welcome me back?"

"I come to bring you back to England, to your duty there, my lord."

The first time Soolsby had used the words "my lord," David had scarcely noticed it, but its repetition struck him strangely, and he said:

"Here, sometimes they call me *Pasha* and *Saadat*, which means excellency, but I am not 'my lord.'"

"Ay, but you are my lord, Egyptian, as sure as I've kept my word to you that I'd drink no more, ay, on my sacred

honor! So you are my lord; you are Lord Eglington, my lord."

David stood rigid and almost unblinking as Soolsby told his tale, beginning with the story of Eglington's death, and going back all the years to the day of Mercy Claridge's marriage.

"And him that never was Lord Eglington, your own father's son, is dead and gone, my lord; and you are come into your rights at last."

For a long time David stood looking into the sparkling night before him, speechless and unmoving, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, as though in a dream.

How, all in an instant, had life changed for him! How had Soolsby's tale of Eglington's death filled him with a pity deeper than he had ever felt—the futile, bitter, unaccomplished life, the audacious, brilliant genius quenched, a genius got from the same source as his own resistless energy and imagination, from the same wild spring. Gone—all gone, with only pity to cover him, unloved, unloving, unbemoaned, save by the Quaker girl whose true spirit he had hurt, save by the wife whom he had cruelly wronged and tortured; and pity was the thing that moved them both, unfathomable and almost maternal, in that great sense of motherhood which, in spite of love or passion, is behind both, behind all, in every true woman's life.

So far as Hylda and David were concerned renunciation had not been in vain. God, not man, or destiny, had decided their future; they had not taken it into their own hands.

At last David spoke.

"Who knows of all this—of who I am, Soolsby?"

"Lady Eglington and myself, my lord."

"Only she and you?"

"Only us two, Egyptian."

"Then let it be so—forever."

Soolsby was startled, dumfounded. "But you will take your title and estates, my lord; you will take the high place which is your own."

"And prove my grandfather wrong—had he not enough sorrow? And change my life, all to please thee, Soolsby?"

He took the old man's shoulders in his hands again. "Thee has done thy duty as few in this world, Soolsby, and given

friendship such as few give in this world. But thee must be content. I am David Claridge, and so shall remain ever."

"Then, since him that's dead has no other male kin, the title dies, and all that's his will go to her ladyship," Soolsby rejoined sourly.

"Does thee grudge her ladyship what was his?"

"I grudge her what is yours, my lord—"

Suddenly Soolsby paused, as though a new thought had come to him, and he nodded to himself in satisfaction. "Well, since you will have it so, it will be so; but it's a queer fuddle, all of it; and where's the way out, tell me that, my lord?"

David spoke almost coldly. "Call me 'my lord' no more." Then he added gently, "But I will go back to England to her that's waiting at the Red Mansion—and you will remember, Soolsby—"

Slowly the great flotilla of dahabiehs floated with the strong current down towards Cairo, the sails swelling to the breeze that blew from the Lybian Hills. Along the banks of the Nile thousands of Arabs and fellaheen crowded to welcome "the Saadat," bringing gifts of dates and eggs and fowls and dourha and sweetmeats, and linen cloth; and even in the trouble that was on her, and the harrowing regret that she had not been with Eglington in his last hour—she little knew what Eglington had said to Faith in that last hour—Hylda was soothed by the long loud tribute paid to David.

As she sat in the evening light, David and Lacey came, and were received by the Duchess of Snowden, who could only say feverishly to David as she held his hand, "Windlehurst sent his regards to you—his loving regards. He was sure you would come home—come home. He wished he were in power for your sake."

So, for a few moments she talked volubly, and said at last, "But Lady Eglington, she will be glad to see you, such old friends as you are, though not so old as Windlehurst and me—thirty years, over thirty, la, la!"

They turned to go to Hylda, and came face to face with Kate Heaver.



David's eyes lighted, he held out his hand to her.

"It is good to see thee here," he said.

"And 'tis the cross-roads once again, sir," she rejoined.

"Thee means thee will marry Jasper?"

"Ay, I will marry Jasper, now," she answered.

"It has been a long waiting for him."

"It could not be before," she responded.

David looked at her reflectively, and said, "By devious ways the human heart comes home. One can only stand in the door and wait. He has been patient."

"I have been patient, too," she answered vaguely.

As the Duchess disappeared with David, Lacey spun round on one toe, and, like a boy, careered round the deck, to the tune of a negro song.

"Say, things are all right there, and it's my turn now," he said at last. "Cute as she can be, and knows the game! Twice a widow, and knows the game! Waiting, she is down in Cairo, where the orange blossom blows! I'm in it; we're all in it—every one of us. Cousin Hylda's free now, and I've got no past worth speaking of; and, anyhow, she'll understand, down there in Cairo. Cute as she can be—"

Suddenly he swung himself down to the lower deck. "The desert's the place for me to-night!" he said.

Stepping ashore, he turned to where the Duchess stood on the deck, gazing

out into the night. "Well, give my love to the girls!" he called, waving a hand, as it were, to the wide world, and disappeared into the alluring whiteness.

"I've got to get a key-thought," he muttered to himself, as he walked swiftly on, till only faint sounds came to him from the riverside. In the letter he had written to Hylda, which was the turning-point of all for her, he had spoken of these "key-thoughts." With all the childishness and foolish simplicity which he showed at times, he had felt his way into spheres where life had depths. The desert had justified him to himself and before the spirits of departed peoples, who wandered over the sands, until at last they themselves became sand, and were blown hither and thither to make beds for thousands of desert wayfarers, or paths for camels' feet, or a blinding storm to overwhelm the traveller and the caravan; life giving and taking, absorbing and destroying, destroying and absorbing, till the circle of human existence wheel to the full, and the task of Time be accomplished.

On the gorse-grown common above Hamley, David and Faith, and David's mother Mercy, had felt the same soul of things stirring—in the green fields of green England, in the arid wastes of the Lybian desert, on the bosom of the Nile, where Mahommed Hassan now lay in a nigger singing a song of passion: Nature with burning voice murmuring down the unquiet world its message of the Final Peace through the innumerable years.

THE END.



# A Lament for Helen

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HELEN is slain: the beauty of the earth  
Beside the running waters lieth dead.  
O running waters, never note of mirth  
Be from your purling eddies skyward sped!  
Your song forever be  
A ceaseless threnody  
O'er beauty's fallen head.

Helen is slain: a bitter queen's command  
And treacherous smile the queen of queens hath slain.  
Polyxo's boorish slaves with ruthless hand  
Have razed the temple time assailed in vain.  
With shadow-stricken eyes,  
Deep in green sorrel lies  
That body without a stain.

She came at noonday to the forest pool,  
And maidens stripped her lily-body bare  
That lit the dusk of cedar-shaded cool;  
And o'er her gleaming shoulders loosed her hair—  
O golden strands of death,  
So soon to stay her breath,  
And stifle the sweet air!

Into the water, with dark eyes adream,  
She waded till the ripples touched her breast;  
Then, floating like a lily on the stream,  
She lay awhile in perilous, sweet rest—  
About her lovely head,  
Her wet, gold hair outspread  
As storm-clouds in the west.

Had easy death but stolen on her now.  
And closed about her with swift, cold embrace—  
The shadow of old forests on her brow,  
The calm of silent waters in her face—  
Had she but sunk to sleep  
In that untroubled deep,  
The gods had shown her grace.

But presently from out the stream she stepped  
Like some pale spirit of the crystal wave;  
And taloned death with wings of furies swept  
Upon her suddenly with none to save.  
Ah, who hath heart to tell  
How queenly Helen fell,  
Slain by a masking slave!



Her dripping hair about her pulsing throat  
 They lashed, and strained the lithe, gold tresses taut.  
 Her strangled voice breathed but one sobbing note  
 Like some sweet singing-bird in meshes caught,  
     As, on the river-bank,  
     Her lifeless body sank,  
 Its beauty brought to naught.

Helen hath fallen. Yea, the gust of death  
 Hath quenched the torch that lit the whole earth's night;  
 The lips that kindled nations with their breath,  
 The eyes that blinded armies with their light  
     Are still and cold and gray,  
     Though yet the summer day  
 Above them burneth bright.

Helen hath fallen: she for whom Troy fell  
 Hath fallen even as the fallen towers.  
 O wanderers in dim fields of asphodel,  
 Who spilt for her the wine of earthly hours,  
     With you for evermore  
     By Lethe's darkling shore  
 Your soul's desire shall dwell.

The fire that lured your ships across the world,  
 That tempered Trojan hearts to victory  
 O'er all but death, and flamed o'er heroes hurled  
 To headlong doom of immortality—  
     When Ilion's furious glow  
     Flushed Ida's vestal snow,  
 And flecked the Ægean sea—

Shall kindle nevermore the living throng;  
 But ever through your shadowy host shall burn,  
 A lustral fire, until the eternal song,  
 The soul of silence, slake your lips that yearn  
     With wordless ecstasy  
     Of starry melody  
 No mortal lips may learn—

The song that poets on some desolate shore,  
 When midnight stars are mirrored in the sea,  
 Have caught in flying strains, to breathe no more  
 The broken music of mortality—  
     The song that burns, a fire  
     Of deathless Spring's desire  
 In white Persephone.

But we who sojourn yet in earthly ways,  
 How shall we sing now Helen lieth dead?  
 Break every lyre; and burn the withered bays  
 For Song's sweet solace hath with Helen fled.  
     Let sorrow's silence be  
     The only threnody  
 O'er beauty's fallen head.

# Jolly's Father

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

**R**EALLY, it was not the partiality of a young mother and father that pronounced little Jolly an enchanting baby. He was an enchanting baby. His face of the soft bloom of a rose petal, his eyes like forget-me-nots turned into stars, his hair in tendrils of gold, his dimpling smile, his cooing and gurgling, his exquisite feet that were a perpetual wonder both to him and to every one else, his cries of delight, his sobs of sorrow, his loving embraces, his eager little ecstasies, made him so perfect a piece of flesh and blood that it seemed as if he must, after all, be only spirit. In fact, he was a miracle of excellent nature. We have his father's and his mother's word for it; and certainly they ought to know—he was their baby.

"His name is Joliffe," said his mother, in all but the first words spoken after his arrival.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Harrison. "He is to take your family name. I suffered enough from this name of mine when I was a boy, and so did my father before me. This fine fellow sha'n't—"

"His name," said his mother, firmly if faintly, "is Joliffe Harrison." And as it was no time to dispute the matter, the father withdrew, taking with him the godfathership of his heroes—Watt, Fulton, Tesla, Bell, and the others. Joliffe was his own name; and he had been called Jolly Harrison, and Jolly Harry, and Jolly Boy, till the sound had teased him like the buzz of a hornet. But, when all was said, it was an honorable name, worn by several generations of honorable men. And it is due to little Jolly's charm to say that, after he assumed the name, it seemed a strain of music.

The point being settled, Mr. Harrison went back to the intricate design and the springs and wheels of the model of his machine that was going to upset one branch of the work that moves the world, and in which, before he knew and

married Louie Leslie, he had been wholly wrapped. The machine had been neglected of late, but now its ideas must be wrought out, for the boy must be justified in his choice of a father. And then Louie had been very patient, sparing, going without, believing;—that must not go for nothing. Why, they had economized to such an extent that it had even been a question if they could allow themselves the luxury of keeping Dane,—Dane with the appetite and nearly the size of a tiger. But Dane had determined the point by coming back repeatedly after being given away, and making every footstep of Louie's his especial concern. There had been a good deal of fear of Dane's jealousy of the baby; and when little Jolly was lying across the nurse's knees, Dane, who had been very uneasy outside, was brought in, Mr. Harrison's grasp on his collar, Mrs. Murray and the nurse on guard, and Bridget in the door. Just then Jolly gave a little colicky cry; Dane looked him over carefully, glanced up in his master's face, and as, in the disorder of the blankets at the cry, one little foot was exposed, he put out his tongue and lapped the foot, then turned his great pathetic eyes on Louie, telling her plainly he knew all about it, and lay down at the nurse's feet, the baby's special constable from that day. And Jolly, as soon as he was able to put his arms round Dane's neck, lavished kisses on his nose, and later was apt to be found asleep between the great protecting paws.

One night when Mr. Harrison came in softly, Louie sat, the baby in her arms, with the flames of the low fire playing over her face and throwing floating shadows on the wall behind her; and he stopped in the door, his somewhat sensitive spirit struck with a rapture of the moment. What a change in the whole outlook on the world, on time and eternity, a year had made! His wife

seemed to him something holy, as he gazed; the symbol of all motherhood, the eternal Mother and Child. He did not know that he had paused in a sort of awe, till she looked up and smiled and beckoned. "I wonder," he said, "if every one else feels as I do,—as if this thing had never happened before?" And then the fire snapped and threw out a great blaze, and Dane got up and stretched himself, and the young father laughed, and Louie laughed with him. Yet he had a dim notion that the laugh was a profanity.

"Do you know," he said, "there's something odd about the way this little chap makes me feel near all the other little chaps. I stopped to put his roller-skates on Murray's little Pete—by George! I hardly knew there was a little Pete. I had half a mind to go and buy a pair for Jolly."

"Oh no!" whispered Louie. "Something might happen. He—he might not live to wear them."

"Don't say such a thing, Louie!" he cried, sharply.

"You dear goose!" said Louie.

"Strange,—a man always wants a son, to carry on his race," said Mr. Harrison presently. "And the boy doesn't. He has his mother's traits, and carries on his mother's race—with modifications, of course. And there you are. It's left to the daughter to take the father's traits, as he took his mother's. Don't you see?"

"Joliffe Harrison!" said Louie. "Just look up there!" Up there was a queer old portrait of an early Harrison, their only heirloom.

"And now look here," said Louie. And here was the tiny wizened face of the baby stamped with the seal of that same countenance.

"You're right," said the father. "Joliffe Harrison, as I'm a sinner. Lord! if I hadn't been so much of a sinner, how much happier I should be to-day!"

"You couldn't be happier," said his wife over her shoulder, reaching up her hand caressingly.

"Well, I've got to do the best I can with the material now, anyway," he said, taking her hand and passing it across his lips. "And if the little beggar's only as good as that old Joliffe—We must try for it—"

"If he's as good as you are, he'll do very well!" cried his wife.

"If he's as good as you, you mean."

"I!" exclaimed the mother, sharply, like the cry of one suddenly convicted of sin.

As the months sped by, the universe, for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, seemed ordained and kept in order solely with reference to little Jolly. Sooth to say, the father did not work with so much absorption as once. In the hours when he had been scheming and devising he had to indulge himself in sport with Jolly, he being the first to degrade the name of the laughing baby, always ready for a frolic. Or it might be that Louie wished him to see the perfect thing the child was in his sleep; or they both hung over him, joyous in his joy, as he lay and cooed to the shadows of the leaves of the window vine dancing over his crib curtains. Or it must be decided if that first uncertain murmur meant a word or not; and if that sunbeam in his glance showed that he really knew them and knew that he belonged to them; in short, to determine all the other mysteries and enjoy all the other delights of this soul they had called out of the vasty deep of souls.

In the mean time, Mr. Harrison had to pursue the routine of his business; he was head clerk in a banking-house. When he came home in the afternoon, he worked in the small garden, while his wife sat there with the child; and in other hours not given up to the worship of little Jolly he wrought towards the perfection of the model of his machine. He never allowed himself to think of it a moment while at his desk.

It would have been difficult to find a man more content with fate than Joliffe Harrison was the day he saw his machine finished in all its potentiality. Various people—his neighbors and friends—had long been interested in its progress, and were forming a company to put it on the market. They were not wealthy people, most of them being clerks like himself, but feeling so sure of the work the thing could do and the fortunes it was bound to make, they were willing to invest in its manufacture and introduction a good part of their small savings. Once they had brought Mr. Devoy, the vice-



president of the bank and a big railroad man, to see it; and he was so vividly impressed by it that their own belief was redoubled.

As the machine had approached perfection these friends had been by way of dropping in by door or window at all moments.

"It's a miracle!" said Murray, who lived the nearest of all, when on one occasion he had watched the tiny model at work.

"And you are a marvel!" said Denny.

"For my part," said John Carter, almost grazing his nose on a whirring wheel, "the man that can do such a piece of work as that is more a miracle and marvel to me than the machine itself. Harrison, it makes me proud to know you!"

"Thank you, Carter! Thank you, boys! It makes me proud to think my friends have such confidence in me. There's money in it," he said, running his fingers through his hair, that stood up like a brush. "There's money in it. There's a fortune for every son of us.—Down, Dane, down!"

"And fame for you, Jolly Harry!"

"Yes, I think maybe there is—in a way," he answered, with a modest hesitation. "I hardly know why I care—except for Jolly. I hope my little Jolly 'll have reason to be proud of his father. He'll do something in the same line himself, I think. Why, yesterday I saw him take two straws and—"

"By King!" exclaimed John Carter. "I haven't fully allowed it before, but now I see myself sailing away to Spain with Sarah Carter on my first receipts! I've always had castles there. I'll go over to put in the underpinning. And I never should but for you, Jolly."

"You're flying high, John," said Mr. Green.

"Why, I don't know. 'Twon't cost more than a couple of thousand."

"Well, I'll be content," said Murray, "if I can give my wife a bank account, so that she'll never have to ask me for five dollars again,—and I without a dime to spare and hating to say No."

"Well, since we're spending our money," said the founder of these fortunes, "what I want is to salt down enough for my wife, and give Jolly a

fair start. I don't want to leave Jolly a big capital. A man can't do his son a worse turn than to leave him a fortune. Just put in trust enough to keep him from want, and then let him build his own future, and develop his own talents, and live his own life. He'll make money enough. He'll pass me. But I hope he'll grow up to use his money for the good of those that haven't any. Have another cigar, Green. Wait a minute, Carter; there's a fresh siphon in the refrigerator."

"Come, come, Jolly, you're not a millionaire yet!"

"Going to be," said Jolly. "All of us. Well, perhaps not quite that. But this machine means perpetual income at a comfortable little figure, I'm sure, if I'm sure of anything! Well,—let me see—this is Monday. You'll be back from up-country by Wednesday, Denny? The papers are all drawn up. Then we'll sign Thursday, put the money in the bank, and begin to manufacture as soon as may be. Mr. Devoy has given me some ideas about exploiting the machine. Going? Well, Thursday evening, then."

"Guess we'll all have pleasant dreams," said John Carter, as they went down the walk. "I shall have a good waking one when I tell my wife."

"Haven't you told your wife yet?"

"No; I put it off for fear Harrison might find some of the rich bank men ready to go in at Devoy's advice, and so cut us out."

"No. He isn't the man to go back on his friends. Why, I remember his taking a feruling at school rather than tell the other boy's name. The boy's name was Murray. Used to make fly-traps then."

"No. He isn't the man. Good stock, good old stock."

"So it is. And Louie Leslie's done well for herself. Let's see,—you introduced them, didn't you, John?—Well, this doesn't look much like garden weather, Denny. And here we are close on April!"

"April weather's sure to come," said Denny, gazing up wistfully. "And all the buds with it. Big ones on the lilacs now. I brought home a lot of seed and flower catalogues to-day,—don't know but I have about as much fun with them as I should with a garden. By the bye, here's your paper, Murray."

"All right. Pete 'll come for the Weekly when you've done with it." And full of the cheer of hope and of comparative youth, they went in at their respective doors where the bright windows gave welcome; and Dane, who had seen them all safely on their way, turned to his own affairs.

"Good fellows!" said Joliffe Harrison, as he sat toasting his feet. "And not a word of all the self-denials they've undergone so that they could trust their money in my hands. I knew Murray was saving up when he wore that seedy overcoat. And there's Denny, fond of his garden, and never buying a new shrub! I'd have given him some cuttings of my damask roses if I'd thought. Bad thing, this not thinking. Well, he can have a whole greenhouseful in a year or two."

Then he put out the lights and went up-stairs in his stocking feet, pausing stealthily to look at little Jolly's deep and dewy dream. The crib was at his mother's side, and, as she slept, one arm lay over the little coverlet, protecting the boy even in unconsciousness. How beautiful the mother seemed in the dim glow of the night-light, with her long braid on the pillow, and the dark lashes resting on her cheek, and the smile on her sweet lips! And oh, how beautiful the boy, the little gold curls clustering moistly round his forehead, a smile chasing across his face like the sun across a flower, an aura of innocence about him fair as the reflection of some heavenly light! He could never cease wondering at the child. How good had fate been to him! What had he done to deserve these blessings? What could he do to deserve them? As he stood there he saw in swift flashes of thought, almost as vivid as pictures, the boy growing—the rosy swimmer in the pool; the eager curly head at school speaking "The stag at eve had drunk his fill"; the young college athlete, nothing less than a full-back; the valedictorian of his class, on fire to enter the lists of life; plunged in business, proud of his father's name, and making his own way with it. His father's name—yes, yes, little Jolly should always have reason to be glad he wore that name! And a silent prayer for the boy, for his wife, for himself,

went up from the man's heart before he was asleep.

It was the next afternoon, as the bank closed, that the president in his private room sent for Mr. Harrison, and began his conversation abruptly.

"Mr. Harrison," said the president, "I have heard of your very remarkable invention. You were showing it the other day to our Mr. Devoy; and from what he tells me it is going to revolutionize the—I mean, cheapen all the processes immensely—that is, if you get it properly financed."

"Why, I thank you and Mr. Devoy for thinking so, Mr. Mauleverer," said Mr. Harrison, blushing. "I—I think so myself. I mean, I hope so."

"That," said Mr. Mauleverer, with a smile, "is to be expected. But Mr. Devoy is very much interested in the model—so much so, I may say he is enthusiastic. And he is so level-headed a man that his enthusiasm moves me to say I would like to see it myself."

"I am sure," was the flattered reply. "I would be delighted, Mr. Mauleverer. And at any time you say."

"Suppose I say to-morrow, then; at this hour. I will bring a party of our directors. And if the thing is all right,—if, I say,—we will form a company at once and proceed to make and advertise the machine."

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mauleverer. But the company is already formed."

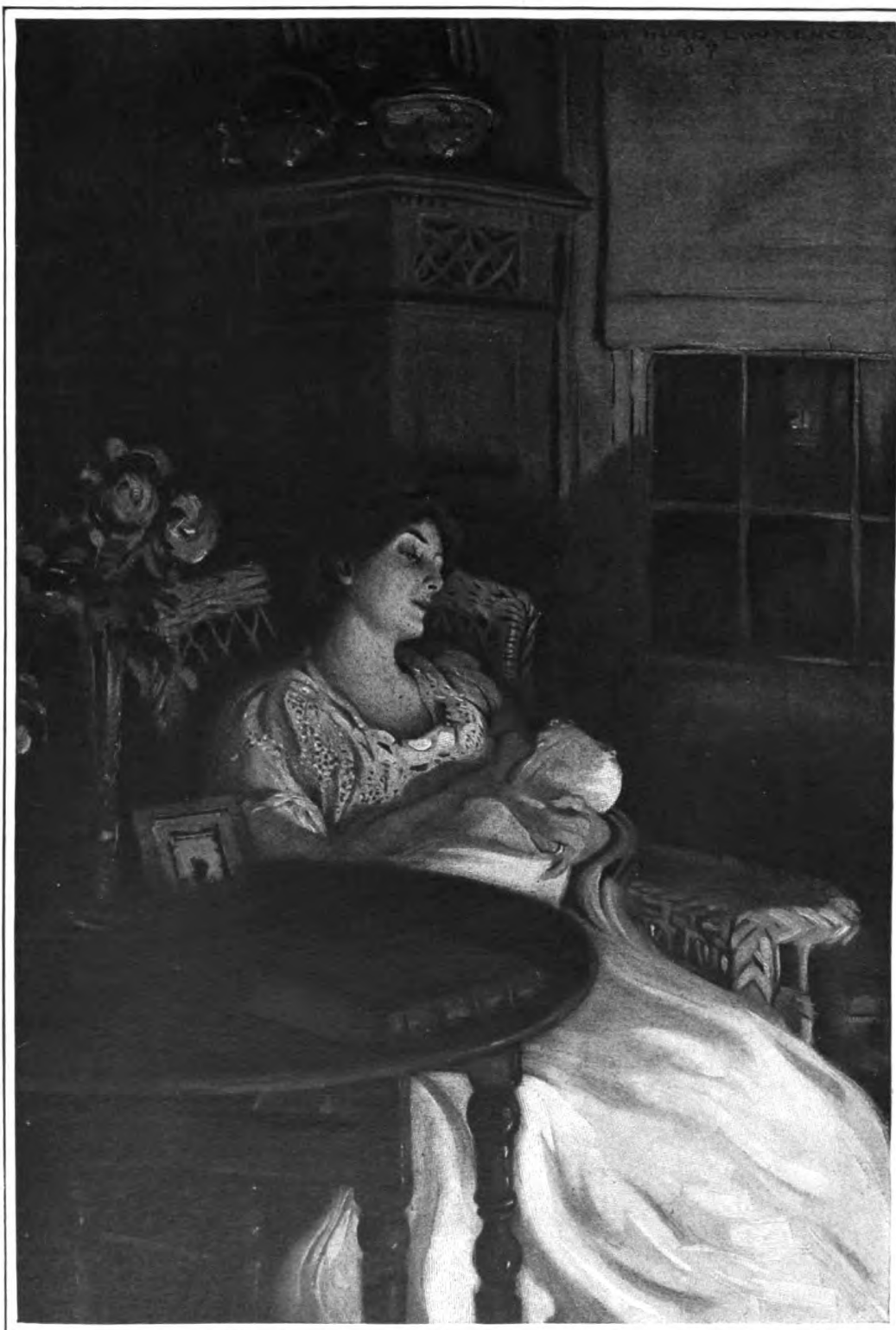
"What! Already formed? Incredible! And by whom? Who constitute it?" demanded the president, authoritatively.

"A few of my friends and neighbors are willing to put their savings into it."

"Are willing? Then they haven't done so yet?"

"The contracts are drawn up, ready to sign."

"Mr. Harrison, don't you think this is very unfriendly, very unkind?" said the president, in a gentler tone. "Don't you think it was very short-sighted, too, knowing the directors and myself were capable of taking up the affair in a large way? Poor business! I won't speak of ingratitude. But it certainly shows a singular want of confidence." The president was plainly touched by this want of confidence, as he leaned his head on his hand and looked down.



*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

**THE SYMBOL OF ALL MOTHERHOOD**

Poor Jolly's heart was shaking; he wouldn't have hurt the president's feelings for all the money in the bank. "Not at all! Oh, not at all!" he cried, eagerly. "I shouldn't have ventured—I shouldn't have presumed. My friends and neighbors have known about it from the beginning. They have been with me all through; they know the parts by name; it means almost as much to them as it does to me. They have their savings, and they believe in it so that they are willing to risk them."

"Their savings! A parcel of cheap Jacks! Absurd! Trifling, too trifling! Why, from Devoy's account there may be millions in it, properly handled. You can't handle it. You have no initiative. Come, come, we mustn't think of any such waste of time and money! The contract isn't signed, you say?"

"But my word has been given, sir."

"Your word! What inventor ever kept his word! It isn't expected."

"Mr. Mauleverer!"

"Now, look here! If this is just a conspiracy to make me buy you out at a big price—"

Even Mr. Mauleverer hesitated before the sudden blue lightning of those eyes.

"Well, well," said the president. "Of course, of course. But look at it sensibly. With those men in the affair you may have some small penny-pocket returns. But with the directors and myself, why, you will pass out of all acquaintance with such people in a couple of years. Or, in fact, you will be in a position to benefit them if you wish,—to make them every one comfortable. Think it over. You shall have generous treatment—just one share less than the majority of the stock; because, as the business end, we must have our way. We find all the money, and go to work on a scale that will make things hum. No creeping on little savings, but flying on big money! Yes, think it over, Harrison. I won't ask you to make up your mind to-night. Take a day or two. And I won't ask to have the directors see the machine till after you manifest your willingness to accept our offer, if we find things then as we hope. Devoy has a mechanical turn himself and knows what he is about. He went into it thoroughly, and is perfectly satisfied.

Our visit would be merely a formality," said the president, rising and pacing ponderously up and down. "Now, Harrison, if you think well of my proposal, when you have had time to look at it in all its bearings, report here day after to-morrow. If not,—well, I doubt if in that case it would be very agreeable for you at a desk here. You will be too busy with your invention. I don't wish to be unpleasant, though, Harrison," he continued, throwing himself into his chair. "I am speaking, as you must see, for your own good, as well as for ourselves. I am only urging you, rather against your first idea, to become a millionaire."

Mr. Harrison was waiting with his mouth open, trying vainly to oppose his stammer to the president's urgency.

"Not a word," said Mr. Mauleverer, holding up his fat white hand, palm outward. "Not a word. Nothing hasty. Take till day after to-morrow. Well, I think that's all. Good afternoon."

Mr. Harrison may or may not have given the president a military salute; he did not know or think. But he went out of the office with the step of a grenadier. He accede to that proposition! Not by all that's good! He betray his friends in that fashion! No, sir! He wouldn't even tell them of the offer. Murray and Denny and Green and Carter and the others had stood by him, and had built their hopes on his, and he was not going to play them false now. He would be a scoundrel. And there had never been a scoundrel of his name yet. Good-by, then, to this portion of his life, this period of simple drudgery, and the freedom from anxiety that a salary gives. He would be his own man at last. And it was true; there would be plenty to do with establishing his invention.

He thought he would walk home. It was only a few miles to their small suburb. He did not want to talk in the trolley-cars; he was quite too excited. He felt the need of oxygen, and his legs wanted stretching. He strode off sturdily, with his head in the air. There was enough in the machine for all of them; he had figured it out many a time. Their wants were modest, dear fellows.

He had never been an envious man.

He had seen other men at the windows of their luxurious clubs, and had never wished to be one of them; he had never coveted high-stepping four-in-hands of other men, or their racers, or their thousand-dollar terriers, or anything that was theirs.

But by the turn of the last mile Mr. Harrison was somewhat tired with walking, and when a young fellow driving a tandem flashed past him, and he was conscious of an ache in his weary feet, it occurred to him that it would be extremely pleasant to be met after office hours by such a team as that. And when a huge motor-car, offensively red, shot along like a comet, the low sun shining on its burnished brasses and its fiery varnish, then the swiftness and ease of motion, the sense of luxury and power, struck a chord of which he had never been conscious, and the condition of those who could command such things suddenly rose before him like an angel with a flaming sword. "Oh, well," he said, "I could be driving one, too, if I chose. I don't choose."

But by this time the hot blood with which he had left the bank had begun to cool, and it occurred to him to ask why he didn't choose. Was it—was he—could it be—that possibly he was making a mistake? Might it not, after all, be better—he was not saying it would be better—but if it could have been arranged honorably in the first place, might it not have been a wiser policy to have his invention taken up by rich men than by men with hardly enough savings, indeed, to start it even in a small way? Let alone advertising it and forcing markets for it! Of course there could be no doubt that that would have been superior business and sharper foresight. Pity. Almost too bad he had given his word to those others! Very likely they would let him off if he explained. But they would be terribly disappointed. Oh no, it wasn't to be thought of! He had been too precipitate—that was it—in too much of a hurry. Why, in the name of common sense, hadn't he waited and told Mauleverer about it first? Mauleverer—yes, he was calling him by his surname, quite on terms of equality, as he would be doing if he had accepted the president's proposal. Yes, by George!

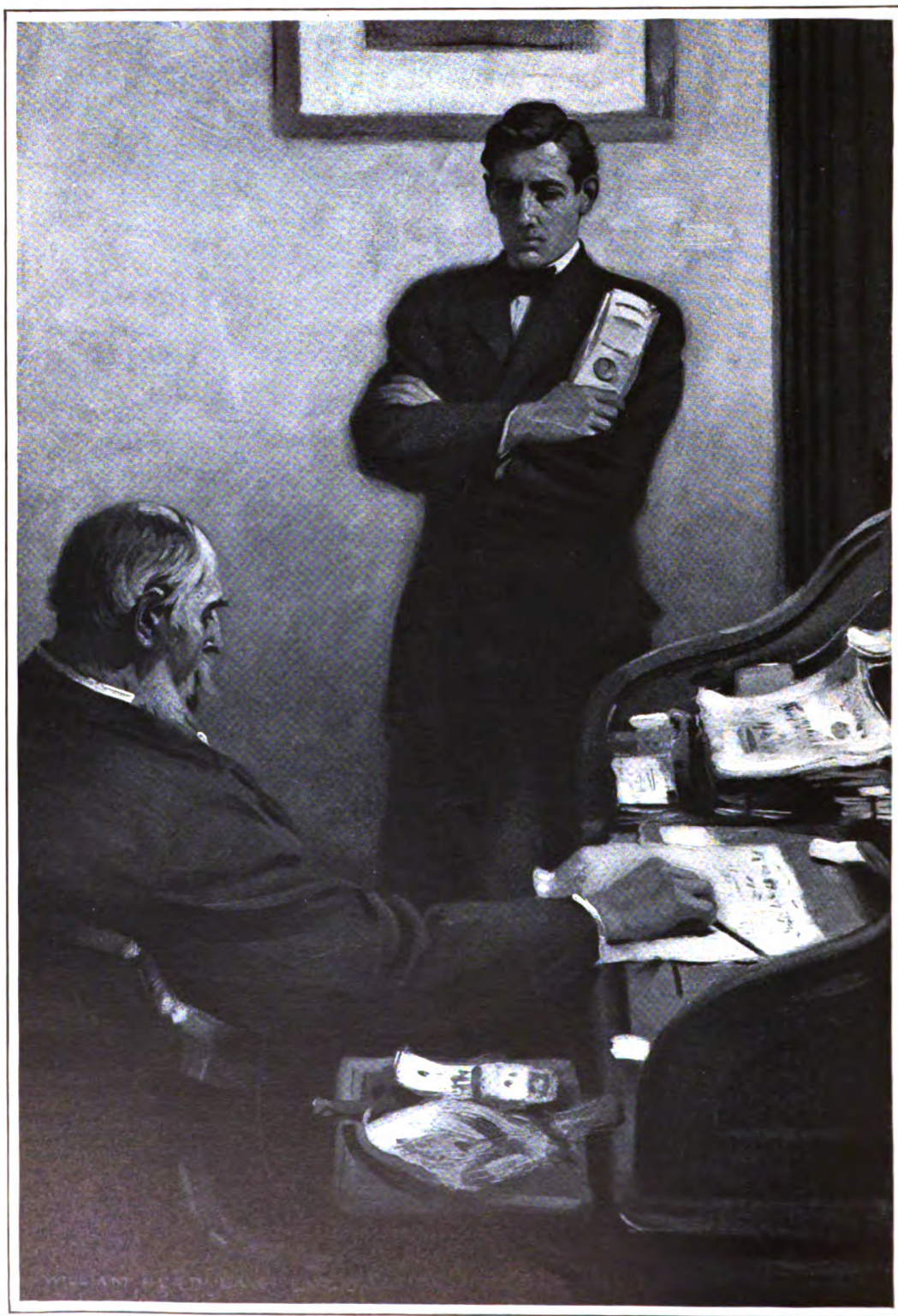
if he had accepted, he wouldn't be coming home to this seven-by-nine shelter; he would be driving up the avenue of an estate. A boy on roller-skates wheeled into him and sent him staggering and scrambling—one of Murray's—Murray indulged his kids out of all reason! Why in the world, he was saying, as he regained the balance that little Pete had endangered, should he sacrifice himself and his future and his boy's future to these men who were nothing but his neighbors!

To be sure, when he should be pulling in money in Mauleverer's company he could make a point, as the president had said, of giving every one of these men all that they had ever expected from the machine. The trouble was, they wouldn't take it. "Dash it all!" said Mr. Harrison, as he wiped his feet lingeringly on the door-mat. "I've been a blamed fool! When I gave my word I didn't know what I was about. I was an idiot. A man isn't obliged to keep a promise he made when he didn't know what he was about. If there was any way to be out of it! By George! I don't know—with only twenty-four hours. Denny'll be back Wednesday. Rather a rough trip, that of his. If anything happened to him—" He caught himself back, pushing off the welcoming dog, suddenly fearing those great soft eyes. What in the name of Heaven had he been thinking? Was he going to be accessory in his thoughts to a railroad massacre? What in the name of Heaven—or the other place—was he coming to! He finished wiping his shoes and went in. But it seemed to him, as he closed the door, that he had just lost a great deal of money.

Little Jolly, in his mother's arms, was waiting to spring from behind the door with shrieks of laughter. They had been watching for him at the window—the precious two in the red firelight. And there was a great romp with the boy, whose cheeks were burning like deep roses. And then all was quiet, and whether his mind was in tune or not, he and Louie were teaching the broken speech of the little fellow to murmur his "Now I lay me."

Mr. Harrison sat looking into the coals moodily a while after he came down—





*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

"I WON'T ASK YOU TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO-NIGHT"

stairs. When Louie joined him he was figuring on sheets of paper, and then throwing them angrily into the fire. Through dinner he was silent and far away in thought; and he went to his work-room early. He had no sooner turned on the light there than the machine looked at him like some little demon, capable of coining money for which he had sold his soul, till he felt cold chills running up his back. But money was money; it meant power, pleasure, the kingdoms of the earth. "By all that's good!" he exclaimed aloud before he left the room, "I won't be made a fool of! I'll accept Mauleverer's terms! And I'll see what can be done for the fellows afterward." And if he slept soundly it was because contending emotions had tired his soul, and because he did not hear Dane howling to the moon.

It was hours later that, in the dead waste and middle of the night, Mr. Harrison and his wife found themselves sitting up in bed, waked by a horrible sound that echoed through the house like the loud sucking of the sea in a cave. It was little Jolly's labored breathing in the croup.

To run for the doctor, asking a neighbor's wife—Mrs. Murray—to be with Louie while he was gone, seemed the work of an hour, although it was, perhaps, three minutes. Back again, having the child breathe the steam of alcohol, putting teaspoonfuls of nauseous stuff into the dear little mouth, torturing him and themselves too, through what eternities the agonized hours of the night and day were dragged! And in the intervals, when there was nothing to do but to wait dreadfully, while the dear child struggled for his breath, the man was either kneeling by the mother's side, his arm across the bent neck and his head on her shoulder, sobbing under his breath, "Oh, my poor wife, my dear Louie!" or hurrying up and down the room with half-articulate beseechings, now challenging Heaven, now offering his life for little Jolly's life. His neighbors were in and out, wishing to relieve the watch, bringing food and drink, keeping up the fires, walking the floor beside him, trying to divert his thoughts, encouraging, consoling, soothing, helping in every way they could, showing they felt his trouble

as their own—Dane walking up and down with them. Their interest in little Jolly was like that they might have had in some rare bird alighting among them,—perhaps because they had something of the same feeling for Jolly's father.

The gray despairing dawn, the long day with its pitiless blue unfeeling sky, wheeled into the indifferent dusk before Jolly's father breathed freely once more, the child himself breathing freely. Then, as he stooped, the little boy had put up his arms and clasped them round his father's neck and had hidden his face there in the way he had when afraid, and had fallen into deep sweet sleep, and the house grew chill as death itself. It was a long time before his father laid Jolly down at last, and kissed his weary wife, and went away to his workshop, crying then like a child himself—Dane following and lifting up his voice with him.

Mr. Harrison had not time to hide his tears, when two or three of his friends came in by the outer door.

"You needn't be ashamed of it, boy," said Murray. "I've been there myself. When Pete—"

"And in my case I didn't know," said Carter, "but the happiness at last was worth the misery."

"I never had the happiness," said Green, in a lower tone than usual. Mr. Harrison reached over and wrung Green's hand.

By and by they went away—Dane going too. But Jolly's father hardly knew it. He sat there and listened to the stillness of the night till the morning star looked in like a great summoning spirit. It seemed to him—his head was perhaps so light from fatigue—as if he had been journeying through space by infinite distances, and all the affairs of life had other relations. Only one thing remained a fixed quantity—Jolly. What if Jolly had died, and looking for his father, had found what he was on Tuesday night! A creature who had bartered his right to heaven for the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh—a sordid knave! But now he had passed through fire. God grant it had burned away the base metal! The boy was going to live; he must find his father at the end all he had believed him to be in the beginning. No price could pay for the constant knowledge

that his boy's belief in him was belief in another and different being, for the fear that at some time the boy might know he had betrayed his friends for thirty pieces of silver. Those kind good friends of his! Men across whose minds could never come a dream of the possibility that he had so lately escaped, who had denied themselves so much, whose wives had helped them do it, that they might prove their faith in him. To whom, indeed, through the way in which their confidence, their companionship, and encouragement had held up his hands, the machine belonged almost as much as it did to him, the dear fellows!

He crept in, after the sun was up and busy, to look at the sweet sleep of mother and child, a great beam of purple light slanting over them, and he felt no painter ever drew lines or dreamed colors diviner than theirs. And then he drew the curtain, and went and took his bath, and, shoes in hand, crept down-stairs, drank his coffee standing, and hurried into town and to the bank. He would be back presently, of course; and he would bring Louie an armful of white roses if it took every cent he had. Then he sent Dane back to his mistress; for the dog had tried to follow him. Perhaps Dane was not quite sure that he could trust him.

Only a few of the clerks had come in. Mr. Harrison quickly gathered some private papers from his desk and secured a slender parcel that had storage in the safe—three or four bonds and his life-insurance policy. He was just putting them into an inner pocket, and looking round the familiar place with a sort of yearning farewell, when the president hurried in breezily, as he was wont, and, as he passed, he asked Mr. Harrison to follow him.

"Glad to see you, Harrison," said Mr. Mauleverer. "I suppose, by your being here, that you accept my proposition. Very well—"

"No, Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, standing very straight, but his blue eyes shining with a glad light. "It was tempting. I admit I nearly fell to it. But the—the keeping of my word, sir!—I—I cannot change my previous arrangement."

"What! Do I understand you—"

"Certainly, sir." Although Mr. Harrison was a fair-faced young man, of a certain regular contour of feature, and although he did not look exactly like St. Michael slaying the dragon, on Raphael's or on Guido's canvas, yet he felt as that angel did.

"Come, come," said the president, getting out of his greatcoat and hunting through all his pockets for his keys. "This is preposterous! I must talk with you. You can't be quite decided."

"Absolutely, Mr. Mauleverer."

"Now, look here! I can't submit to see you stand so in your own light."

"It is really idle—I—I beg your pardon," stammering and blushing after his old custom. "I am absolutely decided, sir."

"Joliffe Harrison," said the president, throwing himself into his chair and rubbing his head till it shone, his face beaming rubicund pleasure, "we have been looking for an honest man with a lantern, looking for an honest man to take a position of serious trust in connection with the work of the bank. And I believe we've found him! I don't want your little machine, though we'd have taken it if you had consented, very like. We'll let you have all the credit you want to start it with, anyway. But you won't want much. You'll be in the way of a very pretty pot of money yourself in your regular business after this—big salary, big opportunities. By mighty! an honest man's worth any money! Now," said the president, "to get down to details."

"Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, "if you please, this is enough for one day. I must—must go home—and tell Louie. My boy—" But he could say no more. And the president pushed him out of the office; and he went home with his arms full of roses.

And that night his wife, innocent of all the coil, was surprised as if he had told her, as a new discovery, that the sky was blue on pleasant days, when leaning over him on one elbow she heard him murmuring in his sleep, "Thank God that Jolly's father is an honest man!" while Dane, outside the door, growled as if some one had doubted it.

# Old-Time Naval Officials

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

BY luck, I, for the first time in my life, have found a plausible derivation for midshipman.\* It would appear that in the days immediately after the flood the vessels were very high at the two ends, between which there was a deep "waist," giving no ready means of passing from one to the other. To meet this difficulty there were employed a class of men, usually young and alert, who from their station were called midship-men, to carry messages which were not subject for the trumpet shout. If this explanation holds water, it, like fore-castle, and after-guard, and knight-heads, gives another instance of survival of nomenclature from conditions which have long ceased.

Whatever the origin of his title, it well expressed the anomalous and undefined position of the midshipman. He belonged, so to say, to both ends of the ship, as well as to the middle, and his duties and privileges alike fell within the broad saying, already quoted, that what was nobody's business was a midshipman's. When appointed as such, in later days, he came in "with the hayseed in his hair," and went out fit for a lieutenant's charge; but from first to last, whatever his personal progress, he continued, as a midshipman, a handy-billy. He might be told, as Basil Hall's first captain did his midshipmen, that they might keep watch or not, as they pleased—that is, that the ship had no use for them; or he might be sent in

charge of a prize, as Farragut was, when twelve years old, doubtless with an old seaman as nurse, but still in full command. Anywhere from the bottom of the hold to the truck—top of the masts—he could be sent and was sent; every boat that went ashore had a midshipman, who must answer for her safety, and see that none got away of a dozen men, whose one thought was to jump the boat and have a run on shore. Between times he passed hours at the masthead in expiation of the faults which he had committed, or ought to have committed, to afford a just scapegoat for his senior's wrath. As Marryat said, it made little difference; if he did not think of something he had not been told, he was asked what his head was for; if he did something off his own bat, the question arose what business he had to think. In either case he went to the masthead. Of course, at a certain age, one "turns to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can"; and the contemporary records of the steerage brim over with unforced jollity, like that notable hero of Marryat's, "who was never quite happy except when he was d—d miserable."

Such undefined standing and employments taught men their business, but provided no remedy for the miscellaneous social origin of midshipmen. In the beginning of things they were probably selected from the smart young men of the crew; often also from the middle-aged; in any event, from before the mast. Even in much later days men passed backward and forward from midshipmen to lower ratings; Nelson is an instance in point. When a man became a lieutenant he was something fixed and recognized, professionally and socially. He might fall below his station, but he had his chance. In the British navy many most distinguished officers came from anywhere—through the hawse-holes, as the expression ran; and a proud boast it should

\* Acknowledgment is here due to Mr. Thomas G. Ford, once a professor at the Naval Academy, cordially remembered by the midshipmen who knew him there in the fifties. His article is in the issue of the *Naval Institute Proceedings* for June, 1906, which has just reached me. He attributes his information to the late Admiral Preble, almost the only American officer within my time who has had the instincts of an archæologist.



have been at a time when every Frenchman in his position had to be of noble blood. What was all very well for captains and lieutenants, once those ranks were reached, was not so easy for midshipmen. We know in every walk of life the woes of those whose position is doubtful or challenged; and what was said to his crew by Sir Peter Parker, an active frigate captain, who was killed in the Chesapeake in 1812, "I'll have you touch your hat to a midshipman's jacket hung up to dry,"—curiously reminiscent of William Tell and Gessler's cap,—not improbably testifies to equivocalness even at that late date. Seamen are singularly observant and tenacious of their officers in such matters. I have known one reprimanded for disrespect say, sullenly, "I have always been accustomed to sail with gentlemen." In the instance the comment was just, though not permissible. Deference might be conceded to the midshipman's jacket, but it could not cover defects of a certain order. The midshipman's berth, as attested by contemporary sketches, was peopled by all sorts in age, fitness, and manners. In one of the many tales I devoured in youth, a middle-aged shellback of a master's mate, come in from before the mast, says with an oath to an aristocratic midshipman, "Isn't my blood as red as yours?" Still, even in the British navy, with its fine democratic record, the social rank was more regarded than the military. John Byng, Esquire, Admiral of the Blue, would thus be of higher consideration as esquire than as admiral.

In the practice cruises the social question did not arise. Independently of the democratic tendency of all boys' schools, where each individual finds his level by natural selection, the Naval Academy has been successful in assimilating its heterogeneous raw material and turning out a finished product of a good average social quality. Beyond this, social success or failure depends everywhere upon personal aptitudes which no training can bestow. But as officers, we were nondescript. There were too many of us; and for the mass the object was to acquire the knowledge of the seaman, not that of the officer. Yet, curiously enough, so at least it seemed to me, there was a disposition on the part of some to be jealous

of any supposed infringement of our prerogative to be treated as "a bit of an officer." Ashore or afloat, we made our own beds, or lashed our own hammocks, swept our own rooms, tended our clothes, and blacked our boots; at manœuvres we manned the gear side by side with the crew; our drills were those of the men before the mast, at sails and guns; all parts of a seaman's work, except cleaning the ship, were required and willingly done; but there was a comical rebellion on one occasion when ordered to pull—row—a boat ashore for some purpose, and almost a mutiny when one lieutenant directed us to go barefooted while decks were being scrubbed, a practice which, besides saving your shoe-leather, is both healthy, cleanly, and, in warm weather, exceedingly comforting. Some asserted that the lieutenant in question, who afterward commanded one of the Confederate commerce-destroyers, and from his initials (Jas. I.) was known to us as Jass-eye, had done this because he had very pretty feet which he liked to show bare, and we must do the same; much as Germans are said to train their mustaches with the Emperor's. At all events, there was great wrath, which I suppose I should have shared had I not preferred bare feet; not for as sound reasons as the lieutenant's. With so many details regulated, if not enforced—from the length of our hair to the cut of our trousers—it did seem hypercritical to object to going shoeless for an hour. But who is consistent? The uncertainty of our position kept the chip on the shoulder.

At the time of graduation I had a narrow escape from the cutting short of my career, resembling that which a man has from a railway accident by missing the train. To a certain extent the members of classes were favored in forming groups of friends, and choosing the ship to which they should be sent. Two of my intimates and myself applied for the sloop-of-war *Levant*, destined for the Pacific by way of Cape Horn; our motive being partly the class of vessel, supposed by us to favor professional opportunity, and partly the friendship existing between one of us and the master of the *Levant*, a graduate of two or three years before, who had just completed his examinations for



promotion. Luckily for us, and particularly for me, as the only one of the three who in after-years survived middle age, the frigate *Congress* was fitting out, and her requirements for officers could not be disregarded. The *Levant* sailed, reached the Pacific, and disappeared—one of the mysteries of the deep.

We very young men had the impression that small vessels were better calculated to advance us professionally because, having fewer officers, deck duty might be devolved on us, either to ease the regular watch officers or in case of a disability. This prepossession extended particularly to brigs, a class then still existent. This was a pretty wild imagining, for I can hardly conceive any one entrusting such a vessel to a raw midshipman. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say they were all canvas and no hull; beautiful as a dream, but dangerous, except to the experienced. As it was, an unusual proportion of them came to grief. Our views were doubtless largely, if unconsciously, affected by the pleasing idea of prospective early importance as deck officers. The more solid opinion of our seniors was that we would do better to pause a while on the bottom step, under closer supervision; while as for vessel, the order, dignity, and scale of performance in big ships were more educative, more formative of military character, which, and not seamanship, is the leading element of professional value. "Keep them at sea," said Lord St. Vincent, "and they can't help becoming seamen; but attention is needed to make them learn their business with the guns." I have already mentioned that at the outbreak of the War of Secession it was this acquirement that decided the authorities to give seniority to the very young lieutenants over the volunteers from the merchant service, very many of whom had larger experience and—though by no means all of them—consequent skill as seamen.

The *Congress* was a magnificent ship of her period. The adjective is not too strong. Having been built about 1840, she represented the culmination of the sail era, which, judged by her, reached then the splendid maturity that in itself, to the prophetic eye, presages decay and vanishment. In her just but strong por-

tions, in her lines, fine yet not delicate, she "seemed to dare," and did dare, "the elements to strife"; while for "her peopled deck," when her five hundred and odd men swarmed up for an evolution, or to get their hammocks for the night, it was peopled to the square foot, despite her size. On her forecastle, and to the fore and main masts each, were stationed sixty men, full half of them prime seamen, not only in skill but in age and physique; ninety each for the starboard watch, and ninety for the port, not to count the mizzentopmen, afterguard, and marines, more than as many more. I have always remembered the effect upon me of this huge mass of human beings, when gathered once to wear ship in a heavy gale, the height of one of those furious pamperos which issue from the prairies (pampas) of Buenos Ayres. The ship having only fore and main topsails, close reefed, the officers were not summoned, beyond those of the watch; the handling of the yards required only the brute force of muscle, under which, even in such conditions, they were as toys in the hands of that superb ship's company. I had thus the chance to see things from the poop, a kind of bird's-eye view. As the ship fell off before the wind, and while the captain was waiting that smoother chance which from time to time offers to bring her up again on the other side with the least shock, she gathered, of course, accelerated way with the gale right aft; scudding, in fact. Unsteadied by wind on either side she rolled deeply, and the sight of the faces of those four hundred or more men, all turned up and aft, watching intently the officer of the deck for the next order, the braces stretched along taut in their hands for instant obedience, was singularly striking. Usually a midshipman had to be in the midst of such things, with no leisure for impressions, at least of an "impressionist" character. Those were the prerogatives of the "idlers," the surgeons, chaplain, and marine officers, who obtained thereby not only the benefit of the show, but material for discussion as to how well the thing had been done, or whether it ought to have been done at all. The midshipman's part at "all hands" was to be as much in the way as was necessary to see all needed gear manned, no

skulkers, and as much out of the way as his personal stability required from the rush of the huge gangs of seamen, "running away" with a rope.

I never had the opportunity of viewing the ship from the outside, underway at sea, but she was beautiful to look at in port. Her spars, both masts and yards, lofty and yet square, were as true to proportions for perfection of appearance as was her hull; and the twenty-five guns she showed on each broadside, in two tiers, though they had abundance of working-room, were close enough together to suggest two strong rows of solid teeth, ready for instant use. Nothing could be more splendidly martial. But what old-timers they were, with the swell of their black muzzles, like the lips of a full-blooded negro! Thirty-two-pounders, all of them, except, on either side, five eight-inch shell guns, a small tribute to progress. The rest threw solid shot for the most part. Imposing as they certainly looked, and heavier though they were than most of those with which the world's famous sea-fights have been fought, they were already antediluvian. A few years later I saw a long range of them enjoying their last repose on the skids in a navy-yard, and a bystander, with equal truth and irreverence, called them pop-guns.

Like the ship and her equipment, the officers and crew, by training and methods, were still of the olden time in tone and ideals, a condition, of course, fostered at the moment by the style of vessel; yet with that curious adaptability characteristic of the profession, which enabled them to fall readily into the use of the new types of every kind evolved by the War of Secession. Concerning some of these, a naval professional humorist observed that they could be worshipped without idolatry, for they were like nothing in heaven or on earth or in the waters under the earth. Adored or not, they were handled to purpose. By a paradoxical combination the seaman of those days was at once most conservative in temperament and versatile in capacity. There was, however, among the officers an open vision toward the future. I well remember "Joe" Smith enlarging to me on the merits of Cowper Coles's projected turret ship, much talked about

in the British press in 1860, a full year or more before Ericsson, under the exigency of existing war, obtained from us a hearing for the *Monitor*. Coles's turrets, being then a novel project, were likened, explanatorily, to a railway turntable, a very illustrative definition, and Smith was already convinced of the value of the design, which was proved in Hampton Roads the day after he himself fell gloriously on the deck of the *Congress*. There is a double tragedy in his missing by this brief space the open demonstration of a system to which he so early gave his adherence; and it is another tragedy, which most Americans, except naval officers, will have forgotten, that Coles himself found his grave in the ship, the *Captain*, ultimately built through his urgency upon this turret principle. This happened in 1870.

In 1859 the United States government was coquetting with the title "Admiral," which was supposed to have some insidious connection with monarchical institutions. Even so sensible and thoughtful a man as our sailmaker, who was a devout disciple and constant reader of Horace Greeley, with the advanced political tendencies of the *Tribune*, said to me: "Call them admirals! Never! They will be wanting to be dukes next." We had hit, heretofore, on a compromise, quite accordant with the transition decade 1850-1860, and styled them flag-officers; concerning which it might be said that all admirals are flag-officers, but all flag-officers were not admirals.

Our flag-officer was a veteran of 1812. He was known familiarly in the navy by the epithet Buckey; I never saw it spelled, but the pronunciation was given. Report ran that he thus called every one, promiscuously; but, although I was his aide for near six months, I only heard him use it once or twice. Possibly he was breaking a bad habit.

Judging by my experience, which, I believe, was no worse than the average, the life of an aide is literally that of a dog; it was chiefly following round, or else lying in a boat at a landing, just as a dog waits outside for his master, to all hours of the night, till your superior comes down from his dinner out, or from the theatre. A coachman has a "cinch," to use our present-day slang, for he has

only his own behavior to look to, while the aide has to see that the dozen barge-men also behave, don't skip off the wharf for a drink, and then forget the way back to the boat. If one or two do, no matter how good his dinner may have been, the remarks of the flag-officer are apt to be "such," not to speak of subsequent interviews with the first lieutenant. I trace to those days the horror, which has never left me, of keeping servants waiting. Flag-officers apparently never heard that punctuality is the politeness of kings.

The flag-officer, though not a man of particular distinction, possessed strongly that kind of individuality which among seamen of the days before steam, when the world was less small and less frequented, was more common than it is to-day. We now cluster so that, like shot in a barrel, we are rounded and polished by mere attrition; but formerly characteristics had more chance to emphasize themselves, and throw out angles, as, I believe, they still do in long polar seclusions. Withal, there came from him from time to time whiffs of a past naval atmosphere, like that from a drawer where lavender has been. Going ashore one day with him for a constitutional, he caught sight of my necktie, which my fond mother had given me. It was black, yes, but with variations. "Humph!" he ejaculated; "don't wear a thing like that with me. You look like a privateersman." There spoke the rivalries of 1812. A great chum of his was the senior surgeon of the ship, a man near his own years. Going ashore together one day for a walk, the surgeon, crossing the deck, smudged his clothes with paint or coal-tar, the free application of which in unexpected places is one of the snares attending a well-appearing ship. "Never mind, doctor," said the flag-officer, consolingly, falling back, like Sancho Panza, on an ancient proverb, "remember, the two dirtiest things in the world are a clean ship and a clean soldier." Coal-tar and pipe-clay, to wit. Another trait was an extensive, though somewhat mild, profanity, which took no account of ladies' presence, although he was almost exaggeratedly deferential to them, as well as cordially courteous to all. His speech was, like his gait, tripping. I remember the arrival of the first steamer of a new

French line in Rio. Steam mail service was there and then exceptional, most of our home letters came by sailing-vessel, consequently this was an event, and brought the inevitable banquet. He was present; I also, as his aide, seated nearly opposite him with two or three other of our officers. He was called to respond to a toast. "Gentlemen and ladies!" he began. "No! Ladies and gentlemen; ladies always first, d—n me." What more he said I do not recall, although we all loyally applauded him. Many years afterward, when he was old and feeble, an acquaintance of mine met him, and he began to tell of the tombstone of some person in whom he was interested. After various particulars, he startled his auditor with the general descriptive coruscation, "It was covered with angels and cherubs, and the h—ll knows what else."

It would be easily possible to overdraw the personal peculiarities of the seamen. I remember nothing corresponding at all to the extravagances instanced in my early reading of Colburn's, such as a frigate's watch—say, one hundred and fifty men—on liberty in Portsmouth, England, buying up all the gold-laced cocked hats in the place, and appearing with them at the theatre. Many, however, who have seen a homeward-bound ship leaving port, the lower rigging of her three masts crowded with seamen from deck to top, returning roundly the cheers given by all the ships-of-war present, foreign as well as national, as she passes, have witnessed also the time-honored ceremony of her crew throwing their hats overboard with the last cheer. This corresponded to the breaking of glasses after a favorite toast, or to the bursts of enthusiasm in a Spanish bull-ring, where Andalusian caps fly by dozens into the arena. There, however, the bull-fighter returns them, with many bows; but those of the homeward-bounders become the inheritance of the boatmen of the port.

As midshipman of the watch, being stationed on the forecastle, my intimates among the crew were the staid seamen, approaching middle age, allotted there, where they had least going aloft. A forecastle intimate of mine was the boatswain, who, like most boatswains of that day, had served his time be-

fore the mast. As is the case with many self-made men he, on his small scale, was very conscious of the fact, and of his general consequent desert. A favorite saying with him was, "Thanks to my own industry, and my wife's economy, I am now well beforehand with the world." He served on board one steamer, the *San Jacinto*, and what had pleased him was that the yards could be squared and rigging hauled taut—his own special function—before entering port, so that in those respects the job had been done when the anchor dropped. One of his pet stories, frequently brought forward, concerned a schooner in which he had served in the earlier period, and will appeal to those who know how dear a fresh coat of paint is to a seaman's heart. She had just been decorated within and without, and was standing into a West-Indian port to show her fine feathers, when a sudden flaw of wind knocked her off and over, on to a rocky point. The first order given was, "Stand clear of the paint-work!" an instance of the ruling passion strong in *extremis*.

This boatswain afterward saw the last of the *Congress* when the *Merrimac*—or rather the *Virginia*, to give her her Confederate name—wasted time murdering a ship already dead, aground, and on fire. He often afterward spun me the yarn, for I liked the old man, and not infrequently went to see him in later days. He had borne good humoredly the testiness with which a youngster is at times prone to assert himself against what he fancies interference, and I had appreciated the rebuke. The *Congress* catastrophe was a very big and striking incident in the career of any man, and it both ministered to his self-esteem and provided the evening of his life with material for talk. Unhappily, I have to confess, as even Boswell at times did, I took no notes, and cannot reproduce that which to me is of absorbing interest, the individual impressions of a vivid catastrophe.

The boatswain was one of the four who in naval phrase were termed "warrant" officers, in distinction from the lieutenants and those above, who held their offices by "commission." The three others were gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker, names which sufficiently indicate

their several functions. In the hierarchical classification of the navy, as then established by long tradition, the midshipmen, although on their way to a commission, were warrant-officers also, and in consequence, though they had a separate mess, they had the same smoking-place, the effect of which in establishing a community of social intercourse every smoker will recognize.

At first thought it seems somewhat singular that the six lieutenants of the ship presented no such aggregate of idiosyncrasies as did the four warrant-officers. It was not by any means because we did not know them well and mingle among them with comparative frequency. Midshipmen, we travelled from one side to the other; here at home, there guests, but to both admitted freely. But, come to think of it more widely, the distinction I here note must have had a foundation in conditions. Marryat, who lived the naval life as no other sea-author, has a full gallery of captains and lieutenants, each differing from the other; but his greatest success in portrayal, the characters that take hold of the memory, are his warrant-officers, boatswains, gunners, and carpenters. There have been particular, eccentric commissioned officers, of whom quaint stories have descended, but in early days originality was a class-mark of those of whom I am speaking.

Thus the several lieutenants of our frigate call for no special characterization. If egotism, the most amusing of traits where it is not offensive, existed among them to any unusual degree, it was modified and concealed by the acquired exterior of social usage. Their interests also were wider. With them talk was less of self and personal experience, and more upon subjects of general interest, professional or external; the outlook was wider. But while all this tended to make them more instructive, and in so far more useful companions, it also took from the salt of individuality somewhat of its pungency. It did not fall to them, either, to become afterward especially conspicuous in the nearing War of Secession. They were good seamen and gallant men; knew their duty and did it; but either opportunity failed them or they failed opportunity; from my knowledge of them, probably the former.

# The Pursuit of Happiness

BY BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

HE looked at her as she sat by the side of the other man, outlined in her own radiance against the straight blue sky. She was smiling and persuasive, and the cold ash of his cigarette testified to her charm.

"But," the other man was saying, "granted you have heard so much of its beauty and its magic that you desire it above all other things—women are odd!—what, when you get it, are you going to do with it?" He glanced at her essentially modish simplicity of dress. "Not wear it?" he ventured, with a masculine tentativeness.

She considered it briefly, but with tact. "Well, not so much to wear it as to live up to it," she said kindly.

"You mean—"

"Oh, not frocks!"

Erming was glad that the other man did not seem at all to know what she did mean. Because perhaps he did, it brought him a little nearer to her and left the other man at his distance. Her sunshade revolved slowly about her head, like a tangible aura. Though their conversation had begun in a light banter, he had inwardly grown serious, as a line between his placid brows indicated. He saw her steadfastly,—in her unwonted setting of bizarre and grotesque surroundings.

They were in the garden of the House of One Hundred and One Steps, with Yokohama and the harbor lying below their altitude like the spindling drawing on a fan. She was sitting near enough to a strange doglike lion with a malignant gilded face of perpetual rapacity to have it "come into the picture" as an infallible indication of her having posed beside it in Nippon.

The posing of her was a naïve art; not an artificial disposition of her many beauties to show them at their greatest possible advantage, but a frank, ungarished statement of herself as the best

she could do. Having been for some years an acknowledged beauty, she had ceased to regard it as a matter for surprise, and had the natural good sense to expect no surprise in others. There was no greater proof of her having arrived than that men had ceased to pay her compliments, but accepted the presence of her beauty with a serene pleasure, as one may look at a day in June.

They had had tea, ministered unto by the presiding mother of the place, Kin-San, and two little geishas, and thus afterward in wandering about had come to the bench and the need for a cigarette.

Her need—which was neither of these—she had with much eloquence laid before them both. The girdle had been heard of first by her father in Nagasaki, and the story of it had been as fire to the tow of her covetousness. O-Shinto-San had lived years ago, and the gods had denied him the implored possession of a son. His daughter had meant little to him, albeit she was called the Sum of Sweetness; and finally, in the perpetual grief of his loneliness, his mind deteriorated, the man-growth of it faded again, leaving the blank surface of childishness. In this condition it had been his only pleasure to see the Sum of Sweetness in the raiment that his son should have worn, and his mania took the form of lavishing such costumes and ornaments upon her as were suitable to the young Samurai who had never been born. The fair Japanese heaven only knows what expiation lay ahead of her for the deeds, but she cut off her hair and assumed the manners and habiliments of a man, in order to assuage his dementia, and even practised sword-play for his amusement. This girdle that he had had made for his make-believe boy was not the sort of a sword-belt that the Samurai wore, but it pleased him so to have it, and clever workmen patiently had wrought it according to his desire.



"It is a mere ornament to be worn over the usual sash," she had told them. "There are as many pieces of cloisonné as there were years in her age, each one the scene of some growth in a boy's life. These pieces are linked together with silver, and the chains are damascened in gold and set with jade. It is said her father buckled it around her and blessed her, but that just as he slipped his Samurái sword into it—for he was impiously intending that she should carry it—she gave a cry as of great pain and fell dead at his feet, and that he, poor gentleman, seeing her so, died in hara-kiri by the very sword he had dishonored."

Wyrardeston shuddered. "But the girdle—"

"That is the point. The girdle is believed to be of evil importance. They keep it close hidden away. Yet the poor, beautiful thing bears a legend that happiness is within its zone, which I imagine to be O-Shinto-San's way of saying that his only joy was in this pretence of a son."

"It is pleasant to serve you," said Erming, in the lazy manner that overlay his strength. "Shall your servant get you this dreadful thing?"

She laughed at him, but none the less one could see that she wondered if it might be so. "I want it—amazingly!" she said.

The other man was not to be ignored. As Erming threw away his dead cigarette in a gesture of some resolution, Wyrardeston claimed her. "Must it be stolen or bought, or is it sensible to some enchantment?"

"We must try to believe the last. But I am afraid any of the three is quite impossible." She brought the word of finality out as a direct challenge. It lay impartially between the two of them.

The man beside her was disposed to let it lie there while he considered the matter. "It's not at all unlike the fairytales," he said whimsically. "We might be two princes adventuring for the hand of the princess who is not to be won without deeds of valor."

Erming, from his place before them, smiled a little. "So we might," he said slowly.

"I remarked as a child," said Wyrardeston, "in those days when fairy god-

mothers filled the pages over which I pored, that the beautiful young Desideria was invariably hankering after some ornament for her perishable frame, and that out of her own mouth she was convicted of the horrid fact that she didn't in the least care who got it for her, even though her hand in marriage was to be his reward." He looked into her face accusingly.

The lady was unabashed. "Didn't she, perhaps, rely on her father to prevent the match in the end, by consigning the successful adventurer to some dungeon cell while she walked abroad triumphant?"

"Wearing the girdle?"

"Was it a girdle?"

"Wasn't it?"

Erming in his placid way smiled at them as they laughed lightly. He seemed quite unconcerned as to whether this other adventurous prince did or did not accept the challenge. For himself he had put it in his pocket long ago.

Wyrardeston was taking full advantage of the other's silence. "So is the stage set, Desideria?" he asked, keeping her eyes to his. "This is the deed of valor that buys the half of your father's kingdom and you, his only child? There are not by any chance an invisible cloak, a wishing-ring, and three hairs from the red giant's beard that you have set your heart on as well?"

She listened to him and looked at him and laughed with him. But more conscious was she of Erming's silent nearness than of the other's dominative playfulness.

"I have no desire beyond that for the girdle," she said.

"And that will make you happy?"

"Perfectly. I never wanted anything else so much in my life."

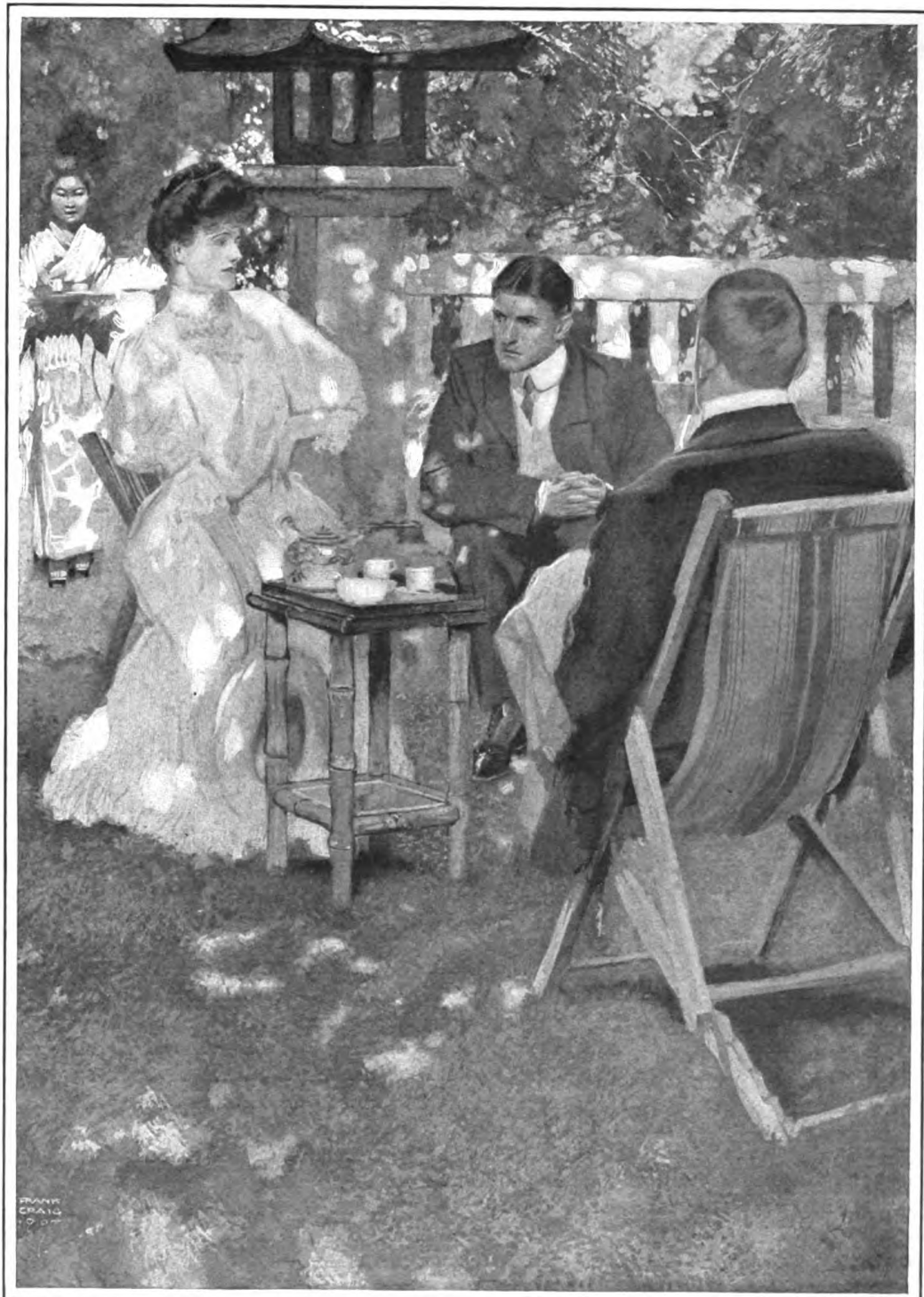
"And the reward?"

Her color rose with her laughter.

"It is a bargain?" persisted Wyrardeston, leaning nearer, his eyes dancing with something besides merriment. She drew back a little, yet seemed merely to be rising. Her eyes went to Erming's and were not surprised that their looks should meet half-way.

"By all precedent, you should make your bargain with my father."

"But an American princess!" said Erming, lightly.



*Drawn by Frank Craig*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"I WANT IT—AMAZINGLY," SHE SAID

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She seemed glad in a merry way to have drawn him into the talk again. "You think the unusual procedure—"

"I unqualifiedly approve!" he said.

She was a bit surprised at his acceptance of a compact admitting a rival.

"Really?"

He took it in quaintly, her inflection. Standing before her and looking down into her face, the deep line between his brows appeared oddly with the smile of his mouth. "Really? Why not—since it is I who will bring you the prize?"

There was commanding power in the way he said it, but little energy. And his manner of going about the quest had the same peculiarity.

At about dusk he wandered into the shop of one Yama-Guchi-San. He threw away his cigarette as he entered to receive the inevitable pipe and cup of tea.

"Good evening, Mr. Yama-Guchi," he said.

"Good evening, Mr. Erming."

They sat talking for some quarter of an hour without either one speaking of those things which are bought and sold. Yet they were surrounded by them on all sides, and for no other reason had they come together. At last, in a casual manner, Erming mentioned his need. And Yama-Guchi-San listened calmly. His little face, smooth and brown as a nut, changed not so much as in the angle of eyebrows while he heard rehearsed the particulars of the sword-belt and the tradition. But a shadow of dubiety fell upon it. At the end he sat silent, as one looking into the future with an apprehensive eye.

"What," said Erming, "would be your price for getting the thing?"

"It is a very delicate commission," said the little brown face behind the smoke.

Erming emptied his pipe to refill it. "How much?" he said.

"To intrude upon the traditions—"

"How much?" inquired Erming pleasantly.

"One thousand yen," said Yama-Guchi-San.

"Seven hundred," substituted the other, in a gently suggestive tone.

"Oh, most honorable sir, impossible!"

"Seven hundred," repeated Erming. He was beginning a new pipe.

"Well, let us say nine hundred," suavely proposed his host.

"Seven," said Erming behind his own smoke.

"But you pay me nothing for the trouble, for the delicacy, for the danger, for the value of the enamel—"

"Seven hundred yen," said Erming.

"Revered and honored patron, the mere silver in the chains is worth more. Consider how many people have hoped to get it and failed. Consider the expense of my trip—the loss of trade in leaving my shop. Let us say eight hundred and fifty yen, most honorable."

Erming had finished the three puffs of his pipe, and rose. Outside his runner waited for him with his chair.

He nodded and smiled easily at the little trader. "Sorry we couldn't reach an understanding. Seven hundred, you see, is giving you a handsome profit. But if you don't want to take a handsome profit it is nobody's loss but his own, is it? And surely I ought not to complain when a man refuses to make a handsome profit out of me, should I? Thank you for your courtesy and hospitality to my unworthy self. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Yama-Guchi. "Stop!"

The rickshaw was moving off in good earnest between the two words. Erming looked around at him in tolerant patience.

"Will your honorable self not give eight hundred yen?" pleaded the man.

"Oh, please give eight hundred yen!"

"Impossible," said Erming coldly. "Good-by."

"Stop!" cried the little nut-brown man a second time. "Seven hundred yen, honorable sir, seven hundred yen!"

Erming, who had awaited placidly this result, said a low word to the runner, who turned his rickshaw back into place near the dealer. "Seven hundred yen," he said insistently.

"Agreed, though it strips me of all profit," said Yama-Guchi-San. "The gir-dle is yours at the price. I will undertake the matter for the mere glory of delicate adventure."

Erming was not disposed to dispute the sincerity of this. "How long must I give you?" he asked.

Yama-Guchi-San held up his smooth brown hands. "Fourteen suns, most honorable sir. It is not a matter of the

journey merely. Eight or ten visits will be necessary for the sale."

His patron had long ago become accustomed to the leisurely pageant of commerce in this Nippon of theirs. He knew that this estimate of time was allowing but a fair margin for delays. "Very well, Mr. Yama-Guchi," he said contentedly. "In the modern fairy-tale the adventurous prince basks in the smiles of the princess while the most honorable dealer in *cloisonné* goes about the delicate errand. It is a great American improvement. On the fifteenth day, after high sun, I will present myself with seven hundred yen at your revered door-step. You are infallible?"

Yama-Guchi understood the latter part of the speech at least. "Consider the girdle in your august hand," he said bowing.

"And the seven hundred yen in yours," returned Erming. The rickshaw man, as the dealer drew back bowing, moved easily away.

Fifteen days went by slowly enough for all of them. Erming, with his lazy smile, but the serious line in his brows as he looked at her, waited upon her pleasure as of old. To win her slowly he was content, as he was content to do all things, great and small. But the question which his most leisurely contemplation could not solve was, was he, after all, really winning her?

He had by dint of careful observation and well-judged exclusion sifted the number of her admirers. It was practically Wyrardeston only that he had to consider as dangerous to his happiness. The man was that rare type of Englishman who combines animation with well-bred poise, and was such a pleasant companion that even the gracious lady was seen with him of a frequency that occasioned comment.

For a week after the conversation in the garden of One Hundred and One Steps he had been unseen. The only disquietude Erming felt in his absence was that the princess seemed to miss him, frankly enough. He knew the fallacy of the belief that a woman never speaks frankly of the man she loves. He was thoroughly aware that a woman would mention the man's name with a mere desire to hear its syllables, however casually

spoken, and so when the beautiful princess said candidly that she wondered what could have become of Wyrardeston, and that she certainly would be glad to see him, it brought no joy to Erming's heart. He knew, he thought, that Wyrardeston had gone to Nagasaki, in search of the coveted price of princess and kingdom. And that was just the part that disquieted him not in the least. No one realized better than he how unfit was any Saxon to undertake the delicate mission. Moreover, he had complete faith in Yama-Guchi's ability, and in the fact that he had a day's start of Wyrardeston or any deputy sent by him.

But it was when Wyrardeston returned, empty-handed and as ever pleasantly amusing, that Erming confessed to some perturbation. Fears that the man's self-possession was based upon a success more assured than his own troubled him. He wanted no other man to give her anything she so wilfully desired. The girdle had begun to assume symbolic importance. The hour when it should be given to her became the crucial hour of his pursuit of happiness.

It was this hour that Wyrardeston brought up as they sat over their tea together on the ninth day. "About the adventure, now, you know," he said, looking at her eyes, with just a glance at Erming. "The two princes cannot both, of course, succeed."

"I suppose not," she said softly. There was a look on her face as if she felt the presence of the earnestness underneath the pleasant lightness. She did not look at Erming, nor at Wyrardeston. Her tiny frail little cup seemed the centre of her interest.

"But I propose," said Wyrardeston, always so full of interesting suggestions to amuse her, "that the unsuccessful prince should be present at the presentation."

"Why so?" said Erming. His first feeling was that he wanted to be alone with her in that hour. Then the fear of failure came down upon him again—perhaps, after all, if Yama-Guchi should fail—It would be hard to witness Wyrardeston's triumph, if success should be with him, yet his presence would, perhaps, postpone the hour he dreaded when she would listen to the man's demand of

his reward. "After all, yes, I agree," he said. "We must both be there. How should you say if we meet in the garden of the One Hundred and One Steps, at sunset? That seems in keeping with the picturesque quality of the story, does it not?"

They both looked to her for the ratification. She raised her eyes, trying not to see it all so seriously. "Quite in the dramatic sequence, I should say," she said, smiling a smile that was only skin-deep. "On what day?"

The men turned to each other. "The sixth day from now?" suggested Wyrardeston. Erming started at the coincidence with his own plans. "Why, yes," said he, searching the other's smile, "that day would suit me very well."

The intervening days were long in passing. The Princess Desideria herself had begun to show a line between her two slender, well-born brows. Wyrardeston still smiled and still amused, but there was a nervousness in his easy laughter. It was beginning to tell on all three of them.

On that evening preceding the momentous one, it pleased Wyrardeston to gather them at tea in the House of One Hundred and One Steps. He was admiring that harp Kin-San was so proud to exhibit, when they arrived together, Erming and she. It had been generous in him, he thought, to allow Erming the privilege of escorting her, but it was a fitting thing that he who was sure to lose should have the little consolation. He received them with his goodly smile.

"It's a sort of dress rehearsal, you see," he said, when they were at last out in the garden. "I just wanted to run over the parts with you, and make sure of our stage-business."

Erming yielded to him good-naturedly. "You seem to have taken unto yourself the authority of manager," he said. "It's rather a grim occasion, my dear fellow, to direct the arrangement for your own obsequies."

"Ah, but it is not, you see, to be what your countrymen call my funeral!" Wyrardeston unruffledly assured him.

The princess moved away a little to take them both in together. "You have a way, you two, of disposing of me," she said airily.

"You made the agreement, gracious lady, as this pleasant-faced poodle can testify, having witnessed the sealing of the bargain." Wyrardeston dropped a familiar hand to pat the gargoyle creature. "Now, observe—the stage is set. Even the lighting has been properly arranged. You will, I am sure, admit that the sunset could not be more natural."

She smiled at it absently.

"The space between this gentle animal and the bench and to the lantern is the triangle of our drop-scene. You, Desideria, will be here. Erming, the best place for you is at this side. I, over here. Now, we are discovered. The facts of the matter are briefly rehearsed, and confirmed. Then the princess asks the successful prince to—what is the phrase, Erming? Produce the goods? The successful prince complies. Prince number two admits his failure by a profoundly sad obeisance and departs, leaving the happy man to arrange the particulars of the wedding with the princess, to get married, and to live happily ever after."

"Capital," said Erming. "I shall advance, fall on one knee and clasp the girdle about your waist—"

Wyrardeston shook his head. "Oh no, my dear fellow. You can't imagine that even in the matter of consolation I should go so far as to give you that privilege."

The princess sat down on the bench. "Amateur theatricals always produce quarrels," she said. "I will wait. As a matter of fact that seems to be the tenor of my part. I must say I think the thing wants action."

"You mistake suspense for inaction," said Wyrardeston. "Let me show you. Erming, here, falls on one knee, as he has said. I do like a man who has got up in his stage-business for a first rehearsal! He sweeps the ground with the plume of his hat in a courtly gesture, suppresses his bitter tears,—so, and so—" The man caught off his soft white hat and bent before her, with a furtive dab at his eyes, a clutch at his heart, and then, to their great surprise, followed out the part to its bitter end by turning and walking deliberately away.

Erming, who was looking after him, found her very near him. "He seems damnably sure of my part," said he, turning to her.



She looked amusedly troubled. "Perhaps he is not so sure of his own. What does it matter?"

"Oh, it matters very much," said Erming, who was now watching Wyrardeston's return. "I want, you see, that pretty opportunity myself to ask you and the gods for happiness."

She said nothing, but she moved tremulously.

"That gives you some idea, Erming," said Wyrardeston, "how the thing should be done. You see, my dear princess, there is more action in it than you thought. As for yourself, so great an artist needs no suggestion—the outstretched hands, the maiden's smile of yielding—"

"The sun has gone down," said Erming, quickly. "I think the company should be dismissed, Mr. Manager. We have quite a rickshaw ride before us."

"Yes, let us go," said Desideria.

"Until to-morrow!" Wyrardeston's words lingered on the air.

Erming's spirits were lowered still further the following morning by being unable to find Yama-Guchi at his shop. But learning from an assistant that he was expected to return that day without fail, he left word that he would come in again an hour before sunset, and went away to get through the hours as best he could. The seven hundred yen were in his wallet, crisp and new notes, with the Emperor in green on each. Never would there be money more cheerfully spent. Indeed, so anxious was he to exchange it for the coveted possession that he was a good half-hour ahead of his appointment at Yama-Guchi's, and although the assistants gave him the inevitable pipe and cup of tea, and were assiduous in their attentions, profound in their reverences, and profuse with their flattery, his impatience grew at a pace wholly incompatible with his usual reposeful calm.

So it was that when the little man, with the face as brown and smooth as a nut, and his closely bound garments making him look even smaller than his niggardly creator had intended, came briskly in at the door, Erming pounced on him, sublimely ignoring the necessary ceremonies usual in opening a business conversation.

"Did you get it?" he said, with a sharp, nervous break in his voice.

The little man drew himself up. "I said I would get it, honored sir. I got it."

Erming drew a quick breath and gave a short sound as of a laugh. "Well—you've had me guessing!" he said. There was a nervousness even in the relief. "Where is it?" He put his hand into his coat pocket for his wallet.

Yama-Guchi-San made him a gesture as to stay the action. "I have sold it to some one else," he said peacefully.

The sudden stare of Erming's face broke up into a hundred expressions of incredulous rage. "You sold it to some one else! You sold it to some one else, you little petrified walnut! What the devil do you mean?"

Yama-Guchi-San looked at him with a mild and superior disapproval. "I sold it,—yes—to some one else—yes. It was mine to sell, honored sir."

"It was nothing of the kind. Damnation! You and I made a bargain, a serious contract, you rotten little peach-stone. In this very shop. I gave you the commission to get the thing for me—do you understand? You were my agent. You had no right to sell it to any human being but to me. Didn't you agree, as a solemn covenant, to put the girdle in my hands this fifteenth day? My runner was a witness. Seven hundred yen was the price we agreed on—"

"Mr. Rodston give me eight hundred and fifty yen," said Yama-Guchi-San, in explanation.

"What difference does that make, you immoral little rat? You gave me your word of honor—good heavens! I wish you were three times your size. Oh, jiu-jitsu wouldn't offset you—I know as much about it as you do. Wyrardeston, eh? So he's won out, has he? You little yellow dog—eight hundred and fifty yen! Why didn't you send and tell me? I would have given you a thousand if I'd known you were a double-dealer."

A look of genuine regret passed over the smooth brown little face of the dealer. "I am sorry," he said, truly enough, "it is too late. Mr. Rodston has it with him now. One thousand yen! Well, it is on the lap of the gods."

The assistants had drawn near, and Yama-Guchi preferred to cut short this very un-Japanese plain speaking. "But you are unjust, honored sir. To be sure,

I made an agreement with you. But we are taught, honorable patron, by our religion, that the moment a contract becomes unpleasant to either side it is cancelled and inoperative. And it must be clear to your revered eyes, honorable Mr. Erming, that when I was offered eight hundred and fifty yen I could not be happy in accepting seven hundred!"

"Happy!" snorted Erming. "A fine business arrangement that!"

The little brown man bowed. "We think it is, most welcome patron," he said. "It is not the will of the gods that any man should be unhappy."

"There's a pretty doctrine for you!" Erming kicked away a kneeling-cushion that lay between him and the door. "There's a nice immoral basis for a religion and a code of laws! Break a contract because it turns out to make you 'unhappy'! What's a contract for, I'd like to know? I always heard you people were totally devoid of moral sense. By George, it's true all right! 'Happy,' humph! Do you murder your relations over here when they stand in the way of your good pleasure? Immortality, that's what it is. Confound you damnably!"

The little figure turned upon him, spreading out its hands and smiling a smile of forbearant triumph. "But, most exalted patron, it is written in your own great and honored Constitution of the most powerful United States of America!"

"What is?" snapped Erming at the door.

"That every man is entitled to the pursuit of happiness, most honorable sir."

Erming stared at him a moment dumbly. Then with a discomfited "Oh, damn!" flung out into the little street.

The sun was already setting and he had quite a distance yet to go. Neither Wyrardeston nor she should think him small enough to shirk the full payment of his failure. Yet his heart was unfeignedly bitter, as he went toward it, his rickshaw flying along behind the bare brown heels of the runner in the shafts.

He wanted that hour for his own. Many times he might have told her of his love for her, but he had waited, fearing to speak too soon, and being by nature happy in a leisurely courtship. And

since the beginning of the adventure for the girdle he had thought to take that most fitting hour to ask the princess for her desired love. It seemed to him that to go away and leave the other man to plead for what he himself so passionately desired was little less than impossible. Though, granted her decision would be her decision under any circumstance, he wanted the other man to have no opportunity even to be denied in his solicitation, certainly not to have that long-expected hour in which to speak of his desire.

The way of the One Hundred and One Steps was a long one at the most light-footed times, and now the leaden shoes of disappointment and failure took him slowly enough to the high garden. He went directly to the place where they were waiting.

"You are late," said the Princess Desideria. She was very white, even with the glow of the sunset on her beauty. She touched her hair nervously. "But now that the company is assembled—*maintenant les trois coups frappés?*"

Wyrardeston was sitting beside her, but he had risen at Erming's approach. "I have not enlightened her by so much as an inflection," he said.

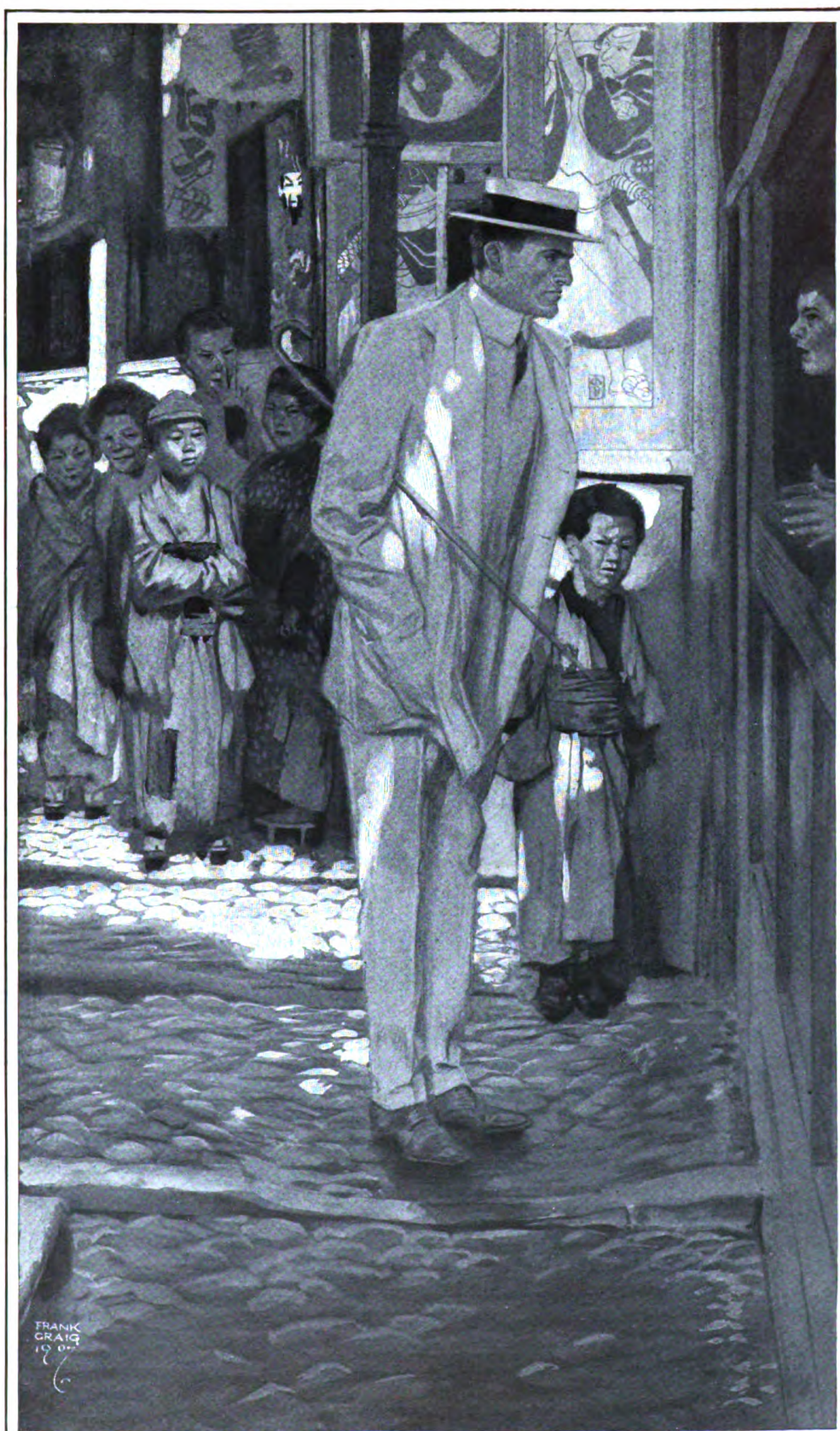
"Let me do that," said Erming. "I have failed. I am childishly disappointed, and in a most unmanly mood to accept defeat smilingly. I would not have come at all, had we not decided the one must witness the other's triumph, for this hour is for the successful prince and the beautiful princess to be alone."

She had looked from one to the other. But when, as Wyrardeston produced the lovely jewelled chain of exquisite masterpiece from his pocket and advanced to her exultantly, she put out her hand as if to detain him, her eyes were fixed on Erming's unsmiling face.

"Having seen my part so carefully laid out for me," he said, "I cannot do better than to take it up at once and leave you here together. Perhaps in some less sovereign hour I will be able to take my defeat more gracefully."

"*Vae victis.*" said Wyrardeston, with an unfeeling smile.

Erming had stood uncovered as he spoke to her, and now he made her the slight obeisance of a mere gesture as in



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE WAS UNABLE TO FIND YAMA-GUCHI AT HIS SHOP

finality. "To the granting of all your wishes, dear princess," he said, and turned away.

She had closed her fingers on the prize, half in her hand and half in Wyrardeston's, but she had never looked at anything but Erming's eyes. Now she was looking after him as he went rapidly away, and her breath was coming and going restlessly. There was a wilful uncertain radiance in her face.

"Desideria," said Wyrardeston, gently. He had let go the girdle, and his hands were empty. She saw them held toward her. "Do you give me my reward, beautiful princess?"

She did not answer him. One, two short hesitant steps she took along the

way the other man had gone. Wyrardeston caught her arm.

"What is it?" he said. He felt her draw away from him, insistently.

"Where are you going?"

The light in her face broke into a smile, and a flush that bloomed like red flowers in the sunlight. She turned one instant to him, and he saw love in her eyes, but it was not for him.

"I am going," she said softly, as if the beating of her heart had hurt her—"in pursuit of happiness." And she left him there, and as she ran lightly along the way the other man had gone, he saw her drop the girdle unconsideringly in the path, as if its very lightness impeded her impatient flight.

## The Heart that Cried

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHE heard my heart a-crying, crying,  
Amidst the rough waste of the world;  
And she came flying, flying, flying!  
She smiled—and back, Despair was hurled;  
She gave her hand—and I was strong  
To meet a viewless foe man throng!

She heard my heart a-crying, crying,  
When famine struck within, and thirst  
Devoured me, and, with sighing, sighing,  
I sank beneath a charm accursed. . . .  
There in the desert I had lain,  
Unsought, by dearth inhuman slain;

But she—she heard my heart a-crying  
(It cried for her—as yet, unknown!),  
And she came flying, flying, flying,  
For all my sighs to her were blown!  
And naught—not all the Worlds (she saith)  
Had held her back,—not Life, not Death!

Hers am I ever,—living, dying;—  
It is enough to say, to know,  
She heard my heart a-crying, crying,  
And such sweet pity longed to show. . . .  
Were pity all that she could give,  
Almost on this my heart could live.





A BAND OF MORRIS-DANCERS AT BLENHEIM

## “A Morris for May-Day”

BY MAX BEERBOHM

LAST year, I remember, I read a prospectus issued by some more or less æsthetic ladies and gentlemen who, deeming modern life not so cheerful as it should be, had laid their cheerless heads together and decided that they would meet once every month and dance old-fashioned dances in a hall hired for the purpose. Thus would they achieve a renaissance—I am sure they called it a renaissance—of “Merrie England.” I know not whether subscriptions came pouring in. I know not even whether the society ever met. If it ever did meet, I conceive that its meetings must have been singularly dismal. If you are depressed by modern life, you are unlikely to find

an anodyne in the self-appointed task of cutting certain capers which your ancestors used to cut just because they, in their day, were happy. If you think modern life so pleasant a thing that you involuntarily prance, rather than walk, down the street, I dare say your prancing will intensify your joy. Though I happen never to have met him out-of-doors, I am sure my friend Mr. Gilbert Chesterton always prances thus—prances in some wild way symbolical of joy in modern life. His steps, and the movements of his arms and body, may seem to you crude, casual, and disconnected at first sight; but that is merely because they are spontaneous. If you studied them

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carefully, you would begin to discern a certain rhythm, a certain harmony. You would at length be able to compose from them a specific dance—a dance not quite like any other—a dance formally expressive of new English optimism. If you are not optimistic, don't hope to become so by practising the steps. But practise them assiduously if you *are* an optimist; and get your fellow optimists to practise them with you. You will grow all the happier through ceremonious expression of a light heart. And your children and your children's children will dance "The Chesterton" when you are no more. Maybe a few of them will still be dancing it now and then, on this or that devious green, even when optimism shall have withered forever from the land. Nor will any man mock at the survival. The dance will have lost nothing of its old grace, and will have gathered that quality of pathos which makes even unlovely relics dear to us—that piteousness which Time gives ever to things robbed of their meaning and their use. Spectators will love it for its melancholy not less than for its beauty. And I hope no mere spectator will be so foolish as to say, "Let *us* do it," with a view to reviving cheerfulness at large. I hope it will be held sacred to those in whom it will be a tradition—a familiar thing handed down from father to son. None but they will be worthy of it. Others would ruin it. Be sure I trod no measure with the Morris-dancers whom I saw last May-day.

It was in the wide street of a tiny village near Oxford that I saw them. Fantastic—high-fantastical—figures they did cut in their finery. But in demeanor they were quite simple, quite serious, these eight English peasants. They had trudged hither from the neighboring village that was their home. And they danced quite simply, quite seriously. One of them, I learned, was a cobbler, another a baker, and the rest were farm-laborers. And their fathers and their fathers' fathers had danced here before them, even so, every May-day morning. They were as deeply rooted in antiquity as the elm outside the inn. They were here always in their season as surely as the elm put forth its buds. And the elm, knowing them, approving them, let

its green-flecked branches dance in unison with them.

The first dance was in full swing when I approached. Only six of the men were dancers. Of the others, one was the "minstrel," the other the "dysard." The "minstrel" was playing a flute; and the "dysard" I knew by the wand and leathern bladder which he brandished as he walked around, keeping a space for the dancers, and chasing and buffeting merrily any man or child who ventured too near. He, like the others, wore a white smock decked with sundry ribands, and a top-hat that must have belonged to his grandfather. Its antiquity of form and texture contrasted strangely with the freshness of the garland of paper roses that wreathed it. I was told that the wife or sweetheart of every Morris-dancer takes special pains to deck her man out more gayly than his fellows. But this pious endeavor had defeated its own end. So bewildering was the amount of brand-new bunting attached to all these eight men that no matron or maiden could for the life of her have determined which was the most splendid of them all. Besides his adventitious finery, every dancer, of course, had in hands the scarves which are as necessary to his performance of the Morris as are the bells strapped about the calves of his legs. Waving these scarves and jangling these bells with a stolid rhythm, the six peasants danced facing one another, three on either side, while the minstrel fluted and the dysard strutted around. That minstrel's tune runs in my head even now—a queer little stolid tune that recalls vividly to me the aspect of the dance. It is the sort of tune Bottom the Weaver must often have danced to in his youth. I wish I could hum it for you on paper. I wish I could set down for you on paper the sight that it conjures up. But what writer that ever lived has been able to write adequately about a dance? Even a slow, simple dance, such as these peasants were performing, is a thing that not the cunningest writer could fix in words. Did not Flaubert say that if he could describe a valse he would die happy? I am sure he would have said this if it had occurred to him.

Unable to make you *see* the Morris, how can I make you feel as I felt in



*Drawn by William Nicholson*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

MORRIS-DANCERS AT THE GATE OF BLENHEIM PARK

seeing it? I cannot even explain to myself the effect it had on me. My critics have often complained of me that I lack "heart"—presumably the sort of heart that is pronounced with a rolling of the *r*; and I suppose they are right. I remember having read the death of little Nell on more than one occasion without floods of tears. How can I explain to myself the tears that came into my eyes at sight of the Morris? They are not within the rubric of the tears drawn by mere contemplation of visual beauty. The Morris, as I saw it, was curious, antique, racy, what you will: not beautiful. Nor was there any obvious pathos in it. Often, in London, passing through some slum where a tune was being ground from an organ, I have paused to watch the little girls dancing. In the swaying dances of those wan, dishevelled, dim little girls I have discerned authentic beauty, and have wondered where they had learned the grace of their movements, and where the sureness with which they did such strange and complicated steps. Surely, I have thought, this is no trick of to-day or yesterday: here, surely, is the remainder of some old tradition; here, maybe, is Merrie England, run to seed. There is an obvious pathos in the dances of these children of the gutter—an obvious symbolism of sadness, of a wistful longing for freedom and fearlessness, for wind and sunshine. No wonder that at sight of it even so heartless a person as the present writer is a little touched. But why at sight of those rubicund, full-grown, euphonic Morris-dancers on the vernal highroad? No obvious pathos was diffusing itself from *them*. They were Merrie England in full flower. In part, I suppose, my tears were tears of joy for the very joyousness of these men; in part, of envy for their fine simplicity; in part, of sorrow in the thought that they were a survival of the past, not types of the present, and that their knell would soon be tolled, and the old elm see their like no more.

After they had drunk some ale, they formed up for the second dance—a circular dance. And anon, above the notes of the flute and the jangling of the bells and the stamping of the boots, I seemed to hear the knell actually tolling. *Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!*

A motor came fussing and fuming in its cloud of dust. *Hoot! Hoot!* The dysard ran to meet it, brandishing his wand of office. He had to stand aside. *Hoot!* The dancers had just time to get out of the way. The scowling motorists vanished. Dancers and dysard, presently visible through the subsiding dust, looked rather foolish and crestfallen. And all the branches of the conservative old elm above them seemed to be quivering with indignation.

In a sense this elm was a mere parvenu as compared with its beloved dancers. True, it had been no mere sapling in the reign of the seventh Henry, and so could remember distinctly the first Morris danced here; but the first Morris danced on English soil was not, by a long chalk, the first Morris. Scarves such as these were waved and bells such as these were jangled and some such measure as this was trodden in the mists of a very remote antiquity. Spanish buccaneers, long before the dawn of the fifteenth century, had seen the Moors dancing somewhat thus to the glory of Allah. Homecoming, they had imitated that strange and savage dance, expressive, for them, of the joy of being on firm, native land again. The "Morisco," they called it; and it was much admired; and the fashion of it spread throughout Spain—scaled the very Pyrenees, and invaded France. To the "Maurisce" succumbed "tout Paris" as quickly as in recent years it succumbed to the cake-walk. A troupe of French dancers braved the terrors of the sea, and, with their scarves and their bells, danced for the delectation of the English court. "The Kynge," it seems, "was pleas'd by the bels and sweete dauncing." Certain of his courtiers "did presentlie daunce so in open places." No one with any knowledge of the English temperament will be surprised to hear that the cits soon copied the courtiers. But "the Morrice was not for longe practysed in the cittie. It went to countrie playces." London, apparently, even in those days, did not breed joy in life. The Morris sought and found its proper home in the fields and by the wayside. Happy carles danced it to the glory of God, even as it had erst been danced to the glory of Allah.

It was no longer, of course, an ex-





Painting by William Nicholson

DANCING "THE MORRIS"





plicitly religious dance. But neither can its origin have been explicitly religious. Every dance, however formal it become later, begins as a mere ebullition of high spirits. The Dionysiac dances began in the same way as "the Chesterton." Some Thessalian vintner, say, suddenly danced for sheer joy that the earth was so bounteous; and his fellow vintners, sharing his joy, danced with him; and ere their breath was spent they remembered who it was that had given them such cause for merrymaking, and they caught leaves from the vine and twined them in their hair, and from the fig-tree and the fir-tree they snatched branches, and waved them this way and that, as they danced, in honor of him who was lord of these trees and of this wondrous vine. Thereafter this dance of joy became a custom, ever to be observed at certain periods of the year. It took on, beneath its joyousness, a formal solemnity. It was danced slowly, around an altar of stone, whereon wood and salt were burning—burning with little flames that were pale in the sunlight. Formal hymns were chanted around this altar. And some youth, clad in leopard's skin and wreathed with ivy, masqueraded as the god himself, and spoke words appropriate to that august character. It was from these beginnings that sprang the art-form of drama. The Greeks never hid the origin of this their plaything. Always in the centre of the theatre was the altar to Dionysus; and the chorus, circling around it, were true progeny of those old agrestic singers; and the mimes had never been but for that masquerading youth. It is hard to realize, yet it is true, that we owe to the worship of Dionysus so dreary a thing as the modern British drama. Strange that through him who gave us the juice of the grape, "fiery, venerable, divine," came this gift too! Yet I dare say the chorus of a musical comedy would not be awe-struck—would, indeed, "bridle"—if one unrolled to them their august pedigree.

The history of the Dionysiac dance has a fairly exact parallel in that of the "Morisco." Each dance has travelled far, and survives, shorn of its explicitly religious character, and in many other ways "*diablement changé en route*." The "Morisco," of course, has changed the

less of the two. Besides the scarves and the bells, it seemed to me last May-day that the very steps danced and figures formed were very like to those of which I had read, and which I had seen illustrated in old English and French engravings. Above all, the dancers seemed to retain, despite their seriousness, something of the joy in which the dance originated. They frowned as they footed it, but they were evidently happy. Their frowns did but betoken determination to do well and rightly a thing that they loved doing—were proud of doing. The smiles of the chorus in a musical comedy seem but to express deprecation of a rather tedious and ridiculous exercise. The coryphæes are quite evidently bored and ashamed. But these eight beribanded sons of the soil were hardly less glad in dancing than was that antique Moor who, having slain beneath the stars some long-feared and long-hated enemy, danced wildly on the desert sand, and, to make music, tore strips of bells from his horse's saddle and waved them in either hand while he danced, and made so great a noise in the night air that other Moors came riding to see what had happened, and marvelled at the sight and sound of the dance, and, praising Allah, leaped down and tore strips of bells from their own saddles, and danced as nearly as they could in mimicry of that glad conqueror, to Allah's glory.

As this scene is mobled in the aforesaid mists of antiquity, I cannot vouch for the details. Nor can I say just when the Moors found that they could make a finer and more rhythmic jangle by attaching the bells to their legs than by swinging them in their hands. Nor can I fix the day when they tore strips from their turbans for their idle hands to wave. I cannot say how long the rite's mode had been set when first the adventurers from Spain beheld it with their keen, wondering eyes and fixed it forever in their memories.

In Spain, and then in France, and then in London, the dance was secular. But perhaps I ought not to have said that it was "not explicitly religious" in the English countryside. The cult for Robin Hood was veritably a religion throughout the Midland Counties. Rites in his honor were performed on certain

days of the year with a not less hearty reverence, a not less quaint elaboration, than was infused into the rustic Greek rites for Dionysus. The English carles danced, not indeed around an altar, but around a bunt pole crowned with such flowers as were in season; and one of them, like the youth who in the Dionysiac dance masqueraded as the god, was decked out duly as Robin Hood—"with a magpye's plume to hys capp," we are told, and sometimes "a russat bearde compos'd of horses hair." The most famous of the dances for Robin Hood was the "pageant." Herein appeared, besides the hero himself and various tabours and pipers, a "dysard" or fool, and Friar Tuck and Maid Marian—"in a white kyrtele and her hair all unbrayded, but with blossoms thereyn." This "pageant" was performed at Whitsun, at Easter, on New-year's day, and on May-day. The Morris, when it had become known in the villages, was very soon incorporated in the "pageant." The Morris scarves and bells, the Morris steps and figures, were all pressed into the worship of Robin Hood. In most villages the properties for the "pageant" had always rested in the custody of the church-wardens. The properties for the Morris were now kept with them. In the Kingston accounts for 1537-8 are enumerated "a fryers cote of russat, and a kyrtele weltyd with red cloth, a Mowrens cote of buckram, and four morres daunsars cotes of white fustian spangelid, and two gryne saten cotes, and disarddes cote of cotton, and six payre of garters with belles." The "pageant" itself fell, little by little, into disuse; the Morris, which had been affiliated to it, superseded it. Of the "pageant" nothing remained but the minstrel and the dysard and an occasional Maid Marian. In the original Morris there had been no music save that of the bells. But now there was always a flute or tabor. The dysard, with his rod and leathern bladder, was promoted to a sort of leadership. He did not dance, but gave the signal for the dance, and distributed praise or blame among the performers, and had power to degrade from the troupe any man who did not dance with enough skill or enough heartiness. Often there were in one village two rival

troupes of dancers, and a prize was awarded to whichever acquitted itself the more admirably. But not only the "ensemble" was considered. A sort of "star system" seems to have crept in. Often a prize would be awarded to some one dancer who had excelled his fellows. There were, I suppose, "born" Morris-dancers. Now and again one of them, flushed with triumph, would discern himself from his troupe, and would "star" round the country for his livelihood.

Such a one was Mr. William Kemp, who, at the age of seventeen, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, danced from his native village to London, where he educated himself and became an actor. Perhaps he was not a good actor, for he presently reverted to the Morris. He danced all the way from London to Norwich, and wrote a pamphlet about it—"Kemp's Nine Daies' Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwich. Containing the pleasures, paines, and kind entertainment of William Kemp, betweene London and that Citty, in his late *Morrice*." He seems to have encountered more pleasures than "paines." Gentle and simple, all the way, were very cordial. The gentle entertained him in their mansions by night. The simple danced with him by day. In Sudbury "there came a lusty tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morrice keepe me company to Bury. I gave him thankes, and forward wee did set; but ere ever wee had measur'd halfe a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting he would not hold out with me; for, indeed, my pace in dauncing is not ordinary. As he and I were parting, a lusty country lasse being among the people, cal'd him faint-hearted lout, saying, 'If I had begun to daunce, I would have held out one myle, though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dauncer will lend me a leash of his belles, I'll venter to treade ~~one~~ myle with him myself.' I lookt upon her, saw mirth in her eies, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke up her russat petticoate; and I fitted her with bels, which she merrily taking, garnisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the tabur begin. The drum struck; forward marcht I with my



THE LITTLE DANCER

merry Mayde Marian, who shook her stout sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her (besides her skinfull of drinke), and English crowne to buy more drinke; for, good wench, she was in a pittious heate; my kindness she requited with dropping a dozen good courtesies, and bidding God blesse the dauncer. I bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good eare, daunst truly, and wee parted friends." Kemp, you perceive, wrote as well as he danced. I wish he had danced less and written more. It seems that he never wrote anything but this one delightful pamphlet. He died three years later in the thirtieth year of his age—

died dancing, with his bells on his legs, in the village of Ockley.

John Thorndrake, another professional Morris-dancer, was not so brilliant a personage as poor Kemp; but was of tougher fibre, it would seem. He died in his native town, Canterbury, at the age of seventy-eight, and had danced—never less than a mile, seldom than five miles—every day, except Sunday, for sixty years. But even his record pales beside the account of a Morris that was danced by eight men, in Hereford, one May-day in the reign of James I. The united ages of these dancers, according to a contemporary pamphleteer, exceeded eight hundred years. The youngest of them

was seventy-nine, and the ages of the rest ranged between ninety-five and a hundred and nine. "And they daunced right well." Of the hold that the Morris had on England, could there be stronger proof than in the feat of these indomitable dotards? The Morris ceased not even during the Civil Wars. Some of King Charles's men (according to Groby, the Puritan) danced thus on the eve of Naseby. Not even the Protectorate could stamp the Morris out, though we are told that Groby and other preachers throughout the land inveighed against it as "lewde" and "ungodlie." The Restoration was in many places celebrated by special Morrisises. The perihelion of the Morris seems, indeed, to have been in the reign of Charles II. Georgian writers treated it somewhat as a survival, and were not always even tender to it. Says a writer in *Bladud's Courier*, describing a "soirée de beauté" given by Lady Jersey, "Mrs. — (la belle) looked as *silly and gaudy*. I do vow, as one of the old Morris Dancers." And many other writers—from Horace Walpole to Captain Harver—have their sneer at the Morris. Its rusticity did not appeal to the polite Georgian mind; and its Moorishness, which would have appealed strongly, was overlooked. Still,

the Morris managed to survive urban disdain—was still dear to the earles whose fathers had taught it to them.

Board-school education, industrialism, secession from the land to the towns—these and cognate curses have fallen heavily on the Morris. I wonder if the survival will long survive. Except in Oxfordshire, I am told, only in Somerset and Wiltshire may remnants of it be found, nor ever there except on New-year's day and May-day. I hope they will never quite disappear. But I would make no effort to conserve them. If the dancers danced not because they enjoyed dancing, and not, moreover, because they felt it a sort of duty to dance, but merely to please some æsthetic ladies and gentlemen, and thereby to make money, then, for me, all the charm and the beauty of the thing would be gone utterly. I would far rather that the Morris were everywhere forgotten than that it should anywhere become a self-conscious show—a sort of pastoral ballet, supposed in course of time to have originated from designs made under the superintendence of the late Mr. William Morris. If this dance cannot live without desecration, let it die. If it die, I shall have, at least, the solace of having seen it that May-day morning.

## Immortality

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

I SHALL go down as the sun goes  
Over the rim of the world—  
Will there be quiet around me,  
As of sunset banners furled?

I shall take flight as a bird wings  
Into the infinite blue—  
What if my song come ringing  
Down through the stars and the dew?

I shall mount, strong as the promise  
Forged in love's white, first fire—  
A soul through the rustling darkness  
On pinions of desire.

# The Elopement

BY MARIE MANNING

IT seemed almost a mirage—the welcoming house, the trim outbuildings, the pervading air of comfort and prosperity—after the Desert ride of two hundred miles of cactus, sun, and sagebrush. “What town’s that?” the dozing traveller would ask of the stage-driver. Towns had grown more and more microscopic as he had proceeded westward, and the present collection of buildings had a thrifty look so often lacking in the up-cropping “Athenses,” “Thompkinsvilles,” “New Parises,” or “Black-Eyes.”

“That’s no town; that’s the Butts ranch, where we change horses and get the best meal in the Desert.” And for once the man of many yarns spoke the truth. Butts ranch was famous,—so was old Mrs. Butts, the proprietress, hard and unyielding as the alkaline soil from which she had drawn her comfortable fortune. And so were the Butts boys, male ingénues of upwards of forty years of age, bearded, round-eyed, and childlike, with a manner of still dodging the parental rod.

They chopped wood and hauled water, cooked, washed and ironed, greeted and sped the parting guests while their mother collected the returns. Many a Bad-Land’s bachelor, cruelly in need of being “done for,” would reflect, as he watched Willy Butts turn a flapjack with the skill of long experience or Sammy Butts “organize” a pan of biscuits that compared favorably with his mother’s, what magnificent wives they would have made if nature had not fashioned them with a supreme disregard for the laws of supply and demand! For there was a woman famine in Sweetwater, so deep-rooted and wide-spread that even Miss Run-Across-The-River, daughter of the Shoshone chief of that name, had poetry written to her, beginning with:

Daughter of the wilds and nature all uncurried,

And also of the savage Run-Across-The-River

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My pen I take in hand with hopes ’bout  
buried

My sentiments to hand up and deliver.

The lady had been to an Indian school and could read, so she accepted the poem and also the bars of navy plug that accompanied it, but she was coy, coy as Queen Elizabeth beset by suitors. This, however, is merely a digression, offered in lieu of statistics as to the feminine population.

Old Mrs. Butts always said that she stood between her boys and the world, which, being interpreted, meant that she stood between them and any potential romance. For romance was apt to be of a heady quality about Sweetwater, and any careful mother with a couple of susceptible lads on her hands would have done the same thing. The news of her death crystallized itself into one neighborly comment: “Well, what are them pore boys going to do now?”

Tales of the fortune left by the old lady in the shuck mattress beneath her feather-bed grew apace, passing from the land of woman famine into the land of plenty, where they fell upon good ground—two patches of it, in fact. The first patch, so to speak, was Mrs. Martin Dade, whose widowly assets included a mortgaged ranch, two grown sons, considerable skill in housekeeping, and the high-bridged nose that denotes a militant temperament.

Mrs. Dade, hearing that old Mrs. Butts had died leaving two orphan boys and a fortune, all sadly in need of an administrative hand, felt her motherly soul go out to all three. A sister in Indian Territory, to whom she had not spoken in thirty years, suddenly appeared in urgent need of a visit, and as it was something of a journey—a little matter of five or six hundred miles or so,—what was easier than to break it at the Butts ranch, distant from her own home only three days by stage.



As to the other patch of sympathetic soil, it is more difficult to speak, not for the reason assigned by Mrs. Martin Dade that "the less said about her the better," but that being comparatively young and pretty and not in the least a good house-keeper, it becomes a more difficult task to fit Miss Sadie Hopper to a setting of exemplary epithets. Miss Hopper was a fifty-cent table d'hôte type; she had drunk deep of the *vin ordinaire* of experience. Miss Hopper was from "the East"—that vague Eldorado of the native Westerner, who is disposed to regard as pearls of great price the shop-worn product from beyond the Rockies. Sadie Hopper had none of the sterner virtues of Mrs. Dade. She could not have told biscuits from light bread, but she could dance the two-step with a sort of flapping motion of the arms as long as the musicians held out. And she did her hair in a "wave" crinkly as a bed-spring, the like of which had never been seen before in that God-and-woman-forsaken country. She happened to be visiting a brother in the neighborhood when old Mrs. Butts died, and it seemed natural and neighborly that she should call at the house of mourning with her sister-in-law and offer to straighten up after the funeral.

A week later both ladies met at the Butts road-ranch. The amenities of the prize-ring were not only complied with; they were elaborated. No simple handshake sufficed for Mrs. Dade and Miss Hopper; they fell upon each other's necks, and henceforth it was a case of "Sadie" and "Amanda" with them. The boys, who knew the gentler sex only in its sterner moods, melted at the pretty sight. Of course there was no help for them from the beginning. Old Mrs. Butts had stood between them and the "world" so long that now when they met it, linked with the two powerful agencies with which it not infrequently forms a trinity, they succumbed quickly and joyously. Miss Hopper's free-lance eye had already fastened itself on Willy. He had less chin than Sammy, and Miss Hopper had chin enough for both. As she remarked to her sister-in-law, "Sammy looked as if he might get balky." Having decided on William, Sadie was quite prepared to leave his brother to his fate; it was no concern of hers if Samuel chose to

throw himself away on a widow fifteen years his senior. Mrs. Dade's policy was less generous. Her idea was to acquire one brother by the right of matrimonial sovereignty and over the survivor to establish the suzerainty of the sister-in-law. There were no chalk-and-cheese distinctions in regard to the Messrs. Butts as far as Mrs. Dade was concerned. She was prepared to lead either Samuel or William to the altar and adopt the remaining orphan. Miss Hopper, with her free-lance eye, bed-spring crimps, and agility as a two-stepper, turned the go-as-you-please, catch-as-catch-can enterprise of the widow into an obstacle-race of tremendous risk.

The battle was quick and decisive, both commanders-in-chief being too experienced campaigners to incur the risks of procrastination. Other Jeanne d'Arcs of fortune might be hearing of the bags of gold in the shuck mattress. It was apparently an open engagement fought out before the spoils of war, who, beyond remarking that the ladies seemed daily to grow more and more fond of each other, were wholly unaware of the fierce petticoat warfare waged before their very eyes. In the end there was a compromise. Samuel, he of the greater chin, took a fancy to the crimps, and though pliancy continued to be the attribute most admired in man by Miss Hopper, the virtue in William's case was exaggerated to the point of nullification. "He crumbles up so," Sadie remarked; "he's got no more substance than a railroad sandwich." Mrs. Dade agreed, therefore, to take William and relinquished all claims over Samuel. There was a double wedding, and no one was more surprised at the turn of events than the brothers Butts. As John Fox, the handy man about the ranch, said of them, "The gentlemen brides was given away by their own inexperience."

The former Mrs. Dade did a great deal of talking about her respectability and her reputation. You could look into her record. She "didn't come from no East." She "come from Nebraska, where every one knew her as a number one ladies' nurse."

The former Miss Hopper made no reply to the allegations touching crimps and character. She merely spread her hats,

curling-tongues, slippers, and paper-backed novels over an ever-increasing territory of the home nest. Mrs. William, giving monologues on morals and good house-keeping, found her respectable black bonnet crowded into closer quarters and her audience reduced to her husband. The men were drawn into it. They grew suspicious, angry, and finally came the open rupture. It was no longer safe for the brothers Butts to meet; the frying-pan took on a menacing flourish in the hands of Samuel if William passed through the kitchen. William's language grew appalling—for William. He referred to his brother and his brother's wife as "that dog-gone outfit." Things came to such a pass that the ladies volunteered to act as seconds—financial seconds, so to speak. Mrs. William agreed to remove her black bonnet—now blossoming with a bunch of artificial cherries significant of the termination of her widowhood—her six bottles of blackberry cordial, and William, for the payment of a half-cash interest in the ranch and half the assets concealed in the shuck mattress, not to mention the sum of three hundred dollars for the inconvenience of moving.

William was for quitting the country, denying his brother, and "goin' East,"—the latter seeming the very acme of superb indignation. But the wife of his bosom was far too thrifty for such vain-glory as travelling for spite. She was for opening a rival road-ranch at the next stage-station and out-frying the Samuel Buttses in popular gastronomic esteem. At the same time they wished it understood by travellers and all whom it might concern that their establishment was "no branch store"; to which end they reversed the family patronymic and came out of the inversion "Stubbs."

The Stubbs ranch had the advantage, geographically speaking, over that of the Buttses in being nearer the railroad by some twenty miles. Hence travellers could be depended on to stop for a meal or to spend the night at the end of a hundred and fifty mile drive—cooking and comforts being equal—rather than drive the extra twenty. In like manner travellers from the Indian reservation—which was in the opposite direction—might be tempted to tighten their belts

and drive past the Buttses if the cooking was better at Stubbs'. Mrs. William's business methods were commercial, those of Mrs. Samuel were social. When the horizon yielded up a pin-prick that threatened to turn into a traveller, Mrs. William put on fresh coffee to roast that he might be enticed by the tantalizing aroma, but Mrs. Samuel ran and heated her curling-iron.

"William, we ought to advertise some," his wife suggested.

"Advertise?" queried William; "there ain't no papers."

"Tchk!" clucked Mrs. William. "What's the matter with our own front door or gate or both of 'em at once!" So William wrote out the advertisement:

"Stubbs Road-Ranch!!!

(No connection with any other eating resort on earth. Responsible only for our own meals.)

Mother-cooking in all branches!

Gentlemen's four-cornered hearty

meal .....50 cents.

Ladies' refined ditto .....25 cents.

Also light refreshments for both sexes at reasonable charges.

No extra charges for tooth-picks and napkins—Guests welcome to take away what they do not eat!!"

Mrs. Samuel considered these methods unrefined, but she could not permit her sister-in-law to jostle her in the matter of signs. A few days later her front gate modestly admitted it was:

"The Original Butts Ranch—Meals in courses—Dessert and Cafe Noah without extra charge."

The civil warfare between the Butts and Stubbs family had this advantage—it established a higher standard of frying than Sweetwater had ever known. And while the toothpicks and napkins now furnished by both ranches brought within reach of the traveller those refining influences that were understood to be every-day matters in the East, these symbols of sophistication sometimes positively embarrassed by their novelty. It was hat-pin warfare in which the clumsier sex could not hope for distinction. The two brothers having led the fair belligerents to the field, were content to intrust them entirely with questions of

tactics. Indeed, as they grew more accustomed to their "recording angels" in their hours of ease, William and Samuel realized that the more conspicuous talents of weaker vessels were apt to be military.

"Maw were no slouch when it come to an uprisin', but she shore war an amatoor compared with Sweetie."

"And who in all these modern improvements is Sweetie?" inquired John Fox, who despite almost insuperable difficulties maintained friendly relations with both houses.

"Yonder she is." And William cast an eye, matrimonially immune from illusion, in the direction of the former Mrs. Dade. "She levied on me for that when we was first married."

"Oh, my Lord!" said John Fox. "Ain't she got a sense of humor? They both of 'em has, for that matter. The other day I stopped at Sam's to dinner, an' he called out to his wife, 'Sadie, oh, Sadie!' And she never let on to hear. An' agin he lows to her by her Christian name."

"What's that?" she says, severe as you'd ask a child regarding of his first lispin' cuss words. An' he says, 'Well, Toots then!' and when her back was turned, 'I'll be durned!' He war never a man to draw a straight flush in his language, no more than you are."

"Well," said William, apologetically, "it was from bein' with maw so continual."

"William," said John Fox, sympathetically, "not to mingle too intimately in your private affairs, I've often wondered at the wisdom of Providence concerning you boys and your maw, but now that you both are married I see it—it was in the nature of a preparation."

William looked across the flat prairie in the direction of his former home. "Is Sam resigned?" he inquired.

"Smiles just like one of them old-time Injuns under torture."

William tightened his belt and called into the kitchen: "Sweetie. Oh, Sweetie, do you want any potatoes peeled?"

Mrs. Sam made good her threat to send "back East" for spaghetti, olives, and red wine, while Mrs. William's cooking grew daily more motherly. Mrs. Sam, throwing spaghetti in lariatlike coils to

astonished cow-punchers, would hear of a counter-move at the next ranch. The husbands took no part in the latter moves of the game; they were the pawns sacrificed early in the interests of a more scientific combat. Now a pawn may have feelings of his own, even if he is shoved off the board, and it may relieve the bruised pressure to drop into his troubles and talk, not to friends who persist in regarding them as a joke, but preferably to another pawn elbowed by a queen. Who could supply this need to both but the brother that each had repudiated?

"They warn't no blood kin nohow; they was just wives, and what's the nature of a wife?" demanded Samuel, growing eloquent to John Fox. "They are them as turns a man into a stone monniment that reads, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' You marry 'em with faith, which immediately if not sooner gives place to hope, and in the end you're bound to wind up an object of charity. You tell William to name the spot, and I apologizes to him handsome for my late hasty words. The same as he used to me is as the snow of last year's blizzard."

John Fox lost no time in bearing the glad tidings. "Sho' now!" William was so deprecating that he could never bring himself to say anything so explosive as "Pshaw!" "Sho' now, I call that very civil in Sammy—I remember being impatient and mebbe hasty with him and his wife. I wish I could ask 'em both here, but the ladies don't seem to understand each other at all. Tell him that I'm cookin' at Pierce's shearing-pens, too, on Monday. I understand he's not so buay at home as he used to be, that his wife thinks he don't understand French cooking. Well, mine don't think I understand home cooking; so there you are."

The meeting at the shearing-pens, where both brothers had accepted jobs as cooks during the shearing season, was almost tearful. Not only did it mean the renewal of friendship, the resumption of close family ties, but there was likewise the bond of their joint humiliation. They had had pride in their housekeeping, these giants who had such uncanny skill in women's homely work. Many a friendly contest they had had over the making of a dried-apple-pie or the browning of a pan of biscuits. And here they

were, twin Othellos, as it were, in the matter of lost occupations. A wave of red swept up William's turkey-gobbler neck, and his Adam's-apple worked spasmodically. Sam, who had unconsciously acquired some of his wife's cosmopolitan sophistication of manner, strove to lubricate the strain with a borrowed suavity. But at the first touch of his brother's hard hand he could only say:

"I'm plumb glad, Willyum, plumb glad."

The Adam's-apple raced up and down William's scraggy neck as he swallowed and struggled with feelings that were not to be displayed to the crowd at a sheep-shearing.

"I was hasty, Sam; I called you 'a dog-gone outfit'—"

"Willyum, since then I've heard myself called so much worse that 'dog-gone outfit' seems in the nature of a compliment."

Sam inclined his head as one who has secrets to disclose. "William, she has passed unflattering remarks about my pastry, she has calumniated my pies, pies that were made after maw's receipt—thar ain't a man in the State I'd a-took it from."

William's beady eyes grew reminiscent. "It do beat all how women, lovely women, the most ornamental and exhilarating job of an all-wise Providence, do inspire a postive blood-thirst in a man that was shore counted broke so that any lady could drive him. But, sho' now, Samuel, this yere is no time for remembering that we're that part of a joke that comes just before the laugh."

"Damme, Bill"—unconsciously William shrank from the language—"I'm so glad to see you that I'd like to put my overflowing feelings into something that was darned hard to cook. I'd like to match you in a lemon-meerang-pie or a currant bread-custard pudding."

William broke into one of those circular smiles that threatened to divide his countenance into hemispheres. "Done," he said. "The reputation of the family is at stake."

The ladies, God bless 'em! who had caused the house of Butts to become divided against itself and the Cadet house of Stubbs to spring from the feud heard in due time—to be exact, before

nightfall—of the reconciliation of the brothers; and each experienced so much "feeling" on the subject that for the time being the preparation of rival delicacies became subordinate to the more important business of "waiting for" their lords.

Mrs. William decided to resume mourning; the bunch of artificial cherries that she had put on her widow's bonnet at the time of her marriage to show that her grief had not been wholly inconsolable she cut out, and wore the bonnet with the addition of a crêpe veil. William found her thus attired—she might have stepped from the coach following the hearse—when he returned late from cooking the shearers' supper at the Pierces' ranch. She was darning stockings in the uncompromising glare of an unshaded lamp, the crêpe veil hanging nearly to the floor—a challenging tale of woe.

William's patient ostrich face grew grave. "Anything the matter with either of the boys?" he inquired, with concern.

"The boys are doin' as well as can be expected"—her former vocation of ladies' nurse had crystallized this particular reply to all health inquiries. "Though how my sons is goin' to take the degradation of their pore mother is mor'n I can say."

"Name o' Heaven, what's happened to you?"

"You has cast the stigma of illegitimacy on me, Willy-um. I was a respectable widow woman, Amanda Dade by name, when you hounded me into marryin' you and assoomin' the name of Butts. What happens? Owin' to the conduct of your brother's wife we renounced that name and declines to claim kin with no such outfit; we rises superior to it as *Stubbs*. That makes three names I've had within a year—and me a respectable and virtuous woman. Now what do I hear? That you have again took up with them *Butts*. Names is whistlin' all too fast and frequent round my ears to suit me. I return to the name of my late husband, who bein' dead, pore man, is past changing his mind on such matters. I decline to be made a foundling and illegitimate, Willy-um; I remain a Dade."

"I'll be dog-goned!" said Willy-um, as he made his way to the bunk-room.

"Well, now, maw would never have done that," reflected William, as he threw himself down on one of the rough beds in the bunk-room. "Maw she was hasty sometimes if she had a dish-cloth right handy and us boys didn't stand round quick enough to suit her; but, Lord! flirting a dish-cloth is one thing and flirting a dead husband's another."

William was still drawing parallels between the different forms of female government he had survived when sleep overtook him. It had been a hard day cooking at the pens; the renewal of friendship with his brother and the resurrection of his predecessor had overwrought him emotionally. The bunk-room seemed very still and restful. How long he had slept he did not know, but when he awakened it was with that indefinable feeling of the stir of early morning. It was dark within the room except where shafts of light crept between the chinks of the logs. Yawning, William reached for his watch. "Cloud-bursts and War-paint!" It was five minutes past six o'clock. The boys at Pierce's ought to be eating their breakfasts by this time. How had Samuel made out without him, and what had come over him anyhow to sleep like this?

He sprang from the bed, reaching the door with a bound, but it was locked securely from without. Then he noticed that the heavy shutters were fastened at the windows, fastened from the outside—he was a prisoner!

What had happened? He could hear stirring in the other part of the house and the voice of Amanda, his wife, raised in sovereign command. He could hear the stamp of horses' feet and the rattle of buckling harness—sounds indicative of the early morning start of those who had lodged and breakfasted at the ranch.

"Amanda!" he called. "Oh, Amanda!" but no Amanda responded. William shouted and continued to shout, but without response of any kind. Once he heard a subdued laugh, then the crack of a whip as the teams bearing the night's lodgers drove off. A few moments later he saw a scrap of paper slip under the door. It read:

"MR. WILLIAM STUBBS,—I'm an ill-treated woman and no longer an Amanda

to you—if you want me, call me Mrs. Dade.

Yours truly, MRS. DADE."

The day dragged on wearily. The prisoner declined to invoke his custodian by his precursor's name, and she left him severely to his own reflections. At noon Amanda appeared at the knot-hole in the door and thrust through the aperture long, narrow sandwiches that accommodated themselves to its shape. William saw that though Amanda still wore her crêpe veil there were about her certain tentative symptoms of reconciliation, of which, however, he forebore to take immediate advantage.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"Will-y-um"—she always gave him a good three syllables' worth when she wanted stoves put up, or to be told how much more character she had than Mrs. Samuel,—“Will-y-um, it hurts me more than it does you—to do this.”

"The mischief it does! You lemme out—"

"Will-y-um, it's only one step more from consorting with them Butts to eating their profligate food—you that has had a wife and mother famous for good virtuous cooking. They tell me that she hands out some stringy foreign mess that no one but a contortionist could eat."

"Well, what's that got to do with locking me up here?"

"My reputation as a wife and cook has got to be considered. And, Will-y-um, them fashionable Wilkinsons is going to stop here to-night on their way to their own ranch, and it would be ungentlemanly for you to uprise and war-cry to git out, with a young lady here. When you give me your word that you have done with the Butts, then I'll open the door."

William might have considered an individual uprising, but he was restrained by the news of the Wilkinsons' arrival. He remembered Miss Wilkinson since she was a little girl, and he was loath to thrust upon this family the knowledge of his feverish domesticity.

The prisoner saw the last flutter of his wife's crêpe veil disappear past the knot-holes, and with grim philosophy he set about eating his sandwiches and refresh-



ing himself from a bucket of water that stood in the corner. He watched the outer world darken, and he wondered dimly how long his incarceration would last. He must have dozed again, for he started up fully conscious of music. He held his watch to the hospitable knot-hole, but it was too dark to see the time. The music seemed nearer; it could not be far from his prison-house. He knew that tune; it was the sultry ditty that Laramie Bill used to sing around camp, and the boys used to laugh at him because there wasn't a shell-like ear in a week's ride to catch the declaration:

"From the Desert I come to thee-he-he—  
On a stallion shod with fire,  
And the winds are left behind,  
On the wings of my swift desire."

"You pore locoed object, you'd spur that stallion round 'bout the other way if you knew as much as I do about what you're caterwaulin'. Lord have mercy upon that pore amatoor! And don't take advantage of him." The singing continued. "It's some one serenadin' Miss Wilkinson, that's what it is." And yet the voice of the serenader had a familiar sound. The guitar twanged passionately. The singer was just outside the door; he could be seen through the knot-hole that had furnished the sandwiches.

"Till the earth grows old," roared the minstrel; then *sotto voce*, "Hi Bill! Oh, Willy-um—" Again the passionate twanging of the guitar, another roar.

"And the sun grows cold." Then (*piano*), "Hist-st-st, Bill, you old fool, come to the knot-hole—"

"And the leaves of the judgment-book unfold," fairly shouted the minstrel. But William already realized that he was the lady fair, and was peering through the hole. There stood Samuel concealed in cloak and sombrero.

"Lord! Bill, but you're thick as a rock. Here I've been singing sultry compositions to you for the last hour and you ain't ever savvied."

"Sho' now, Sam, I thought it was some one serenadin' Miss Wilkinson; she's stoppin' here."

"Yes; that's what I banked on your wife's thinkin' when I thawed out the scenery with them sentiments just now. Here's some tools; git to work on that

lock while I give you 'The Cowboy's Lament.'"

The guitar tinkled mournfully. Samuel lifted up his Durham-like voice and wailed,

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the coyotes howl and the wind  
blows free."

William, meantime, sawed and pried and picked while his brother serenaded, and presently screws began to yield, and he was a free man.

The two bearded giants, serenader and serenaded, stood facing each other for a moment, then laughed softly.

"I thank Gawd I didn't have to git you down on no rope-ladder, Willy-um; you're some bulky for an elopement—"

"'Sh-'sh-'sh-hhh!" William's face became panic-stricken, and he seemed to be looking for a place to tuck his head. "That's her, Sam; she's stirrin'."

"You fan the breeze for the creek-bottom beyont the willows—you know where we used to hide from maw when we was kids—and I'll wind up the serenade kinder sleepy with 'Good-by, Sweet-heart, Good-by.'"

William waited for no secondary directions. He stampeded for the creek-bottom, Samuel's ringing bass coming to him in snatches:

"The dewdrops pearl each bud and leaf  
As I from thee my leave am taking—  
With bliss too brief—with bliss-he-hiss  
too brief."

Reflecting on the brevity of the bliss if Samuel were apprehended by his sister-in-law, William put new life into his running. Arriving at the creek-bottom, he found a fire neatly laid, bacon cut into strips, the ingredients of corn-bread ready for the mixing. Nothing could have calmed William's over-wrought nerves like the tasks awaiting him. He threw his soul into his cooking. Sammy should see that matrimony and its attendant usurpation had not robbed his right hand of its cunning.

The feast was done to a turn when the serenader appeared.

"Did she ketch you?" inquired William, clearing his coffee with cold water.

"She never troubled me. I reckon I

must have sung her to bye-bye." Samuel produced a flask. "Well, here's to 'em both!"

"The ladies!" said William, as respectfully as if he were not a fugitive from one of them.

"And now, Bill, that we've proved our manners, let's drink to an enterprise of mine that'll take the laugh off us and put it where it belongs, and at the same time fill a long-felt want in this yere community. Eatin' round here has grown to be a heap too hectic to suit the taste of the travellin' public. It's got so that a man can't eat a meal of victuals without sidin' with Mrs. Butts or Mrs. Stubbs,—feuds has sprung up, families has become estranged, stomachs has become divided against themselves—war and famine threatens this yere community, and it's up to us to put a stop to it."

"But, Lord! Sammy, how?" inquired William, cowering. "I couldn't do nothing to her—she's a woman."

"Who's askin' you to do anything to either of them? We treats 'em both as conservative citizens treat the lions and tigers in the show—we leaves 'em be."

This seemed to inspire new confidence in William, and Samuel continued:

"We opens up a rival road-ranch of our own. We woos the public away from the ladies with maw's finest receipts—Christmas mince-pies every day, stuffed breast of veal, beefsteak and onions. We calls the place, 'The Reconciliation House, Butts Brothers, Proprietors.' Of course, William, you'll have to resume your maiden name—"

"I'm pleased to, in the face of her callin' herself Mrs. Dade and crêpin' herself up, same as for a funeral."

"To the Reconciliation House!" and both brothers drank the toast standing.

The new road-ranch had been running about a year; in the matter of menus it was less cosmopolitan than the rival houses kept by Mrs. Butts and Mrs. Stubbs-Dade, which was Mrs. William's latest fancy in the matter of names. But it had all the solid comfort for which the original ranch was famous. Travellers drove past the sophisticated bill of fare, now posted on Mrs. Samuel's front gate. Her red wine was turning to vinegar, her olives began to have a jaded look, satiety sealed the fate of her spaghetti.

Mrs. William fared no better; her motherliness began to pall, her crêpe veil was a distressing element at a meal, so was the recitative of the perfidy of her husband. But trade had increased immensely at the Reconciliation House; the brothers Butts had decided to engage a couple of helpers, and Hank, the stage-driver, had been intrusted with the commission of bringing over two Chinamen from Caspar.

But Wong and Lung never came; there were other applicants—one of them wore a black bonnet with a bunch of cherries at the side, and the brown hair of the other bore latent traces of crimps. Misfortune seemed to have made cronies of them, and they were as affable as in the old days of "Sadie" and "Amanda."

"What's your name?" inquired William, as casually as if the applicant was a total stranger.

"Mrs. Butts—and glad of it."

"And yours?" inquired Samuel.

"Anything you like to call me," answered Mrs. Sam, with a dash of her former coquetry.



## Editor's Easy Chair

DURING the past month the fleets of ocean steamers have been swarming into New York and Boston with precious freights of homeward-bound Americans eager to take up the pleasures and duties of life in their native land again, after their annual outing in our national playground beyond-seas. Such, at least, is the convention of their mood, which it is only civil to adopt, whether there is truth in it or not. You could not very well begin an inquiry of the sort we are proposing to ourselves by saying that they arrive cross and sulky, and disappointed with themselves in the illusion that they have been disappointed with Europe. The convention is the more civilly to be accepted because it is time-honored as a figment of the imagination dating from the simple days when two or three side-wheel steamers a week sufficed to bring in the homing Americans, who now crowd to bursting, in berths engaged months ahead, the vast turbine-wheeled, electric-elevated, separate-tabled, à la carte, parlor-suited arks daily, almost hourly, swimming into our ports.

The old convention may never have had much truth in it; but we cannot adopt any other now because our national self-respect is involved, and we cannot reject it without loss of self-respect. Though a careful scrutiny of the situation may reveal the fact that the only Americans arriving eager to take up their pleasures and duties of life in their own country are those intending Americans who have never been here before, and who mostly part company with their fellow passengers at Ellis Island after having their eyes and hair examined by the health authorities, yet possibly there are among the returning multitude a few native Americans who are now getting gladly and gratefully home, after a prime experience of the Old World.

Whether there are any such Amer-

icans or not, however, we of the Easy Chair, after reading day after day the lists of the returning travellers who make September as exceptional for exiles as June is for brides, we of the Easy Chair were strongly moved by such longing to visit the scene of a docking liner, that we presently found ourselves on the spot, our wish having accomplished itself, as so often happens, through the mere force of volition. We did not appear in our proper person; that would have been a little *infra dig.*; but we took the form of one of those university graduates who intend to devote themselves to journalism, and are first required to devote themselves to reporting, at fifteen dollars a week; and we appeared as if by assignment from the city editor. "Go down," it had been imaginably said to us, by this authority, "go down to the Milky Way Company's dock, and see what you can get out of the people coming in by the *Behemoth*. It's her first trip over, and there ought to be something in it for you. Anyway, here's your chance."

The scene was very familiar, perhaps more familiar to us than it might have been to a real university-bred reporter. There was the vast barnlike structure on the pier alphabetically heaped with trunks, and the passengers, less male than female by a good third, standing guard, with their hand-baggage at the bins marked with their respective initials. Through the bewildered and bewildering groups trucks of more trunks found their way, and here and there a passenger singled herself out, and followed an inspector, to open the luggage which after her sworn statement might prove her a perjurer as well as a smuggler. Every piece, with its helpless confidences of raiment and ornament, must be bared in its last intimacies to the eye and hand of the law; and the discreet reporter in whom we are fancying ourselves withheld himself from the shameful and cruel spectacle. He pre-

ferred to remain and overhear the talk of the passengers whose husbands or men-servants had not yet got an inspector, and whom he found in the very moment of arrival planning a fresh departure. Where, each was asking the other, did she intend to go that winter? Florida, the Antilles, the Bahamas, Bermuda were discussed as desirable or endurable; but there was no word of Europe, its pleasures, or of America, its duties; and the reporter, who by virtue of his university associations was habitually in far better society than the Easy Chair could ever hope to get into in its own person, perceived that he was with people who never contribute anything but their hyphenated surnames and the lists of their guests to the public interest, and who are as essentially alike as so many hotels, or first-class railway compartments, or automobiles. He turned from them in search of greater novelty or variety, but after the best society a reporter of his sort is rather at a loss how to choose. Should he choose the actress poisoning for self-celebration, and inviting his curiosity, among her dogs and hand-bags, while her maid looked after the examination of the trunks? But even actresses with the ready record of their English triumphs and the tale of their American engagements are no longer so novel and various as they once were. She promised no more to his purpose (which we perceived more and more was for the real edification of his readers) than the popular minister, who generalized his observations in Europe and his plans of civic reform for the winter in a few glib phrases; or the humorous statesman who received the would-be interviewer with a large public handshake and took in his professional notebook with a glazing, impenetrable eye, while he related the last good thing he had got off to appreciative royalty, and avoided committing himself on any question of the day, with the plea of having gone abroad for a complete rest which he had allowed nothing to interrupt. The philanthropic millionaire, clothed on with inapproachability, might have communicated some comprehensive common-places through the secretary guarding him to his carriage, and keeping him from exchanging a word with any

one at first hand; but our reporter had no more use for him than for the eminent financier from whose locked lips he knew he should win no whisper of the monetary mysteries of either hemisphere. The business wrecks who had gone abroad for repair, and who were awed from these supreme presences by the sense of their own incommensurable inferiority in philanthropy or finance, had naturally nothing to impart, not yet knowing whether their German spas had done them any good or not.

Our reporter imagined a sort of leaden reluctance in the different groups, which imparted itself from the whole to each part of the crowd. Were none of them glad to be back, or were they so glad that they remained rapt in a sort of trance? He saw tender or boisterous meetings between the arriving passengers and the friends, husbands, brothers, sisters, and wives who had come down to the pier to welcome them; but the fact was all spectralized to his vision, and the thoughts of the home-comers seemed held from the present in the remembrance of experiences which they had forgotten, and which overwhelmed them now in awful forecast of their renewal. The effect was evident to him not only in the figures noted, but in others which he knew for those of artists, authors, merchants, milliners, architects, physicians, jewellers, Presidential candidates, professors, or more commonly their wives and daughters. They had all the air, in their daze, of suddenly finding themselves with their shoulders to the wheel; of having suddenly felt an old familiar burden on their respective backs which they had dropped from them six months or a year before; and was this really the meaning of America, the daunting significance of their return?

If so, why was it not so in those earlier days, when they used to arrive in far less numbers on the little old side-wheelers? The reporter was too young to answer, and we had to resume him into our unconsciousness as something of no further use. He could not go back to that simple time, as we could, when America was so sweet and dear because it was not so like Europe, which also was sweet and dear because it was not so like America. Now, the two worlds,

the new and the old, are blent in a resemblance which is the more confusing because it is essentially false. They are not and they never can be really the same; but every year they masquerade more and more in a similarity to one another. The great London hotels advertise the reasonableness of their rooms and tables in American money. The "inclusive rates" which will be made you everywhere over there form the resurrection of the old "American plan" which we have dropped in our city hotels for the "European plan." There is the same sort of murderous automobiling class on both sides of the sea; and though we have not yet any class here corresponding to the Continental noblesse or the English nobility, we have numbers of quiet people in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and not impossibly Chicago, who habitually consort with the European aristocracies in an unconsciousness of difference which our whole nation would be proud of if it could realize it.

These are not the "cultivated Americans" of other days who used to redeem our ignorance and vulgarity in the tolerant eyes of our English friends by their refined inoffensiveness. They are born to the same ease and leisure as the European aristocracies, they have the same tastes for puerile sports, for ruinous play, for reckless excitement, the women following the men at the European pace, with the same hardy indifference, not troubling itself to be contempt, for the real beauty of life, and the same unconsciousness of inequalities below the throne. They are therefore not snobs in the old sense; but they are the more desperately lost to the republic, because they have not the redeeming shame of the snob.

We have also an immense and immensely increasing multitude of Europeanized Americans who have never been in Europe, but to whom Europe constantly comes in the hordes of the poor which no labor law can keep out. On their level there is the same mutualization of circumstance and character as on those cold social heights to which we have just raised our eyes. The new American poor instantly and appreciably gain, and the old American poor finally and insensibly lose in their reciprocal approximation of condition.

The change for the adoptive citizen is so much more evident that it seems the only change there is. The native citizens who involuntarily and unknowingly share with the intending citizens the advantage of our economic circumstances are not the sort of people who come to welcome the arriving saloon passengers of the *Behemoth*. They form the extreme from that sort of citizens who associate with noblesse and nobilities abroad, and are not aware of their difference from them, if there is any difference. But between these extremes there is the vast minority which we suppose we must call the middle class, enervated as well as cultivated by taste, and fitter for European sojourn than for American abode. Æsthetic, or scientific, or civic, or ethical, or journalistic, or pedagogic in calling and training, it is this class which feels the most keenly the rude buffet of our Western air, and shrinks with well-grounded apprehension alike from the pleasures and from the duties awaiting them. For in our conditions both the pleasures and the duties are hard. If the duties qualify the pleasures with a wholesome and tonic bitter, it is not certain that the pleasures impart an equal sweetness to the duties. Besides, they are both difficult, and those female passengers of the *Behemoth* who are not asking one another where they are going this winter know fully, if tacitly, that they are going back to the professional or dramatic circumstance where the duties will rub the old galled places in just the old way, and the pleasures will not afford the old satisfaction.

With us the pleasures are more difficult, indeed, than the duties, so much more that they seem almost to have exchanged their natures. These poor dears, who form the immense majority of the *Behemoth's* human freight, have known for a longer or shorter season what it is to live in a European hotel, with its silent and efficient service, its excellent cuisine, its respectful and flattering recognition of each guest's personal value; or in a European apartment, with its instant adaptation to their tastes, if not their comforts, and its effect of establishing them inexpugnably in the keeping of refined traditions, perhaps poetic traditions, under the roof of an



historic palace; or even in a European furnished house, say an English vicarage, where they have been allowed for the term of their lease to feel themselves county-family. Now, they realize with a shrinking of the heart that they have come back to an entourage where the performance of the simplest social rite, in hotel, or flat, or hired cottage, "by mountain or seashore," will mean work and money that would support them in idleness and affluence for a whole week abroad. They know that they have got back to filthy and noisy streets, to laboriously inconvenienced and operated dwellings, to untaught and unbred domestics; and the business men who have come with them, or come to meet them, look as if they knew them for the precious necessities of life which they must have at any price, rather than those last best gifts to man which they seemed while yet as far off as Europe.

This is not the land that makes life easy to science, or art, or ethics, or pedagogics, or even journalistics; but it is not such a bad land, after all, as we would fain persuade those passengers by the *Behemoth* who are still waiting for an inspector to call them severally to the examination of their baggage. We would suggest to them the experiment of turning their glasses about, and viewing the prospect at that remove which gives enchantment, and which will transfigure the present in the glowing hues of the future. This is really not the land of the present any more than it is the land of the past. If you like either, O passengers by the *Behemoth*, whether you are of those dear ladies we have been figuring you, or whether you are of those feminized male intelligences of ethical or æsthetical callings, you had better take tickets on her for the return trip, for this is the land where things are to be, but have not been, and are not yet. If there is any semblance of the present here, it is an illusion in which you had better not confide. Everything here is provisional merely. Graft itself is provisional, and all the squalor of our cities is the symbolic expression of the universal expectance in which our life here is held. The costliness, the uncouthness, the unmannerliness which strike so sickeningly to the heart of the sensitive home-

comer when his ship docks at the end of her voyage, have in them the promise of the civilization which may be ours when we shall be true to the hopes of the fathers. If the pleasures and duties are so repulsively convertible in the briefer perspective, they shall be only the more alluringly alike at that vanishing-point where they blend indistinguishably.

Every one who comes home from Europe is aware of something American in his psychical experience of the first moment. It is something that daunts, that discourages, that almost terrifies. We children of the future are so sensitive that we quickly take the print of any sort of present to which we are exposed, and we come home from Europe Europeanized after however short a stay. We revert, over there, from the ideal conditions before us here, and take on the pleasant actuality about us. For the time we lead lives of simple and inexpensive elegance amidst social and artistic surroundings which the natives have been thousands of years in creating: cathedrals, statues, pictures, palaces, villas, gardens, and pretty and graceful forms of hospitality; and we think these things belong to us. But the fact is they are merely lent us; they are stripped from us as contraband on our arrival, and we must have patience for a few thousand years yet before something like them, or better, can be really ours, really made in America.

To us of the moderate means and the refined employs, if we choose to consider art, and law, and medicine, and literature, and religion so, is entrusted the mission of making the glorious future, in which alone we have any sort of comfortable being, the shining present for all. But we must not meantime hold ourselves aloof either from those poorer or richer Americans who are restricted or released to a different lot. The poorer are the precious material out of which we must shape an America in our own pleasing image, and the richer we must cherish as an ideal of what we shall be when the last touches shall have been given to the national beauty and greatness, and we shall never arrive home in September from our intimacy with the European aristocracies without planning where we shall go in February.

## Editor's Study

IT is the mild season in literature. A century ago the dynastic and revolutionary conflicts which agitated Europe were reflected in the imaginative writing of the time, especially in poetry. It is interesting to note how much of the verse of so contemplative a poet as Wordsworth was affected or directly called forth by the Napoleonic wars. Later in France, Germany, and Italy, and still later in Russia, popular revolutions created or revived national literatures.

By way of contrast it is interesting also to note that English fiction during the whole century was unperturbed, yielding scarcely an echo to these exciting Continental tumults. In their peaceful insulation the novelists, from Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy, were oblivious to all outward disturbances. England had, for her island domain at least, achieved the peace and freedom which are essential to the untroubled development of culture.

After the Revolution of 1688 England steadily advanced in the development of her empire abroad and, at the same time, of her democracy at home; and to both her empire and her democracy, but especially to the latter, is due the superiority of English over Continental fiction. The sense of national greatness and that of personal liberty inspired and determined the aim and character of this fiction. These conditions, moreover, promoted general culture, and thus provided a constantly increasing popular audience for literature in books and periodicals. We have shown in previous numbers of the Study how intimately the periodical has been associated with the progress of general literature, and how important has been its office in the initiation of every characteristic feature of this advance, especially in fiction, being itself the most evident and the most varied manifestation of the democratic spirit in the world of letters. It is this democratic spirit which has from the first distinguished English fiction, and such

reactions as there have been have only emphasized the distinction. The main current of this fiction has been domestic and social, bound up with the lives of the people and little concerned with martial pomp and circumstance.

The mildness of our season in literature seems, then, not so new a thing, after all. We cannot fairly say that it is an autumnal mildness, a sign of decadence, since it was with us in the spring and summer; indeed, for all we know, it is still the spring-time, or the opening summer, of a beneficent era. Any pessimistic forebodings we may indulge must have their ground in the assumption that civilization itself is a movement whose ultimate issue is decay.

It is commonly held that at least every particular cycle of the movement must have this mortal issue, just as surely in the career of a race as in that of an individual. The decline of every ancient civilization is adduced as a convincing demonstration of this position. But is it convincing? Have we not already reached a point where, in this respect, history can no longer be said to repeat itself?

Possibly our Anglo-Saxon civilization, to say nothing of others, may last as long as this planet is habitable. The peoples of the earth no longer confront any inevitable bankruptcy of material resources; on the contrary, as Professor Patten has recently shown, they are assured a constantly increasing surplus, whereas up to a comparatively recent date they faced a deficit; and the older nations were, moreover, embroiled in perpetual wars, the most efficient of them all being finally supplanted by more virile Northern races.

The bright manifesto of progress, at the beginning of the twentieth century, promises the abolition of poverty and the early advent of peace among those nations which no longer suffer from barbaric conditions such as impede the development of Russia. There is now no

reasonable ground for the final decadence of any race save through its spiritual degeneration. This, of course, is the vital point. A people may enjoy the greatest possible physical comfort and sanity, with civil liberty, perfect administrative efficiency, irreproachable morality, and even the most strenuous altruism, and it may be as sane mentally as we are supposing it to be physically; but, while it would be safe from corruption, if all this efficiency has been gained at the expense of creative power, such a people has paid too high a price for the benefits of progress. Lacking spiritual humor, insight, and sympathy, it could have no essential greatness in its life or in its literature.

If our modern civilization cannot meet this challenge, then Christendom is a meaningless term.

We have to consider not simply or mainly the achievements of progress, but the more essential values disclosed in the course of human evolution.

We cannot doubt the efficiency of modern institutions, and it is hardly possible for us to conceive the greater perfectibility yet to be attained, along the lines already developed, by the cooperation of civilized nations. But questions arise quite independent of such attainments, and not concerning goals to be reached, but rather sources, in the native and original powers of the human spirit. The humanities are not achievements. The hopeful signs in plain evidence on a superficial view—the greater freedom and security of the individual, the better sanitation, the better educational outlook, the ameliorated conditions of workers, old and young, the advance in private and public morality, the growth of the sentiment in favor of military and naval disarmament—all these are in themselves only improvements, our manifest gains in bargains we have been all along making with destiny. They do not relieve our solicitude as to values far transcending such betterments. Almost generally the assumption prevails that genius, originality of character, the picturesqueness of life, and the illusions of faith have been broken up, if not destroyed, by the corrosive analyses of science, by an aggressive and all-absorbing commercial spirit, and by the weight and

complexity of organization in every department of activity.

Let us clearly distinguish between the values gained through our experience and those which spring from creative evolution—that is, from native powers, the most distinctive of which is the imagination, “the vision and the faculty divine.” We cannot develop imaginative power or imaginative sensibility through a progressive experience as through that experience we develop wisdom in the adaptation of means to ends, thus acquiring skill and efficiency. This native power has not progress, but evolution—such as goes on in the natural world, with transmutation of the forms disclosed at successive stages of the genetic procedure. Human progress, as indicated in its results, is empirical, the sum of effort and experimentation, following a logical process of thought. The evolution of genius, in life, literature, and art, discloses effects that are spontaneous, inevitable, unpremeditated, and therefore not precalculable—births, not fashioned products. Such effects are the genesis of language, the creation of myth and of mythological personages, singing, dancing, the birth of the epic, of the drama, of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and of the modern art of fiction.

This is but a partial summary. Passing from art to life itself, the genetic procedure of the evolution is more profoundly interesting and significant, and its effects, as distinguished from those achieved in the course of human progress, far more wonderful, though more evanescent. In the earliest period, before the exploitation of the world by human ingenuity and artifice, genius had the whole field to itself; art and nature were inseparably blended in a life not yet sharply detached from the physical world. The flowers of that human garden passed away with their blooming, and we can only conjecture, from later evidences, how soon such Eden as there may have been was despoiled by the institutional tyrannies of kingcraft and priestcraft which presided over what was then styled progress; we only dimly glimpse those ancient festivals—their lights and shadows—and can only imagine the purple hues of the glowing picture, the plaintive notes of the choral song. But then, as

during the whole long period of the aristocratic régime, there *was* the festival, with its choral and picturesque accompaniments; there was, within poignant limitations, the spontaneous up-springing of the joys of life, domestic and social and under gracious skies—and even the slave had the freedom of his dreams, if he might only dream of Elysian fields beyond. These native delights are indefinable, but they are fruits of the creative life, as are human romance, heroism, and enthusiasm. In the ancient world we see them at their best in Hellas, where the passing æsthetic excellence in life overflowed into enduring shapes of beauty. The Hellenic type of man was itself an emergence in this creative evolution; it was unattainable as a result of progress. The shaping genius is manifest in the race before it can emerge in individual or collective life or in the work of the artist.

As we contemplate this side of human life, finding it difficult to definitely express the traits of it which are so indefinable, inevitably and helpfully the words and the singular personality of the Master present themselves to our minds, free from dogmatic translation and ecclesiastic obscuration. We behold, in spiritual intuition, the things revealed to babes and hidden from worldly wisdom and phariseism—the humors, insouciances, and unmoralities, the blended dove-and-serpent type of life.

In this field, too, are the passions, good or evil, as we call them, just as we distinguish between what is benevolent and what is malsaine in the physical world. They are the chief motor-powers in the earthly expression of the creative life, and their conflict is its drama.

But what most profoundly impresses us is the mystery of personality itself—the being of men, women, and children as distinct from life's busyness—the something which art embodies, and which the writer of fiction creates but cannot describe.

Specialization, which in progressive experience means improved efficiency, in evolution means new forms of life. Here we confront the question as to gain and loss. But in every form the question takes it is as if we asked, Is it better to be the planet or the star? At every stage of universal evolution there seems to be

a surrender of power for some special excellence. We can estimate the gains, but we have no arithmetic subtle enough to calculate the losses. Some kind of psychical essences may inhabit the stars, from whom we are descended and who were sponsors at our aboriginal christening. How should we know? The Angel of the Sun is silent.

But we do know that the emergence of organic and, sequently, human life upon the earth was permitted only after the planet had given up a large measure of its heat and all of its self-radiance and had established an extremely modest temperament. Structural strength seems to be gained at the loss of much of that creative power which resides in plastic forms. In all this diminution and descent there is apparent a normal decadence, through which the cosmic order is permitted to exist and to enter into its wonderful heritage of varied beauty.

The values thus permitted in the course of human evolution are those we most prize, and, even if we were able to count the cost, it is not likely that we would wish to reverse our course, any more than we could regret the abjectness of the planet or desire to return to that sexless kingdom of unicellular organisms which was abandoned on pain of individual mortality.

We cheerfully share in the descents, which alone are visible, having faith in the ascension of life, which is hidden from us, willingly giving ourselves up to the beneficent stream, though the paths by which its fountains are replenished are invisible to us.

Creative power is not really lost in the apparent surrenders we have made in the evolutionary procedure; it has only taken upon itself new veils, appearing thus ever and ever again in fresher charm and more gracious offices.

Having seen what permission is given to new and more abundant life in a natural and normal descent, we may more easily comprehend the permissive conditions which our physical, mental, and moral progress has afforded for such life and for imaginative creation in art and literature.

This progress at its root—that is, as growing out of the emergence of rational consciousness, the ground of arbitrary

volition and selection—is itself evolutionary, and we should also so consider it in its totality if we could view it as a completed cycle; but its procedure is, at every point of its departure from native and instinctive processes, so apparently contradictory to natural evolution that, because of our inability to find the means of reconciliation between it and nature, we must be content to follow the lines of its divergence. An immense advantage was gained through the specialization which made man an empiricist, enabling him to devise means for the accomplishment in a brief period of what, without his experimental intervention, nature would take ages to bring about—of what, indeed, for the most part would never have come within the scope of natural operation. Nature simply went on in her fixed circle, but in doing so she was made to effect man's deliberate purposes, he only putting the wisely chosen element or machine in her path. Most of man's work is done for him in this way by natural forces. By his dependence upon reasoning processes his native instinct was veiled, persisting in his passions and taking new forms in his æsthetic faculty and sensibility and in all the creative processes of his genius in life and art.

Progress, even under the aristocratic régime, brought about for the few, conditions of wealth, luxury, and culture, which favored the manifestations of genius, to a higher degree and with more eminent results, many academic critics maintain, than are possible in a democratic society. To us it seems that the progress of the last century, so wonderful because of the general advance in popular freedom and general education, has especially afforded permissive conditions for new species in the creative evolution of life and literature. We are not disappointed because there are no giants in these days. The deeper sensibility calls for finer forms and has no regret that so much of pomp and majesty has passed away. Imagination in the best of our literature meets our life on even terms and has no advantage in its creations over the spontaneous outgrowths of that life, save in its greater freedom of selection; it has no separate ideals, no discrete material for the

texture of its living pictures and characterizations, no unlike passions in its drama, no diverse atmosphere. Its temperament, like that of our life, is modulated. It is natural in that it repudiates gloss and artifice. This imagination has made science something more than a classification of phenomena by giving it a pregnant coordination, so that it is a fertile field of wonders which, to our modern sensibility, are more interesting as well as more satisfactory, in poetic values, than the ancient myths or mediæval legends.

Literature, following the same lines, rejecting the unreal, has become homely of feature, with homelike sympathies, graces, and charms, and at the same time more subtle and wonderful in its disclosure of the deep truths of life than it ever was in its detachment from life or in its reflection of a life which had not found its true centre in a spiritual harmony and was therefore itself untrue, wearing all sorts of illusive or monstrous disguises.

On the structural side, creative life and literature have gained from the ingenuity and adaptive wisdom acquired in progressive human experience; while a pervading reasonableness is their pellucid atmosphere. Choice, control, and reflection enter as almost consciously determinant elements in this cosmic order; old violences are subdued and elemental passions tempered. Our sensibility revolts from the volcanic and the gigantesque. By our effort or through wisdom gained by our experience we can neither bring into being nor destroy any of the primary elements of nature or of human nature with which we deal and which deal with us. In the garden which we tend, every living thing springs up spontaneously, with its proper shape, fragrance, and flavor, responsive to a sensibility equally native and spontaneous, but both the garden and our sensibility answer to our tillage and culture.

We cannot predict the harvests of the future. In the field of genius the new species to come will be surprises. But here, as in our industrial economy, we have no longer any fear of the "law of diminishing returns." We have but entered upon the summer of abundance in literature.



## Editor's Drawer

# At the Hairdresser's

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

*(She enters, hurriedly, one of the small curtained compartments. She is breathing hard, and her countenance betrays her agitation.)*

Good gracious!—I'm so out of breath, I was afraid I would be late for my appointment. And you are the only one in this whole establishment who can marcel properly. And I do hope that uppish young person at the desk hears me, and takes it to herself, too! The last time I was here a friend called me up on the 'phone, and she never let me know till it was too late to have tea, and so it was very important. She gave as an excuse that I was in the middle of a shampoo—and couldn't talk in the 'phone. It wouldn't have mattered at all—it doesn't run in—I've often done it before. I had intended to give her that back comb you said had gone out of style, and that hurts my head so I can't wear it, anyway. I won't, now; I'll give it to my sister. I wanted to make her a little present; nothing that she would hesitate to accept. That's a good idea.

Just pull the curtains a little closer—that woman in the next place is staring in at me. At least I can't see her, but I know she is—they all do. Wait a moment—let me see who it is.

Why, it's Minnie Rogers! How do you do?—you're the last person I expected to see here. I never knew you, you had your hair done. . . . Oh, I didn't mean that—I meant it never looks—looks—as though it had been! . . . No, no—I didn't mean that, either. What I was trying to say, is—*was*—it never looks as though it had been touched—artificial, you know. . . . Mine? Why, my dear, it must be this strong light—you can't see anything clearly, it's so bright. I never, never put a thing on

it. The last place I had it shampooed, the girl let something fall in the water that made it look queer, but it wasn't anything—nothing that changed it at all. I was awfully angry about it at the time, but it's worn off since.

Where do you think I just came from? . . . The lunatic asylum? Now, if I thought you really— Of course, I know you didn't. Still, it was a pretty good guess, even if you didn't mean it. The hospital. . . . No, no,—there's nothing the matter with me. It's Carrie Douglas—she's been for five weeks without moving on her back! And all on account of charity! . . . Well, if you will just let me get in a word edgewise I'll tell you all about it.

I had to walk through the most terrible streets, and those dirty little urchins made faces with their mouths at me! Excuse me from any more sick friends. Naturally I only went for a very good reason—I wanted to get her dressmaker's address—you know, she's never in whether she's out or not. I knew I'd find her this way. I really don't like her at all. She's the kind of a woman who never looks you straight in the eye unless your back is turned. And even then you can't be too sure. Not that I care at all. . . . You know, she just got crazy over charity. I never did believe in it myself. She had a lot of time she didn't know what to do with—I mean, between luncheons and calls and things that really matter—so she thought she would take up charity to amuse herself with. And that's always the way I find it, too—just when you think you're going to have the most fun it never turns out right. . . .

Where did I leave off?— Oh yes,—Well, the family she picked out to be charitable with weren't the right



IT DOESN'T RUN IN. I'VE OFTEN DONE IT

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THEY WERE SO UNGRATEFUL AND SO DIRTY

ones at all. They were so ungrateful and so dirty, and didn't thank her one bit, and there were so many sets of twins all about the same age, she said, and they would put their sticky fingers right on her best clothes, and when she spoke about baths they insulted her horribly—I couldn't begin to repeat it! And when she told them how uplifting it would be to have a few beautiful things about, if only a cluster of flowers in a graceful vase—it would have such an effect in moulding the children's characters—why, they almost threw her downstairs. In fact, that was the way she was hurt. Coming out of the hallway she caught her heel in the ruffle on her underskirt—her husband always fought against her high heels—and she fell. The doctor said if she had been a bit more fatally hurt she wouldn't have lived. Or something like that. She's through with charity forever! She said when they picked her up she was absolutely speechless with fright, and only had strength enough to whisper, "take me home." People with accidents always say that, don't they?

... Margaret? Oh yes, she's gone to Havana, I believe—I never can remember whether it's an island or a State—anyway, she's gone to one of them. She's gone for a rest. I saw Dick the other day, and he looks as though he was enjoying her rest more than she is! ... Oh, I suppose so—men are all alike, only he's more so than most. Really, though, she has the strangest kind of insomnia—every time she falls asleep it wakes her up! She says it's very dangerous and perfectly new. Her doctor hasn't named it yet—she's the first one to have it. You know, she always would get ahead of any one else. Some people call her clever, but I say it's just spite! You see, my Katie is third cousin to her sister's

cook, and they are very friendly, so there is really nothing that goes on in her house I don't know about, though, of course, I never encourage listening to servants' gossip. But, my dear, you may believe me or not, but some of the tales I've heard fairly made my blood stand on end!

Oh, my dear, another most awful piece of news I've just heard and was able to tell poor Carrie at the hospital—Mrs. Darrell's little boy was bitten by a dog, and they think he was mad. ... No, I don't mean annoyed—the dog—hydrophobia—... No, it hasn't taken yet, but think it may any moment. It will be so much harder on Ethel than anything quiet—they say it's noisy—and she is so calm, and hates any kind of a disturbance. He's such a badly behaved child, too. Every time she tells him to "don't," he goes right off and does it! ... Yes, it's awfully sad. ... Now, do go over and see poor Carrie, and

try to cheer her up. I won't say she isn't trying her best to get well as fast as she can, but that that young doctor I saw over there certainly is *fascinating*. I think I'll go over and see her again to-morrow. We ought to do all we can to make the time pass pleasantly for her. ... All right.—Good-bye.

Didn't know I knew her? Yes, indeed, we've been friends for years, though I'm not very fond of her. Oh no, I simply wouldn't—I wouldn't think of such—... It's not really a dye— But I don't see—... Tell



MY KATIE IS THIRD COUSIN TO HER SISTER'S COOK

me about it. . . . Oh-h-h—simply restores it to its natural color? But my hair is—was—dark brown. To make it red wouldn't restore it—that would be dy—. . . O-h-h, you can restore it to any color you like. Oh, I see. Well, suppose I—I mean, I have a friend, her hair is dark brown, like my hair was—is—and she had it bleached, and now it's almost back to its first color. Let me think—yes, that was the first color. Well, suppose she wanted to have it—er—restored red, would it hurt her hair any? . . . Make it grow all the better? Oh dear, I would like it; but my husband—he's so suspicious. He can't help it—it's his business—he's a lawyer. You couldn't fool him.

I don't mean one of those terrible dishonest lawyers. He doesn't do divorcees or any kind of criminals like that—no kind of law that isn't nice. He promised me he wouldn't before we were married. Of course, he wouldn't even if he hadn't—hadn't promised, I mean. If he didn't think one of his patients—whatever you call them—was in the right he wouldn't think of taking the case. I suppose you must have heard of him—he has a big black and gold sign on Broadway. . . . Haven't you, really?

. . . No, I don't like the way you have done my hair at all—I knew the moment



BUT MY HAIR IS—WAS—DARK BROWN

you started you were getting it all wrong, but I thought I wouldn't say anything till you had finished it. You'll have to take it all down and put it up again!

#### Told on Board Ship

IT was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn-out articles which were to be inspected, handed in, and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum-heads that the Commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon, and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another, his anger increased perceptibly, until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum-heads! Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum *all over* that drum, I tell you!"

#### Emancipated

AN old colored mammy, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had never seen any modern street-cars (this was many years ago), visited some relatives in Savannah, Georgia, after the introduction of the trolley-lines. So great was her wonder and delight, that she exclaimed, with genuine African enthusiasm:

"My Lawd! De Yankees done 'mancipate de niggers, and now dey 'mancipate de mule!"

#### An Apron String

I'M a foolish little apron—  
Lawn and lace, you know the kind—  
With blue bowknots on my pockets,  
And pert strings that tie behind;  
But I wreak the deadliest havoc  
That the heart of maid could wish,  
When she wears me, superintending  
Rarebits in a chafing-dish.

Be it boys of gay and twenty,  
Or grave widowers, twoscore,  
Be it benedict, or even  
The elusive bachelor—  
When they meet my ways beguiling,  
Oh, I chuckle while I win!  
For they all say she is, somehow,  
"So intensely feminine!"

She has given up athletics;  
It's no longer worth her while  
To acquire tan and freckles—  
Golf meant many a weary mile!  
I'm a foolish little apron,  
But there's nothing that can vie  
In man's heart with such a combine  
As that chafing-dish and I.

ELIZABETH PAYNE.

## Inexperienced

I SAT, one evening, in a Highland kitchen drinking tea with my hospitable landlady, and listening to the chat between her and a neighbor who had "happened" in. One of the village girls, it appeared, was just married, and my hostess opined that she had been "an auld maid owerlang" to take kindly to matrimony. "An auld maid," she added, "is like to be awfu' ignorant where menfolks are concerned."

"She is that!" assented the neighbor. "Do ye mind my husband's brither? He was a schuilmaster—a weel-built, weel-faured man as ye may ken, wi' braid shouthers an' gey tall. A'weel, Sandy McLean's mither had a gatherin' at her hoose one e'en, an' when they a' cam' to gae their ways hame the men tuik the maids an' saw them to their biding-places. My brither-in-law tuik an auld maid wha keepit a wee shop in the toon. When they reached their journey's eend, he aye bent to kiss her cheek, as was the custom in seein' hame. Noo Jeannot (the auld maid) was in a gret fluster. 'Oh! Mr. Cameron,' says she—an' she was all in a tremble—'what am I to dae? Must I lift my veil?'"

## Phenomenal

WELLESLEY, like many of the colleges for women, was an especial object of interest in the early days to visitors from the Old World. It is related that an Englishman visiting a Greek class was much impressed with the fact that women could grasp the Greek verb. After one student returned to her seat after correcting the work of another at the blackboard, he exclaimed, aloud:

"By Jove! and the accents, too!"

## Had One-half of Greatness

"A H'VE brung 'long dis boy ub mine fo' t' git some idgication," said old Abraham, presenting his boy to the school superintendent. "He am natu'lly berry sma't, an' if he only learn t' tell de trufe ah spect he goun' t' grow t' be a great man!"

"So you think that with the aid of truthfulness he'll grow to be great, eh?" returned the superintendent, smiling. "Has he shown any signs of greatness?"

"Ya-as, suh!" chuckled old Abraham. "Yestuday he done chop down mah bes' cherry-tree!"

## Agreed for Once

THERE is in Brooklyn a young, recently married couple who have been having the usual half-pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to somewhat limited means and total inexperience. Last Saturday there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner-time came the young wife burst into tears.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in the house fit for a dog to eat. I am going home to mamma!"

"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "I'll go with you!"

## Her Flag

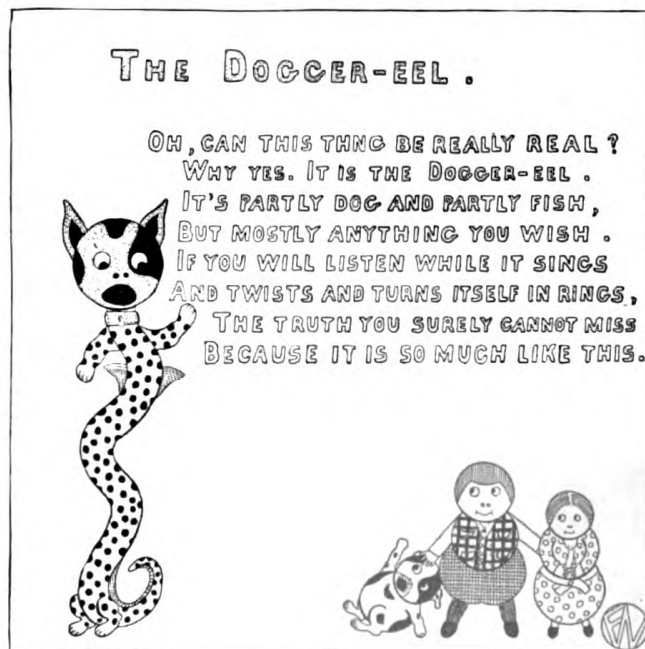
A YOUNG woman in a certain Western city is a prominent member of a patriotic society that lately held a meeting near that town.

The lady who had the affair in charge notified each member of the toast she would be expected to respond to a week or so before the meeting. To this young woman, whom, as it happened, she did not know personally, she sent the toast, "Our Flag."

The young woman in question duly received her notification, and at once proceeded, in a state of great distress, to the head of the society, to whom she confided the intelligence that she simply could not respond to the toast. "I don't know whether a joke was intended or not," said she, "but I've been unmercifully guyed about it already, and I couldn't think of going before the meeting to speak on that subject."

"Our Flag?" asked the head of the society. "Why, I shouldn't think you'd find that toast objectionable."

The young woman blushed. "You see," said she, "I'm going to marry a man named Flagg."







## A Choice of Evils

WONDER why it is sometimes  
When *girls* they say, "I dare you,"  
You can do a lot of things  
That other times would scare you.

'Course I'm really not afraid  
To slide down off the hay—  
I don't want to, but I *am*  
Afraid of what they'd say.

## Not a Welcome Guest

THERE is a Southern woman whose husband's change of business obliged her, much against her inclination, to take up her residence among the hated Yankees of New England. However, she determined to make the best of it, once she arrived on the scene; and so she set about becoming acquainted with her new neighbors in the little Rhode Island town where her husband was now established.

The first visit was to the woman next door. An agreeable, friendly woman welcomed the newcomer cordially. After a pleasant conversation of some ten minutes, the Southern woman rose to go, saying:

"Now that we have become acquainted, Mrs. Blank, I trust that you'll visit me often."

The other looked doubtful. "I must say," she explained, "that I am not much of a hand at gadding. I have so much to do at home that I don't have the time. I haven't been out but once the whole year, and that was when Mary Ward was buried. Of

course, I always make it a point to go to the funerals of my friends."

"In that case," hastily responded the Southerner, as she stepped over the threshold, "I hope you won't be in any hurry to return this call."

## Prompt

"THERE is no foolishness about religion in southwestern Missouri," says a St. Louis man. "I had occasion, recently, to visit a town in that section, and, while waiting the pleasure of the president of the bank I had business with, caught sight of the following notice posted on the door of a church across the way:

"'There will be preaching here next Sunday, Providence permitting; and there will be preaching here whether or no on the Sunday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at 11.30 A.M.'"



## True to His Promise

A TEACHER in a tenement district hurried from the school to find the mother of a pupil who had been taken quite ill.

"Can you show me where Mrs. Angelo Scandale lives?" she inquired of a cherub transplanted from the sunny South to a dark, sunless alley.

"Yes, teach', I show you," and a willing, sticky hand dragged her on with such speed as to make her stumble over an Italian dame seated on the threshold.

After the teacher's breathless flight toward the clouds, the little hand stopped tugging.

"There where Mees Scandale live," indicated the horizontal arm and finger, "but she down-stair sitting on the step," finished the smiling lips.

## His Remedy

A POMPOUS city official upon reaching his home one evening found the street blockaded and a heap of earth piled against his door-step. Observing a workman wielding his shovel in a nearby ditch, he accosted a passing policeman, and complained that the laborer was trespassing upon private property.

"What do yez mean by trowin' dirrt on th' gentleman's steps?" demanded the officer, pompously.



"I won't show you what I have unless you show me first what's in your hand, and then I'll show you the egg in mine that is burst."

"Sure, an' there's noo other place t' trow it, d' ye mind!" replied the workman, indifferently.

"Well, thin, in thot case, yez hed better dig another hole and trow it in there."

## He Knew

A CHARMING, well-preserved widow had been successfully courted by a physician. The wedding day was approaching, and she thought it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling one of them to her, she said:

"Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I wish to talk about with you."

"What is it, ma?" asked the boy.

"I am intending to marry Doctor Jones in a few days, and--"

"Bully for you, ma! Does Doctor Jones know it?"

## A New Version

AFTER hard study Hilary felt sure that he had the parable of the prodigal son by heart. All went well in the recitation until he came to the prodigal's return, which he described in this way: "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and broke it."

"But, my son," explained his mother, "he fell on his son's neck and kissed him."

"Oh! I thought he ran and fell on his own neck, and because he was an old man he must have broken it!"

## After Burbank

SHORTLY after a new administration took hold of a well-known Southern railroad a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Kentucky. To make matters worse, it appeared that every animal killed, however worthless it may have been before the accident, invariably figured in the claims subsequently presented as being of the best blood in Kentucky.

One day, in conversation with one of the road's attorneys, the president became very much excited in referring to the situation. "Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk, by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Kentucky so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."

## Better Than Two

THE foreman of a railway construction gang engaged on a spur near Philadelphia was approached not long since by an Irishman of the gang, who asked about a job for his brother Dennis.

"He's jist as good a man as mesilf," said Mike. "Can't ye fix him here?"

"I guess so," responded the foreman. "Send him here to-morrow morning."

"Whoile I'm about it," continued the Celt, "I'd loike to put in a wur-rd for me ither brother, Malachi."

"Is he a good man, too?"

"Me fri'nd," said the Irishman, impressively, "Malachi's a better man than mesilf an' Dennis put together!"

"In that case," said the foreman, with a grin, "tell Malachi to come; and you and Dennis can look for other jobs."



## The Peaceful Cow

SHE was even more afraid of cows than most girls, so when she spied a placid animal recumbent under a tree, peacefully chewing its cud, she at first refused to go through the pasture at all. Her husband calmed her fears to some extent, and they started by, when the cow slowly commenced to get up, hind legs first, as they always do. At this the little lady shrieked with terror, and said:

"Oh, Bob, hurry, hurry, he is getting ready to spring at us!"

## The Law of Association

A LITTLE five-year-old Bess, who had just finished learning her Sunday-school lesson, felt rather pious and wanted baby sister taught a Sunday-school lesson too. "Now, mamma," she said, "you ask baby the questions and I'll tell her what to answer."

MAMMA. "Baby, who made you?"

BESS. "Say God, Baby."

BABY. "Dod."

MAMMA. "Where is God?"

## Partners

BESS. "Say *everywhere*, Baby." But this time Baby did not respond. Again Bess urged: "Say *everywhere*, Baby."

BABY. "Ebrywhere dat Mawy went de lamb was sure to do."

## A New Definition

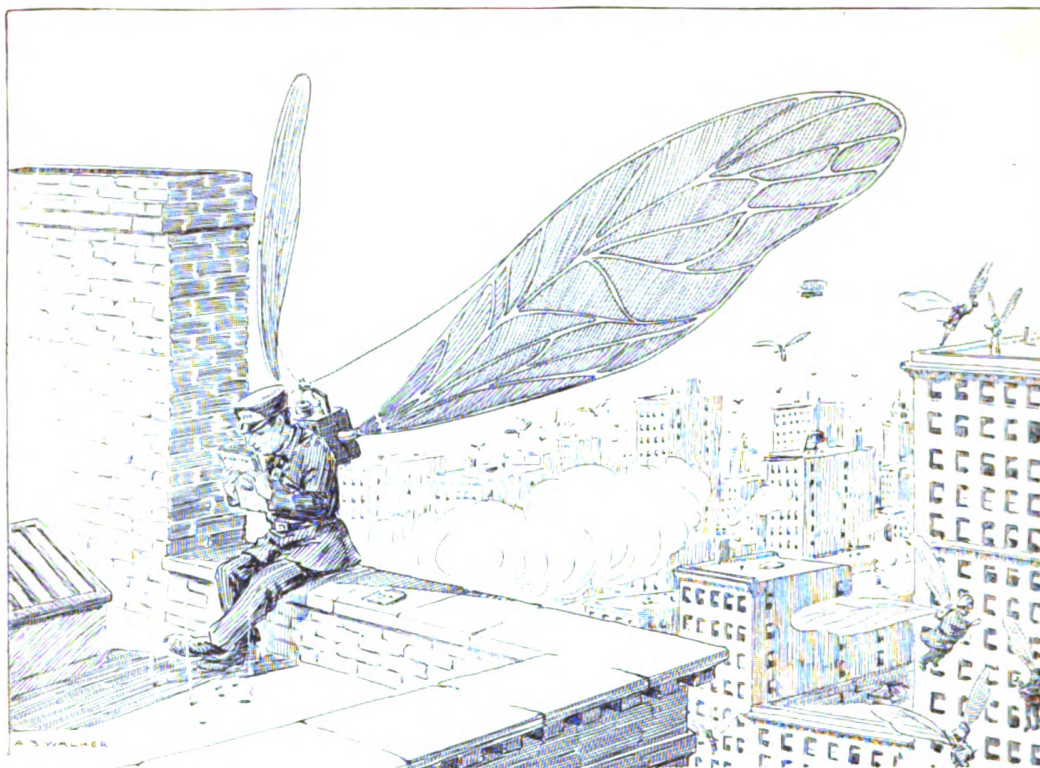
IT was the hour of the spelling lesson, and the teacher of the primary grade was pronouncing the words while the small persons in front of her laboriously wrote them down. According to the usual custom, she called for volunteers to define each word as it was pronounced.

"Lunch. Now, who can tell me what a lunch is?"

There was a long period of silence, then a hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, you may tell us what a lunch is."

"A lunch," said Johnny—"a lunch is what you have for dinner when your father is away."



When they Fly

## The Recipe

"There is a present demand for homes without housekeeping."—*Exchange*

BY BLAKENEY GRAY

**I**F you're looking for a dwelling of that most peculiar kind,  
I think I've got the very thing that's suited to your mind.  
Most any day of any week, if you will visit mine,  
I'll gladly show you what I think's a jewel in that line.

The dust is seven inches thick upon the parlor floor;  
There's not a key in any lock in any single door.  
The bric-à-brac is broken brace, and every blessed plate  
In all my stock of china is as cracked as Audrey's pate.

We've breakfast—oh, at any time from eight to half past ten;  
And luncheon-time comes on about—well, no one knows just when.  
And as for dinner, that's a meal we eat whene'er we can;  
It all depends upon the cook, the maid and butcher-man.

The cook takes all her evenings out; the maid is seldom home;  
The children do just what they please, and rarely use a comb.  
They all play on the piannay—most often with their toes,  
And sometimes in the early spring they use the garden hose.

Now if you want the recipe to bring these things about,  
I'll give it to you gratis—it will work beyond a doubt:  
Just get the lady of the house, your wife if you have one,  
To take up Bridge, and you will find the job is good as done.

I tell you only what I know of long experience.  
I've tested it in every way through suffering intense.  
You'll find it is a sorry truth which no one can ignore:  
When Bridge comes in the window, then housekeeping seeks the door.







Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

Illustration for "Camilla Cornaro"

"THEY SHALL NOT TAKE YOU," HE SAID



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

### CHAPTER I

THE clock in the tower of the village church had just struck the quarter.

In the southeast a pale dawn light was beginning to show above the curving hollow of the down wherein the village lay enfolded; but the face of the down itself was still in darkness. Farther to the south, in a stretch of clear night sky hardly touched by the mounting dawn, Venus shone enthroned, so large and brilliant, so near to earth and the spectator, that she held, she pervaded the whole dusky scene, the shadowed fields and wintry woods, as though she were their very soul and voice.

"The Star of Bethlehem!—and Christmas day!"

Diana Mallory had just drawn back the curtain of her bedroom. Her voice, as she murmured the words, was full of a joyous delight; eagerness and yearning expressed themselves in her bending attitude, her parted lips, and eyes intent upon the star.

The panelled room behind her was dimly lit by a solitary candle, just kindled. The faint dawn in front, the flickering candle-light behind, illumined Diana's tall figure, wrapped in a white dressing-gown,

her small head and slender neck, the tumbling masses of her dark hair, and the hand holding the curtain. It was a kind and poetic light; but her youth and grace needed no softening.

After the striking of the quarter, the church-bell began to ring, with a gentle yet insistent note which gradually filled the hollows of the village and echoed along the side of the down. Once or twice the sound was effaced by the rush and roar of a distant train; and once the call of an owl from a wood—a call melancholy and prolonged—was raised as though in rivalry. But the bell held Diana's strained ear throughout its course, till its mild clangor passed into the deeper note of the clock striking the hour, and then all sounds alike died into a profound yet listening silence.

"Eight o'clock! That was for early service," she thought; and there flashed into her mind an image of the old parish church, dimly lit for the Christmas Eucharist, its walls and pillars decorated with ivy and holly, yet austere and cold through all its adornings, with its bare walls and pale windows. She shivered a little, for her youth had been accustomed to churches all color and lights

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and furnishings, churches of another type and faith. But instantly some warm leaping instinct met the shrinking, and overpowered it. She smote her hands together.

"England!—England!—my own, own country!"

She dropped upon the window-seat, half laughing, yet the tears in her eyes. And there, with her face pressed against the glass, she waited while the dawn stole upon the night, while in the park the trees emerged upon the grass white with rime, while, on the face of the down, thickets and paths became slowly visible, while the first wreaths of smoke began to curl and hover in the frosty air.

Suddenly, on a path which climbed the hillside till it was lost in the beech-wood which crowned the summit, she saw a flock of sheep, and behind them a shepherd boy running from side to side. At the sight, her eyes kindled again. "Nothing changes," she thought, "in this country life!" On the morning of Charles I.'s execution,—in the winters and springs when Elizabeth was Queen,—while Becket lay dead on Canterbury steps,—when Harold was on his way to Senlac,—that hill, that path were there,—sheep were climbing it, and shepherds were herding them. "It has been so since England began—it will be so when I am dead. We are only shadows that pass. But England lives always—always,—and shall live!"

And still, in a trance of feeling, she feasted her eyes on the quiet country scene.

The old house which Diana Mallory had just begun to inhabit stood upon an upland, but it was an upland so surrounded by hills to north and east and south that it seemed rather a close-girt valley, leaned over and sheltered by the downs. Pastures studded with trees sloped away from the house on all sides; the village was hidden from it by boundary woods; only the church tower emerged. From the deep oriel window where she sat Diana could see a projecting wing of the house itself, its mellowed red brick, its Jacobean windows and roof. She could see also a corner of the moat with its running stream—a moat much older than the building it encircled,—and beneath her eyes lay a

small formal garden planned in the days of John Evelyn, with its fountain and its sun-dial, and its beds in arabesque. The cold light of December lay upon it all; there was no special beauty in the landscape, and no magnificence in the house or its surroundings. But every detail of what she saw pleased the girl's taste and satisfied her heart. All the while she was comparing it with other scenes and another landscape, amid which she had lived till now:—a monotonous blue sea, mountains scorched and crumbled by the sun, dry palms in hot gardens, roads choked with dust and tormented with a plague of motor-cars, white villas crowded among high walls, a wilderness of hotels, and everywhere a chattering unlovely crowd.

"Thank goodness!—that's done with," she thought,—only to fall into a sudden remorse. "Papa—papa!—if you were only here too!"

She pressed her hands to her eyes, which were moist with sudden tears. But the happiness in her heart overcame the pang, sharp and real as it was. Oh! how blessed to have done with the Riviera and its hybrid empty life for good and all!—how blessed even to have done with the Alps and Italy!—how blessed, above all, to have come *home!*—home into the heart of this English land,—warm mother-heart, into which she, stranger and orphan, might creep and be at rest.

The eloquence of her own thoughts possessed her. They flowed on in a warm, mute rhetoric, till suddenly the Comic Spirit was there, and patriotic rapture began to see itself. She, the wanderer, the exile, what did she know of England,—or England of her? What did she know of this village even, this valley in which she had pitched her tent? She had taken an old house, because it had pleased her fancy, because it had Tudor gables, pretty panelling, and a sun-dial. But what natural link had she with it, or with these peasants and countrymen? She had no true roots here. What she had done was mere whim and caprice. She was an alien, like anybody else,—like the new men and prowling millionaires, who bought old English properties, moved thereto by a feeling which was none the less snobbish because it was also sentimental.



*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

*Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis*

THERE SHE WAITED WHILE THE DAWN STOLE UPON THE NIGHT



She drew herself up—rebellingly hotly—yet not seeing how to disentangle herself from these associates. And she was still struggling to put herself back in the romantic mood, and to see herself and her experiment anew in the romantic light, when her maid knocked at the door, and distraction entered with letters and a cup of tea.

An hour later Miss Mallory left her room behind her, and went tripping down the broad oak staircase of Beechcote Manor.

By this time romance was uppermost again, and self-congratulation. She was young—just twenty-two; she was—she knew it—agreeable to look upon; she had as much money as any reasonable woman need want; she had already seen a great deal of the world outside England; and she had fallen headlong in love with this charming old house, and had now, in spite of various difficulties, managed to possess herself of it, and plant her life in it. Full of ghosts it might be; but *she* was its living mistress henceforth; nor was it either ridiculous or snobbish that she should love it and exult in it; quite the contrary. And she paused on the slippery stairs to admire the old panelled hall below, the play of wintry sunlight on the oaken surfaces she herself had rescued from desecrating paint, and the effect of some old Persian rugs, which had only arrived from London the night before, on the dark polished boards. For Diana there were two joys connected with the old house: the joy of entering in, a stranger and conqueror, on its guarded and matured beauty, and the joy of adding to that beauty by a deft modernness. Very deft and tender and skilful it must be. But no one could say that time-worn Persian rugs, with their iridescent blue and greens, and rose reds,—or old Italian damask and cut-velvet from Genoa, or Florence, or Venice,—were out of harmony with the charming Jacobean rooms. It was the horrible furniture of the Vavasours, the ancestral possessors of the place, which had been an offence and a disfigurement. In moving it out and replacing it Diana felt that she had become the spiritual child of the old house, in spite of her alien blood. There

is a kinship not of the flesh, and it thrilled all through her.

But just as her pause of daily homage to the place in which she found herself was over and she was about to run down the remaining stairs to the dining-room, a new thought delayed her for a moment by the staircase window—the thought of a lady who would no doubt be waiting for her at the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Colwood, Miss Mallory's new chaperon and companion, had arrived the night before, on Christmas eve. She had appeared just in time for dinner, and the two ladies had spent the evening together. Diana's first impressions had been pleasant,—yes, certainly, pleasant; though Mrs. Colwood had been shy, and Diana still more so. There could be no question but that Mrs. Colwood was refined, intelligent, and attractive. Her gentle, almost childish looks appealed for her. So did her deep black, and the story which explained it. Diana had heard of her from a friend in Rome, where Mrs. Colwood's husband—a young Indian Civil servant—had died of fever and lung mischief on his way to England for a long sick-leave, and where the little widow had touched the hearts of all who came in contact with her.

Diana thought, with one of her ready compunctions, that she had not been expansive enough the night before. She ran down-stairs, determined to make Mrs. Colwood feel at home at once.

When she entered the dining-room, the new companion was standing beside the window looking out upon the formal garden and the lawn beyond it. Her attitude was a little drooping, and, as she turned to greet her hostess and employer, Diana's quick eyes seemed to perceive a trace of recent tears on the small face. The girl was deeply touched, though she made no sign. Poor little thing! A widow, and childless, in a strange place.

Mrs. Colwood, however, showed no further melancholy. She was full of admiration for the beauty of the frosty morning, the trees touched with rime, the browns and purples of the distant woods. She spoke shyly but winningly of the comfort of her room and the thoughtfulness with which Miss Mallory had arranged it; she could not say enough of the picturesqueness of the



house. Yet there was nothing fulsome in her praise. She had the gift which makes the saying of sweet and flattering things appear the merest simplicity. They escaped her whether she would or no,—that at least was the impression; and Diana found it agreeable. So agreeable that before they had been ten minutes at table Miss Mallory, in response, was conscious on her own part of an unusually strong wish to please her new companion,—to make a good effect. Diana, indeed, was naturally governed by the wish to please. She desired above all things to be liked—that is, if she could not be loved. Mrs. Colwood brought with her a warm and favoring atmosphere. Diana unfolded.

In the course of this first exploratory conversation it appeared that the two ladies had many experiences in common. Mrs. Colwood had been two years—her two short years of married life—in India; Diana had travelled there with her father. Also, as a girl, Mrs. Colwood had spent a winter at Cannes and another at Santa Margherita. Diana expressed with vehemence her weariness of the Riviera; but the fact that Mrs. Colwood differed from her led to all the more conversation.

"My father would never come home," sighed Diana. "He hated the English climate, even in summer. Every year I used to beg him to let us go to England. But he never would. We lived abroad, first, I suppose, for his health, and then—I can't explain it. Perhaps he thought he had been so long away he would find no old friends left. And, indeed, so many of them had died. But whenever I talked of it he began to look old and ill. So I never could press it—never!"

The girl's voice fell to a lower note—musical and full of memory. Mrs. Colwood noticed the quality of it.

"Of course if my mother had lived," said Diana, in the same tone, "it would have been different."

"But she died when you were a child?"

"Eighteen years ago. I can just remember it. We were in London then. Afterwards father took me abroad, and we never came back. Oh! the waste of all those years!"

"Waste?" Mrs. Colwood probed the phrase a little. Diana insisted, first with warmth, and then with an eloquence that startled her companion, that for an Englishwoman to be brought up outside England, away from country and countrymen, was to waste and forego a hundred precious things that might have been gathered up. "I used to be ashamed when I talked to English people. Not that we saw many. We lived for years and years at a little villa near Rapallo, and in the summer we used to go up into the mountains, away from everybody. But after we came back from a long tour, we lived for a time at a hotel in Mentone—our own little house was let—and I used to talk to people there,—though papa never liked making friends. And I made ridiculous mistakes about English things—and they'd laugh. But one can't know—unless one has *lived*—has breathed in a country, from one's birth. That's what I've lost."

Mrs. Colwood demurred.

"Think of the people who wish they had grown up without ever reading or hearing about the Bible, so that they might read it for the first time, when they could really understand it. You *feel* England all the more intensely now, because you come fresh to her."

Diana sprang up, with a change of face—half laugh, half frown.

"Yes, I feel her! Above all, I feel her enemies!"

She let in her dog, a fine collie, who was scratching at the door. As she stood before the fire, holding up a biscuit for him to jump at, she turned a red and conscious face towards her companion. The fire in the eyes, the smile on the lip, seemed to say:

"There!—now we have come to it. This is my passion—my hobby—this is *me*!"

"Her enemies! You are political?"

"Desperately!"

"A Tory?"

"Fanatical. But that's only part of it. 'What should they know of England that only England know!'"

Miss Mallory threw back her head with a gesture that became it.

"Ah, I see—an imperialist?"

Diana nodded, smiling. She had seated herself in a chair by the fireside. Her

dog's head was on her knees, and one of her slender hands rested on the black and tan. Mrs. Colwood admired the picture. Miss Mallory's sloping shoulders and long waist were well shown by her simple dress of black and closely fitting serge. Her head, crowned and piled with curly black hair, carried itself with an amazing self-possession and pride, which was yet all feminine. This young woman might talk politics, thought her new friend; no male man would call her prater while she bore herself with that air. Her eyes—the chaperon noticed it for the first time—owed some of their remarkable intensity, no doubt, to short sight. They were large, finely colored, and thickly fringed, but their slightly veiled concentration suggested an habitual though quite unconscious *struggle to see*,—with that clearness which the mind behind demanded of them. The complexion was a clear brunette, the cheeks rosy; the nose was slightly tilted, the mouth fresh and beautiful though large; and the face of a lovely oval. Altogether, an aspect of rich and glowing youth: no perfect beauty; but something arresting, ardent,—charged, perhaps overcharged, with personality. Mrs. Colwood said to herself that life at Beechcote would be no stagnant pool.

While they lingered in the drawing-room before church, she kept Diana talking. It seemed that Miss Mallory had seen Egypt, India, and Canada in the course of her last two years of life with her father. Their travels had spread over more than a year; and Diana had brought Mr. Mallory back to the Riviera, only, it appeared, to die, after some eight months of illness. But in securing to her that year of travel, her father had bestowed his last and best gift upon her. Aided by his affection and stimulated by his knowledge, her mind and character had rapidly developed. And, as through a natural outlet, all her starved devotion for the England she had never known had spent itself upon the Englands she had found beyond the seas; upon the hard-worked soldiers and civilians in lonely Indian stations, upon the captains of English ships, upon the pioneers of Canadian fields and railways; upon England, in fact, as the arbiter of Oriental faiths—

the wrestler with the desert,—the mother and maker of new states. A passion for the work of her race beyond these narrow seas,—a passion of sympathy, which was also a passion of antagonism, since every phase of that work, according to Miss Mallory, had been dogged by the hate and calumny of base minds,—expressed itself through her charming mouth with a quite astonishing fluency. Mrs. Colwood's mind moved uneasily. She had expected an orphan girl, ignorant of the world, whom she might mother and perhaps mould. She found a young Egeria, talking politics with raised color and a throbbing voice, as other girls might talk of lovers or chignons. Egeria's companion secretly and with some alarm reviewed her own equipment in these directions. Miss Mallory discoursed of India. Mrs. Colwood had lived in it. But her husband had entered the Indian Civil Service simply in order that he might have money enough to marry her. And during their short time together they had probably been more keenly alive to the depreciation of the rupee than to ideas of England's imperial mission. But Herbert had done his duty; of course he had. Once or twice, as Miss Mallory talked, the little widow's eyes filled with tears, again unseen. The Indian names Diana threw so proudly into air were for her companion symbols of heart-break and death. But she played her part; and her comments and interjections were all that was necessary to keep the talk flowing.

In the midst of it voices were suddenly heard outside. Diana started.

"Carols!" she said, with flushing cheeks. "The first time I have heard them in England itself!"

She flew to the hall and threw the door open. A handful of children appeared, shouting, "Good King Wenceslas!" in a hideous variety of keys. Miss Mallory heard them with enthusiasm; then turned to the butler behind her.

"Give them a shilling, please, Brown."

A quick change passed over the countenance of the man addressed.

"Lady Emily, ma'am, never gave more than threepence."

This stately person had formerly served the Vavasours, and was much inclined to let his present mistress know it.

Diana looked disappointed, but submissive.

"Oh, very well, Brown—I don't want to alter any of the old ways. But I hear the choir will come up to-night. Now they must have half-a-crown,—and supper, please, Brown."

Brown drew himself up a little more stiffly.

"Lady Emily always gave 'em supper, ma'am, but, begging your pardon, she didn't hold at all with giving 'em money."

"Oh, I don't care!" said Miss Mallory, hastily. "I'm sure they'll like it, Brown! Half-a-crown, please."

Brown withdrew, and Diana, with a laughing face, and her hands over her ears to mitigate the farewell bawling of the children, turned to Mrs. Colwood, with an invitation to dress for church.

"The first time for me," she explained. "I have been coming up and down for a month or more, two or three days at a time, to see to the furnishing. But now I am at home!"

The Christmas service in the parish church was agreeable enough. The Beechcote pew was at the back of the church, and as the new mistress of the old house entered and walked down the aisle, she drew the eyes of a large congregation of rustics and small shopkeepers. Diana moved in a kind of happy absorption, glancing gently from side to side. This gathering of villagers was to her representative of a spiritual and national fellowship to which she came now to be joined. The old church, wreathed in ivy and holly; the tombs in the southern aisle; the loaves standing near the porch for distribution after service, in accordance with an old benefaction; the fragments of fifteenth-century glass in the windows; the school-children to her left; the singing, the prayers, the sermon,—found her in a welcoming, a childlike mood. She knelt, she sang, she listened, like one undergoing initiation, with a tender aspiring light in her eyes, and an eager mobility of expression.

Mrs. Colwood was more critical. The clergyman who preached the sermon did not, in fact, please her at all. He was a thin High-Churchman, with an oblong

face and head, narrow shoulders, and a spare frame. He wore spectacles, and his voice was disagreeably pitched. His sermon was nevertheless remarkable. A bare yet penetrating style; a stern view of life; the voice of a prophet, and apparently the views of a socialist,—all these he possessed. None of them, it might have been thought, were especially fitted to capture either the female or the rustic mind. Yet it could not be denied that the congregation was unusually good for a village church; and by the involuntary sigh which Miss Mallory gave as the sermon ended, Mrs. Colwood was able to gauge the profound and docile attention with which one at least had listened to it.

After church there was much lingering in the churchyard for the exchange of Christmas greetings. Mrs. Colwood found herself introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Lavery; to a couple of maiden ladies of the name of Bertram; and to an elderly couple, Dr. and Mrs. Roughsedge, white-haired, courteous, and kind, who were accompanied by a soldier son, in whom it was evident they took a boundless pride. The young man, of a handsome and open countenance, looked at Miss Mallory as much as good manners allowed. She, however, had eyes for no one but the Vicar, with whom she started, tête-à-tête, in the direction of the Vicarage.

Mrs. Colwood followed, shyly making acquaintance with the Roughsedges and the elder Miss Bertram. That lady was dressed with peculiar plainness; and the absence of decorative effect might be said to extend also to her manner. She was tall, fair, and faded; she had a sharp, handsome nose and a high forehead; and her eyes, which hardly ever met those of the person with whom she talked, gave the impression of a soul preoccupied, with few or none of the ordinary human curiosities.

Mrs. Roughsedge, on the other hand, was most human, motherly, and inquisitive. She wore two curls on either side of her face, held by small combs, a large bonnet, and an ample cloak. It was clear that whatever adoration she could spare from her husband was lavished on her son. But there was still enough good temper and good will left to overflow

upon the rest of mankind. She perceived in a moment that Mrs. Colwood was the new "companion" to the heiress, that she was a widow, and sad—in spite of her cheerfulness.

"Now I hope Miss Mallory is going to *like* us!" she said, with a touch of confidential good humor, as she drew Mrs. Colwood a little behind the others. "We are all in love with her already. But she must be patient with us. We're very humdrum folk!"

Mrs. Colwood could only say that Miss Mallory seemed to be in love with everything—the house, the church, the village, and the neighbors. Mrs. Roughsedge shook her gray curls, smiling, as she replied that this was no doubt partly due to novelty. After her long residence abroad, Miss Mallory was—it was very evident—glad to come home. Poor thing—she must have known a great deal of trouble,—an only child, and no mother! "Well, I'm sure if there's anything *we* can do—"

Mrs. Roughsedge nodded cheerfully towards her husband and son in front. The gesture awakened a certain natural reserve in Mrs. Colwood, followed by a quick feeling of amusement with herself that she should so soon have developed the instinct of watch-dog. But it was not to be denied that the new mistress of Beechcote was well endowed, as single women go. Fond mothers with marriageable sons might require some handling.

But Mrs. Roughsedge's simple kindness soon baffled distrust. And Mrs. Colwood was beginning to talk freely, when suddenly the Vicar and Miss Mallory in front came to a stop. The way to the Vicarage lay along a side road. The Roughsedges also, who had walked so far for sociability's sake, must return to the village and early dinner. The party broke up. Miss Mallory, as she made her good-byes, appeared a little flushed and discomposed. But the unconscious fire in her glance and the vigor of her carriage did but add to her good looks. Captain Roughsedge, as he touched her hand, asked whether he should find her at home that afternoon if he called, and Diana absently said yes.

"What a strange, impracticable man!" cried Miss Mallory, hotly, as the ladies turned into the Beechcote drive. "It is

really a misfortune to find a man of such opinions in this place."

"The Vicar?" said Mrs. Colwood, bewildered.

"A Little Englander!—a *socialist*! And so *rude*, too! I asked him to let me help him with his poor,—and he threw back my offers in my face. What they wanted, he said, was not charity, but justice. And justice apparently means cutting up the property of the rich and giving it to the poor. Is it my fault if the Vavasours neglected their cottages? I just mentioned emigration, and he foamed! I am sure he would give away the Colonies for a pinch of soap, and abolish the Army and Navy to-morrow."

Diana's face glowed with indignation,—with wounded feeling besides. Mrs. Colwood endeavored to soothe her, but she remained grave and rather silent for some time. The flow of Christmas feeling and romantic pleasure had been arrested, and the memory of a harsh personality haunted the day. In the afternoon, however, in the unpacking of various pretty knickknacks, and in the putting away of books and papers, Diana recovered herself. She flitted about the house, arranging her favorite books, hanging pictures, and disposing embroideries. The old walls glowed afresh under her hand, and from the combination of their antique beauty with her young taste a home began to emerge, stamped with a woman's character and reflecting her enthusiasms. As she assisted in the task, Mrs. Colwood learnt many things. She gathered that Miss Mallory read two or three languages, that she was passionately fond of French memoirs and the French classics, that her father had taught her Latin and German, and guided every phase of her education. Traces, indeed, of his poetic and scholarly temper were visible throughout his daughter's possessions,—so plainly that at last, as they came nearly to the end of the books, Diana's gayety once more disappeared. She moved soberly and dreamily, as though the past returned upon her; and once or twice Mrs. Colwood came upon her standing motionless, her finger in an open book, her eyes wandering absently through the casement windows to the distant wall of hill. Sometimes, as she bent over the books and packets, she would say

little things, or quote stories of her father, which seemed to show a pretty wish on her part to make the lady who was now to be her companion understand something of the feelings and memories on which her life was based. But there was dignity in it all, and, besides, a fundamental awe and reserve. Mrs. Colwood seemed to see that there were remembrances connected with her father far too poignant to be touched in speech.

At tea-time Captain Roughsedge appeared. Mrs. Colwood's first impression of his good manners and good looks was confirmed. But his conversation could not be said to flow; and in endeavoring to entertain him, the two ladies fought a rather up-hill fight. Then Diana discovered that he belonged to the Sixtieth Rifles, whereupon the young lady disclosed a knowledge of the British Army, and its organization, which struck her visitor as nothing short of astounding. He listened to her open-mouthed while she rattled on, mainly to fill up the gaps in his own remarks; and when she paused, he bluntly complimented her on her information. "Oh, that was papa!" said Diana, with a smile and a sigh. "He taught me all he could about the army, though he himself had only been a volunteer. There was an old *History of the British Army* I was brought up on. It was useful when we went to India,—because I knew so much about the regiments we came across."

This accomplishment of hers proved indeed a godsend; the young man found his tongue; and the visit ended much better than it began.

As he said good-by, he looked round the drawing-room in wonderment.

"How you've altered it! The Vasasours made it hideous. But I've only been in this room twice before, though my people have lived here thirty years. We were never smart enough for Lady Emily."

He colored as he spoke, and Diana suspected in him a memory of small past humiliations. Evidently he was sensitive as well as shy.

"Hard work—dear young man!" she said with a smile, and a stretch, as the door closed upon him. "But, after all—'*que j'aime le militaire!*' Now, shall we go back to work?"

There were still some books to unpack. Presently Mrs. Colwood found herself helping to carry a small but heavy box of papers to the sitting-room which Diana had arranged for herself next to her bedroom. Mrs. Colwood noticed that before Diana asked her assistance she dismissed her new maid, who had been till then actively engaged in the unpacking. Miss Mallory herself unlocked the trunk in which the despatch-box had arrived, and took it out. The box had an old green baize covering which was much frayed and worn. Diana placed it on the floor of her bedroom, where Mrs. Colwood had been helping her in various unpackings, and went away for a minute to clear a space for it in the locked wall-cupboard to which it was to be consigned. Her companion, left alone, happened to see that an old mended tear in the green baize had given way in Diana's handling of the box, and quite involuntarily her eyes caught a brass plate on the morocco lid, which bore the words, "Sparling papers." Diana came back at the moment, and perceived the uncovered label. She flushed a little, hesitated, and then said, looking first at the label and then at Mrs. Colwood:

"I think I should like you to know—my name was not always Mallory. We were Sparlings,—but my father took the name of Mallory after my mother's death. It was *his* mother's name, and there was an old Mallory uncle who left him a property. I believe he was glad to change his name. He never spoke to me of any Sparling relations. He was an only child, and I always suppose his father must have been very unkind to him,—and that they quarrelled. At any rate, he quite dropped the name, and never would let me speak of it. My mother had hardly any relations either,—only the sister, who married and went to Barbadoes. So our old name was very soon forgotten. And please"—she looked up appealingly—"now that I have told you, will you forget it too? It always seemed to hurt papa to hear it, and I never could bear to do—or say—anything that gave him pain."

She spoke with a sweet seriousness. Mrs. Colwood, who had been conscious of a slight shock of puzzled recollection, gave an answer which evidently pleased



Diana, for the girl held out her hand and pressed that of her companion; then they carried the box to its place, and were leaving the room, when suddenly Diana with a joyous exclamation pounced on a book which was lying on the floor, tumbled among a dozen others recently unpacked.

"Mr. Markham's Rossetti! I *am* glad. Now I can face him!"

She looked up all smiles.

"Do you know that I am going to take you to a party next week?—to the Markhams? They live near here,—at Tallyn Hall. They have asked us for two nights—Thursday to Saturday. I hope you won't mind."

"Have I got a dress?" said Mrs. Colwood anxiously.

"Oh, that doesn't matter!—not at the Markhams. I *am* glad!" repeated Diana, fondling the book. "If I really had lost it, it would have given him a horrid advantage!"

"Who is Mr. Markham?"

"A gentleman we got to know at Rappallo," said Diana, still smiling to herself. "He and his mother were there last winter. Father and I quarrelled with him all day long. He is the worst Radical I ever met, but—"

"But?—but agreeable?"

"Oh yes," said Diana uncertainly, and Mrs. Colwood thought she colored,—“oh yes—agreeable!”

"And he lives near here?"

"He is the member for the division. Such a crew as we shall meet there!" Diana laughed out. "I had better warn you. But they have been very kind. They called directly they knew I had taken the house. 'They' means Mr. Markham and his mother. I *am* glad I've found his book!" She went off embracing it.

Mrs. Colwood was left with two impressions—one sharp, the other vague. One was that Mr. Oliver Markham might easily become a personage in the story of which she had just, as it were, turned the first leaf. The other was connected with the name on the despatch-box. Why did it haunt her? It had produced a kind of indistinguishable echo in the brain, to which she could put no words,—which was none the less dreary; like a voice of wailing from a far-off past.

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## CHAPTER II

DURING the days immediately following her arrival at Beechcote, Mrs. Colwood applied herself to a study of Miss Mallory, and her surroundings,—none the less penetrating because the student was modest and her method unperceived. She divined a nature unworldly, impulsive; steeped, moreover, for all its spiritual and intellectual force, which was considerable, in a kind of sensuous romance,—much connected with concrete things and symbols, places, persons, emblems, or relics, any contact with which might at any time bring the color to the girl's cheeks and the tears to her eyes. *Honor*—personal or national—the word was to Diana like a spark of dry leaves. Her whole nature flamed to it, and there were moments when she walked visibly transfigured in the glow of it. Her mind was rich, moreover, in the delicate, inchoate loves, the half-poetic, half-intellectual passions, the mystical yearnings and aspirations, which haunt a pure expanding youth. Such human beings, Mrs. Colwood reflected, are not generally made for happiness. But there were also in Diana signs both of practical ability and of rare common-sense. Would this last avail to protect her from her enthusiasms? Mrs. Colwood remembered a famous Frenchwoman of whom it was said, "Her *judgment* is infallible—her *conduct* one long mistake!" The little companion was already sufficiently attached to Miss Mallory to hope that in this case a natural tact and balance might not be thrown away.

As to suitors and falling in love, the natural accompaniments of such a charming youth, Mrs. Colwood came across no traces of anything of the sort. During her journey with her father to India, Japan, and America, Miss Mallory had indeed for the first time seen something of society. But in the villa beside the Mediterranean, it was evident that her life with her father had been one of complete seclusion. She and he had lived for each other. Books, sketching, long walks, a friendly interest in their peasant neighbors,—these had filled their time.

It took, indeed, but a short time to discover in Miss Mallory a hunger for society which seemed to be the natural re-

sult of long starvation. With her neighbors the Roughsedges, she was already on the friendliest terms. To Dr. Roughsedge, who was infirm, and often a prisoner to his library, she paid many small attentions which soon won the heart of an old student. She was in love with Mrs. Roughsedge's gray curls and motherly ways; and would consult her about servants and tradesmen with an eager humility. She liked the son, it seemed, for the parents' sake, nor was it long before he was allowed—at his own pressing request—to help in hanging pictures and arranging books at Beechcote. A girl's manner with young men is always a matter of interest to older women. Mrs. Colwood thought that Diana's manner to the young soldier could not have been easily bettered. It was frank and gay—with just that tinge of old-fashioned reserve which might be thought natural in a girl of gentle breeding, brought up alone by a fastidious father. With all her impetuosity, indeed, there was about her something markedly virginal and remote, which is commoner perhaps in Irish than in English women. Mrs. Colwood watched the effect of it on Captain Roughsedge. After her third day of acquaintance with him, she said to herself, "He will fall in love with her!" But she said it with compassion, and without troubling to speculate on the lady. Whereas, with regard to the Markham visit, she already—she could hardly have told why—found herself full of curiosity.

Meanwhile, in the few days which elapsed before that visit was due, Diana was much called on by the countryside. The girl restrained her restlessness, and sat at home, receiving everybody with a friendliness which might have been insipid but for its grace and spontaneity. She disliked no one, was bored by no one. The joy of her home-coming seemed to halo them all. Even the sour Miss Bertrams could not annoy her; she thought them sensible and clever; even the tiresome Mrs. Minchin, of Minchin Hall, the "gusher" of the county, who "adored" all mankind, and ill-treated her stepdaughter—even she was dubbed "very kind," till Mrs. Roughsedge, next day, kindled a passion in the girl's eyes by some tales of the stepdaughter. Mrs. Colwood wondered whether indeed she

could be bored, as Mrs. Minchin had not achieved it. Those who talk easily and well, like Diana, are less keenly aware, she thought, of the platitudes of their neighbors. They are not defenceless, like the shy and the silent.

Nevertheless it was clear that if Diana welcomed the neighbors with pleasure, she often saw them go with relief. As soon as the house was clear of them, she would stand pensively by the fire, looking down into the blaze like one on whom a dream suddenly descends,—then would often call her dog, and go out alone into the winter twilight. From these rambles she would return grave,—sometimes with reddened eyes. But at all times, as Mrs. Colwood soon began to realize, there was but a thin line of division between her gayety and some inexplicable sadness, some unspoken grief, which seemed to rise upon her and overshadow her, like a cloud tangled in the woods of spring. Mrs. Colwood could only suppose that these times of silence and eclipse were connected in some way with her father, and her loss of him. But whenever they occurred, Mrs. Colwood found her own mind invincibly recalled to that name on the box of papers, which still haunted her, still brought with it a vague sense of something painful and harrowing,—a breath of desolation, in strange harmony, it often seemed, with certain looks and moods of Diana. But, Mrs. Colwood searched her memory in vain. And indeed, after a little while, some imperious instinct even forbade her the search,—so rapid and strong was the growth of sympathy with the young life which had called her to its aid.

The day of the Markham visit arrived—a January afternoon clear and frosty. In the morning before they were to start, Diana seemed to be often closeted with her maid, and once, in passing Miss Mallory's open door, her companion could not help seeing a consultation going on, and a snowy white dress, with black ribbons, lying on the bed. Heretofore Diana had only appeared in black, the strict black which French dressmakers understand, for it was little more than a year since her father's death. The thought of seeing her in white stirred Mrs. Colwood's expectations.

Tallyn Hall was eight miles from

Beechcote. The ladies were to drive, but in order to show Mrs. Colwood something of the country, Diana decreed that they should walk up to the downs by a field path, meeting the carriage which bore their luggage at a convenient point on the main road.

The day was a day of beauty,—the trees and grass lightly rimed, the air sparkling and translucent. Nature was held in the rest of winter; but beneath the outward stillness, one caught as it were the strong heart-beat of the mighty mother. Diana climbed the steep down without a pause, save when she turned round from time to time to help her companion. Her slight firm frame, the graceful decision of her movements, the absence of all stress and effort, showed a creature accustomed to exercise and open air; Mrs. Colwood, the frail Anglo-Indian, to whom walking was a task, tried to rival her in vain; and Diana was soon full of apologies and remorse for having tempted her to the climb.

"Please!—please!"—the little lady panted, as they reached the top—"wasn't this worth it?"

For they stood in one of the famous wood and common lands of Southern England,—great beeches towering overhead,—glades opening to right and left,—ferny paths over green turf-tracks, and avenues of immemorial age, the highways of a vanished life,—old earthworks, overgrown,—lanes deep-sunk in the chalk where the pack-horses once made their way,—gnarled thorns, bent with years, yet still white-mantled in the spring: a wild, enchanted no-man's country, owned, it seemed, by rabbits and birds, solitary, lovely, and barren:—yet from its farthest edge, the high spectator, looking eastward, on a clear night, might see on the horizon the dim flare of London.

Diana's habitual joy broke out, as she stood gazing at the village below, the walls and woods of Beechcote, the church, the plough-lands, and the far-western plain, drawn in pale grays and purples under the declining sun.

"Isn't it heavenly!—the browns—the blues—the soberness, the delicacy of it all! Oh, so much better than any tiresome Mediterranean—any stupid Riviera!—Ah!" She stopped and turned, checked by a sound behind her.

Captain Roughsedge appeared, carrying his gun, his spaniel beside him. He greeted the ladies with what seemed to Mrs. Colwood a very evident start of pleasure, and turned to walk with them.

"You have been shooting?" said Diana.

He admitted it.

"That's what you enjoy?"

He flushed.

"More than anything in the world."

But he looked at his questioner a little askance, as though uncertain how she might take so gross a confession.

Diana laughed, and hoped he got as much as he desired. Then he was not like his father—who cared so much for books?

"Oh, books!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, the fact is, I—I don't often read if I can help it. But of course they make you do a lot of it—with these beastly examinations. They've about spoilt the army with them."

"You wouldn't do it for pleasure?"

"What,—reading?" He shook his head decidedly. "Not while I could be doing anything else."

"Not history or poetry?"

He looked at her again nervously. But the girl's face was gay, and he ventured on the truth.

"Well, no, I can't say I do. My father reads a deal of poetry aloud."

"And it bores you?"

"Well, I don't understand it," he said, slowly and candidly.

"Don't you even read the papers?" asked Diana, wondering.

He started.

"Why, I should think I do!" he cried. "I should rather think I do! That's another thing altogether—that's not books."

"Then perhaps you read the debate last night?" She looked at him with a kindling eye.

"Of course I did—every word of it! Do you know what those Radical fellows are up to now? They'll never rest until we've lost the Khaibar—and then the Lord only knows what 'll happen."

Diana flew into discussion—quick breath, red cheeks! Mrs. Colwood looked on amazed.

Presently both appealed to her, the Anglo-Indian. But she smiled and stammered—declining the challenge. Beside their eagerness, their passion, she felt

herself tongue-tied. Captain Roughsedge had seen two years on the Northwest Frontier; Diana had ridden through the Khaibar with her father and a Lieutenant-Governor. In both the sense of England's historic task, as the guardian of a teeming India against onslaught from the north, had sunk deep, not into brain merely. Figures of living men, acts of heroism and endurance, the thought of English soldiers ambushed in mountain defiles, or holding out against Afridi hordes in lonely forts, dying and battling, not for themselves, but that the great mountain barrier might hold against the savagery of the north, and English honor and English power maintain themselves unscathed,—these had mingled, in both, with the chivalry and the red blood of youth. The eyes of both had seen; the hearts of both had felt.

And now, in the English House of Commons, there were men who doubted and sneered about these things,—who held an Afridi life dearer than an English one,—who cared nothing for the historic task, who would let India go tomorrow without a pang!

Misguided recreants! But Mrs. Colwood, looking on, could only feel that had they never played their impish part, the winter afternoon for these two companions of hers would have been infinitely less agreeable.

For certainly denunciation and argument became Diana,—all the more that she was no "female franzy" who must have all the best of the talk; she listened—she evoked—she drew on, and drew out. Mrs. Colwood was secretly sure that this very modest and ordinarily stupid young man had never talked so well before, that his mother would have been astonished, could she have beheld him. What had come to the young women of this generation! Their grandmothers cared for politics only so far as they advanced the fortunes of their lords,—otherwise what was Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? But these women have minds for the impersonal. Diana was not talking to make an effect on Captain Roughsedge—that was the strange part of it. Hundreds of women can make politics serve the primitive woman's game; the "come hither in the ee" can use that weapon as well as any other. But here was an intellectual,

a patriotic passion, veritable, genuine, not feigned.

Well!—the spectator admitted it—unwillingly—so long as the debater, the orator, were still desirable, still lovely. She stole a glance at Captain Roughsedge. Was he, too, so unconscious of sex, of opportunity? Ah! *that* she doubted! The young man played his part stoutly; flung back the ball without a break; but there were glances, and movements and expressions, which to this shrewd feminine eye appeared to betray what no scrutiny could detect in Diana,—a pleasure within a pleasure, and thoughts behind thoughts. At any rate, he prolonged the walk as long as it could be prolonged; he accompanied them to the very door of their carriage, and would have delayed them there, but that Diana looked at her watch in dismay.

"You'll hear plenty of that sort of stuff to-night!" he said, as he helped them to their wraps. "'Perish India!' and all the rest of it. All they'll mind at Tallyn Hall will be that the Afridis haven't killed a few more Britishers."

Diana gave him a rather grave smile and bow, as the carriage drove on. Mrs. Colwood wondered whether the Captain's last remark had somehow offended her companion. But Miss Mallory made no reference to it. Instead, she began to give her companion some preliminary information as to the party they were likely to find at Tallyn.

As Mrs. Colwood already knew, Mr. Oliver Markham, member for the Western division of Brookshire, was young and unmarried. He lived with his mother, Lady Lucy Markham, the owner of Tallyn Hall, and his widowed sister, Mrs. Fotheringham, was also a constant inmate of the house. Mrs. Fotheringham was, if possible, more extreme in opinions than her brother, frequented platforms, had quarrelled with all her Conservative relations, including a family of stepsons, and supported Women's Suffrage. It was evident that Diana was steeling herself to some endurance in this quarter. As to the other guests whom they might expect, Diana knew little. She had heard that Mr. Ferrier was to be there,—ex-Home Secretary, and now leader of the Opposition,—and old Lady Niton. Diana retailed what

gossip she knew of this rather famous personage, whom three-fourths of the world found insolent, and the rest witty. "They say, anyway, that she can snub Mrs. Fotheringham," said Diana, laughing.

"You met them abroad?"

"Only Mr. Markham and Lady Lucy. Papa and I were walking over the hills at Portofino. We fell in with him, and he asked us the way to San Fruttuoso. We were going there, so we showed him. Papa liked him, and he came to see us afterwards—several times. Lady Lucy came once."

"She is nice?"

"Oh yes," said Diana, vaguely, "she is quite beautiful for her age. You never saw such lovely hands. And so fastidious—so dainty! I remember feeling uncomfortable all the time, because I knew I had a tear in my dress, and my hair was untidy,—and I was certain she noticed."

"It's all rather alarming," said Mrs. Colwood, smiling.

"No, no!"—Diana turned upon her eagerly. "They're very kind—very, very kind!"

The winter day was nearly gone when they reached their destination. But there was just light enough, as they stepped out of the carriage, to show a large modern building, built of red brick, with many gables and bow-windows, and a generally restless effect. As they followed the butler through the outer hall, a babel of voices made itself heard, and when he threw open the door into the inner hall, they found themselves ushered into a large party.

There was a pleased exclamation from a tall fair man standing near the fire, who came forward at once to meet them.

"So glad to see you! But we hoped for you earlier! Mother, here is Miss Mallory."

Lady Lucy, a woman of sixty, still slender and stately, greeted them kindly. Mrs. Colwood was introduced, and room was made for the newcomers in the circle round the tea-table, which was presided over by a lady with red hair and an eye-glass, who gave a hand to Diana, and a bow, or more precisely a nod, to Mrs. Colwood.

"I'm Oliver's sister,—my name's Fother-

ingham. That's my cousin, Maud Varley,—Maud, find me some cups! This is Mr. Ferrier—Mr. Ferrier, Miss Mallory.—I expect you know Lady Niton.—Sir James Chide, Miss Mallory.—Perhaps that 'll do to begin with!"—said Mrs. Fotheringham, carelessly, glancing at a further group of people.—"Now I'll give you some tea."

Diana sat down, very shy, and a little flushed. Mr. Markham hovered about her, inducing her to loosen her furs, bringing her tea, and asking questions about her settlement at Beechcote. He showed also a marked courtesy to Mrs. Colwood, and the little widow, susceptible to every breath of kindness, formed the prompt opinion that he was both handsome and agreeable.

Oliver Markham, indeed, was not a person to be overlooked. His height was about six foot three; and his long slender limbs and spare frame had earned him, as a lad, among the men of his father's works, the description of "a yard o' pump-water, straight oop an' down." But in his thin lengthiness there was nothing awkward,—rather a graceful readiness and vigor. And the head which surmounted this lightly built body gave to the whole personality the force and weight it might otherwise have missed. The hair was very thick and very fair, though already slightly grizzled. It lay in heavy curly masses across a broad head, defining a strong brow above deeply set small eyes of a pale conspicuous blue. The nose, aquiline and large; the mouth large also, but thin-lipped and flexible; slight hollows in the cheeks, and a long lantern-jaw. The whole figure made an impression of ease, power, and self-confidence.

"So you like your old house?" he said presently to Diana, sitting down beside her, and dropping his voice a little.

"It suits me perfectly."

"I am certain the moat is rheumatic! But you will never admit it."

"I would, if it were true," she said, smiling.

"No!—you are much too romantic. You see, I remember our conversation."

"Did I never admit the truth?"

"You would never admit it was the truth. And my difficulty was to find an arbiter between us."



Diana's face changed a little. He perceived it instantly.

"Your father was sometimes arbiter," he said, in a still lower tone,—“but naturally he took your side. I shall always rejoice I had that chance of meeting him.”

Diana said nothing, but her dark eyes turned on him with a soft friendly look. His own smiled in response, and he resumed:

"I suppose you don't know many of these people here?"

"Not any."

"I'm sure you'll like Mr. Ferrier. He is our very old friend,—almost my guardian. Of course—on politics—you won't agree!"

"I didn't expect to agree with anybody here," said Diana slyly.

He laughed.

"I might offer you Lady Niton,—but I refrain. To-morrow I have reason to believe that two Tories are coming to dinner."

"Which am I to admire?—your liberality, or their courage?"

"I have matched them by two Socialists. Which will you sit next?"

"Oh, I am proof!" said Diana. "Come one, come all."

He looked at her smilingly.

"Is it always the same? Are you still in love with all the dear old abuses?"

"And do you still hate everything that wasn't made last week?"

"Oh no! We only hate what cheats or oppresses the people."

"The people?" echoed Diana, with an involuntary lift of the eyebrows, and she looked round the immense hall, with its costly furniture, its glaring electric lights, and the band of bad fresco which ran round its lower walls. Oliver Markham reddened a little; then said:

"I see my cousin—Miss Drake. May I introduce her?—Alicia!"

A young lady had entered, from a curtained archway dividing the hall from a passage beyond. She paused a moment examining the company. The dark curtain behind her made an effective background for the brilliance of her hair, dress, and complexion, of which fact—such at least was Diana's instant impression—she was most composedly aware. At least she lingered a few leisurely seconds, till everybody in the hall had had

the opportunity of marking her entrance. Then, beckoned by Oliver Markham, she moved towards Diana.

"How do you do? I suppose you've had a long drive? Don't you hate driving?"

And without waiting for an answer, she turned affectedly away, and took a place at the tea-table where room had been made for her by two young men. Reaching out a white hand, she chose a cake, and began to nibble it slowly, her elbows resting on the table, the ruffles of white lace falling back from her bare and rounded arms. Her look meanwhile, half absent, half audacious, seemed to wander round the persons near, as though she saw them without taking any real account of them.

"What have you been doing, Alicia, all this time?" said Markham, as he handed her a cup of tea.

"Dressing."

An incredulous shout from the table.

"Since lunch!"

Miss Drake nodded. Lady Lucy put in an explanatory remark about a "dress-maker from town," but was not heard. The table was engaged in watching the newcomer.

"May we congratulate you on the result?" said Mr. Ferrier, putting up his eye-glass.

"If you like," said Miss Drake, indifferently, still gently munching at her cake. Then suddenly she smiled,—a glittering infectious smile, to which unconsciously all the faces near her responded. "I have been reading the book you lent me!" she said, addressing Mr. Ferrier.

"Well?"

"I'm too stupid—I can't understand it."

Mr. Ferrier laughed.

"I'm afraid that excuse won't do, Miss Alicia. You must find another."

She was silent a moment, finished her cake, then took some grapes, and began to play with them in the same conscious provocative way,—till at last she turned upon her immediate neighbor, a young barrister, with a broad boyish face.

"Well, I wonder whether *you'd* mind?"

"Mind what?"

"If your father had done something shocking,—forged—or murdered—or done something of that kind,—supposing, of course, he were dead."

"Do you mean—if I suddenly found out?"

She nodded assent.

"Well!"—he reflected; "it would be disagreeable!"

"Yes,—but would it make you give up all the things you like?—golfing—and cards—and parties—and the girl you were engaged to,—and take to slumming, and that kind of thing?"

The slight inflection of the last words drew smiles. Mr. Ferrier held up a finger.

"Miss Alicia, I shall lend you no more books."

"Why? Because I can't appreciate them?"

Mr. Ferrier laughed.

"I maintain that book is a book to melt the heart of a stone."

"Well, I tried to cry," said the girl, putting another grape into her mouth, and quietly nodding at her interlocutor,—"I did,—honor bright. But—really—what does it matter what your father did?"

"My dear!" said Lady Lucy softly. Her singularly white and finely wrinkled face, framed in a delicate capote of old lace, looked coldly at the speaker.

"By the way," said Mr. Ferrier—"does not the question rather concern you in this neighborhood? I hear young Brenner has just come to live at West Hill. I don't know what sort of a youth he is, but if he's a decent fellow, I don't imagine anybody will boycott him on account of his father's misdoings."

He referred to one of the worst financial scandals of the preceding generation. Lady Lucy made no answer, but any one closely observing her might have noticed a sudden and sharp stiffening of the lips, which was in truth her reply.

"Oh, you can always ask a man like that to garden-parties!" said a shrill, distant voice. The group round the table turned. The remark was made by old Lady Niton, who sat enthroned in an armchair near the fire, sometimes knitting, and sometimes observing her neighbors with a malicious eye.

"Anything's good enough, isn't it, for garden-parties?" said Mrs. Fotheringham, with a little sneer.

Lady Niton's face kindled. "Let us be Radicals, my dear," she said briskly, "but not hypocrites. Garden-parties are in-

valuable—for people you can't ask into the house. By the way, wasn't it you, Oliver, who scolded me last night, because I said somebody wasn't 'in Society'?"

"You said it of a particular hero of mine," laughed Markham. "I naturally pitied Society."

"What is Society? Where is it?" said Sir James Chide, contemptuously. "I suppose Lady Palmerston knew."

The famous lawyer sat a little apart from the rest. Diana, who had only caught his name, and knew nothing else of him, looked with sudden interest at the man's great brow and haughty look. Lady Niton shook her head emphatically.

"We know quite as well as she did. Society is just as strong and just as exclusive as it ever was. But it is clever enough now to hide the fact from outsiders."

"I am afraid we must agree that standards have been much relaxed," said Lady Lucy.

"Not at all—not at all!" cried Lady Niton. "There were black sheep then; and there are black sheep now."

Lady Lucy held her own.

"I am sure that people take less care in their invitations," she said, with soft obstinacy. "I have often heard my mother speak of society in her young days—how the dear Queen's example purified it,—and how much less people bowed down to money then than now."

"Ah, that was before the Americans and the Jews," said Sir James Chide.

"People forget their responsibility," said Lady Lucy, turning to Diana, and speaking so as not to be heard by the whole table. "In old days it was birth; but now—now when we are all democratic—it should be *character*.—Don't you agree with me?"

"Other people's character?" asked Diana.

"Oh, we mustn't be unkind, of course. But when a thing is notorious— Take this young Brenner. His father's frauds ruined hundreds of poor people. How can I receive him here, as if nothing had happened? It ought not to be forgotten. He himself ought to *wish* to live quietly!"

Diana gave a hesitating assent, adding, "But I'm sorry for Mr. Brenner!"

Mr. Ferrier, as she spoke, leant slightly across the tea-table as though to listen to what she said. Lady Lucy moved away, and Mr. Ferrier, after spending a moment of quiet scrutiny on the young mistress of Beechcote, came to sit beside her.

Mrs. Fotheringham threw herself back in her chair with a little yawn.

"Mamma is more difficult than the Almighty!" she said in a loud aside to Sir James Chide. "One sin—or even somebody else's sin,—and you are done for."

Sir James, who was a Catholic, and scrupulous in speech, pursed his lips slightly, drummed on the table with his fingers, and finally rose without reply, and betook himself to the *Times*. Miss Drake meanwhile had been carried off to play billiards at the farther end of the hall by the young men of the party. It might have been noticed that before she went she had spent a few minutes of close though masked observation of her cousin Oliver's new friend. Also that she tried to carry Oliver Markham with her, but unsuccessfully. He had returned to Diana's neighborhood, and stood leaning over a chair beside her, listening to her conversation with Mr. Ferrier.

His sister, Mrs. Fotheringham, was not content to listen. Diana's impressions of the countryside, which presently caught her ear, evidently roused her pugnacity. She threw herself on all the girl's rose-colored appreciations, with a scorn hardly disguised. All the "locals," according to her, were stupid or snobbish—bores, in fact, of the first water. And to Diana's discomfort and amazement, Oliver Markham joined in. He showed himself possessed of a sharper and more caustic tongue than Diana had yet suspected. His sister's sallies only amused him, and sometimes he improved on them, with epithets or comments, shrewder than hers indeed, but quite as biting.

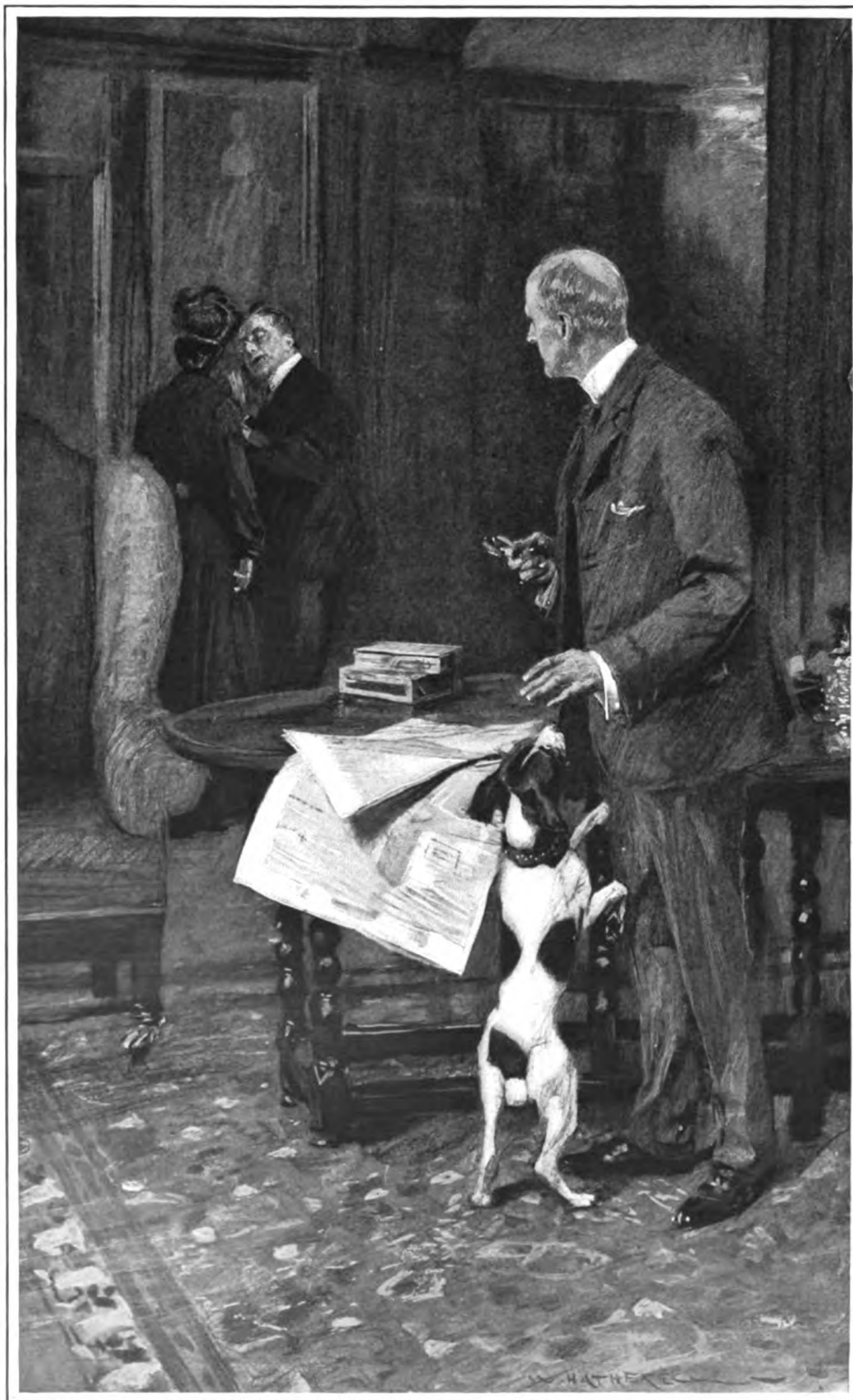
"His neighbors and constituents!" thought Diana in a young astonishment. "The people who send him to Parliament!"

Mr. Ferrier seemed to become aware of her surprise and disapproval, for he once or twice threw in a satirical word

or two, at the expense, not of the criticised, but of the critics. The well-known leader of the Opposition was a stout man of middle height, with a round head and face, at first sight wholly undistinguished, an ample figure, and smooth, straight hair. But there was so much honesty and acuteness in the eyes, so much humor in the mouth, and so much kindness in the general aspect that Diana felt herself at once attracted; and when the master of the house was summoned by his head gamekeeper to give directions for the shooting-party of the following day, and Mrs. Fotheringham had gone off to attend what seemed to be a vast correspondence, the politician and the young girl fell into a conversation which soon became agreeable and even absorbing to both. Mrs. Colwood, sitting on the other side of the hall, timidly discussing fancy-work with the Miss Varleys, Lady Lucy's young nieces, saw that Diana was making a conquest; and it seemed to her, moreover, that Mr. Ferrier's scrutiny of his companion was somewhat more attentive and more close than was quite explained by the mere casual encounter of a man of middle age with a young and charming girl. Was he—like herself—aware that matters of moment might be here at their beginning?

Meanwhile, if Mr. Ferrier was making discoveries, so was Diana. A man, it appeared, could be not only one of the busiest and most powerful politicians in England, but also a philosopher and a reader, one whose secret tastes were as unworldly and romantic as her own. Books, music, art,—he could handle these subjects no less skilfully than others, political or personal. And, throughout, his deference to a young and pretty woman was never at fault. Diana was encouraged to talk, and then, without a word of flattery, given to understand that her talk pleased. Under this stimulus, her soft dark beauty was soon glowing at its best; innocence, intelligence, and youth spread as it were their tendrils to the sun.

Meanwhile, Sir James Chide, a few yards off, was apparently absorbed, partly in the *Times*, partly in the endeavor to make Lady Lucy's fox-terrier go through its tricks.



*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

SIR JAMES CHIDE WAS APPARENTLY STRUCK BY SOME POWERFUL IMPRESSION  
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Once Mr. Ferrier drew Diana's attention to her neighbor.

"You know him?"

"I never saw him before."

"You know who he is?"

"Ought I?—I am so sorry!"

"He is perhaps the greatest criminal advocate we have. And a very distinguished politician too. Whenever our party comes in, he will be in the cabinet. You must make him talk this evening."

"I?" said Diana, laughing and blushing.

"You can!" smiled Mr. Ferrier. "Witness how you have been making me chatter! But I think I read you right? You do not mind if one chatters?—if one gives you information?"

"Mind! How could I be anything but grateful? It puzzles me so—this—" she hesitated.

"This English life?—especially the political life? Well!—let me be your guide. I have been in it for a long while."

Diana thanked him, and rose.

"You want your room?" he asked her kindly. "Mrs. Fotheringham, I think, is in the drawing-room. Let me take you to her. But first look at two or three of these pictures as you go."

"These—pictures?" faltered Diana, looking round her, her tone changing.

"Oh, not those horrible frescos! Those were perpetrated by Markham's father. They represent, as you see, the different processes of the Iron Trade. Old Henry Markham liked them, because, as he said, they explained him and the house. Oliver would like to whitewash them—but for filial piety. People might suppose him ashamed of his origin. No, no!—I mean those two or three old pictures at the end of the room. Come and look at them—they are on our way."

He led her to inspect them. They proved to be two Gainsboroughs and a Raeburn, representing ancestors on Lady Lucy's side. Mr. Ferrier's talk of them showed his intimate knowledge both of Varleys and Markhams, the knowledge rather of a kinsman than a friend. Diana perceived indeed how great must be the affection, the intimacy, between him and them.

Meanwhile, as the man of fifty and the

slender girl in black passed before him, on their way to examine the pictures, Sir James Chide, casually looking up, was apparently struck by some rapid and powerful impression. It arrested the hand playing with the dog; it held and transformed the whole man. His eyes, open as though in astonishment or pain, followed every movement of Diana, scrutinized every look and gesture. His face had flushed slightly—his lips were parted. He had the aspect of one trying eagerly, passionately, to follow up some clue that would not unwind itself; and every now and then he bent forward—listening—trying to catch her voice.

Presently the inspection was over. Diana turned and beckoned to Mrs. Colwood. The two ladies went towards the drawing-room, Mr. Ferrier showing the way.

When he returned to the hall, Sir James Chide, its sole occupant, was walking up and down.

"Who was that young lady?" said Sir James, turning abruptly.

"Isn't she charming? Her name is Mallory,—and she has just settled at Beechcote, near here. That small fair lady was her companion. Oliver tells me she is an orphan—well-off—with no kith or kin. She has just come to England, it seems, for the first time. Her father brought her up abroad away from everybody. She will have a success! But of all the little Jingles!"

Mr. Ferrier's face expressed an amused recollection of some of Diana's speeches.

"Mallory?" said Sir James, under his breath,—"*Mallory?*" He walked to the window, and stood looking out, his hands in his pockets.

Mr. Ferrier went up-stairs to write letters. In a few minutes the man at the window came slowly back towards the fire, staring at the ground.

"The look in the eyes!" he said to himself—"the head!—the voice!"

He stood by the vast and pompous fireplace—hanging over the blaze—the prey of some profound agitation, some flooding onset of memory. Servants passed and repassed through the hall; sounds loud and merry came from the drawing-room. Sir James neither saw nor heard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# Achilles Calls on Betty Harris

BY JENNETTE LEE

"MOTHER-DEAR!" It was the voice of Betty Harris—eager, triumphant, with a little laugh running through it. "Mother-dear!"

"Yes—Betty—" The woman seated at the dark mahogany desk looked up, a little line between her eyes. "You have come, child?" It was half a caress. She put out an absent hand, drawing the child toward her while she finished her note.

The child stood by gravely, looking with shining eyes at the face bending above the paper. It was a handsome face with clear, hard lines—the reddish hair brushed up conventionally from the temples, and the skin a little pallid under its careful massage and skilfully touched surface.

To Betty Harris her mother was the most beautiful woman in the world—more beautiful than the marble Venus at the head of the long staircase, or the queenly lady in the next room, forever stepping down from her gilded frame into the midst of tapestry and leather in the library. It may have been that Betty's mother was quite as much a work of art in her way as these other treasures that had come from the Old World. But to Betty Harris, who had slight knowledge of art values, her mother was beautiful, because her eyes had little points of light in them that danced when she laughed, and her lips curved prettily, like a bow, if she smiled.

They curved now as she looked up from her note. "Well, daughter?" She had sealed the note and laid it one side. "Was it a good lesson?" She leaned back in her chair, stroking the child's hand softly, while her eyes travelled over the quaint, dignified little figure. The child was a Velasquez—people had often remarked it, and the mother had taken the note that gave to her clothes the regal air touched with simplicity. "So it was a good lesson, was it?" she repeated,

absently, as she stroked the small dark hand—her own figure graciously outlined as she leaned back enjoying the lifted face and straight, clear eyes.

"Mother-dear!" The child's voice vibrated with the intensity behind it. "I have seen a man—a very *good* man!"

"Yes?" There was a little laugh in the word. She was accustomed to the child's enthusiasms. Yet they were always new to her—even the old ones were. "Who was he, daughter—this very good man?"

"He is a Greek, mother—with a long, beautiful name—I don't think I can tell it to you. But he is most wonderful—!" The child spread her hands and drew a deep breath.

"More wonderful than father?" It was an idle, laughing question—while she studied the lifted-up face.

"More wonderful than father—yes—" The child nodded gravely. "I can't quite tell you, mother-dear, how it feels—" She laid a tiny hand on her chest. Her eyes were full of thought. "He speaks like music, and he loves things—oh, very much!"

"I see— And did Madame Lewandowska introduce you to him?"

"Oh, it was not there." The child's face cleared with a swift thought. "I didn't tell you—madame was ill—"

The reclining figure straightened a little in its place, but the face was still smiling. "So you and Miss Stone—"

"But Miss Stone is ill, mother-dear. Did you forget her toothache?" The tone was politely reproachful.

The woman was very erect now—her small eyes, grown wide, gazing at the child, devouring her. "Betty! Where have you been?" It was more a cry than a question—a cry of dismay, running swiftly toward terror. . . . It was the haunting fear of her life that Betty would some day be kidnapped, as the child next door had been. . . . The fin-

gers resting on the arm of the chair were held tense.

"I don't think I did wrong, mother." The child was looking at her very straight, as if answering a challenge. "You see, I walked home—"

"Where was James?" The woman's tone was sharp, and her hand reached toward the bell; but the child's hand moved softly toward it.

"I'd like to tell you about it myself, please, mother. James never waits for the lessons. I don't think he was to blame."

The woman's eyes were veiled with sudden mist. She drew the child close. "Tell mother about it."

Betty Harris looked down, stroking her mother's sleeve. A little smile of memory held her lips. "He was a beautiful man!" she said.

The mother waited, breathless.

"I was walking home, and I came to his shop—"

"To his shop!"

She nodded reassuringly. "His fruit-shop—and—oh, I forgot—" She reached into the little bag at her side, tugging at something. "He gave me these." She produced the round box and took off the lid, looking into it with pleased eyes. "Aren't they beautiful?"

The mother bent blindly to it. "Pomegranates," she said. Her lips were still a little white, but they smiled bravely with the child's pleasure.

"Pomegranates," said Betty, nodding. "That is what he called them. I should like to taste one—" She was looking at them a little wistfully.

"We will have them for luncheon," said the mother. She had touched the bell with quick decision.

"Marie"—she held out the box—"tell Nesmer to serve these with luncheon."

"Am I to have luncheon with you, mother-dear?" The child's eyes were on her mother's face.

"With me—yes." The reply was prompt—if a little tremulous.

The child sighed happily. "It is being a marvellous day," she said, quaintly.

The mother smiled. "Come and get ready for luncheon, and then you shall tell me about the wonderful man."

So it came about that Betty Harris, seated across the dark, shining table,

told her mother, Mrs. Philip Harris, a happy adventure wherein she, Betty Harris, who had never before set foot unattended in the streets of Chicago, had wandered for an hour and more in careless freedom, and straying at last into the shop of a marvellous Greek—one Achilles Alexandrakis by name—had heard strange tales of Greece and Athens and the Parthenon—tales at the very mention of which her eyes danced and her voice rippled.

And her mother, listening across the table, trembled at the dangers the child touched upon and flitted past. It had been part of the careful rearing of Betty Harris that she should not guess that the constant attendance upon her was a body-guard—such as might wait upon a princess. It had never occurred to Betty Harris that other little girls were not guarded from the moment they rose in the morning till they went to bed at night, and that even at night Miss Stone slept within sound of her breath. She had grown up happy and care-free, with no suspicion of the danger that threatened the child of a marked millionaire. She did not even know that her father was a very rich man—so protected had she been. She was only a little more simple than most children of twelve. And she met the world with straight, shining looks, speaking to rich and poor with a kind of open simplicity that won the heart.

Her mother, watching the clear eyes, had a sudden pang of what the morning might have been—the disillusionment and terror of this unprotected hour—that had been made instead a memory of delight—thanks to an unknown Greek named Achilles Alexandrakis, who had told her of the beauties of Greece and the Parthenon, and had given her fresh pomegranates to carry home in a round box. The mother's thoughts rested on the man with a quick sense of gratitude. He should be paid a thousand times over for his care of Betty Harris—and for pomegranates.

"They are like the Parthenon," said the child, holding one in her hand and turning it daintily to catch the light on its soft, pink surface. "They grew in Athens." She set her little teeth firmly in its round side.

Achilles, in his little shop, went in and out with the thought of the child in his heart. His thin fingers flitted lightly among the fruit. The sadness in his face had given way to a kind of waking joy and thoughtfulness. As he made change and did up bags and parcels of fruit, his thoughts kept hovering about her, and his lips moved in a soft smile, half-muttering again the words he had spoken to her—praises of Athens, city of light, sky of brightness, smiles, and running talk. . . . It was all with him, and his heart was free. . . . How the child's eyes had followed the words full of trust! He should see her again—and again. . . . Outside a halo rested on the smoky air . . . a little child, out of the rattle and din, had spoken to him. As he looked up, the big, sooty city became softly the presence of the child. . . . The sound of pennies clinking in hurried palms was no longer harsh upon his ears; they tinkled softly—little tunes that ran. Truly it had been a wonderful day for Achilles Alexandrakis.

He paused in his work and looked about the little shop. The same dull-shining rows of fruit, the same spicy smell and the glowing disks of yellow light. He drew a deep, full breath. It was all the same, but the world was changed. His heart that had ached so long with its pent-up message of Greece—the glory of her days, the beauty of temples and statues and tombs—was freed by the tale of his lips. The world was new-born for him. He lifted the empty fig-box,

from which the child had set free the butterfly that had hung imprisoned in its gray cocoon through the long winter, and placed it carefully on the shelf. The lettering traced along its side—"περα-



"BETTY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

λοῦδα"—was faded and dim; but he saw again the child's eyes lifted to it—the lips half-parted, the eager question and swift demand—that he should tell her of Athens and the Parthenon—and the same love and the wonder that dwelt in his own heart for the city of his birth. It was a strange coincidence that the child should have come to him. Perhaps she was the one soul in the great hurrying city who could care. They did not understand—these hurrying, breathless men and women—how a heart could ache for something left behind across the seas, a city of quiet, the breath of the Past—sorrow and joy and sweet life. . . . No, they could not understand! But the

child— He caught his breath a little. . . . Where was she—in the hurry and rush? He had not thought to ask. . . . And she was gone! Only for a moment the dark face clouded. Then the smile flooded again. He should find her. . . . It might be hard—but he would search. . . . Had he not come down the long way of the Piræus to the sea—blue in the sun. Across the great waters by ship and the long miles by train. He should find her. . . . They would talk again. He laughed quietly in the dusky shop.

Then his eye fell upon it—the music-roll that had slipped quietly to the floor when her eager hand had lifted itself to touch the butterfly, opening and closing his great wings in the fig-box. He crossed to it and lifted it almost reverently, brushing a breath of dust from its leather sides. . . . He bent closer to it, staring at a little silver plate that swung from the strap. He carried it to the window, rubbing it on the worn black sleeve, and bending closer, studying the deep-cut letters. Then he lifted his head. A quick sigh floated from him. . . . Miss Elizabeth Harris, 108 Lake Shore Drive. . . . He knew the place quite well—facing the lake, where the water boomed against the great breakwater. . . . He would take it to her—to-morrow—the next day—next week, perhaps. . . . He wrapped it carefully away and laid it in a drawer to wait. She had asked him to come.

To Mrs. Philip Harris, in the big house looking out across the lake, the passing days brought grateful reassurance. . . . Betty was safe—Miss Stone was well again—and the man had not come. . . . She breathed more freely as she thought of it. The child had told her that she had asked him. But she had forgotten to give him her address; and it would not do to be mixed up with a person like that—free to come and go as he liked. He was no doubt a worthy man. But Betty was only a child, and too easily enamoured of people she liked. It was strange how deep an impression the man's words had made on her. Athens and Greece filled her waking moments. Statues and temples—photographs and books of travel loaded the school-room shelves. The house reeked with Greek

learning. Poor Miss Stone found herself drifting into archæology; and an exhaustive study of Greek literature, Greek life, Greek art filled her days. The theory of Betty Harris's education had been elaborately worked out by specialists from earliest babyhood. Certain studies, rigidly prescribed, were to be followed whether she liked them or not—but outside these lines subjects were to be taken up when she showed an interest in them. There could be no question that the time for the study of Greek history and Greek civilization had come. Miss Stone labored early and late. Instruction from the university down the lake was pressed into service. . . . But out of it all the child seemed, by some kind of precious alchemy, to extract only the best, the vital heart of it.

The instructor in Greek marvelled a little. "She is only a child," he reported to the head of the department, "and the family are American of the newest type—you know, the Philip Harris?"

The professor nodded. "I know—hide and hoof a generation back."

The instructor assented. "But the child is uncanny. She knows more about Greek than—"

"Than *I* do, I suppose." The professor smiled indulgently. "She wouldn't have to know much for that."

"It isn't so much what she *knows*. She has a kind of *feeling* for things. I took up a lot of those photographs to-day—some of the *later* period mixed in—and she picked them out as if she had been brought up in Athens."

The professor looked interested. "Modern educational methods?"

"As much as you like," said the instructor. "But it is something more. When I am with the child I am in Athens itself. Chicago makes me blink when I come out."

The professor laughed. The next day he made an appointment to go himself to see the child. He was a famous epigraphist and an authority in his subject. He had spent years in Greece—with his nose, for the most part, held close to bits of parchment and stone.

When he came away, he was laughing softly. "I am going over for a year," he said, when he met the instructor that afternoon in the corridor.

"Did you see the little Harris girl?" asked the instructor.

The professor paused. "Yes, I saw her."

"How did she strike you?"

"She struck me dumb," said the professor. "I listened for the best part of an hour while she expounded things to me—asked me questions I couldn't answer, mostly." He chuckled a little. "I felt like a fool," he added, frankly, "and it felt good."

The instructor smiled. "I go through it twice a week. The trouble seems to be that she's alive, and that she thinks everything Greek is alive, too."

The professor nodded. "It's never occurred to her it's dead and done with these thousand years and more." He gave a little sigh. "Sometimes I've wondered myself whether it is—quite as dead as it looks to you and me," he added. "You know that grain—wheat or something—that Blackman took from the Egyptian mummy he brought over last spring—"

"Yes, he planted it—"

"Exactly. And all summer he was tending a little patch of something green up there in his back yard—as fresh as the eyes of Pharaoh's daughter ever looked on—"

The instructor opened his eyes a little. This was a wild flight for the head epigraphist.

"That's the way she made me feel—that little Harris girl," explained the professor—"as if my mummy might spring up and blossom any day if I didn't look out."

The instructor laughed out. "So you're going over with it?"

"A year—two years, maybe," said the professor. "I want to watch it sprout."

In another week Achilles Alexandrakis had made ready to call on Betty Harris. There had been many details to attend to—a careful sponging and pressing of his best suit, the purchase of a new hat, and cuffs and collars of the finest linen—nothing was too good for the little lady who had flitted into the dusky shop and out, leaving behind her the little line of light.

Achilles brushed the new hat softly, turning it on his supple wrist with gentle

pride. He took out the music-roll from the drawer and unrolled it, holding it in light fingers. He would carry it back to Betty Harris, and he would stay for a while and talk with her of his beloved Athens. Outside the sun gleamed. The breeze came fresh from the lake. As he made his way up the long drive of the Lake Shore, the water dimpled in the June sun, and little waves lapped the great stones, touching the ear with quiet sound. It was a clear, fresh day, with the hint of coming summer in the air. To the left, stone castles lifted themselves sombrely in the soft day. Grim or flaunting, they faced the lake—castles from Germany, castles from France and castles from Spain. Achilles eyed them with a little smile as his swift, thin feet traversed the long stones. There were turrets and towers and battlements frowning upon the peaceful, workaday lake. Minarets and flowers in stone, and heavy marble blocks that gripped the earth. Suddenly Achilles's foot slackened its swift pace. His eye dropped to the silver tag on the music-roll in his hand, and lifted itself again to a gleaming red-brown house at the left. It rose with a kind of lightness from the earth, standing poised upon the shore of the lake, like some alert, swift creature caught in flight, brought to bay by the rush of waters. Achilles looked at it with gentle eyes, a swift pleasure lighting his glance. It was a beautiful structure. Its red-brown front and pointed, lifting roof had hardly a Greek line or hint; but the spirit that built the Parthenon was in it—facing the rippling lake. He moved softly across the smooth roadway and leaned against the parapet of stone that guarded the water, studying the line and color of the house that faced him.

The man who planned it had loved it, and as it rose there in the light it was perfect in every detail as it had been conceived—with one little exception. On either side the doorway crouched massive gray-pink lions wrought in stone, the heavy outspread paws and firm-set haunches resting at royal ease. In the original plan these lions had not appeared. But in their place had been two steers—wide-flanked and short-horned, with lifted heads and nostrils snuffing





THEY WERE TWO CHILDREN TOGETHER

free—something crude, brusque, perhaps, but full of power and quick onslaught. The house that rose behind them had been born of the same thought. Its pointed gable and its façades, its lifted front, had the same look of challenge; the light, firm-planted hoofs, the springing head, were all there—in the soft, red stone running to brown in the flanks.

The stock-yard owner and his wife had liked the design—with no suspicion of the symbol undergirding it. The man had liked it all—steers and red-brown stone and all—but the wife had objected. She had travelled far, and she had seen, on a certain building in Rome, two lions guarding a ducal entrance. . . .

Now that the house was finished, the

architect seldom passed that way. But when he did he swore at the lions, softly, as he whirred by. He had done a mighty thing—conceived in steel and stone a house that fitted the swift life out of which it came, the wind-swept place in which it stood, and all the stirring, troublous times about it. There it rose in its spirit of lightness, head up-lifted and nostrils sniffing the breeze—and in front of it squatted two stone lions from the palmy days of Rome. He gritted his teeth, and drove his machine hard when he passed that way.

But to Achilles, standing with bared head, the breeze from the lake touching his forehead, the lions were of no account. He let them go. The spirit of

the whole possessed him. It was as if a hand had touched him lightly on the shoulder, in a crowd, staying him. A quick breath escaped his lips as he replaced his hat and crossed to the red-brown steps. He mounted them without a glance at the pink monsters on either hand. A light had come into his face. The child filled it.

The stiff butler eyed him severely, and the great door seemed ready to close of itself. Only something in the poise of Achilles's head, a look in his eyes, held the hinge waiting a grudging minute while he spoke.

He lifted his head a little; the look in his eyes deepened. "I am called—Miss Elizabeth Harris—and her mother—to see," he said, simply.

The door paused a little and swung back an inch. He might be a great savant . . . some scholar of parts—an artist. They came for the child—to examine her—to play for her—to talk with her. . . . Then there was the music-roll. . . . It took the blundering grammar and the music-roll to keep the door open—and then it opened wide and Achilles entered, following the butler's stateliness up the high, dark hall. Rich hangings were about them, and massive pictures, bronzes and statues, and curious carvings. Inside the house the taste of the mistress had prevailed.

At the door of a great, high-ceiled room the butler paused, holding back the soft drapery with austere hand. "What name—for madame?" he said.

The clear eyes of Achilles met his. "My name is Achilles Alexandrakis," he said, quietly.

The eyes of the butler fell. He was struggling with this unexpected morsel in the recesses of his being. Plain Mr. Alexander would have had small effect upon him; but Achilles Alexandrakis—! He mounted the long staircase, holding the syllables in his set teeth.

"Alexandrakis?" His mistress turned a little puzzled frown upon him. "What is he like, Conner?"

The man considered, a safe moment. "He's a furriner," he said, addressing the wall before him with impassive jaw.

A little light crossed her face—not a look of pleasure. "Ask Miss Stone to come to me—at once," she said.

The man bowed himself out and departed on silken foot.

Miss Stone, gentle and fluttering and fine-grained, appeared a moment later in the doorway.

"He has come," said the woman, without looking up.

"He—?" Miss Stone's lifted eyebrows sought to place him—

"The Greek—I told you—"

"Oh— The Greek—!" It was slow and hesitant. It spoke volumes for Miss Stone's state of mind. Hours of Greek history were in it, and long rows of tombs and temples—the Pantheon of gods and goddesses, with a few outlying scores of heroes and understudies. "The—Greek," she repeated, softly.

"The Greek," said the woman, with decision. "He has asked for Betty and for me. I cannot see him, of course."

"You have the club," said Miss Stone, in soft assent.

"I have the club—in ten minutes." Her brow wrinkled. "You will kindly see him—"

"And Betty—?" said Miss Stone, waiting.

"The child must see him. Yes, of course. She would be heart-broken—You drive at three," she added, without emphasis.

"We drive at three," repeated Miss Stone.

She moved quietly away, her gray gown a bit of shimmering in the gorgeous rooms. She had been chosen for the very qualities that made her seem so curiously out of place—for her gentleness and unassuming dignity, and a few ancestors. The country had been searched for a lady—so much the lady that she had never given the matter a thought. Miss Stone was the result. If Betty had charm and simplicity and instinctive courtesy toward those whom she met, it was only what she saw every day in the little gray woman who directed her studies, her play, her whole life.

The two were inseparable, light and shadow, morning and night. Betty's mother in the house was the grand lady—beautiful to look upon—the piece of bronze, or picture, that went with the house; but Miss Stone was Betty's own—the little gray voice, a bit of heart-love, and something common and precious.

Diana looked disappointed, but submissive.

"Oh, very well, Brown—I don't want to alter any of the old ways. But I hear the choir will come up to-night. Now they must have half-a-crown,—and supper, please, Brown."

Brown drew himself up a little more stiffly.

"Lady Emily always gave 'em supper, ma'am, but, begging your pardon, she didn't hold at all with giving 'em money."

"Oh, I don't care!" said Miss Mallory, hastily. "I'm sure they'll like it, Brown! Half-a-crown, please."

Brown withdrew, and Diana, with a laughing face, and her hands over her ears to mitigate the farewell bawling of the children, turned to Mrs. Colwood, with an invitation to dress for church.

"The first time for me," she explained. "I have been coming up and down for a month or more, two or three days at a time, to see to the furnishing. But now I am at home!"

The Christmas service in the parish church was agreeable enough. The Beechcote pew was at the back of the church, and as the new mistress of the old house entered and walked down the aisle, she drew the eyes of a large congregation of rustics and small shopkeepers. Diana moved in a kind of happy absorption, glancing gently from side to side. This gathering of villagers was to her representative of a spiritual and national fellowship to which she came now to be joined. The old church, wreathed in ivy and holly; the tombs in the southern aisle; the loaves standing near the porch for distribution after service, in accordance with an old benefaction; the fragments of fifteenth-century glass in the windows; the school-children to her left; the singing, the prayers, the sermon,—found her in a welcoming, a childlike mood. She knelt, she sang, she listened, like one undergoing initiation, with a tender aspiring light in her eyes, and an eager mobility of expression.

Mrs. Colwood was more critical. The clergyman who preached the sermon did not, in fact, please her at all. He was a thin High-Churchman, with an oblong

face and head, narrow shoulders, and a spare frame. He wore spectacles, and his voice was disagreeably pitched. His sermon was nevertheless remarkable. A bare yet penetrating style; a stern view of life; the voice of a prophet, and apparently the views of a socialist,—all these he possessed. None of them, it might have been thought, were especially fitted to capture either the female or the rustic mind. Yet it could not be denied that the congregation was unusually good for a village church; and by the involuntary sigh which Miss Mallory gave as the sermon ended, Mrs. Colwood was able to gauge the profound and docile attention with which one at least had listened to it.

After church there was much lingering in the churchyard for the exchange of Christmas greetings. Mrs. Colwood found herself introduced to the Vicar, Mr. Lavery; to a couple of maiden ladies of the name of Bertram; and to an elderly couple, Dr. and Mrs. Roughsedge, white-haired, courteous, and kind, who were accompanied by a soldier son, in whom it was evident they took a boundless pride. The young man, of a handsome and open countenance, looked at Miss Mallory as much as good manners allowed. She, however, had eyes for no one but the Vicar, with whom she started, tête-à-tête, in the direction of the Vicarage.

Mrs. Colwood followed, shyly making acquaintance with the Roughsedges and the elder Miss Bertram. That lady was dressed with peculiar plainness; and the absence of decorative effect might be said to extend also to her manner. She was tall, fair, and faded; she had a sharp, handsome nose and a high forehead; and her eyes, which hardly ever met those of the person with whom she talked, gave the impression of a soul preoccupied, with few or none of the ordinary human curiosities.

Mrs. Roughsedge, on the other hand, was most human, motherly, and inquisitive. She wore two curls on either side of her face, held by small combs, a large bonnet, and an ample cloak. It was clear that whatever adoration she could spare from her husband was lavished on her son. But there was still enough good temper and good will left to overflow

upon the rest of mankind. She perceived in a moment that Mrs. Colwood was the new "companion" to the heiress, that she was a widow, and sad—in spite of her cheerfulness.

"Now I hope Miss Mallory is going to *like* us!" she said, with a touch of confidential good humor, as she drew Mrs. Colwood a little behind the others. "We are all in love with her already. But she must be patient with us. We're very humdrum folk!"

Mrs. Colwood could only say that Miss Mallory seemed to be in love with everything—the house, the church, the village, and the neighbors. Mrs. Roughsedge shook her gray curls, smiling, as she replied that this was no doubt partly due to novelty. After her long residence abroad, Miss Mallory was—it was very evident—glad to come home. Poor thing—she must have known a great deal of trouble,—an only child, and no mother! "Well, I'm sure if there's anything *we* can do—"

Mrs. Roughsedge nodded cheerfully towards her husband and son in front. The gesture awakened a certain natural reserve in Mrs. Colwood, followed by a quick feeling of amusement with herself that she should so soon have developed the instinct of watch-dog. But it was not to be denied that the new mistress of Beechcote was well endowed, as single women go. Fond mothers with marriageable sons might require some handling.

But Mrs. Roughsedge's simple kindness soon baffled distrust. And Mrs. Colwood was beginning to talk freely, when suddenly the Vicar and Miss Mallory in front came to a stop. The way to the Vicarage lay along a side road. The Roughsedges also, who had walked so far for sociability's sake, must return to the village and early dinner. The party broke up. Miss Mallory, as she made her good-byes, appeared a little flushed and discomposed. But the unconscious fire in her glance and the vigor of her carriage did but add to her good looks. Captain Roughsedge, as he touched her hand, asked whether he should find her at home that afternoon if he called, and Diana absently said yes.

"What a strange, impracticable man!" cried Miss Mallory, hotly, as the ladies turned into the Beechcote drive. "It is

really a misfortune to find a man of such opinions in this place."

"The Vicar?" said Mrs. Colwood, bewildered.

"A Little Englander!—a *socialist*! And so *rude*, too! I asked him to let me help him with his poor,—and he threw back my offers in my face. What they wanted, he said, was not charity, but justice. And justice apparently means cutting up the property of the rich and giving it to the poor. Is it my fault if the Vavasours neglected their cottages? I just mentioned emigration, and he foamed! I am sure he would give away the Colonies for a pinch of soap, and abolish the Army and Navy to-morrow."

Diana's face glowed with indignation,—with wounded feeling besides. Mrs. Colwood endeavored to soothe her, but she remained grave and rather silent for some time. The flow of Christmas feeling and romantic pleasure had been arrested, and the memory of a harsh personality haunted the day. In the afternoon, however, in the unpacking of various pretty knickknacks, and in the putting away of books and papers, Diana recovered herself. She flitted about the house, arranging her favorite books, hanging pictures, and disposing embroideries. The old walls glowed afresh under her hand, and from the combination of their antique beauty with her young taste a home began to emerge, stamped with a woman's character and reflecting her enthusiasms. As she assisted in the task, Mrs. Colwood learnt many things. She gathered that Miss Mallory read two or three languages, that she was passionately fond of French memoirs and the French classics, that her father had taught her Latin and German, and guided every phase of her education. Traces, indeed, of his poetic and scholarly temper were visible throughout his daughter's possessions,—so plainly that at last, as they came nearly to the end of the books, Diana's gayety once more disappeared. She moved soberly and dreamily, as though the past returned upon her; and once or twice Mrs. Colwood came upon her standing motionless, her finger in an open book, her eyes wandering absently through the casement windows to the distant wall of hill. Sometimes, as she bent over the books and packets, she would say



They came down the long rooms together, the child's hand resting lightly in hers, and her steps dancing a little in happy play. She had not heard the man's name. He was only a wise man whom she was to meet for a few minutes, before she and Miss Stone went for their drive. The day was full of light outside—even in the heavily draped rooms you could feel its presence. She was eager to be off, out in the sun and air of the great sea of freshness, and the light, soft wind on her face.

Then she saw the slim, dark man who had risen to meet her, and a swift light crossed her face. . . . She was coming down the room now, both hands outstretched, fluttering a little in the quick surprise and joy. Then the hands stayed themselves, and she advanced demurely to meet him; but the hand that lifted itself to his seemed to sing like a child's hand—in spite of the princess.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "This is Miss Stone." She seated herself beside him, her eyes on his face, her little feet crossed at the ankle. "Have you any new fruit to-day?" she asked, politely.

He smiled a little, and drew a soft, flat, white bit of tissue from his pocket, undoing it fold on fold—till in the centre lay a gray-green leaf.

The child bent above it with pleased glance. Her eyes travelled to his face.

He nodded quietly. "I thought of you. It is the Eastern citron. See—" He lifted the leaf and held it suspended. "It hangs like this—and the fruit is blue—gray-blue like—" His eye travelled about the elaborate room. He shook his head slowly. Then his glance fell on the gray gown of Miss Stone as it fell along the rug at her feet, and he bowed with gracious appeal for permission. "Like the dress of madame," he said—"but warmer, like the sun—and blue."

A low color crept up into the soft line of Miss Stone's cheek and rested there. She had sat watching the two with slightly puzzled eyes. She was a lady—kindly and gracious to the world—but she could not have thought of anything to say to this fruit-peddler who had seemed, for days and weeks, to be tumbling all Greek civilization about her head. . . . The child was chatting with him as if she

had known him always. . . . They had turned to each other again, and were absorbed in the silken leaf—the man talking in soft, broken words, the child piecing out the half-finished phrase with quick nod and gesture, her little voice running in and out along the words like ripples of light on some dark surface.

The face of Achilles had grown strangely radiant. Miss Stone, as she looked at it again, was almost startled at the change. The sombre look had vanished. Quick lights ran in it, and little thoughts that met the child's and laughed. "They are two children together," thought Miss Stone, as she watched them. "I have never seen the child so happy. She must see him again." . . . She sat with her hands folded in her gray lap, a little apart, watching the pretty scene and happy in it, but outside it all, untouched and gray and still.

Outside the door the horses pranced, champing a little at the bit, and turning their shining, arching necks in the sun. Other carriages drove up and drove away. Rich toilets alighted and mounted the red-brown steps—hats that rose, tier on tier, riotous parterres of flowers and feathers and fruit, close little bonnets that proclaimed their elegance by velvet knot or subtle curve of brim and crown. Colors flashed, ribbon-ends fluttered, delicately shod feet scorned the pavement. It was the Halcyon Club of the North Side, assembling to listen to Professor Addison Trent, the great epigraphist, who was to discourse to them on the inscriptions of Cnossus, the buried town of Crete. The feathers and flowers and boas were only surface deep. Beneath them beat an intense desire to know about epigraphy—all about it. The laughing faces and daintily shod feet were set firmly in the way of culture. They swept through the wide doors, up the long, carved staircase—from the Caracci Palace in Florence—into the wide library, with its arched ceiling and high-shelved books and glimpses of busts and pedestals. They fluttered in soft gloom, and sank into rows of adjustable chairs and faced sternly a little platform at the end of the room. The air of culture descended gratefully about them; they buzzed a little in its dim warmth and settled back



to await the arrival of the great epigraphist.

The great epigraphist was, at this moment, three hundred and sixty-three and one-half miles—to be precise—out from New York. He was sitting in a steamer-chair, his feet stretched comfortably before him, a steamer-rug wrapped about his ample form, a gray cap pulled over his eyes—dozing in the sun. Suddenly he sat erect. The rug fell from his person, the visor shot up from his eyes. He turned them blankly toward the shoreless West. This was the moment at which he had instructed his subconscious self to remind him of an engagement to lecture on Cretan inscriptions at the home of Mrs. Philip Harris on the Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois. He looked again at the shoreless West and tried to grasp it. It may have been his subconscious self that reminded him—it may have been the telepathic waves that travelled toward him out of the half-gloom of the library. They were fifty strong, and they travelled with great intensity—"Had any one seen him?" "Where was he?" "What was wrong?" "Late!" "*Very late!*" "Such a punctual man!" The waves fluttered and spread and grew. The president of the club looked at the hostess. The hostess looked at the president. They consulted and drew apart. The president rose to speak, clearing her throat for a pained look. Then she waited. . . . The hostess was approaching again, a fine resolution in her face. They conferred, looking doubtfully at the door. The president nodded courageously and seated herself again on the platform, while Mrs. Philip Harris passed slowly from the room, the eyes of the assembled company following her with a little look of curiosity and dawning hope.

In the doorway below she paused a moment, a little startled at the scene. The bowed heads, the bit of folded tissue, the laughing, eager tones, the look in Miss Stone's face held her. . . . She swept aside the drapery and entered—the stately lady of the house.

The bowed heads were lifted. The child sprang to her feet. "Mother-dear! It is my friend! He has come!" The words sang.

Mrs. Philip Harris held out a gracious

hand. She had not intended to offer her hand. She had intended to be distant and kind. But when the man looked up she somehow forgot. She held out the hand with a quick smile.

The Greek was on his feet, bending above it. "It is an honor, madame—that you come."

"I have come to ask a favor," she replied, slowly, her eyes travelling over the well-brushed clothes, the clean linen, the slender feet of the man. . . . Favor was not what she had meant to say—privilege was nearer it. . . . But there was something about him. . . . Her voice grew suave to match the words.

"My daughter has told me of you—" Her hand rested lightly on the child's curls—a safe, unruffled touch. "Her visit to you has enchanted her. She speaks of it every day, of the Parthenon and what you told her."

The eyes of the man and the child met gravely.

"I wondered whether you would be willing to tell some friends of mine—here—now—"

He had turned to her—a swift look.

She replied with a smile. "Nothing formal—just simple things, such as you told the child. We should be very grateful to you," she added, as if she were a little surprised at herself.

He looked at her with clear eyes. "I speak—yes—I like always—to speak of my country. I thank you."

The child, standing by with eager feet, moved lightly. Her hands danced in softest pats. "You will tell them about it—just as you told me—and they will love it!"

"I tell them—yes."

"Come, Miss Stone." The child held out her hand with a little gesture of pride and loving. "We must go now. Good-by, Mr. Achilles. You will come again, please."

"I come," said Achilles, simply. He watched the quaint figure pass down the long rooms beside the shimmering gray dress, through an arched doorway at the end, and out of sight. Then he turned to his hostess with the quick smile of his race. "She is beautiful, madame," he said, slowly. "She is a child!"

The mother assented, absently. She was not thinking of the child, but of the

fifty members of the Halcyon Club in the library. "Will you come?" she said. "My friends are waiting."

He spread his hands in quick assent. "I come—as you like. I give pleasure—to come."

She smiled a little. "Yes, you give pleasure." She was somehow at ease about the man. He was poor—illiterate, perhaps, but not uncouth. She glanced at him with a little look of approval as they went up the staircase. It came to her suddenly that he harmonized with it, and with all the beautiful things about them. The figure of Professor Trent flashed upon her—short and fat and puffing, and yearning toward the top of the stair. But this man. There was the grand air about him—and yet so simple. . . .

It was almost with a sense of eclat that she ushered him into the library. The air stirred subtly, with a little hush. The president was on her feet, introducing Mr. Achilles Alexandrakis, who, in the unavoidable absence of Professor Trent, had kindly consented to speak to them on the traditions and customs of modern Greek life.

Achilles's eyes fell gently on the lifted faces. "I like to tell you about my home," he said, simply. "I tell you all I can."

The look of strain in the faces relaxed. It was going to be an easy lecture—one that you could know something about. They settled to soft attention and approval.

Achilles waited a minute—looking at them with deep eyes. And suddenly they saw that the eyes were not looking at them, but at something far away—something beautiful and loved.

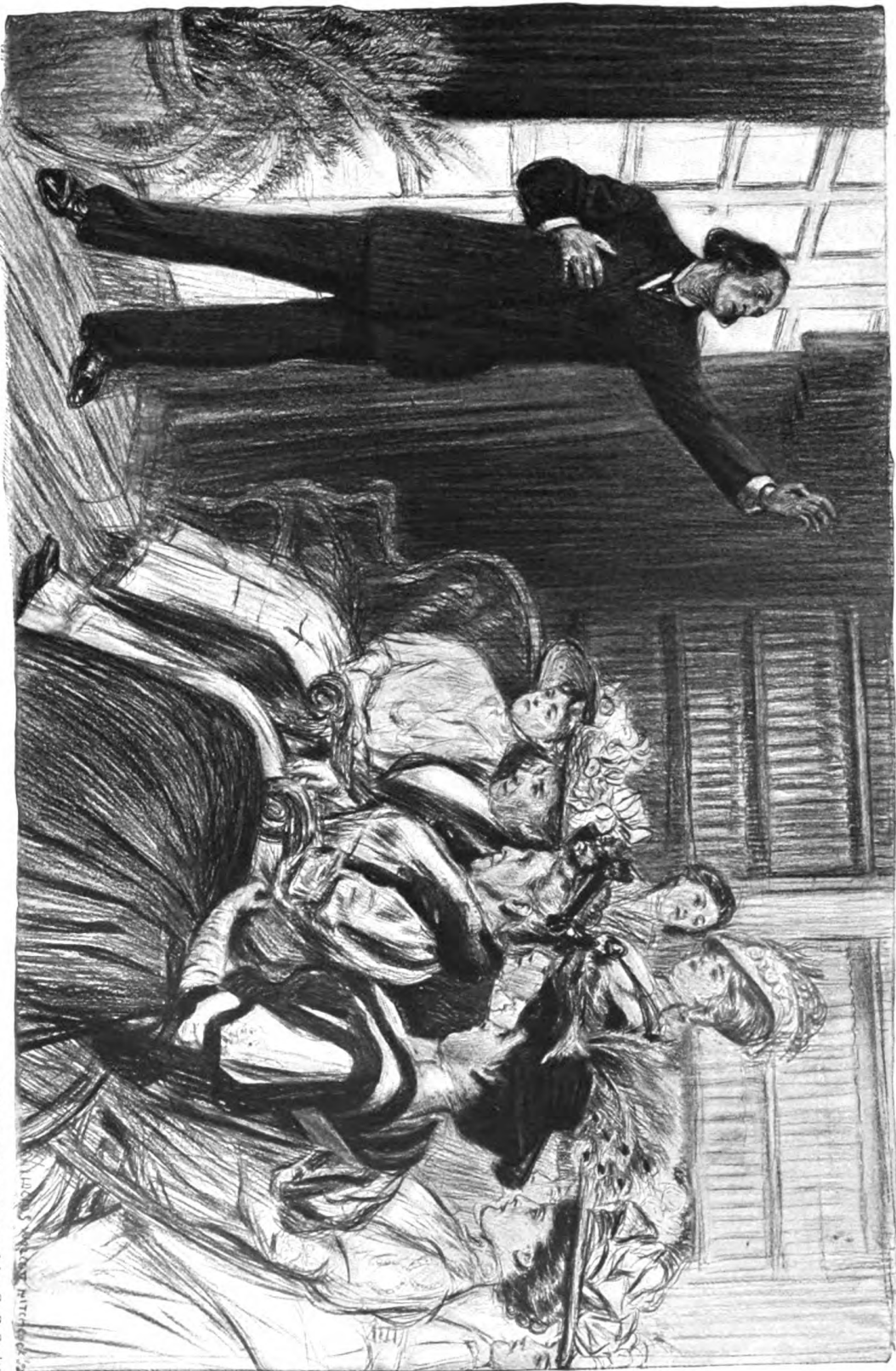
It is safe to say that the members of the Halcyon Club had never listened to anything quite like the account that Achilles Alexandrakis gave them that day, in the gloomy room of the red-fronted house overlooking the lake, of the land of his birth. They scarcely listened to the actual words at first, but they listened to him all lighted up from far away. There was something about him as he spoke—a sweeping rhythm that flew as a bird, reaching over great spaces, and a simple joy that lilted a little and sang.

He drew for them the Parthenon—the glory of Athens—in column and statue and mighty temple and crumbling tomb. . . . A sense of beauty and wonder and still, clear light passed before them.

Then he paused . . . his voice laughed a little, and he spoke of his people. . . . Nobody could have quite told what he said to them about his people. But flutes sang. . . . The sound of feet was on the grass—touching it in tune—swift-flitting feet that paused and held a rhythmic measure while it swung. Quick-beating feet across the green. Shadowy forms. The sway of gowns, light-falling, and the call of voices low and sweet. . . . Greek youth and maid in swiftest play. They flung the branches wide and trembled in the voiceless light that played upon the grass. The foot of Achilles half-beat the time. . . . The tones filled themselves and lifted, slowly, surely. The voice quickened—it ran with faster notes, as one who tells some eager tale. . . . Then it swung in cradling-song the twilight of Athens—and the little birds sang low, twittering underneath the leaves—in softest garb—at last—rose leaves falling—the dusky bats around her roof-tops, and the high-soaring sky that arches all—mysterious and deep. . . . Then the voice sank low, and rang and held the note—stern, splendid—Athens of might. . . . City of power! Glory, in clanging word, and in the lift of eye. . . . Athens on her hills, like great Jove enthroned—the shout, the triumph, the clash of steel, and the feet of Alaric in the streets. . . . The voice of the Greek grew hoarse now, tiny cords swelled on his forehead. . . . Athens, city of war. . . . Desolation, fire, and trampling—! His eye was drawn in light. . . . Vandal hand and iron foot! . . .

Who shall say how much of it he told—how much of it he spoke, and how much was only hinted or called up—in his voice and his gesture and his eye. . . . They had not known that Athens was like this! They spoke in lowered voices, moving apart a little, and making place for the silver trays that began to pass among them. They glanced now and then at the dark man nibbling his biscuit absently and looking with unfathomable eyes into a teacup.

A large woman approached him, her



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

THE EYES WERE NOT LOOKING AT THEM, BUT AT SOMETHING FAR AWAY

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

ample bust covered with little beads that rose and fell and twinkled as she talked. "I liked your talk, Mr. Alexis, and I am going over just as soon as my husband can get away from his business." She

. . . He would be spoiled—a man of that class. . . . She glanced down at the slip of paper in her hand. . . . It bore the name, "Achilles Alexandrakis," and below it a generous sum to his order. She

made her way toward him, and waited while he disengaged himself from the little throng about him and came to her, a look of pleasure and service in his face.

"You speak to me, madame?"

"I wanted to give you this." She slipped the check into the thin fingers. "You can look at it later—"

But already the fingers had raised it with a little look of pleased surprise. . . . Then the face darkened, and he laid the paper on the polished table between them. There was a quick movement of the slim fingers that pushed it toward her.

"I cannot take it, madame—to speak of my country. . . . I speak for the child—and for you." He bowed low. "I give pleasure to do it."

The next moment he had saluted her with gentle grace and



"MY COUNTRY IS HONORED, MADAME"

looked at him with approval, waiting for his.

He bowed with deep, grave gesture. "My country is honored, madame."

Other listeners were crowding upon them now, commending the fire-tipped words, felicitating the man with pretty gesture and soft speech, patronizing him for the Parthenon and his country and her art. . . . The mistress of the house, moving in and out among them, watched the play with a little look of annoyance.

was gone from the room—from the house --between the stone lions and down the Lake Shore Drive, his free legs swinging in long strides, his head held high to the wind on the opal lake.

A carriage passed him, and he looked up. Two figures, erect in the sun, the breath of a child's smile, a bit of shimmer and gray, the flash and beat of quick hoofs—and they were gone. But the heart of Achilles sang in his breast, and the day about him was full of light.

# Fairy Nell of Clunary

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

O IS it love of yon cascade  
That makes you fair to view;  
Has love of azure bluebells made  
Your eyes the selfsame hue?  
Upon the Bridge, above the Fell,  
You sit, a winsome fairy;—  
O none so fair as “fairy Nell”  
From Clunary to Aray!

And is it love of heather-bell  
That gives your cheeks the shade  
That blooms on moors, my fairy Nell.  
Where bees and you have played?  
The ancient Bridge is arched as are  
Your lashes, as you raise them,—  
Your brows—your hair—well, there, they are—  
I will not try to praise them!

Upon the Bridge, half child, half maid,  
You watch the waters dart,  
Your little ears are not afraid  
To list to Nature’s heart;  
And may the amber Pool below  
Prove Fortune never chary;  
And you as happiest fairy know  
’Twixt Clunary and Aray.

The larch has now its tippets green,  
The Primrose gems the grass;  
May many an autumn yet be seen  
In glory for my lass.  
With Birch’s gold and Beech’s fire  
May good all seasons carry,  
Nor spring nor autumn ever tire  
To praise my Highland fairy.

No colors fade for lasses true  
Whose eyes are Truth’s own wells:  
Yours say, “I don’t belong to you,”—  
Though mine are fairy Nell’s!  
But wait! some water-gazers see  
Man’s face, and, all unwary,  
Come down from off their bridge, to be  
A slave’s commanding fairy!

E.H.



# Charleston

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

**A** TURQUOISE-BLUE sky hovering in hazy drowsy indolence over a sea of undulating tile roofs, on either side an uneven aisle of faded stucco façades, running the whole gamut of pinks and grays, and strung along this luminous background innumerable exquisite wrought-iron balconies, festooned by multicolored washing flapping idly in the soft salt air that rings with the clear laughter of children peeping at you through their dainty screen of iron ornament.

Such may be your first impression of one phase of Charleston, but her moods are infinite; and, as you press on, you are thrilled with a sense of the endless variety and superabundance of beauty that lures you in a zigzag course across the city, fearful that something may escape you; here, standing on some deserted wharf listening to the distant singing of negroes, syncopating their movements as they shell oysters in the factory above, or retreating into the cool shade of a renaissance arcade to drink in the quiet vista of Tradd Street, its roofs a sea of deep amber tiles, its walls glowing with golden stucco. Reflect this luminous mass of molten gold in a canal, add a few fruit-boats for a foreground, and you have Venice.

Yet within a day's journey from New York, this graceful colonial city of roses, with its dim, half-forgotten gardens, where one might think the old resident had spent his idle hours improvising in stucco and sketching in iron, is only beginning to be discovered by the tourist, and is still shunned by the artist, whose instinctive, æsthetic flunkeyism sends him to Dordrecht or Venice, to grope about for a mildewed motive worked threadbare by generations of painters.

I had come to Charleston with no serious purpose,—not to study its history or its legends, as graceful as you will find this beautiful land over, nor its churches

and secluded graveyards worthy of Grey's *Elegy*. I came merely to etch: to impede the traffic by opening a three-legged stool in odd corners, attracting the negroes, the flies, and those nondescript drifters who congregate to watch you rid yourself of an impression with the aid of a small needle on a copper plate; to lose myself in the intricacies of this Elysium, pausing to jot down in my sketch-book rough notes on the quaint piazzas, superposed and treated with Ionic orders below and Corinthian above; or stopping with a thrill to pull myself up and peep shamelessly over some stucco wall into the privacy of a Charleston garden, its sundial tufted with ivy, and its piazzas a fluttering array of golden trumpet-flowers. Any room taken at random in this Arcadia entrenches an etcher in an inexhaustible wealth of material. I therefore turn to a policeman—

"Just around the co-nah there is a place with Ionic capitals where you will be very comfortable."

One gasps at the policeman's erudition until he remembers that this is a city where a man's childhood may be spent playing hide and seek behind the best of the orders; his courtship discreetly conducted in the lee of a great Corinthian column; in later life elbowing daily the posts of his own classic portico. It is therefore not surprising that even an untutored layman in Charleston is apt to know and appreciate an architectural order when he sees it.

So I locate the house by its mighty row of columns, looking out over the sea, and by a cow—a topographical afterthought of the policeman—grazing on the lawn, doing likewise. There is a distinction to this old mansion that wins you over immediately, and emphasizes the questionable taste of a few of the modern encroachments along East Battery.

Its bricks are now mellow with age, and the two wrought-iron balconies, each



HOME OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY

Etched by C. H. White.

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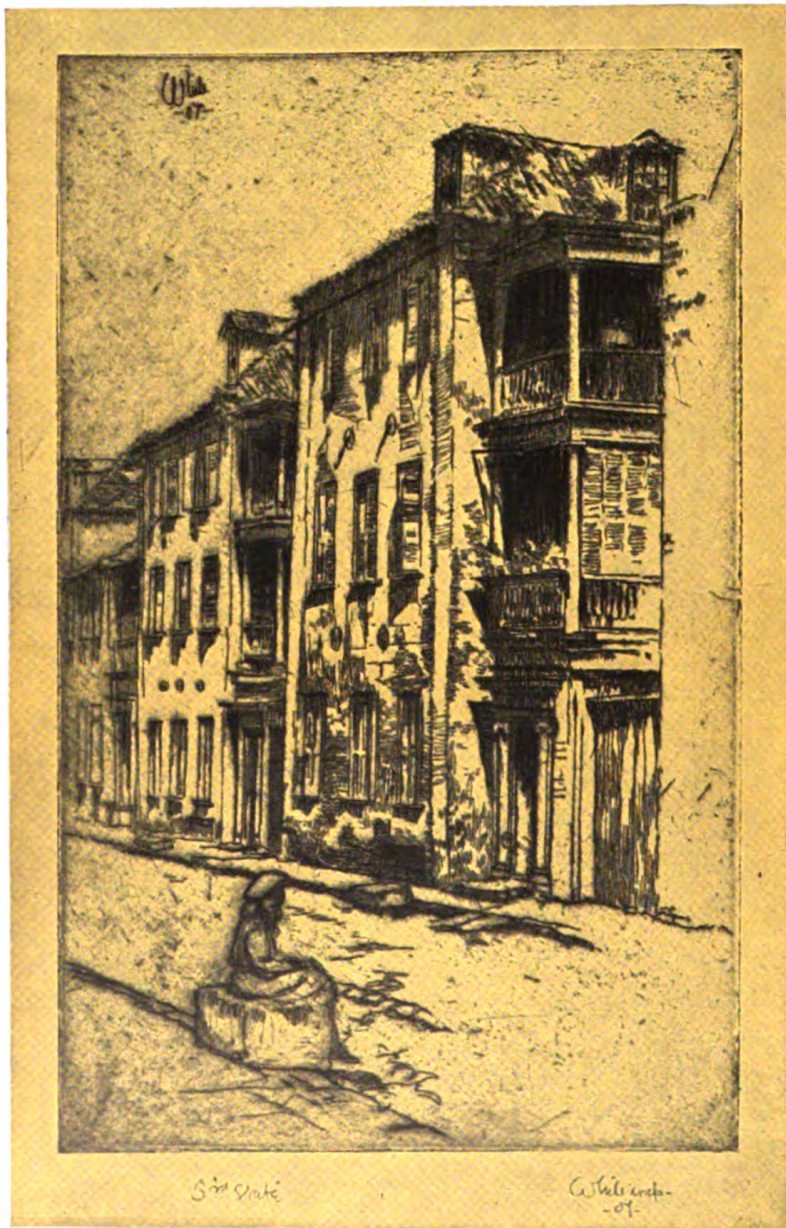
treated with a rondelle, are large enough for one to sit in comfortably, almost overhanging the water, and watch the lingering rays of the sun sift over the

I shall therefore confine myself to stating that a graceful staircase of black cypress takes a great sweep into a lofty hall above, where, in the gloomy recesses behind heavy portières, there is a picture-gallery, locked and sealed these many years, presenting pleasant material for speculation when you hear of a famous Romney — a Charleston family heirloom — being sold not so long ago under the stress of need for a small fortune.

On the floor above I paused for breath while the negress stopped to unlock a door.

Here at last is a place where a man may practise the art of living. Through the window you look out upon a sunny harbor, dotted at times with distant lumber-schooners, eastward bound under a full head of sail, to lose themselves over the horizon smudged with the smoke of outgoing steamers.

If I tire of this vista, one flight of stairs brings me down to Holloway, my companion at late breakfasts, who gave me the freedom of his chambers, consist-

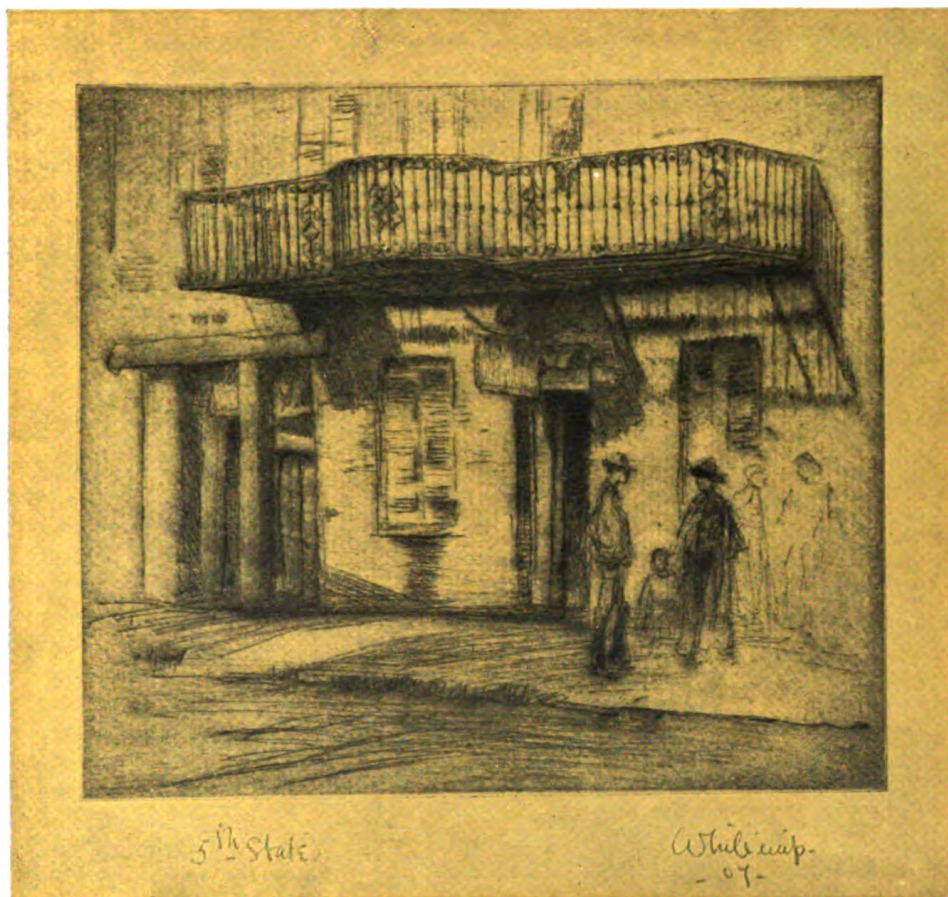


THE GLOWING STUCCO WALLS OF TRADD STREET

Etched by C. H. White

most delightful, the most wistful harbor in America. Just as you enter—but I am giving too much away. You may be a Philistine and unworthy to live here.





A NEGRO ENCROACHMENT

Etched by C. H. White

ing of two beautiful Georgian rooms, littered with books and rare prints, an undersized dog, a second-hand piano, a few old portraits, and an exceptionally good mahogany cellarette, about which a small group of stragglers gather at night when a musical member of the coterie seats himself at the piano.

On these evenings if you pass this way you may have heard a deep bass voice wishing you good-night from beneath the palmettos where a ragged silhouette is barely visible. Apart from his negro origin, revealed in the peculiar "timbre" of his voice, there was little upon which to form a reasonable hypothesis for his nightly vigils, until I hit upon it by accident late one moonlight night as I was homeward bound along the Battery.

A great luminous expanse of water stretched like a sea of silver as far as

the eye could follow, into the East, mirroring in its depths the port and star-board lights of a distant fleet of schooners—motionless at their moorings—barely perceptible in the envelopment of the evening. Nothing disturbed the thrilling silence save the distant song of some benighted negro as he rowed for the Cooper River, wailing his spontaneous invocation to the night, and leaving in his wake a thin ripple of silver.

As I rounded the corner, the sonorous cadences of a Chopin ballad told me that the musical member had dropped in at Holloway's, and prompted me to pause and hear the selection out beneath the magnolias. I was tiptoeing about, selecting a suitable trunk to lean against, when my attention was attracted by something beneath Holloway's balcony.

It was the figure of a man whose legs



and arms dangled loose and disjointed as if his body were suspended by an invisible cord to the balcony above. As I stole nearer, carefully obliterating myself in

rags as he shuffled his feet in amazing syncopated rhythms, dancing himself out of his hat into a dripping perspiration, till the final chord resounding above

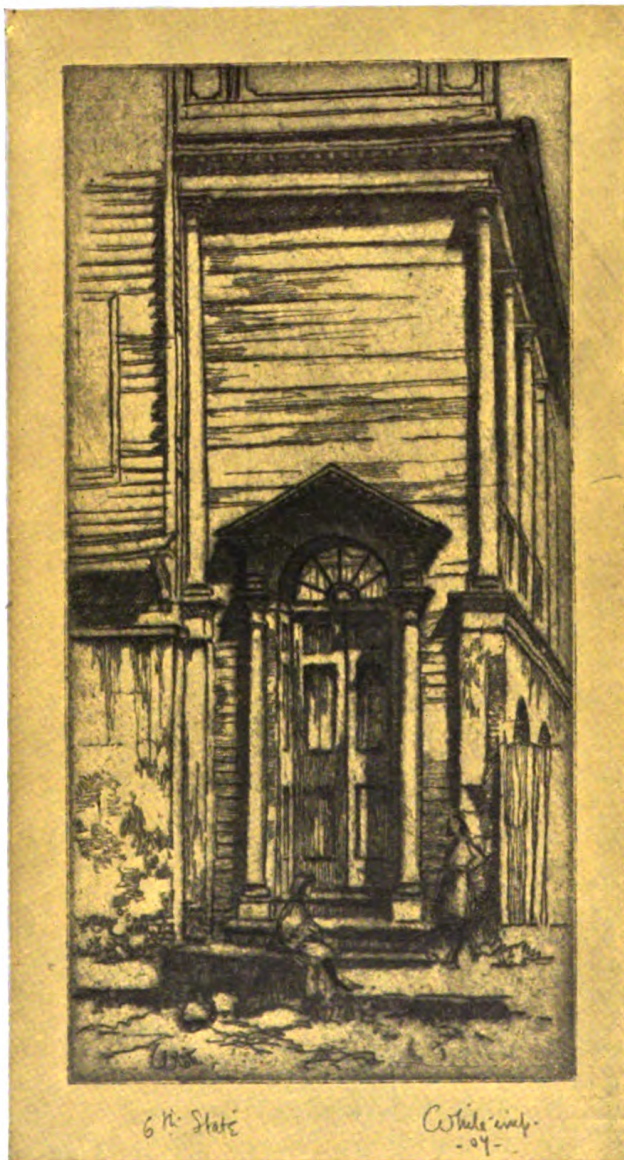
brought his big feet down with a delirious whack that sent the echoes hurtling along the weather-beaten walls into the glimmering void above.

I stepped out to say something to him just as a policeman passed, going his rounds. "Keep a-movin', niggah," was all the guardian of the peace had to offer, and the colored enigma vanished into the night.

This innate, uncontrollable craving of the negro for rhythm is nowhere better exemplified than in a colored barber's manipulation of an ordinary democratic whisk-broom. You may think that you have been whisked in New York, but the best of our boot-blacks and barber's assistants merely brush your trousers from the knee down, with a few conventional, cold movements, and a perfunctory pass at your collar. Their whisking is at best a calculating, soulless business proposition. But in Charleston all this is changed. To be sure, your negro begins brushing you with a sordid end—the tip—in view; but the moment he begins a prelude with his whisk on your coat lapels, his work, like that of the artist, becomes the labor of love. He loses sight of its commercial possibilities in its technical resources. In his

hands it is manipulated until it becomes a vehicle of expression and takes its place among the instruments of percussion.

If you show even a moderate interest in the skill with which the colored apprentice drums the dust out of your

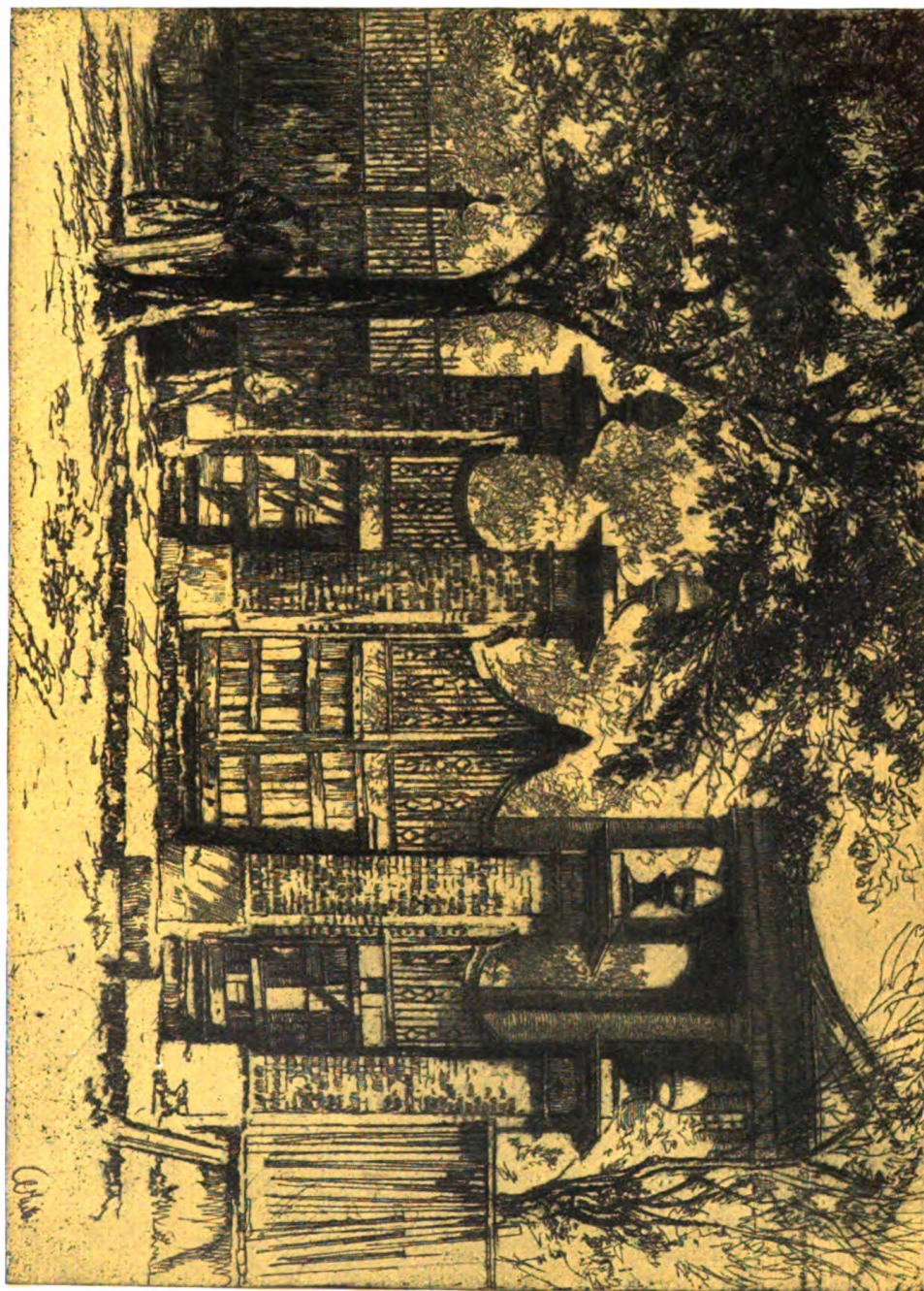


CHARLESTON PIAZZA

Etched by C. H. White

the deep shadow of the trees, I recognized in this solitary shuffling figure my negro of the deep bass voice. As the ballad, issuing from the window above, flooded the night with swelling crescendos, he swayed from head to foot, flapping his





STANDING IN DIGNITY BEHIND ITS TOTTERING GATES

Etched by C. H. White



clothing, the proprietor will leave his customer with his face buried beneath a sea of suds, snatch the whisk away from the boy with a "Go 'way, chile," and reveal the possibilities of the implement. Your collar-bone will be approached with a capriccioso movement that will soon shape itself into an allegro non troppo as he reaches your shoulders. In the variegated rhythms that follow in quick succession you unconsciously formulate well-remembered airs. As he reached my ribs, for an instant he was agitato, and I thought I traced Schumann's delightful "I'll ne'er complain"—only for a moment, for he had shifted to elaborate double syncopations. This time the tempo was unmistakable:—"I don't care if yo' nevah come back,"—but doubtless realizing the inappropriateness of the selection, he drifted gracefully into a delirious and exquisite bit of rag-time, drumming as he whistled in a faint pianissimo, "Every li'l bit helps," softly hissing the melody after the manner of a groom when he uses the curry-comb on a horse.

Indeed, as the thing progressed, I became conscious of the fact that I was beginning to feel like a horse, and possibly might look so, to pedestrians as they passed.

Every artifice, every combination in the art of syncopated drumming seemed to have been exhausted as he went flip-flap, pit-a-pat over my person till he reached my abdomen, where he varied things with a tremolo that con amore, and I thought I detected the opening movement of Grieg's "Ich liebe dich"; but in the excitement and nervous exaltation of the moment this may have been a foolish delusion. I soon realized that he still held in reserve the magnificent resources of an unlimited technique when he approached my legs, which are thin and wiry, and made them vibrate to a sustained and furious agitato movement, in which he dropped each third beat, catching himself a resounding slap on his stomach, ostensibly to shake the dust from the whisk, but actually to vary his orchestration with a round, mellow tone. Now he was working his feet against his hands in a sort of rhythmical counterpoint, and the entire force of employees shuffled about, moving their razors in unison.

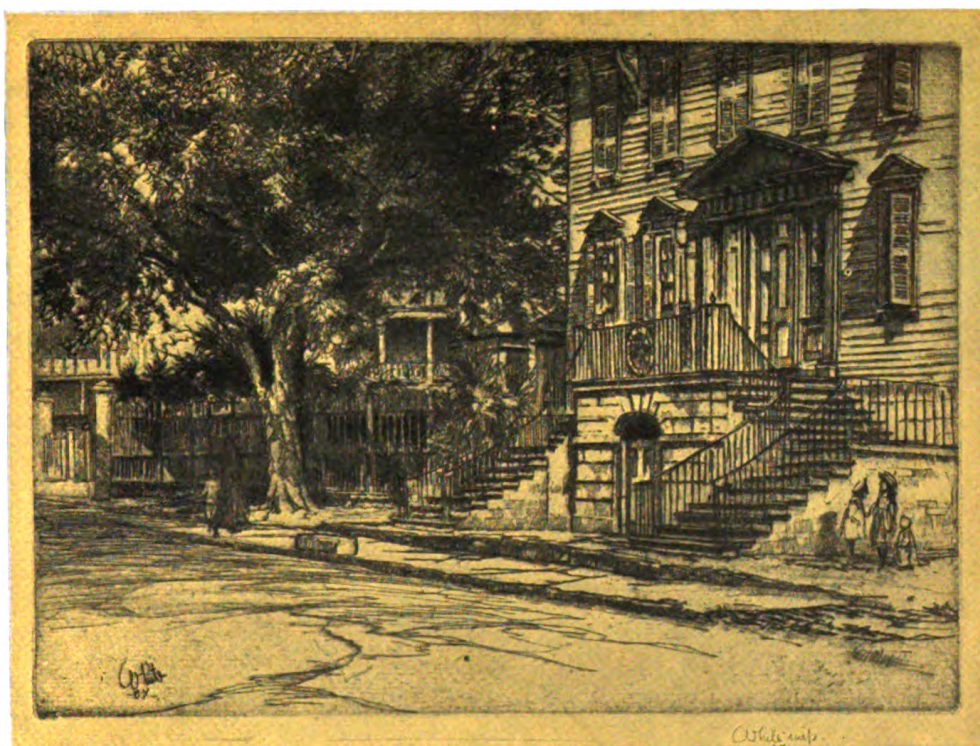
I felt the climax coming. In the cloud of dust enveloping me I caught a fleeting glimpse of the maestro's shiny pate and heard him wheezing for breath. I steadied myself, while my hat rocked about at a perilous angle as he beat a fortissimo



A BIT OF STATE STREET

Etched by C. H. White





QUAINT OLD-TIME DOORWAYS WITH THEIR SLENDER RAILINGS

Etched by C. H. White

between my shoulder-blades to the time-worn: "First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Now I can say I am whisked!

The Englishman who occupied the chair next to mine was about due for a brushing, so I stopped to light a cigarette and see how I must have looked. But when Rufus toyed with an exquisite little rhythm on his neck, as a forerunner to better things, the soulless stranger cut him short with:

"Oh, I say, my man, caunt y' stop that evahlawsting drumming and brush me off a bit, don't y' know? I've got to catch a train."

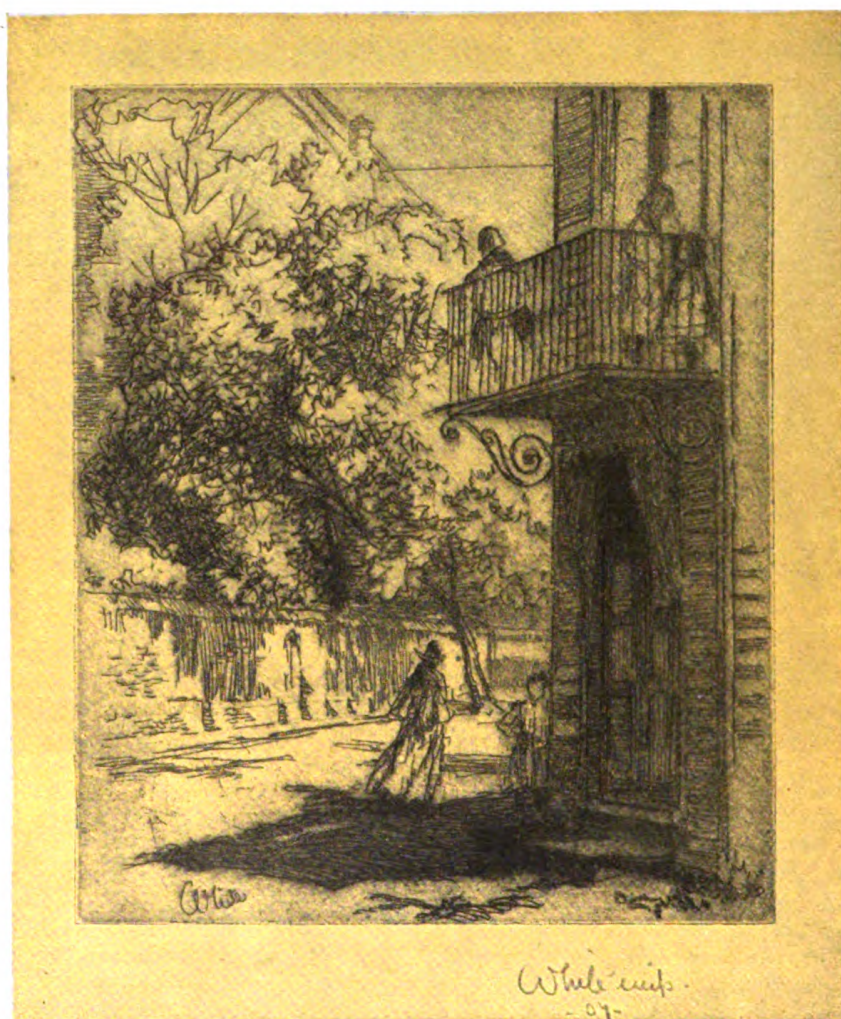
Which merely goes to show that in the arts, the higher a man aspires, the smaller he finds the zone of an appreciative public.

But time flies in old Charles Town, and my return ticket stares me in my face like an impending ban of excommunication. The lovely vistas of faded stucco, the secluded gardens run wild with roses, each exquisite portico flut-

tering with exotic flowers, that nod to me on terms of intimacy in my daily rambles, must be renounced.

And as the hour of this renunciation approaches, I find myself returning once more to satiate myself with the unobtrusive beauty of familiar corners. Again I mount the wrought-iron staircase to the old mansion facing the water, which I visited first at the end of a day's work, ascending the sweep of stairs to pull a highly polished brass knob which brought, a moment later, an old antebellum negro butler, in a white-duck jacket with pearl buttons, who with great dignity—a dernier-régime manner carefully appropriated from his master—led me into a vast hallway interspaced with Corinthian pilasters, and thence up a stairway past a high Palladian window through which one caught a glimpse of a quiet garden glowing with heavy clusters of ripe oranges relieved against a pink and white mist of azaleas. From the spacious landing above, where in the old days an orchestra played, while be-





CORNER OF OLD CHARLESTON

Etched by C. H. White

low the young people glided through the candle-lit hall, one has access to a great reception-room panelled to the ceiling.

To attempt to catch Charleston's peculiar flavor were as futile as to describe the perfume of a flower. Its charm is insidious, and once under its influence Charleston becomes a habit. Thus many a balcony room is occupied by some ensnared visitor, who thinks he is just passing through as he lingers year after year, unable to renounce the roses, the balconies with their rows of flower-pots glowing with geraniums, the long unfrequented walks by the river at sunset.

Shortly before leaving Charleston, Holloway and I were returning, late

one evening, from a section along the river hitherto unexplored by me, when an old residence at the corner well screened by a heavy magnolia caught my attention.

Holloway became reminiscent. "If you had told any of the German musical world of the late seventies that their most noted tenor and exponent of Wagner title rôles would be quietly spending his old age watering his peach-trees and training his grape-vines in an old Charleston garden, they would have been incredulous. Yet here he is, merely another instance of those chance visitors we were speaking of who come for a night and are held indefinitely. He

may be at home now; if you like, we can cross over."

A few steps across the encroachment of railroad tracks, that have destroyed the character of a once distinguished neighborhood, brought us to the garden. Holloway peeped over the fence and beckoned to me. Half hidden by a rustling canopy of foliage an elderly colossus stood absorbed in stringing his vines overhead, after the fashion of an Italian garden. His hair and beard were silver gray, yet the fulness of his massive neck and the clean-cut, muscular frame seemed to speak him an elderly athletic gentleman of distinguished antecedents, magnificently preserved for his three-score years.

He was humming softly to himself as he caught up vines here and there to arrange them in festoons along his shady piazzas; and, as he approached us, I recognized the "Evening Star" song from Tannhäuser; at first almost inaudible, but as he continued, the poetry of this fine Charleston evening seemed to carry him with it till his voice soared in rich sonorous tones that echoed along the quiet piazzas and awakened a mocking-bird in the depths of his magnolia.

Holloway chuckled.

In an instant the song ceased. With a hearty roar of laughter the singer took the steps of his piazza two at a time, and a moment later grasped my hand.

"This was good of you to wander into this wilderness to visit an old man singing in his garden." He laughed as he led us through a spacious hallway, whose walls were hung with innumerable oil sketches—some rough notes, others of exceptional interest—done by him at odd moments during his professional career.

"They are only for myself," he explained apologetically, dismissing them all with a peremptory wave of his arm. "A divertissement for me in my travels."

In the large salon adjoining the piazza there was hardly a spot on the walls where some canvas did not commemorate an important musical event of the late "seventies." The itinerary of the first Wagner Opera Company to enter Italy, in which he sang the title rôles, could

be traced distinctly in the dusty paintings rambling in uneven procession above his piano. Even London with her veil of blue mist was represented in a few impressions he had managed to record between rehearsals at the time he sang the rôle of Rienzi at its première.

But among all these paintings I still call to mind an especially fine Bavarian landscape, that stood out clearly among the others, by the delicate tenderness with which he had rendered a mediæval stronghold with draw-bridge and embattlements towering defiantly above a quiet valley, encircled by distant wooded hills, shimmering in the fine midsummer light that sifted over tower and gables, gilding each pinnacle with burnished gold.

"It is Castle Eisenach," he explained, flipping the dust off its surface with his handkerchief. "Grimm, in his fairy-tales, describes the tower-room accurately. Is it not a curious thing that by playing the rôle of Tannhäuser, and at times Wolfram, for that matter, I was able to buy the castle where, in 1205, Wolfram von Eschenbach wrote Parsifal?"

"You still own it?" I gasped.

"Yes," he replied, simply. "But it is quite a tax on me to keep it up now."

Later, as we sat tilting our chairs on the broad piazza, his son, a young German army officer on leave of absence, appeared, and as the shadows lengthened the old gentleman drifted into reminiscences, revealing with many a racy idiom the comedy lurking behind the scene of the grand-opera tragedy, or chuckling as he recalled the eccentricities of von Bülow, who, when the ballet-girls supplied him by the Hamburg Opera House were too fat and bulky, would bring this to the notice of the management, at the same time gratifying his Teutonic sense of humor by increasing the tempo of the orchestra during rehearsals, and screaming: "Faster! Faster!" until they fell exhausted on the stage.

As I write, I can still see this fine old gentleman standing in his portico at dusk, a romantic figure among his roses, waving us a hearty "aufwiedersehen."



# The Great Day

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

OLD Billy Gude strode slowly into the kitchen, where his wife bent over the stove. Just inside the door he stopped, and chewed meditatively upon the toothpick in his mouth. His wife turned presently to look at him.

"What are you grinning at?" she asked, pleasantly.

Billy did not answer. Instead he sat down in his arm-chair and lifted his feet to the window-sill.

"Won't you speak, or can't you?" demanded Mrs. Gude.

When he still did not respond, she gravely pushed her frying-pan to the back of the stove, and went toward the door. Before her hand touched the latch, however, Billy came to himself.

"Abbie!" he said.

"I can't stop now," answered Mrs. Gude. "I gave you your chance to tell what you got to tell. Now you can wait till I come home."

"You'll be sorry."

Mrs. Gude looked back. Her husband still grinned.

"You're crazy," she said, with conviction, and went out.

An instant later she reopened the door. Billy was executing a *pas seul* in the middle of the floor.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded, in affright.

Billy paused long enough to wink at her.

"You better go do your errand, Abbie."

Abbie seized him by the arm.

"What is the matter?"

Then Billy's news refused longer to be retained.

"There's a great day comin'," he said, solemnly. "The President of the United States is comin' here on Decoration Day to see the battle-field."

"What of that?" said Abbie, scornfully. "It won't do you no good. He'll come in the morning in an automobile,

an' he'll scoot round the field with Jakie Barsinger a-settin' on the step tellin' lies, an' you can see him go by."

"See him go by nothin'," said Billy. "That's where you're left. He's comin' in the mornin' on a special train, an' he's goin' to be driven round the field, an' he's goin' to make a speech at the nostrum"—thus did Billy choose to pronounce rostrum—"an'—"

"And Jakie Barsinger will drive him over the field and to the nostrum, and you can sit and look on."

"That's where you're left again," mocked Billy. "I, bein' the oldest guide, an' the best knowed, an' havin' held Mr. Lincoln by the hand in '63, an' havin' driven all the other big guns what come here till automobiles an' Jakie Barsinger come in, I am selected to do the drivin' on the great day."

Mrs. Gude sat down heavily on a chair near the door.

"Who done it, Billy?"

"I don't know who done it," Billy answered. "An' I don't care. Some of the galoots had a little common sense for once."

"Why did they do it?" gasped Mrs. Gude.

"Why?" repeated Billy. "Why? Because when you get people to talk about a battle, it's better to have some one what saw the battle, an' not some one what was in long clothes. I guess they were afraid Jakie might tell something wrong. You can't fool this President."

"I mean, what made 'em change now?" went on Abbie. "They knew this long time that Jakie Barsinger was dumb."

"I don't know, an' I don't care. I only know that I'm goin' to drive the President. I heard Lincoln make his speech in '63, an' I drove Everett an' Sickles an' Howard an' Curtin, and this President's father, an' then"—Billy's voice shook—"then they said I was gettin' old, an' Jakie Barsinger an' all the

chaps get down at the station an' yell an' howl like Piute Indians, an' they get the custom, an' the hotels tell the people I had an accident with an automobile. Automobiles be dangblasted!"

Mrs. Gude laid a tender hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you cry," she said.

Billy dashed the tears from his eyes.

"I ain't cryin'. You go on with your errand."

Mrs. Gude put on her sunbonnet again. She had no errand, but it would not do to admit it.

"Not if you're goin' to hop round like a loony."

"I'm safe for to-day, I guess. Besides, my legs is give out."

Left alone, Billy rubbed one leg, then the other.

"G'lang there," he said, presently, his hands lifting a pair of imaginary reins. "Mr. President, hidden here among the trees an' bushes waited the foe; here—" Before he had finished he was asleep. He was almost seventy years old, and excitement wearied him.

For forty years he had shown visitors over the battle-field. At first his old horse had picked his way carefully along the old lanes and across the fields; of late, however, his handsome grays had trotted over fine avenues. The horses knew the route of travel as thoroughly as did their master. They drew up before the National Monument, on the turn of the Bloody Angle, and at the summit of Little Round Top without the least guidance.

"There ain't a stone or a bush I don't know; there ain't a tree or a fence post."

Presently, however, came a creature which neither they nor Billy knew. It dashed upon them one day with infernal



"YOU'RE CRAZY," SHE SAID, WITH CONVICTION

tooting on the steep curve of Culp's Hill, and neither they nor Billy were prepared. He sat easily in his seat, the lines loose in his hands, while he described the charge of the Louisiana Tigers.

"From yonder they came," he said. "Up there, a-creepin' through the bushes,

an' then a-dashin', an' down on 'em came—"

And then Billy knew no more. The automobile was upon them; there was a crash as the horses whirled aside into

singer had his place, and Jakie would not move. He was of a new generation of guides, who made up in volubility what they lacked in knowledge.

For weeks Billy continued to drive to the station. He had enlisted the services of a visiting chauffeur, and his horses were now accustomed to automobiles.

"I tamed 'em," he said to Abbie. "I drove 'em up to it, an' round it, an' past it. An' he snorted it, an' tooted it, an' brought it at 'em in front an' behind. They're as calm as pigeons."

Nevertheless, trade did not come back. Jakie Barsinger had become the recognized guide for the guests at the Palace, and John Harris for those at the Keystone, and it was always from the hotels that the best patronage came.

"Jakie Barsinger took the Secretary of War round the other day," the old man would say, tearfully, to his wife, "an' he made a fool of himself. He don't know a brigade from a company. An' he grinned at me—he grinned at me!"

Abbie did her best to comfort him.

"Perhaps some of the old ones what used to have you will come back."

"An' if they do," said Billy, "the clerk

at the Palace 'll tell 'em I ain't in the business, or I was in a accident, or that I'm dead. I wouldn't put it past 'em to tell 'em I'm dead."

Robbed of the occupation of his life, which was also his passion, Billy grew rapidly old. Abbie listened in distress



HE WAS OF A NEW GENERATION

the underbrush, another as the carriage turned turtle, then a succession of shrieks. No one was seriously hurt, however, but Billy himself. When, weeks later, he went back to his old post beside the station platform, where the guides waited the arrival of trains, Jakie Bar-

as, sitting alone, he declaimed his old speeches.

"Here on the right they fought with clubbed muskets. Here—"

Often he did not finish, but dozed wearily off. There were times when it seemed that he could not long survive.

Now, however, he seemed to have taken a new lease on life. No longer did he sit sleepily all day on the porch or by the stove. He began to frequent his old haunts, and he assumed his old proud attitude toward his rivals.

Mrs. Gude did not share his unqualified elation.

"Something might happen," she said, fearfully.

"Nothin' could happen," rejoined Billy, scornfully, "unless I died. An' then I wouldn't care. But I hope the Lord won't let me die." Billy said it as though it were a prayer. "I'm goin' to set up once more an' wave my whip at 'em, with the President of the United States beside me. No back seat for him! Colonel Mott said the President 'd want to sit on the front seat. An' he said he'd ask questions. 'Let him ask,' I said. 'I ain't afraid of no questions nobody can ask. No s'tistics, nor manœuvres, nor—'"

"But Jakie Barsinger might do you a mean trick."

"There ain't nothin' he *can* do. Mott said to me, 'Be on time, Gude, bright an' early.'" Then Billy's voice sank to a whisper. "They're goin' to stop the train out at the sidin' back of the Seminary, so as to fool the crowd. They'll be waitin' in town, an' we'll be off an' away. An' by an' by we'll meet Jakie with a load of jays. Oh, it 'll be—it 'll be immense!"

Through the weeks that intervened before the 30th of May, Abbie watched him anxiously. Each day he exercised the horses, grown fat and lazy; each day he went over the long account of the battle, as though he could forget what was part and parcel of himself. His eyes grew brighter, and there was a flush on his old cheeks. The committee of arrangements lost their fear that perhaps they had been unwise in appointing him.

"Gude's just as good as he ever was," said Colonel Mott. "It wouldn't do to let the President get at Barsinger. If

you stop him in the middle of a speech, he has to go back to the beginning." Then he told a story of which he never grew weary. "'Here on this field lay ten thousand dead men,' says Barsinger. 'Ten thousand dead men, interspersed with one dead lady.' No; Billy Gude's all right."

Colonel Mott sighed with relief. The planning for a President's visit was no light task. There were arrangements to be made with the railroad companies, the secret service men were to be stationed over the battle-field, there were to be trustworthy guards, a programme was to be made out for the afternoon meeting at which the President was to speak.

The night before the 30th Abbie did not sleep. She heard Billy talking softly to himself.

"Right yonder, Mr. President, they came creepin' through the bushes; right yonder—" Then he groaned heavily, and Abbie shook him awake.

"I was dreamin' about the automobile," he said, confusedly. "I—oh, ain't it time to get up?"

At daylight he was astir, and Abbie helped him dress. His hand shook and his voice trembled as he said good-by.

"You better come to the window an' see me go past," he said; then, "What you cryin' about, Abbie?"

"I'm afraid somethin's goin' to happen," sobbed the old woman. "I'm afraid—"

"Afraid!" he mocked. "Do you think, too, that I'm old an' wore out an' no good? You'll see!"

And, defiantly, he went out.

Half an hour later he drove to the siding where the train was to stop. A wooden platform had been built beside the track, and on it stood Colonel Mott and the rest of the committee.

"Drive back there, Billy," Colonel Mott commanded. "Then when I signal to you, you come down here. And hold on to your horses. There's going to be a Presidential salute. As soon as that's over we'll start."

Billy drew back to the side of the road. Evidently, through some mischance, the plans for the President's reception had become known, and there was a rapidly increasing crowd. On the slope of the hill a battery of artillery awaited the

word to fire. Billy sat straight, his eyes on his horses' heads, his old hands gripping the lines. He watched with pride the marshal waving all carriages back from the road. Only he, Billy Gude, had the right to be there. *He* was to drive the President. The great day had come. He chuckled aloud, not noticing that just back of the marshal stood Jakie Barsinger's fine new carriage, empty save for Jakie himself.

Presently the old man sat still more erect. He heard, clear above the noise of the crowd, a distant whistle—that same whistle for which he had listened daily when he had the best place beside the station platform. The train was rounding the last curve. In a moment more it would come slowly to view out of the fatal railroad cut, whose forty-year-old horrors Billy could describe so well.

The fields were black now with the crowd, the gunners watched their captain, and slowly the train drew in beside the bright pine platform. At the door of the last car appeared a tall and sturdy figure, and ten thousand huzzas made the hills ring. Then a thunder of guns awoke echoes which, like the terror-stricken cries from the railroad cut, had been silent forty years. Billy, listening, shivered. The horror had not grown less with his repeated telling.

He leaned forward now, watching for Colonel Mott's uplifted hand; he saw him turn, and then— From behind he heard a cry, and turned to look; then he swiftly swung Dan and Bess in toward the fence. A pair of horses, maddened by the noise of the firing, dashed toward him. He heard women scream, and thought, despairing, of Abbie's prophecy. There would not be room for them to pass. After all, he would not drive the President. Then he almost sobbed in his relief. They were safely by. He laughed grimly. It was Jakie Barsinger with his fine new carriage. Then Billy clutched the reins again. In the short glimpse he had caught of Jakie Barsinger, he did not seem frightened nor disturbed. Nor did he seem to make any effort to hold his horses in. Billy stared into the cloud of dust which followed him. What did it mean? And as he stared the horses stopped, skilfully drawn in by Jakie Barsinger's firm hand

beside the yellow platform. The cloud of dust thinned a little, and Billy saw plainly now. Into the front seat of the tourist's carriage, beside Jakie Barsinger himself, climbed the President of the United States. Billy rose in his seat.

"Colonel Mott!" he called, frantically. "Colonel Mott!"

But no one heeded. If any one heard, they thought it was but another cheer. The crowd swarmed down to the road now, shouting, huzzaing, here and there a man or a girl pausing to steady a camera on a fence post, here and there a child swung to its father's shoulder.

"Where is the President?" they asked, and Billy heard the answer.

"There, there! Look! By Jakie Barsinger!"

The old man's hands dropped, and he sobbed. It had all been so neatly done: the pretence of a runaway, the confusion of the moment, Colonel Mott's excitement—and the crown of his life was gone.

Long after the crowd had followed in the dusty wake of the long carriage he turned his horses toward home. A hundred tourists had begged him to take them over the field, but he had silently shaken his head. He could not speak. Dan and Bess trotted briskly, mindful of the cool stable toward which their heads were set, and they whinnied eagerly at the stable door. They stood there for half an hour, however, before their master clambered down to unharness them. He talked to himself feebly, and, when he had finished, went out, not to the house, where Abbie, who had watched Jakie Barsinger drive by, waited in an agony of fear, but down the street, and out by quiet alleys and lanes to the National Cemetery. Sometimes he looked a little wonderingly toward the crowded main streets, not able to recall instantly why the crowd was there, then remembering with a rage which shook him to the soul. Fleeting, futile suggestions of revenge dashed upon him—a loosened nut in Jakie Barsinger's swingle-tree or a cut trace—and were repelled with horror which hurt as much as the rage. All the town would taunt him now. Why had he not turned his carriage across the road and stopped Jakie Barsinger in his wild dash? It





*Drawn by R. Shrader*

HE LOOKED WONDERINGLY TOWARD THE CROWDED MAIN STREETS



FOR THE MOMENT HE WAS THE GREAT MAN

would have been better to have been killed than to have lived to this.

Around the gate of the cemetery a company of cavalry was stationed, and within new thousands waited. It was afternoon now, and almost time for the trip over the field to end and the exercises to begin. As Billy passed through the crowd, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Thought you were going to drive the President," said a loud voice.

Billy saw for an instant the strange faces about him, gaping, interested to hear his answer.

"I ain't nobody's coachman," he said, coolly, and walked on.

"They ain't goin' to get a rise out of me," he choked. "They ain't goin' to get a rise out of me."

He walked slowly up the wide avenue, and presently sat down on a bench. He was tired to death, and his head nodded, and presently dropped to his breast, regardless of blare of band and shouting of men and roll of carriage wheels. There was a song, and then a prayer, but Billy did not hear until the great speech was almost over. Then he opened

his eyes drowsily, and saw the throng gathered round the wistaria-covered rostrum, from which the President was speaking. Billy sprang up. At least he would hear the speech. Nobody could cheat him out of that. He pushed his way through the crowd, which, seeing his white hair, opened easily enough. Then he stood trembling, all his wrong rushing over him again at sight of the great and friendly figure. He was to have sat beside him, to have talked with him! He rubbed a weak hand across his eyes. Suddenly he realized that the formal portion of the speech was over, the President was saying now a short farewell.

"I wish to congratulate the commission which has made of this great field so worthy a memorial to those who died here. I wish to express my gratification to the citizens of this town for their interest in the preservation of the field, and their extraordinary knowledge of the complicated tactics of the battle. Years ago my interest was aroused by hearing my father tell of a visit here, and of the vivid story of a guide—his name, I think, was William Gude. I—"

"His name, I think," old Billy repeated, dully. "His name, I think, was William Gude."

It was a few seconds before the purport of it reached his brain. Then he raised both arms, unaware that the speech was ended and that the crowd had begun to cheer.

"Oh, Mr. President," he called, "my name is William Gude!" His head swam. They were turning away; they did not hear. "My name is William Gude," he said again, pitifully. The crowd, pressing toward Jakie Barsinger's carriage, into which the President was stepping, carried him with them. They looked about them questioningly; they could see Colonel Mott, who was at the President's side, beckoning to some one; who it was they could not tell. Then above the noise they heard him call.

"Billy Gude!" he shouted. "Billy—"

"It's me!" said Billy. He stared, blinking, at Colonel Mott and at the President.

Colonel Mott laid his hand on his shoulder. He had been trying to invent a suitable punishment for Jakie Barsinger. No more custom should come to him through the commission.

"The President wants you to ride down to the station with him, Billy," he said. "He wants to know whether you remember his father."

As in a dream, Billy climbed into the carriage. The President sat on the rear seat now, and Billy was beside him.

"I remember him like yesterday," he

said. "I remember what he said an' how he looked, an'—" the words crowded upon each other as eagerly as the President's questions, and Billy forgot all save them—the cheering crowd, the wondering, envious eyes of his fellow citizens; he did not even remember that Jakie Barsinger was driving him, Billy Gude, and the President of the United States together. Once he caught a glimpse of Abbie's frightened face, and he waved his hand and the President lifted his hat.

"I wish I could have known about you earlier in the day," said the President, as he stepped down at the railroad station. Then he took Billy's hand in his. "It has been a great pleasure to talk to you."

The engine puffed near at hand, there were other cheers from throats already hoarse with cheering, and the great man was gone, the great day over. For an instant Billy watched the train, his hand uplifted with a thousand other hands in a last salute to the swift-vanishing figure in the observation-car. Then he turned, to meet the unwilling eyes of Jakie Barsinger, helpless to move his carriage in the great crowd. For an instant his wrongs rushed upon him.

"Jakie," he began. Then he laughed. The crowd were listening open-mouthed. For the moment, now that the President was gone, he, Billy Gude, was the great man. He stepped nimbly into the carriage. "Coachman," he said, "you can drive home."

## Largesses

BY THOMAS WALSH

WHAT silver largesses are these  
That scatter from the almond-trees,—  
O beggars, cease your mirth and say—  
What little bride hath passed the way?

"Twas April, April," they replied,  
"The villagers have hailed as bride  
Whose silver largess glads us more  
Than all the Autumn's golden store."

# Causes of Expletives

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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OF the agencies which have led, and always will lead, to the employment of expletives, two are of surpassing importance. One is the desire to impart clearness to expression, the other to impart energy. These are influences which are always operating upon the minds of men. Necessarily they are largely responsible for the creation and retention of locutions of the nature indicated. The line of demarkation between them cannot, indeed, be always defined strictly, and sometimes cannot be defined at all. One can hardly make his meaning clearer without making it stronger. On the other hand, the addition of force usually causes the sense to be better comprehended. Consequently, the two agencies are never hostile; in truth, they often act so harmoniously together that it is no easy matter to decide which element is the stronger.

Let us select as an illustration one locution now regularly employed. In its formation the idea of contributing to perspicuity was unmistakably the controlling motive. This is the compound *prepaid*. The word came into general use in the first half of the nineteenth century in connection with the establishment of the penny postage. It excited the indignation of many verbal critics. Conspicuous among these was Albany Fonblanque, the then very able and influential editor of the *Examiner*. He was in the habit of applying various derogatory epithets both to the term itself and to the misguided beings who employed it. He spoke of it as being "in common and barbarous use." The *pre*, he asserted, added nothing but a superfluous syllable. It was in the following agreeable way that he gave an account of the origin of the word. "The barbarous surplusage," he wrote, "and as barbarous mongrel compound of *prepaid*

was introduced with the penny postage, and is in usage confined to it alone." All this and similar denunciation had not the slightest effect upon the fortunes of the term. No attention whatever seems to have been paid to the protests of the men criticising it; at all events, if they were heard, they were unheeded. The result is that men do not now even dream of the compound as being objectionable. So far from being aware that its propriety was ever questioned, most of them assume that it has come down unchallenged from some remote past. A very late formation precisely similar to *prepaid* is *postgraduate*. The preposition prefixed adds nothing to the status or character of the person so designated. A postgraduate is really nothing but a graduate. When the compound first came into use as the designation of a particular class of students, many there were who were much exercised in mind over its correctness. It is not a necessity; but it has maintained itself simply because it makes a little clearer to the comprehension of all what to many will seem already sufficiently clear.

But perhaps the commonest as well as the most illustrative of usages of this character, the predominant idea of which is the desire to impart clearness rather than force, is the employment of *from* before *hence*, *thence*, and *whence*. To the linguistic economist the use of the preposition with these words has long been a subject of sorrow, when it has not been one of denunciation. He has this justification for his feelings, that it conveys nothing to the mind which is not found, or at least implied, in the adverbs themselves. Yet it is equally true that almost from the very beginning the users of language seem to have felt the need of the preposition to bring out the meaning distinctly. These words came into the language—of course, the language of

literature is meant—as early at least as the latter half of the thirteenth century. They then terminated in the genitive suffix *-cs*, and had the forms *hennes*, *thennes*, *whennes*. The ending is now represented in our spelling by *-ce*. In the fourteenth century the practice began of reinforcing the sense of these adverbs by what is, strictly speaking, the unnecessary *from*. Were language constructed on pure business principles, the preposition would never have been introduced, or if ever, by any accident, introduced, would have been cast out with contumely. Yet, as a matter of fact, it has not only been always in use since its first appearance in these phrases, it has always been in the best of use. From the days of Wycliffe and Chaucer to those of Tennyson and Browning it can point to an unbroken line of great authors regularly employing it.

Not but protests have been frequently made against the practice. It began to be assailed about the middle of the eighteenth century—at least, I personally have never come across any earlier instances of attacks upon it. Even then Dr. Johnson seems to have been the only man of eminence who publicly censured it, though there were doubtless others who did so, pretty certainly in conversation, and possibly in print. He, however, made up for any conceivable reticence on the part of his contemporaries by the energy of his denunciation. In his Dictionary, which appeared in 1755, he bombarded these expressions with great vigor from the side of the three adverbs. Necessarily it was under the letter H that he had the first occasion to dilate upon their enormity. “From hence,” he wrote, “is a vicious expression which crept into use even among good authors, as the original force of the word *hence* was gradually forgotten.” The solitary example quoted was taken from Dryden, though it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for him to have found a reputable author in the language from whom he could not have cited several. When he came to *thence*, he gave still further vent to his feelings. “From thence,” he said, “is a barbarous expression, *thence* implying the same, yet it wants not good authority.” His quotations were taken from Shakespeare and Milton. Not content

with these denunciations, he attacked the idiom again under the third adverb. “From whence,” he wrote, “is a vicious mode of speech.” For this vicious mode of speech he gave examples from Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Perhaps it was forgetfulness, perhaps it was modesty, perhaps it was the plan of his work, that prevented him from citing, as a further authority for the barbarism, an author living in his own day. In his *Life of Savage*, Johnson had described the circumstances attending the death of Sinclair. He tells us that the three persons concerned in the affray were committed by the justices to the Gatehouse, “from whence . . . they were removed in the night to Newgate.”

In consequence of the censures of these locutions by the great literary autocrat of the time they were frequently subjected to denunciation in the periodical publications of the latter half of the eighteenth century. We are told by a writer in the *London Magazine* for 1783 that “no authority can give sanction to the use of so evident an impropriety.” Such words have a strangely familiar sound. But while attacks have been kept up more or less to our own time, they have never had any perceptible influence upon the fortunes of these phrases. Inferior men, with the fear of verbal critics before their eyes, may have been kept from employing them; but writers of eminence, following the practice of their great predecessors, have generally had no hesitation in resorting to them. Even those who may have refrained from using them have rarely, if ever, gone out of their way to join in the linguistic hue and cry against them. In my own reading I have never chanced to come across but one censure from such a quarter, and even then the condemnation was far from thoroughgoing. Poe, who was extremely finical upon matters of usage, in a review of the poems of Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, pointed out her employment of such locutions as of doubtful propriety. “The occasional use,” he wrote, “of phrases so questionable as ‘from whence’ was one of the very few blemishes we found in her style.” But the status and repute of these expressions, attacked as they have constantly been during the last hundred and fifty years, have never been noticeably dis-



turbed, and they seem as well established now in the best usage as at any time since the fourteenth century.

We have seen that Dr. Johnson did not scrupulously refrain from using the idiom he censured. His further remark under *hence*, that the original force of the adverb had been forgotten, would be the amplest possible justification for the accompaniment of the preposition. Had it been absolutely true, *from* would have been a necessity, and accordingly would have been used universally and not occasionally. Much more correct it would have been to say that the original force of the adverbs had largely faded from men's minds. It now depends a good deal upon circumstances whether the redundant preposition shall be employed in prose or not; the requirements of verse will always tend to preserve it in poetry. If there is felt to be the slightest weakness of the simple adverb in any particular passage, so that the attention must be directed to it specially, the reinforcing particle will pretty surely be added. Naturally, if it be used when it is considered necessary, it will also be used when there is no necessity. As an instance of what may be deemed the former, take the following sentence from the *Kidnapped* of Stevenson, in whose writings these particular expletive phrases occur frequently. "There were the tips of the mountains all round," the narrator is represented as saying, "from whence we might be spied at any moment." No one can doubt the meaning would have been comprehended if the preposition had been omitted. Yet most persons would be conscious that its absence would make the sentence unsatisfactory to the feelings, even were we to assume that its presence could not be justified to the understanding.

These are instances where the principal, if not the sole, reason for introducing the strictly unnecessary word has been to make the meaning unmistakably clear. But when we come to the joining of apparently unneeded particles to verbs, we are entering into a realm of the expletive which is not only peculiarly spacious, but one also in which the controlling motive for the formation of these locutions is often very difficult to ascertain. One would naturally assume that clearness

was the great end aimed at when the redundant adverb is joined to a compound derived from alien sources. In these the force of the foreign prefix would either not be felt at all by the ordinary users of speech, or would be felt but slightly. That such ignorance of the meaning of the primitive may have had an effect in extending the employment of some of these phrases is not absolutely impossible. The pages of some of the highest productions of our literature are crowded with locutions, for example, like *return back*, *recoil back*. Here the verb by itself conveys the idea fully. Still, it may be contended that, as *re* is a foreign prefix and not a native one, its sense of "back" does not come spontaneously to the minds of most men. As it is learned by us rather than bred in us, the feeling that its meaning should be strengthened by a native equivalent familiar to every one leads eventually to the adoption of this course.

This may be true, at least in a measure. Yet the signification of the great majority of verbs whose sense is thus strengthened is so familiar to those who use them at all that they comprehend them clearly without the help of any explanatory particle. When, in *Paradise Lost*, Moloch is represented as saying to the fallen angels that

"In our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat,"

no one who is capable of understanding the verb feels the need of *up* in order to understand the idea. So again in the magnificent apostrophe to light with which the third book of the same poem opens, Milton speaks of the heavenly muse as having taught him to venture down to the reign of Chaos and eternal Night, and "up to reascend." Here the second adverb is introduced, partly perhaps for rhetorical contrast with the first, but mainly to impart force and not comprehension. It can, therefore, hardly be maintained that even with foreign verbs the addition has been made of these particles simply for the purpose of contributing to clearness.

If difficult in their case, it becomes impossible in the case of verbs of native origin. In them, this idiomatic peculiarity is found much more frequently;

found, too, in the mouths of men of all classes and in writings of all grades. We say, constantly, a man rises *up*. What other way could he rise? He surely could not rise down nor rise aside. A similar and probably even a stronger example is found in *sit down*. Under ordinary conditions, no other method of sitting could be imagined. The phrase *sit down* is, perhaps, more common even than the corresponding *rise up*; and the omission of the expletive would at times jar upon our sense of the proprieties. Usages like these can never be defended merely upon the ground of their necessity; yet they are found in every work worth printing, and employed by every writer worth reading.

The expletive particle which is most commonly joined to verbs in order to reinforce the meaning seems to be *up*; though it has so many rivals that the assertion is somewhat venturesome. In the past it has been associated with words with which it is now seldom, if ever, found. On the other hand, it is now often joined to words with which it never appeared in the past. In *As You Like It*, Jaques is represented as declaring that the banished duke and his companions in the forest of Arden are themselves usurpers and tyrants, because they continue

"To fright the animals and kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place."

To us the intensive *up*, used here, seems superfluous; but it is essentially no more so than in plenty of locutions in which it is now found frequently. We say, without hesitation, *wash up*, *hurry up*, *light up*, *deliver up*; and the list could be largely extended. The possibilities of the employment of this particular word are, indeed, apparently limitless. At any moment it is likely to be connected with a new verb. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that there was nothing peculiar to Shakespeare in the usage of his just recorded. The Elizabethans, in fact, joined this adverb to a verb with a freedom, not to call it recklessness, which may have had its counterpart in other periods, but will not probably find in any of them a superiority. Greene, for instance, uses *soothe up*, *taunt up*, *honor up*, *feed up*, and like locutions. Often, as we have

seen, it is simply an intensive. It is, in truth, sometimes found where the contrast of it with a particle of opposite meaning makes it appear to modern ears curiously inappropriate. In the *Jew of Malta*, Marlowe represents Ithamore as saying of the wealth of his master Barabas that "he hides and buries it up . . . under the earth."

But *up*, if perhaps the most common of these theoretically unnecessary particles, is far from being the only one. We enter *into*, we continue *on*. We talk of following *after*, though generally there is no other way to go. We call *out* to a person if we expect to make him hear; but that is our only method of calling by the voice. Illustrations of such a sort could be given almost indefinitely. Phrases of this character are, indeed, constantly coming in and going out. They belong to the life and growth of language. The appearance of one expletive locution and the disappearance of another are due to causes which, save in individual cases, can hardly be explained. Take the once common junction of *all* and *whole* in the same clause. "God loved he best with all his whole heart," says Chaucer in his characterization of the Plowman. Scores of examples of this combination can be found in the literature of his time and of the times succeeding. In the opening scene of *Henry VIII.*, Buckingham declares that "all the whole time" he was a prisoner in his chamber while the meeting of the French and English kings took place in the vale of Andren. Daniel, the well-languaged, as he was called, in his *Civil Wars* represents Henry IV. as "bent all-wholly unto active worthiness." This is an example of expletive usage which has died out. If now employed, it would call forth comment from many and censure from some. Yet there is now making its way into the language another expletive locution, and the attacks it has received, while they have directed attention to it, have apparently deterred no one from its employment. It is the phrase *later on*. This seems to have come into use within a comparatively recent period. At least, the first instance of it I have chanced to observe is in Charles Lever's novel *Barrington*, which came out in 1864. There is every

reason to believe that it made its first appearance not only earlier, but a good deal earlier.

To go back to the example with which the first article opened. In the best usage, *an* and *upon* have been constantly employed interchangeably for several centuries. There are exceptions to this general statement, but they are exceptions based upon custom and not upon reason. It was clearly the conception of an upper surface that led to the combination of *up* and *on*. But in process of time the distinction between the simple and the compound preposition disappeared, and we now use the latter in plenty of cases where no idea of elevation enters. Walter Savage Landor, among his various and almost invariably wrong-headed speculations upon language, was outraged by this condition of things. He condescended to recognize the fact that the two words were, in general, employed indifferently in the best usage; but that was so much the worse for the usage. "Custom," he said, "is a rule for everything but contradiction." Precision and correctness must be secured at all hazards. Accordingly, we could say, "upon a tower"; but we must say, "on a marsh." "*Up*," he remarked, "whether we are attentive or inattentive, whether we have been a thousand times wrong or never, means somewhat high." Here turns up once more the ever-recurring fallacy of derivation controlling usage. There are cases, indeed, in which the substitution of one of these words for the other would seem unfitting. For example, we say he went "on foot," instead of "upon foot." But it is usage alone which makes the former expression strike us as preferable, not anything existing in the nature of things.

It is desirable, however, to distinguish between phrases which are really expletive and others which seem expletive but are not so. Let us begin with one of the former class which in these later days has become fairly familiar, at least in this country. It is the expression "Where are we at?" This came into general notice a few years ago in consequence of its employment by a delegate to a political convention. Owing to circumstances attending its utterance, its very linguistic impropriety not only ar-

rested the popular attention, but caused it to strike the popular fancy. In fact, the almost grotesque superfluity of the *at* so tickled the national sense of humor that men everywhere were led to adopt it in the language of slang; and from slang to good usage there is sometimes but a step. In this case that step has never been taken. An extension of its employment beyond the limits to which it is now confined is rendered improbable, because men seem to feel no need of it in serious utterance; for in their view it fails to impart additional clearness or force to what they have to say.

Yet it is by no means a new expression, though it has not been a common one. It has been heard at various times and in various places in the popular speech. Instances occasionally turn up in the past of its employment by persons who would not, indeed, be appealed to as authorities in usage, but who nevertheless stand out conspicuously among their fellows as men of action. It is Scott who, in his novel of *Old Mortality*, represents Graham of Claverhouse as telling his prisoner Morton that he had half a mind to contrive for him six months' imprisonment in order to procure him the pleasure of reading Froissart. The novelist intended by the remark to give to the reader a high opinion of the culture of the chieftain so hated of the Covenanters. He may have been fully warranted in so doing. Claverhouse is reported to have been fond of literature, and he certainly pursued his studies at the university of St. Andrews. Yet in an age when spelling had not assumed its present sacred character, he spelled abominably enough to shock the sensibilities of those ordinarily indifferent about the subject; and while he expressed himself vigorously, he frequently did so in the vernacular of the class of rural gentry to which by origin he belonged. It may therefore occasion no surprise to find him observing, in a report to his superior concerning his ill success in suppressing conventicles, that one of the clergymen had preached that very day "the matter of three miles from the place where we were at."

Here, accordingly, is an instance of a genuine expletive which has never made

its way into the speech of the educated class, save when employed with more or less of a humorous intent. Into the language of literature it has never made its way at all. But the case is quite different with another locution, apparently resembling it and yet essentially different. We are frequently told that such an expression as "Where are you going to?" is incorrect, not to say vulgar. On the contrary, if we are purposing to hold fast to strictness of speech, *to* is essential and should always appear. From the etymological point of view, "Where are you going?" is totally unjustifiable. Nothing but usage can be pleaded in its favor. This point is so very important in the study of colloquial speech, and seems so little understood, that it is worth while to treat it with considerable detail.

Thackeray, among other delightful characteristics with which he clothed Becky Sharp, made her something of a purist, though she did fling into the garden, on her departure from Miss Pinkerton's academy, the interesting work called *Johnson's Dictionary*, with which she had been presented by the younger sister of the principal. Later in *Vanity Fair*, he gives an account of the method taken by the Rawdon Crawleys, just before the Waterloo campaign, to work upon the heart of their obdurate aunt. In the composition of a letter asking for a parting interview the wife is compelled to come to the rescue of her husband, who is unable to construct a sentence. She is represented as marching up and down the room, with her hands behind her back, as she dictates the words for him to take down. It is in this way she begins:

"'Before quitting the country and commencing a campaign which very possibly may be fatal—'

"'What,' said Rawdon, rather surprised, but took the humor of the phrase, and presently wrote it down with a grin.

"'Which very possibly may be fatal, I have come hither—'

"'Why not say come here, Becky? Come here's grammar,' the dragoon interposed.

"'I have come hither,' Rebecca insisted, with a stamp of her foot."

In the eyes of the censorious, Becky's grammatical character may be deemed as

doubtful as her moral. It is clear, however, from the extract just given that Thackeray coincided with this particular linguistic view of his little scamp of a heroine. The great fundamental distinction not only between *here* and *hither*, but between *there* and *thither*, and *where* and *whither*, is distinctly indicated. In each case the former of the two correlative terms is properly used with verbs of rest, the latter with verbs of motion. It is only the last pair which concerns us. The speech of Ruth to Naomi in our version of the Bible illustrates adequately the exact employment of the two adverbs. "Whither thou goest, I will go," says the daughter-in-law, "and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

Students of German are well aware that precisely the same distinction exists between the use of *wo*, "where," and *wohin*, "whither." In this cognate tongue it has been strictly preserved. But in English, colloquial use early encroached upon the one etymologically correct. Even in the Anglo-Saxon period *where* was used occasionally with verbs of motion. As time passed on, the practice of doing so became more and more common. At last it has grown to be practically universal in conversation. But the literary language has never given up *whither* in places where it properly belongs, though the employment of it has been largely curtailed. There are authors, however, by whom it is regularly employed, whenever this can be done without giving to the sentence an air of stiffness. Thackeray, for instance, throughout his novels remained fairly faithful to all these strictly correct etymological forms. His characters generally come and go *hither* and *thither* instead of *here* and *there*. It was clearly a matter which lay near his heart. But he could not always live up to the lofty ideal of linguistic virtue which he cherished. When he came to some of the compound forms, he broke down. Instead of saying *whithersoever*, which with his convictions he was morally bound to do, he was frequently in the habit of pusillanimously substituting *wherever*. Necessarily in the representation of colloquial speech he felt compelled to conform to its requirements; but even there it is to be said for him that he only conformed to

them under compulsion, and occasionally did not conform to them at all.

One gets the impression from studying the practice of some of the best modern authors that there is an increasing tendency to observe the strict distinction between these sets of adverbs. However this may be, the survey of the subject brings out clearly the correctness of the locution with which the discussion of it began. As the German says *wohin*, "whither," with verbs of motion, so he can and often does separate the two syllables of this word and puts *wo*, "where," at the beginning of the sentence of interrogation, and *hin* "to," at its end. Precisely the same usage can be found in English. *Whereto* with verbs of motion is the exact equivalent of *whither*. Like its German counterpart, it can be divided at the wish of the speaker, and it usually is divided. We can, indeed,

say, "Whereto are you going?" Far more natural would it be to say, "Where are you going to?" It is, therefore, a great error to assume and assert that the final particle in this case is an expletive. Looked at etymologically, it is essential to the complete construction of the sentence. Propriety of speech from the point of view of high precise grammar would demand the use either of *whither* or of *whereto* in every question where movement to a place is signified. Those who find sufficient a usage which has been made current by the consent of centuries will ordinarily content themselves with *where*. Those who insist upon an ideal purity of expression will, under the conditions mentioned, prefer *whither* and *hither* and *thither*, whenever the subject or the context is sufficiently elevated to bear the strain of a usage which is not common in colloquial speech.

## Nocturne

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE houseless wind has gone to rest  
In some rude cavern-bed of ocean,  
And Neptune smooths each foamy crest,  
At Dian's will, with meek devotion;  
The shepherd, gathering his sheep,  
Has brought them safely to the fold,—  
And in my arms my world I hold!  
Sleep!

Forespent with hunting on the hill,  
My truant, in the dusk returning,  
Finds the lone heart he left at will  
With the one worship burning.  
The moonlight pales—the shade grows deep—  
The nightingale doth silence break!  
Belovèd, till the lark shall wake,  
Sleep!

No homeless wanderer art thou!  
Here, pillowed safe, thy head is lying.  
The nightingale! Ah, listen now!  
What passion—death itself defying!  
Peace! Yonder star doth vigil keep,  
And fragrant breathes each mystic flower  
That blooms to-night in Dreamland bower:  
Sleep!



# Camilla Cornaro

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

YOUNG Petar Jurgjevic, a person of no consequence, lay prone upon the earth on the height of Monte Marian, that humped titanic finger out-thrust northwards from Spalato into the sea, and his eyes gazed very steadily to the east across the bay which is called the Canale Castelli. There, like seven mile-stones set evenly between Spalato and far-away Trau, were set the seven great Venetian castles—and the ruins of them are there to-day, each with its little village clustered round it—Sucurac, Abbadessa, Cambio, Vitturi, Castelvechio, Castelnuovo, Stafileo.

Behind him, if he had but looked, the late sun was drooping into a splendid west, and its last beams fell red and golden upon the walls of Diocletian's very ancient palace, upon the dome of the cathedral within the palace walls, and upon the great campanile which towered above all, unfinished yet and masked with scaffolding. But the lad's eyes were fixed and still. He looked to the east, where under the high Koziak ridge Abbadessa stood grim and stern, its feet in the lapping tide. Gulls mewd beneath him; a horn sounded from far away; a fisherman, pushing at his leisurely oar, sang after his kind, and the voice came up through the still air very thin and sweet, but the lad neither heard nor saw. He looked to the east and his lips stirred voicelessly, forming a woman's name—a great name and strange to come from a wood-cutter's son of Monte Marian.

He said:

"Madonna Camilla Cornaro!" and he said it over and over again very slowly and very gravely as if the words might be a charm—or perhaps a prayer.

In a way they were both of these things.

A fortnight previous, a little company of great folk, Venetians from the Castelli, had chanced to ride up the steep mule-path of Monte Marian, seeking the somewhat famous view. Chief among them

was Messer Gianfrancesco Cornaro, a gentleman of a great family, but exiled from Venice for political reasons; chiefest, however, was Madonna Camilla, his daughter. Arrived at the summit, they came upon a wood-cutter, a slim, straight lad, gray-eyed, bare of arms and throat—a young Hercules, Messer Gianfrancesco was pleased to say, and indeed these southern Slavs are often oddly Greek. The gentlemen of the company spoke to him kindly, and he answered without abasement. Madonna Camilla called him to her side, and enchantment fell upon the lad, enwrap him in her mystic mantle to dwell there ever after, even unto the very last.

Two days following this, the boy happening to pass that spot, picked up from the trodden turf a green jewel, a large, pale emerald with a broken thread of gold. He remembered that Monna Camilla had worn it at the end of a twisted rope of pearls, and he waited only to put on his clean shirt and to twist a red cloth about his middle before setting out for Abbadessa with what he had found.

At the water-steps of the castle the captain of the warders was for turning him away in scorn, but the lad persisted, and at length was led within and up a long winding stair to a tower chamber, where Madonna Camilla Cornaro, slim, clad in veil-like cloth of gold, a living splendor, with sweet, kind eyes, sat in a carven chair amongst her ladies.

She greeted the wood-cutter's son as he had been a visiting noble from Venice—called him Messer Pietro (and the lad's heart swelled with that honorable "Messer"), thanked him extravagantly for the return of the green jewel, and held him by her side while one of her ladies read out of a painted book—*I Reali di Francia*—and while certain woman-faced youths with lutes sang matched rime and strambotti from a window embrasure.

At the end of an hour he left her there, standing in the sun's low light beside a westward window, slender, golden, very beautiful, bathed in a tender glow. She asked him to come again, but the wood-cutter's son bowed his head, and there was about him, in spite of the discomfort he felt in that grand place, a grave and simple dignity which became him.

"I am a barbarian among great folk here, illustrious Madonna," said he, "but—if ever you have need of me, I will come."

Then he kissed the hand she gave him and went to where his fishing-boat rocked at the water-stairs. But all the way across the broad canale there hung before his dazed sight a vision in an aureole, a living golden glory with sweet, kind eyes.

And so the enchantment deepened upon him, and the things of this world stood afar off.

All this was a fortnight ago, but since that splendid hour, day after day, from the rising of the sun unto the going-down of the same, till the dusk stole over sea and hill and deepened into gloom, the wood-cutter's son lay upon the high ridge of Monte Marian, his still eyes fixed upon Abbadessa, his mind a battle-ground where memories perilous-sweet, and vague, unformed hopes and desperate prayers strove and struggled, and out of sheer exhaustion were still again—to wake with the morning to fresh warfare.

"Only to serve her in some smallest way!" his soul cried dumbly in its anguish. "To be the stair by which her little feet might climb to fuller joy—the cloak to shelter her from a moment's peril."

Yet there was no self-seeking in him. He was all humility. He longed to serve.

So he lay upon this day at sun-setting, and memories and prayers warred within him. But when the night was come—a night of scirocco, with a driving scud of cloud that boded rain—he rose at last to his feet, sighing, and turned toward that mean hut which was his home.

It chanced that just as he went, far out at sea, under cover of the dark night, a fleet of thirty Turkish ships—commanded by a renegade Genoese admiral—long, narrow, and very swift craft,

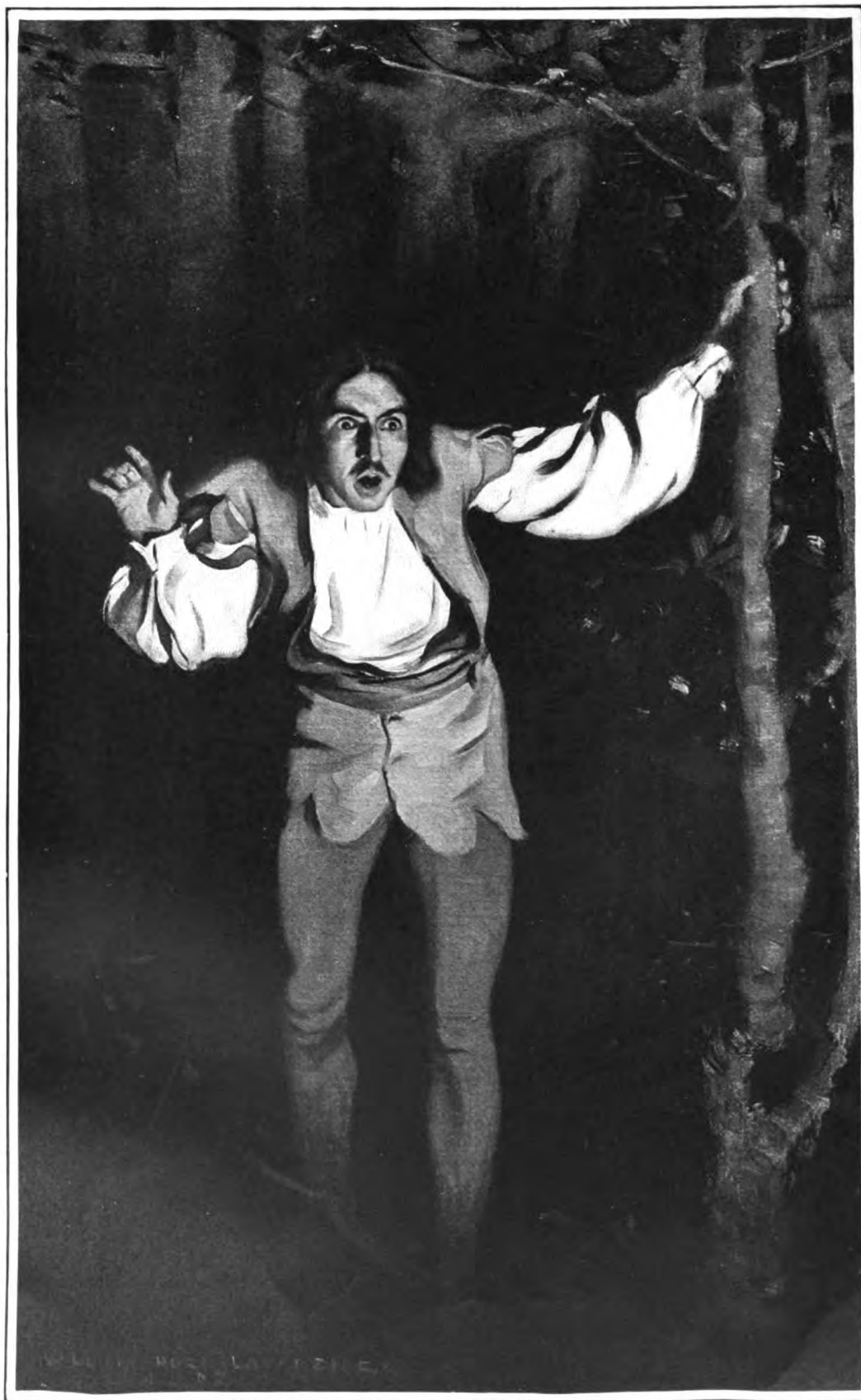
with two sails, rounded the northern point of the island of Solta and ran before the wind for Spalato harbor. It was a clean surprise. The Turks had not been reported along the Dalmatian coast for more than a year—not since the great battle in the Bocche di Cattaro.

Young Petar awoke towards midnight and tossed in his bed. There seemed to be no reason for the waking, but sleep held away from him and he grew more and more restless, and a bit angry because in general he slept like the dead until sunrise. At last in disgust he rose and went to the open door of the hut. The door gave to the south, and the southern sky was strangely aglow with yellow. Young Petar watched this pulsing radiance for a little while and wondered what it might be. Presently he went back into the room, pulled on his hose, shoes, and breeches and shirt. He stuck his long wood-knife in his girdle and went out of doors. The driving scud of cloud had at last covered the sky, and at times a little gust of fine rain spat from it. The scirocco bore warm and wet in the lad's face as he moved forward. He went quickly to his old point of vantage—the open hill-crest—but when he reached it he gave a sudden great cry and his knees weakened under him. Spalato the ancient was in flames. A sea of fire was sweeping across it from the water-front. The great palace walls with the many stately buildings grouped within them were dark as yet, seemingly untouched, but the scaffolding of the campanile was afire and blazing—a hideous, mad, gigantic torch that flamed high above the city to the lowering skies.

The boy looked seaward, and the shipping in the harbor was afire too, all but a long, black, sinister row of strange ships, at which he blinked stupidly, wondering how they had come there since sunset. The meaning of the catastrophe did not for a moment occur to him.

The strong wind bore up from the burning city, and it brought, even to that great height, faint cries of panic and the booming of guns. He wondered why the guns were being fired. They were as yet expensive playthings and not in very general use upon that coast.

Without taking definite thought he found himself running down the mule-



*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

HE GAVE A SUDDEN GREAT CRY AND HIS KNEES WEAKENED UNDER HIM

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path under the gloom of the pines. He knew every inch of the way and went without danger. He even knew shortcuts across the mountain-side from loop to loop of the winding road, and he took advantage of these, plunging recklessly forward in the dark. But he had not been running more than five minutes before he heard cries before him and an excited babble of talk, and men's voices urging and cursing their beasts of burden up the path—peasant-folk, by the sound, who lived on the outskirts of the city at the mountain's foot.

Young Petar listened, and suddenly gave a little gasp in the gloom.

The Turks had come!

It was the ancient terror of that coast. Mothers frightened their children into good behavior with the threat of it. The Turks had come twice within young Petar's own lifetime, but each time had, in the end, been beaten back. This time, it would seem, they had taken the city. Remained to follow an orgy of horrors beyond the power of speech to hint.

The lad's mind turned to Abbadessa and to her who lay there as swiftly and as naturally as a mother to her babe. He stood still in the darkness for a little, thinking very swiftly.

"Only to serve her in some smallest way! . . . The cloak to shelter her from a moment's peril!" . . .

He began to run again, but not down the mountain towards Spalato. He ran round the flank of it, eastward, by a narrow, twisting footpath which led to the water's edge of the Canale Castelli. His fishing-boat was there. It was a steep path, very narrow, and dangerous even by daylight, but he was used to such. He ran as surely as a mountain goat and with as little fatigue, and he came at last to the tiny cove where the boat was, fresh and unbreathed.

He cut the mooring-line and shoved the boat off the shelving sand, running a little way into the water with it and then leaping aboard. He hoisted the sail and turned his high, painted prow towards the tiny points of light against the gloom which he knew marked old Gianfrancesco's stronghold. He was behind the city now, and sailing steadily away from it, for Spalato sits upon the seaward edge of a narrow neck of land with Monte

Marian for the head, and the Canale Castelli lies behind the neck, between it and the mainland. He could see no more of that blazing ruin than the radiance in the sky and one leaping tongue of flame—the top of the campanile—but it went ever before his eyes as he had seen it from Monte Marian—madness and fury and crazed destruction made visible from afar.

To what he meant to do when he reached Abbadessa he had given no definite thought. Madonna Camilla was in peril there, and that was enough for him. In some humble way he might serve. That the Turks would come, and swiftly, he never doubted. The seven castles were rich prey, and they were ill prepared for defence. Long immunity had made them careless. The chief point was, it seemed to him, how long would the ravagers be in coming—long enough for the household of Abbadessa to escape—to get clean away by sea, or up the coast to Sebenico? That was the chief point. But just as the thought presented itself in his mind, and ways and means began to marshal themselves there, for the third time on that night the lad's heart stood still in his breast, and a little, hoarse cry broke from him.

He was come to within a half-mile of Abbadessa, his keen eyes fixed upon the darkness ahead, when, for the smallest instant, that pulsing radiance in the sky overhead brightened to a sudden glare—an explosion in the city it might have been, or the flame-wrapped scaffolding about the great tower might have fallen—and in the glare he saw drawn up at the water-stairs of the castle eight—he thought it was eight—of those narrow, rakish, two-sailed ships from the south.

The Turks were before him! They must have divided their forces, once the city was taken, and a part of them come at once here.

The sheet, held by a half-turn round the steering-oar, slipped through the lad's fingers, and the little boat fell away before the wind which had been upon the after-quarter. Some power not within himself must have taken him in hand, for he was unconscious of thought. Mechanically he made fast the slackened sheet, leaving the steering-oar to trail astern. Mechanically also he tightened



his girdle round the heavy wood-knife, and without hesitation slipped overboard into the sea. The fishing-boat rocked, recovered its way, and sailed on without him, bearing down the coast towards Castelnovo. Young Petar, an indistinguishable speck upon inky waters, swam for Abbadessa.

He came to the water-stairs and to the row of long, black vessels moored at rings in the stonework, and he swam under the counter of one of these and there found footing, standing waist-deep in the water, hidden in impenetrable gloom. He heard the sailor-men and the soldiers left in charge of the ships call to one another about him; above his head he saw the castle alight, and from within its walls heard cries and shrieks and the clash of arms, but he loosened the wood-knife from his belt and waited, biding his time.

Presently a Turk ran out from that small court which gave upon the water-steps. One arm was drenched with blood, and he wrung it with the other hand, cursing the while in a sobbing whisper. He came down the steps to the lapping tide, bent there upon his knees and dipped the wounded arm in the water. Then one arose, streaming, from the depths beside him and set iron hands about his throat. He slipped into the gloom without a cry or a struggle.

Shortly thereafter the same man, or so it seemed, in high, red kapa and broided waistcoat, armed with that curved scimitar that Turks employ, ran back into the castle as if anxious to renew his interrupted battle. Two or three of the sailor-men who saw him go set up a little cheer of encouragement and admiration.

Within the great hall young Petar paused to take his bearings. There was desperate fighting here, and fiercer fighting upon the broad stairway which led to the upper story, but he remembered where he had been led on that day a fortnight ago, and ran there. Without difficulty he found the room which gave upon the lower stair. There was fighting here also, but it was at the other end of the room where a dozen Turks had cornered, ratlike, three of the castle's warders. The lad gave them a swift glance and turned to the stair. The heavy iron door at its foot was half open.

Inside, he pushed the door shut—it was a strong man's work—and swung the heavy bar into place. Then he began to run up the spiral ascent, his heart sick within him, for he might be too late. He came breathless to the top and sprang into the upper chamber. The chamber was lighted with colored hanging lamps and with candles in sconces on the walls. Through one small window which looked south and west he could see that pulsing yellow light which hung over the ravaged Spalato.

In the centre of the room, under a great pendent lamp of bronze and crimson glass, Camilla Cornaro stood, slim and white, her hands at her breast, her eyes wide with terror. She was alone in the place. But when she saw the crouching figure in the doorway, fierce in kapa and broided jacket, sword in hand, she gave a single faint scream and dropped to the floor. Petar put down his scimitar and turned to the iron door which closed the head of the stairway. He set his strength to it, and it would not stir, for it was a heavy door and its hinges were rusty through long disuse. He tried again and again, but the efforts only tired him, and he needed his strength. He looked swiftly about the place, and ran to a heavy chair. He heaved it over his head and dashed it upon the stone pavement. With the second attempt it went to pieces, and he chose a strong, thick length of wood and returned to his door. He used the piece of wood for a lever between door and wall, and presently had the thing started, pushed it home, and barred it. Then he turned to Madonna Camilla.

The noise of the breaking chair had brought her to her senses, and she crouched kneeling where she had fallen, her hands again caught up to her breast.

The wood-cutter's son had thrown off jacket and kapa, and he knelt before her, his face in the colored light of the lamp.

"It is I, Madonna!" said he.

She gave another sharp cry:

"Pietro! Pietro!" and caught him by the arms with her two hands. He got to his feet, and she pulled herself up, clinging to him. She began a weak sobbing.

"Oh, Pietro, you will save me?" she said. "You will save me from them, Pietro?"

"I have come here to do that, Madonna," said he—"if it can be done."

"You will not let them take me, Pietro!" she cried. And he said, shaking his strong head:

"No, Madonna, they shall not take you." He put her gently away from him, and she stood shivering, alone.

"Your father?" he asked—"the Lord Gianfrancesco?" Madonna Camilla covered her face, and the lad had to bend forward to hear the whispering words that came through the strained fingers.

"Dead . . . Dead . . . Dead! . . . We tried to get away . . . escape . . . before they came. We were going by Trau and . . . Sebenico to Zara. But they came too quickly . . . before we were clear of the courtyard. They fought desperately there, and he . . . I saw him die . . . with many others. I broke away and came here. . . . Oh, Pietro, can you save me?"

And again the lad said:

"They shall not take you, Madonna." He began to look about him. The two iron doors blocking the stairway were good for some time. They would have to be battered down. The seaward side of the tower was safe from attack—but also it was impossible of exit. On the landward side of the room were two windows. He ran to one of these and looked out. It gave upon the roof of the main body of the castle, some feet above it, but beyond were two other towers, like that in which he stood, and through the windows in these he could see men fighting. That way was cut off, and, save the stair, it was the only way. Even as he looked, heads craned from the opposite tower-windows and fingers pointed. Petar swung home the iron shutter and barred it. And he ran to the other eastward window and barred that. The time was short now.

When he turned back into the room, Madonna Camilla stood watching him, her great eyes wide and burning. He went to her quickly.

"In a little while they will break in those windows," said he. "We must try to escape by the stair. It is just possible that there may be no one in the room below."

The girl began to tremble again, but when he crossed the room to the iron door she followed without a word. Only, when

he had set his hands to the great bar to swing it back, she touched his arm, and he halted and turned to her.

"I am . . . afraid, Pietro!" she said, in a very small voice. "What if they are . . . waiting below? I . . . you must not let them take me."

And yet again the boy said:

"They shall not take you, Madonna."

He crossed the room to a table which was there and caught up a little jewelled dagger of Venetian make. He said:

"If by chance I am killed, you will know what to do. Never let them take you alive! Keep this dagger in your hand." She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed upon his eyes. She seemed in a sort of stupor.

Again he set his hands to the iron bar, but even as he did so there came from below a great crash, as of something battered down—a crash and then a tumult of yells and cheers.

The lower door.

Madonna Camilla screamed, and for the first time the wood-cutter's son went white—but it was not for his own peril. . . . The two found themselves in the middle of the room, standing close together, looking each into the other's eyes. Presently the lad spoke.

"There is no escape, Madonna," said he. "I cannot save you—alive." And she nodded.

"Yes . . . I know."

"What . . ." she said, after a little—"what shall I . . . do, Pietro? I mean . . . when shall I do it? . . . Now?"

"The time is short," said he. "And they must not take you alive."

She gave a little shuddering sob at that, saying,

"No—no—no!"

She raised the jewelled dagger in her two hands, but presently dropped it upon the floor.

"This is better," she said, whispering, and put a hand into the bosom of her dress. She withdrew a little glass vial, grotesque of shape, the stopper made of an amethyst.

There came pattering, rushing feet upon the stone stair without, and cries of enraged disappointment at the unexpected check. Then, after a murmuring, the footsteps retreated. They had gone for something with which to batter down the door.

"The time is short, Madonna," said the wood-cutter's son. "Be quick!"

"I will—be quick," she whispered. She put her two arms up over his shoulders as he stood before her, and he felt all her beautiful, slender body shaking as she clung to him. She said:

"Oh, Pietro, you alone out of all the world came to me . . . in my extremity. You were safe, but you came into peril for my sake. *You* out of them all! You . . . must have loved me very much, I think."

"More than my life, Madonna," said he. "More than any life to come."

She said, piteously:

"I am so very glad not to die . . . alone. I am glad to die with a brave man."

She said:

"Kiss me, Pietro mio, before I go. It is . . . so very bitter . . . to die!"

He bent his head and kissed her, but he was come beyond the things of the flesh, and the kiss left him unmoved. Then he turned and went across to the farthest window. Fists and weapons were already beating upon the iron shutters to the east.

It seemed to him that he stood there for an hour, looking out upon the torn sky and the windy sea and upon the yellow-glowing ashes of what had been Spalato. Then presently he heard a little tinkling crash. That would be the glass vial breaking on the stone of the chamber floor. He waited, white and stern, another while, then turned back into the room.

Madonna Camilla stood swaying upon her feet, her hands over her face. The broken vial lay upon the stones before her, but it lay in a little pool of liquid.

"Madonna! Madonna!" cried the wood-cutter's son, in a terrible voice. "Madonna, you have not drunk the poison!"

She began an hysterical sobbing.

"I . . . cannot do it, Pietro!" she cried. "I am afraid! Oh, I am afraid. Pietro, I am afraid!"

Young Petar snatched up the jewelled Venetian dagger, but the girl saw him take it and stumbled away from him, shrieking. She leant against the farther wall and faced him where he stood holding the dagger. She was very white, with eyes that seemed suddenly to have

turned black and cavernous, and she drooped against the arras wall as if there were no strength in her.

Petar moved nearer and she tried to scream, but only gasping, whispering sounds came from her lips. She fell to pleading, wheedling.

"Give me a . . . little while longer!" she begged. "Only a little, little while. I am afraid to die, Pietro. I am so very young to die! Only a little while!"

"Madonna! Madonna!" cried the lad, in an agony.

A crash of heavier weapons—axes, it is probable—came from the iron-shuttered eastern window. Madonna Camilla ran into young Petar's arms. She was beside herself with fear.

"Oh, save me from them, Pietro!" she cried. "Save me from them!" And the wood-cutter's son said, gently:

"Aye, I will!" His face was white and uplifted. He set his left arm round her beautiful neck, holding her head against his breast, and he raised his right hand with the dagger in it and smote once, deep and true. . . .

When at length she hung very heavily in his encircling arm he laid her down with great gentleness upon the floor and knelt beside her. . . .

The iron door began shaking again under heavy, battering blows. The time was short indeed. The Slav, a man moving in a dream, looked about him. There was one more thing to do. She was safe from them, safe forever, but they should not gloat over her beautiful body even with its spirit fled. He gathered hangings and stuffs from about the room and made a sort of couch of them in the middle of the place, and he lifted Madonna Camilla's body in his arms and laid it upon the couch, covering her face. He bowed his head to her little feet and kissed them. Then very quickly he caught down from the wall one of the sconces with its lighted tapers and set fire to the stuffs where the body lay.

When it was burning well he knelt at the foot with the Venetian dagger in his hand. He said:

"I did what I could, Madonna." Also he said a little prayer, and when that was ended struck home with the weapon as sure and true as before.

The iron door went down with a rend-

ing crash, and at almost the same instant one of the window-shutters gave way. Men burst into the place, yelling triumphantly, but the wood-cutter's son neither saw nor heard. It seemed to him that Madonna Camilla Cornaro, beautiful, living, exquisitely tender, rose up among mounting flames, which neither scorched nor burned, and so came to her knees before him, and took his head into her sweet arms and laid it upon her breast.

And it seemed to him that he was very tired, but that she kissed him, smiling

divinely, and told him that all was well. She seemed to say to him:

"I was deserted and sore beset, but you came to me through perils untold and saved me—even from myself.

"Oh, true and brave!" she seemed to say to him, "you saved me even from myself."

And so it seemed to him that after long sorrow and bitterness he was come at last to his heart's desire, but he was very tired, and Madonna whispered in his ear: "Rest! Oh, rest!" And he drifted away to sleep with his unworthy head in the circle of her arms.

## A Child's Game

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

NOR sleep, nor journey, nor affray  
Can justly image death to me;  
I am a little child, and Death  
The one who lets you go and see.

All children in a darkened room:  
And Death stands smiling at the door,  
His finger on his lip, and says  
So quietly, "Now, one child more!"

I have so longed and longed to know  
What lovely things the children find  
When they have gone beyond the door;  
But not a child that's left behind

Has ever been; for when they go  
He will not ever let them back;  
And when he beckons them, and we  
Stand tiptoe, watching for the crack,

Our strange, sweet playmate steps between  
And will not let us see at all;  
He smiles at our expectancy  
With "You may come, too, when I call."

And oh, within the darkened room  
I have so longed and longed to know  
Just what it is they see and learn,  
The other children, when they go!

Do you suppose that I shall feel  
Afraid, to see him look at me  
At last, and beckon with his hand,  
And smile, "Now you may go and see"?

# A Plantation in the African Hills

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

IT was hard to realize that yonder barren promontory, hoary sentinel of the Bay of Tunis now merging into the purple haze of mist, once pillared on her heated rocks the Carthage of the Phœnicians. Below, the glistening mud flats left by the fallen tide disguised themselves under the fading rose of lingering sunlight. Here and there at irregular intervals the riding lights of vessels which lay off the quays glimpsed out of the twilight like so many silvery glow-worms. From the environs of the city the strains of "La Matichiche" drifted in from the casino at the Belvédère, and the "crack!" of the *cocher* accented the rumble and squawk of the electric tramways in the boulevard below me, where white clothes and pipe-clayed sun-helmets were prominent. All Tunis seemed to be sucking at cooling drinks or dipping into fast-melting ices. It was Paris moved to the Orient.

And this, less than fifty years ago, was the site of the narrow, tortuous streets of a Moslem stronghold. But Arab Tunis, save for one small quarter of the town, had ceased to exist, so I looked forward to leaving it for the open country and a plantation in the hills of the lesser Atlas. I glanced again at a card which lay on the table before me. Opposite a minute symbol of a locomotive engraved at the top of the invitation I read, "Medjes-el-Bab," the nearest railroad station to the plantation. Beneath, following a symbol of a sealed letter, was the address, "Ksar-Tyr, on the road to Kef," while a conventionalized bird conveyed the information that as he flew it was thirty-nine kilometres from Tunis.

Early the next morning found me en route for Medjes-el-Bab. I had but recently come from Gabes, the southernmost port of call on the eastern coast, and followed northward along the Tunisian littoral. Here I had been able

to trace the march of French colonization from its outer rim to its centre, Tunis, by the growth and maturity of the recently planted olive-groves laid out since the occupation.

From the time when the French army first entered Tunisia from the borderland of Algeria, ostensibly on a punitive expedition against the probably mythical tribe called the "Kroumiri," till 1898, one could easily see through the filmy curtain of the "Protectorate" that the wary Gaul was not only stage-manager and property-man, but impresario and owner as well. In the latter year the expiration of certain treaties with other European powers gave the French opportunity to pursue a discriminating policy of characteristic ingenuity. With tariff regulations prohibitive to foreign competition, but admitting French products almost duty free, the ultima thule of the administration seems to aim at the greatest profit to France and French trade consistent with preserving the solvency of the Regency. Every month steamers bear to Tunis hundreds of colonists tempted by the inducements of the French government to increase immigration to this land immortalized by Hannibal and the Cæsars, Augustine, and their own Crusader Knight, St. Louis, whose bones still lie interred on the heights of ancient Carthage. This immigration, with its consequent development of farming and manufactures, coupled with the variety of natural products, insures a steady annual increase in the prosperity of Tunis.

And now going westward I still continued to pass well-tilled fields and thriving fruit-trees, and drew up now and again at little white-walled, well-kept stations, such as one might see on the run from Dieppe to Paris, even to their settings of flowers, among which were profusions of beautiful roses. Such were some of the results of French occu-





A STREET IN MEDJES-EL-BAB

pation in Tunisia which I could observe from the characteristic observation platform which runs the length of many of the cars of the French North-African railways.

Tunis has its rainy season, which occurs through our winter months. Then, week after week, drags on the long mid-summer, with scarcely a shower to

moisten the parched earth or a cloud to intercept the pitiless rays of the African sun. Moreover, the devastating sirocco must be taken into account. Nature has made liberal compensations, however, to offset these unusual vicissitudes of climate and rainfall. At night heavy dews drench hill and plain, while, so varied are Tunisia's products, there always re-

mains an alternative of success if one or another resource fails. Golden waving grain-fields, herds of grazing cattle, deep clustered vines, and densely leafed olive-groves show the nature of her leading products at a glance. Far below the heated topsoil, Arab, Berber, and Sicilian, directed by modern prospectors, continue to burrow the rich lead deposits mined centuries ago by the Romans; while deep from the bowels of that range known to the Arabs as the Iron Mountains these swarthy toilers bring iron in abundance.

In certain districts the wild esparto-grass, used for paper, crowds out all other plants. Far to the south, at the edge of the Great Desert, caravans of camels and the railways transport from the oases of Jerid-el-Tozeur and El-Oudian tons of the famous "Degla" date. Beyond Medjes-el-Bab to the west begin extensive forests of cork-oak covering over 200,000 acres—a tract exceeding one-fourteenth of the world's acreage. Besides all these resources, great quantities of fruit and vegetables are grown. The bulk of Tunisian exports finds its way naturally to Toulon and Marseilles; the rest goes to the United Kingdom, Italy, Malta, and the other North-African countries.

But even this flourishing condition under the French, of this land of one and a half millions of people, must indeed be meagre in comparison with its development during the period when Tunis was the granary of Rome and maintained a population of twenty million inhabitants.

"Medjes-el-Bab!" Five minutes after found me bowling along in a two-wheeled, covered rig in company with a Maltese, a foreman of Mr. Pilter's plantation. It was Tunisian midsummer, and Lombardy poplars and the eucalyptus-trees which the French plant in malarial districts lined the road, offering but little relief from the fierce heat.

Some two miles from the station we passed over a Roman bridge which still spans the Oued Medjerda, then entered the open market-place of Medjes-el-Bab—a little Arab town of Spanish origin. A triumphal Roman arch, simply constructed, stood a short distance beyond the bridge; hence the modern name Medjes-el-Bab—"The Passage of the Gate."

On one side of the square was a Hôtel

Français adjoining a café, and opposite even a pâtisserie where long loaves of French bread were displayed temptingly and patés cerises lay in inviting rows.

Whatever may be said against French colonial policy in North Africa, its remarkable results under the French are everywhere in evidence. So, too, has a better civilization followed the eagles of the Second Empire and the invasion of Tunis.

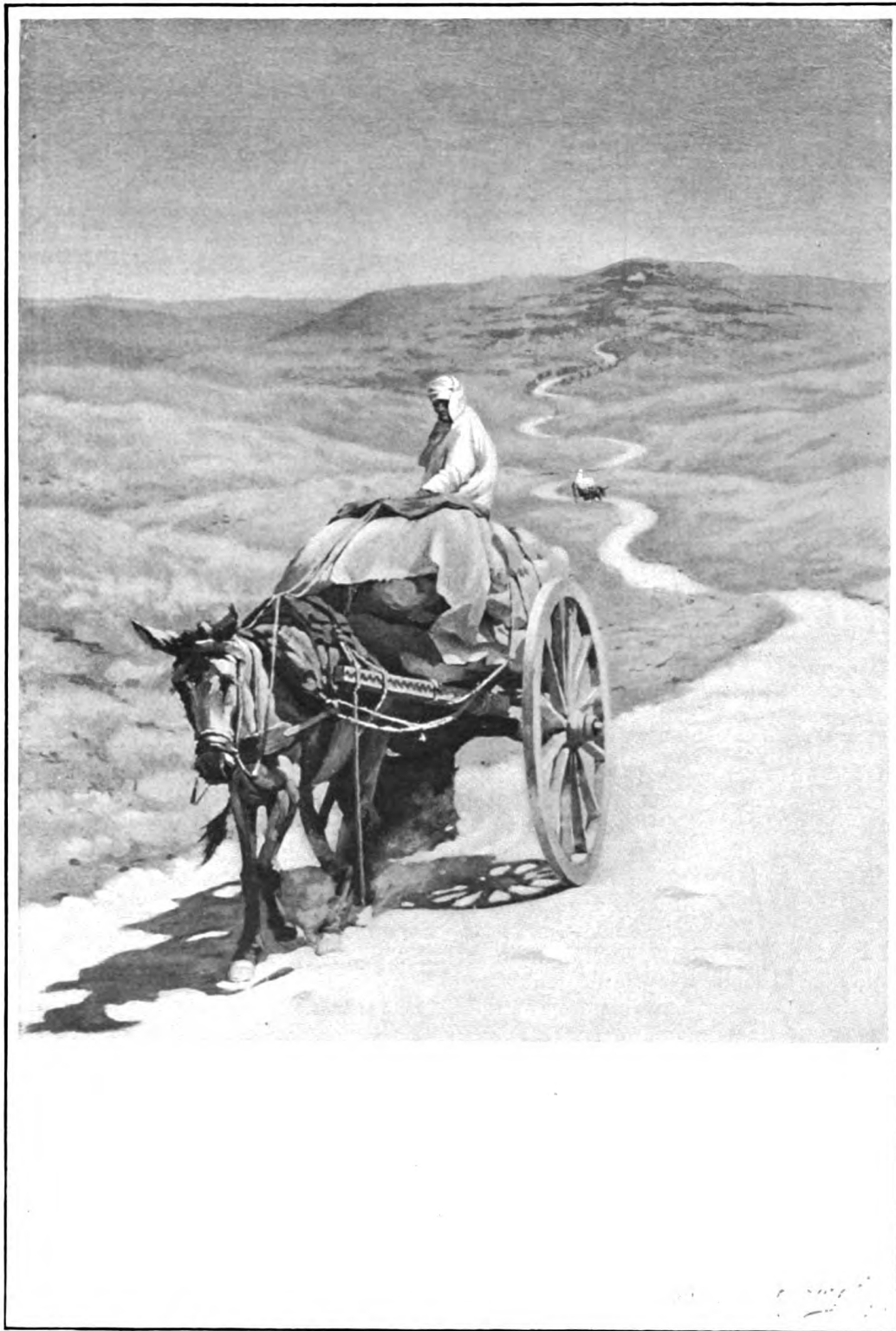
We passed through the main thoroughfare of the town, lined with brilliant wares of Arab shops and a mosque or two. For some time we followed the main road, then struck off across an undulating, rising country. An occasional Arab passed us, but save for the erratic actions of the little animal laboring before us in the hot sun, nothing broke the monotony of the journey.

"Ksar-Tyr," vouchsafed the Maltese. Ksar-Tyr—"Strong Place of the Birds of Prey"—well named, for there, almost at the crest of the highest hills, its white walls glistened through a copse of trees like the castle of some Moorish caliph, and an hour after we stopped at the lodge, where vin ordinaire was offered us, shortly passed through the gateway, and alighted at the entrance of Ksar-Tyr itself.

A tall, well-built Englishman advanced to meet me. His grayed hair and beard but emphasized the healthy tan of his outdoor life. He wore high-topped boots, a suit of white linen, and a Stanley cap. About his waist as a protection against the fierce heat of the sun was wound the characteristic cloth belt of the natives. His hand-grasp conveyed a sense of his big strength; his frank, clear eye, of his kindliness and refinement. Such was my friend and host, Mr. John Pilter.

Passing through the gate of the keep, across a courtyard, we ascended to the terrace, where I was further welcomed by his son-in-law, M. Desplats, and other members of the family.

Ksar-Tyr was built in the character of a Moorish stronghold, rectangular in plan, its high, crenellated walls of rampart and tower screened in its broad terraces from without, while over their low halustrades within one looked down into a large open court. From this two gates



*Drawn by Charles W. Furlong*

TRANSPORTING PRODUCE FROM THE PLANTATION TO THE TOWN

gave egress—one through a dividing wall led to a second court, about which were the stables; the other was the entrance gate passing under a tower. Every night the great doors of this tower were closed and heavily bolted, and outside armed Arab guards stood watch against thieves or perchance some marauding band from the farther jebel.

Late that afternoon an Arab hostler informed Mr. Pilter of trouble in the stables. On reaching there we found the little black horse ill which had brought me over the long, hot pull from Medjes-el-Bab. The cause of his unusual actions on the way was now evident; the fierce heat and poor judgment of the driver had accomplished their work. In spite of all that could be done, an hour later he had made his last trip from Ksar-Tyr.

"It is the third one that pull has claimed this year," said my host, as we walked away.

In a country where the artificial conservation and distribution of water are all-important and one is forced to pass by fetid desert wells with parched throat and to preserve carefully the warm tar-soused mixture in his goatskin bag, a pump becomes worthy of observation, particularly such a one as fronted the gateway of Ksar-Tyr. Beneath waving eucalyptus-trees it sent forth its crystal nectar from a niche in a massive column which was crowned by a richly sculptured Roman capital found on the estate. Toiling up the steep hillside in the merciless heat, we visited the great cisterns, containing six hundred and twenty-five cubic metres all told, for the capture of every possible drop of the fifty centimetres, more or less, of the annual rainfall.\*

\* The Artesian well is destined to play an important part in the development of Tunis, particularly in the south, where the rainfall is less abundant and the sandy soil absorbs the water quickly. Mr. Charles Robinson, the African traveller, writes of running across an Artesian well in the desert south of Tunisia. He says: "Pitched our tents at an oasis which had been formed by an Artesian well constructed by M. Lesseps, the water from which rises twenty-five feet into the air, and is made to irrigate 400 to 500 acres of land on which are growing date-palms, pomegranates, tomatoes, onions, and cucumbers. Previous to the construction of this well the whole of the oasis was nothing but barren sand."

Nearing the crest, a long cement ledge lined itself against the deep sapphire of the sky. As I stepped upon it I was forced to turn away from the fierce glare, for, spread out like a monstrous sheet of white paper turned up at the edges, the dazzling lime-washed surface of this mammoth tray was more intense than a Maltese thoroughfare at high noon.

"This," said my companion, "is our biggest pluvium, with a surface of eleven thousand square metres. Besides a small pluvium, we utilize every practicable flat surface, and so even the roofs of the wine-cellars and the castle, each with its respective cistern, have been converted into pluvia. That tower," he continued, pointing to the main turret, "is the Borj, or fortified place, and its cistern holds one hundred and twenty-five cubic metres of water. The Borj would be used as a place of defence in a case of emergency. While such a contingency is not probable, isolated as we are, we must be able to protect ourselves against marauding hands, while, of course, there is always a possibility in these countries of a revolutionary Jehad."

I felt the wisdom of this precaution as I looked away to the west, where not so very many years ago had occurred one of the worst tragedies of the French colonization of Tunis. It was at Oued Zargäa, twenty miles beyond Medjes-el-Bab. The country about was filled with insurgent Arabs, who ripped up the rails on either side of the station, killed ten employes, burned the station, and culminated the affair with a terrible holocaust by burning alive M. Raimbert, the station-master.

To-day, only because of the French army of occupation, do 1,644,000 Tunisians out of a population of 1,800,000 tolerate the tricolor in place of the green flag of the Prophet. Even out of this mere handful of 156,000 intrusive foreigners only some 24,000 are French, the rest coming from Italy and Malta.

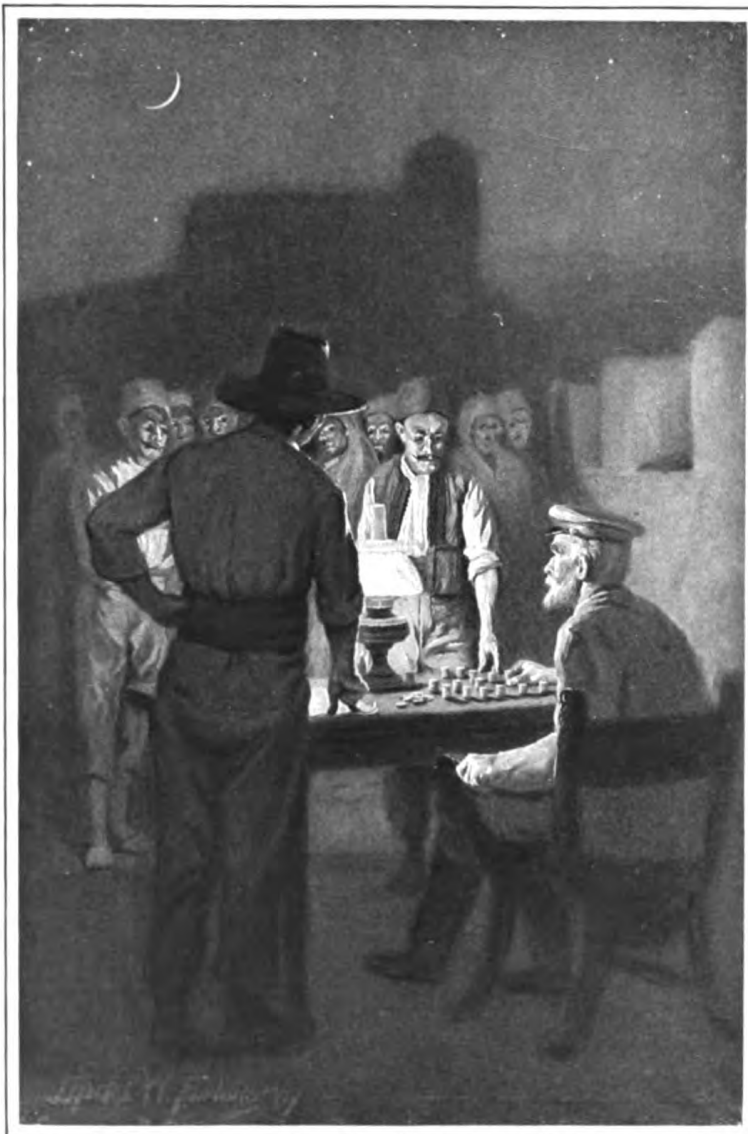
Directly below us lay the castle, among whose surrounding trees were interestingly grouped the outbuildings, great roofed-over wine-vats, semicylindrical-roofed wine-cellars, like the old Roman cisterns at Carthage, and farm buildings; all carried out in the spirit of Moorish architecture.



From this nucleus of habitations vineyard after vineyard of well-cared-for vines fenced with hedgerows stretched before me, then miles of stubble from the recently garnered grain. There the drive twisted its serpentine way some distance between poplars, whose million silver-covered leaves heliographed in the warm air the brilliant sunlight to the crest of the hill. Some miles away, beyond where some shacks of Arab farm-hands humped up from the ground, glinted the lodge at the entrance of the plantation. Then the road disappeared, and valley upon valley dropped between ridge upon ridge of hill and mountain as they graduated away in a violet rhythm.

Such was the scene opened up before me, a plantation probably unequalled in all Tunisia, over whose roadway each year rumbles load after load of vast quantities of grain, wine, and honey. With such possibilities from a plantation six by twelve miles in extent, half of which lies fallow, it is little wonder that of the ten million dollars' worth of Tunisian exports in 1902, for instance, half was the return from the hills and plains.

So to a greater degree is it true of Algeria, while Morocco, upon whose outposts France has already laid her hand, will prove the golden orange of Barbary. For as one goes westward from Tunis the soil becomes more fertile, the climate



PAYING OFF NATIVE EMPLOYEES

cooler, the altitudes of the mountains and the water-supply increase, while to the eastward, in Tripoli, the mountain ranges diminish, and finally dwindle away into the scorched and arid sands of the Sahara.

Mr. Pilster called my attention to an ancient ruin on a neighboring promontory within the limits of Ksar-Tyr. "That," said he, "seems to be the remains of a Roman temple, and perhaps was the centre of Colonia Vallis, the ancient Roman town which stood on the site of this plantation—Sidi Midian, the Arabs afterwards called it. When I first started



Ksar-Tyr," he added, "there were strange contrasts in our methods of agriculture. Instead of that Hook-Hardy engine of thirty horse-power and other modern methods, we did many things in the primitive native way. One Arab I employed to till for me, I learned, began auspiciously by harnessing his wife to the plough in tandem with his donkey."

On our way down we stopped at some new fermentation-vats which were about finished, and then watched the men and horses tug and strain at a heavy piece of machinery to be used in the plant. Each of these vats would hold forty

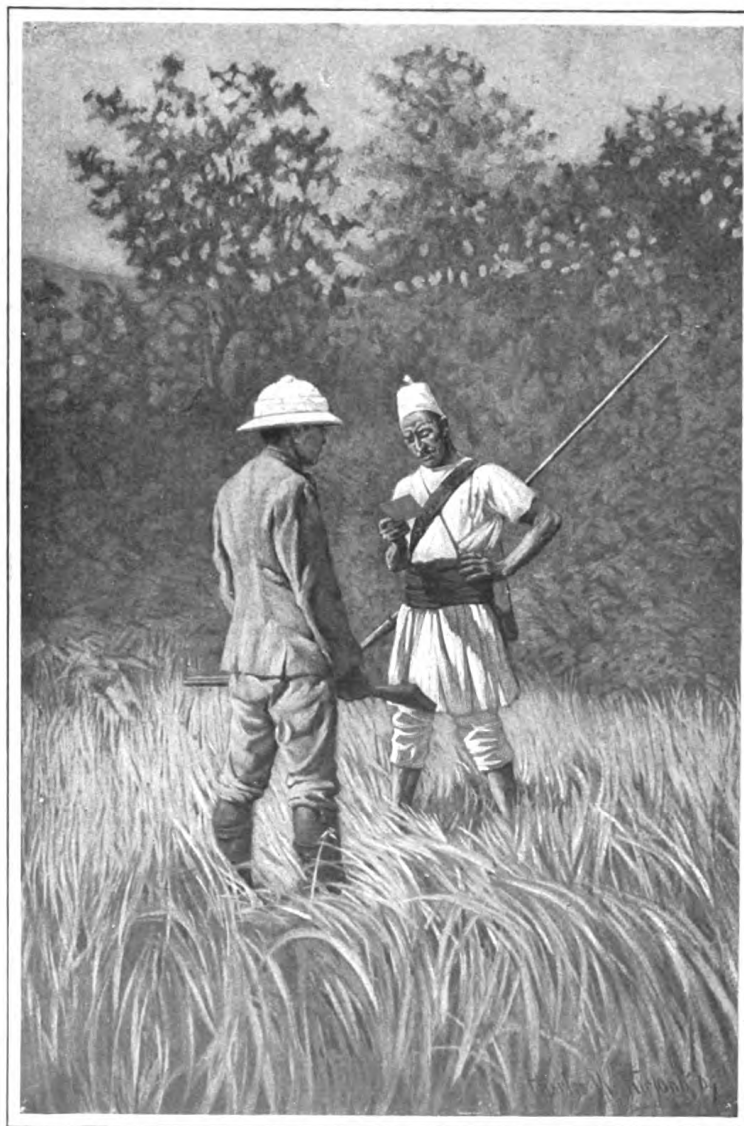
metres of wine, while in the cellars just below there was room for still more.

The vintage generally occurs from the latter part of August to the middle of September, and was then but a few weeks away. In 1902 the vintage at Ksar-Tyr, as throughout Tunisia, was spoiled by the fierce sirocco (desert wind), or gibleh, as they call it down in Tripoli, which blew in March and April.

No one who has not experienced a fierce sirocco can have any conception of it. Nor is it the velocity of the wind which necessarily augments its intensity, for sometimes, when it all but ceases, a

terrible heat seems to lull over highland and valley, respiration becomes difficult. This blast of heat permeates the shade; go where you will, you cannot escape it, and the air is surcharged with a fine sand dust which inflames the eyes. Then even the locusts seem to hush, the leaf withers on the vine, and fires sometimes burst out on the heated hillsides. At these times a moment's exposure of the unprotected head to the sun is dangerous, and during my stay at Ksar-Tyr one would hesitate in the heat of the day to walk the short length of the terrace with bared head.

There was one place, however, which always offered some relief from the heat—the wine-cellars. Here in their cooling semi-darkness one could draw comfortably a deep breath and perchance a draught



HE CAREFULLY SCANNED MY PERMIT

of vin ordinaire or vin de liqueur from the last year's vintage. From the great open vats above the wine-cellars the wine is allowed to ferment for four or five days in a temperature between 74° and 86°. It is then drained into the great tuns in the cellars and cooled "to go back." Only four to five days are required in Tunisia for vinous fermentation, while in Europe and the United States a fortnight is needed. They cool the wine; we heat it.

Every day the planting of vineyards goes on in Tunis. Perhaps it would not be overestimating to say that at least 100,000 acres are laid out in vines, and the qualities of Tunisian wines are well appreciated. Sometimes, however, prices have been so low that some growers could not dispose of their last year's vintage.

It was hard for me to believe that this splendidly constructed plant, down whose long corridors I was looking, was far away in the Atlas Mountains and under the burning rays of an African sun.

"Hamed!" called Mr. Pilter. A muffled response came out of the depths, and a red-fezzed Arab approached us. "Hamed is my head cellarman and bee-keeper, and will show you the hives."

Ten minutes later, well protected with netting and gloves, I followed Hamed into a large enclosure surrounded by olive-trees and fenced with wire netting, in which were some four hundred white-painted hives resembling a miniature village of Swiss chalets. The hot sunshine seemed to vibrate with the musical drone of the workers. Near by I watched a bee bury its downy body in one of the beautiful blue flowers of the rosemary, a shrub which grows here about three feet high, from which all the honey is obtained; then, with treasure-trove, he circled heavily a few times to get his bearings, and made for his hive. No more fitting escutcheon could be awarded the "bee family" than this little flower of azure blue, emblem of fidelity and constancy.

With strange immunity from the consequences which seem to attend the intrusion of ordinary folk into a queen bee's domain, Hamed, unprotected, proceeded to strip the top from one of the hives and, barehanded, lifted out the entire comb from amid the swarm. Many of the bees half covered the comb, while

a few crawled harmlessly over his hand; meanwhile Hamed explained in French that the combs were artificially made, then, again covering the hive, took me into a small white house in the centre of the colony and showed me the moulds and methods of making the wax combs.

On our way out I passed a stone drinking-trough which I venture to say was unique of its kind, for it was a drinking-trough for bees. Outside the gate I was joined by Mr. Pilter. "Last year," said he, "two hundred of these hives produced ten tons of honey."

When the sun sank in its saffron setting below the distant *jebel* and the lengthening shadows stretched in cool violet over the heated ground, dinner was served on the open terrace, roofed with a zenith of blue. Little wonder was it that *Ksar-Tyr* could lure not only Mr. Pilter, but the other members of his family as well, from their Paris home. What is the *Champs-Élysées*, what is *Amenonville*, I thought, compared with this great freedom, looking over valleys and hills painted in purple, orange, and gold? Then the tones of night creep up the mountainside to the east, and one looks toward *Bordj-el-Amri* and *Tunis*, and sees perchance some solitary bird of prey wing its circling flight above yonder mountain crest to which the sun has thrown a last parting kiss of gold. Then scintillates a star, another, and another, until night with the invisible thread of time has silver-broidered the vast canopy of blue.

"It may interest you," said M. Desplats, shortly after dinner one evening, "to see the men paid off. It is a little weekly event which the entire family attends," and he led the way to the farther side of the terrace, where we ensconced ourselves comfortably on some steps which formed a shadowy background to the scene before us.

A lamp threw its light on dozens of little stacks of silver francs and a bunch of check-lists which lay in orderly arrangement on a small deal table in front of Mr. Pilter. The rays which struggled off into the darkness lit up swarthy, keen-visaged faces, and dozens of glittering eyes sent back again its spot of light. Crowded between the parapets of the terrace were native Arabs with their red fezes or



HAULING A ROLLER MADE FROM THE DRUM OF A ROMAN COLUMN

tightly wound turbans, ebony blacks from the Sudan, and here and there a Maltese or perchance a Frenchman or Italian. The French foreman, who stood at Mr. Pilter's left, traced a calloused finger down the list. "Othman, Mohammed, Abdullah," and so on, and each man in turn stepped up quietly, received his pay, and as quietly retreated, disappearing into the darkness. Berbers and Arabs drew the prevailing day's wage of the country of 1.20 to 1.50 francs; Sicilians and Maltese, 2 to 2.50; while the Frenchmen, who are mostly foremen or overseers, require from 4 to 5 francs. Then came Hamed, the bee-keeper, followed by a burly negro with deep-cut scars across his cheeks, which M. Desplats informed me were souvenirs of his slavery beyond the burning sands of the Great Desert. "This fellow," remarked Mr. Pilter, half turning toward me as a short, crafty-looking Arab came forward, "we believe to be an assassin. It happened about a year ago on the Kef road. The victim was his enemy, whom he was seen to follow. His knife, too, I understand, was found near by, but he was not convicted. He is a good worker, though, and such are scarce here."

My room was at one end of the terrace, and sometimes at night there drifted up from beneath me the guttural sounds of the guards as they conversed in low murmurs in the archway under the tower. Then the sharp bark of a jackal would break the night's stillness as he faced the pale moon disc, and far off the idiotic laugh of the hyena would echo through some deep gully up over the mountainsides, and then I would fall asleep in a dream maze of a thousand and one nights of the mysticism and romanticism of the drowsy East.

Among the many pleasant diversions at Ksar-Tyr was partridge-shooting, and one day found me, gun in hand, with a small bird-dog at my heels. "Don't go too far into the jebel, get back before dusk, and keep an eye out for itinerant Arabs or blacks," I was warned. A quarter of a mile was enough for the dog, who, following the dictates of his conscience, lit out for home.

Striking the outskirts of the plantation, I followed along the edge of the vineyards, and stopped occasionally to refresh myself with the luscious purple grapes or the delicious lighter Muscat which hung in clusters of enormous size in

the purple shadows of the vines, which are trained as separate bushes a few feet high. Here and there a covey of partridges led me along the neighboring hills. I was pushing my way cautiously through the shrub when a peremptory call brought me to a standstill, and an Arab, rifle in hand, ran toward me. He proved to be one of the guards whose duty it was to protect the vines against thieves and the game-preserves against poachers. I showed him my permit, which he scanned carefully to his satisfaction.

Had I been as wise as the dog, I should long before have followed his example, for the day was one of the hottest of the Tunisian midsummer, which the excitement of the chase had caused me to overlook. My return journey was made in short relays, as I dizzily sought the protection of every available tree and shrub.

"It is strange," remarked Mr. Pilter, as we sat chatting in the shade of a eucalyptus, "what unexpected difficulties one encounters here. To meet the religious needs of my Arab workmen and partly to remove Moslem prejudices and superstition, I have been obliged to build a mosque on the plantation, while this last season a new proposition presented itself. My grain, as you know, is carried in high two-wheeled mule-carts by my Arabs to Medjes-el-Bab—likely enough you passed one on your way here. Now a thieving Arab does not need to travel many times over that long journey, sitting the while on the object of his desire, before he develops a systematic method to satisfy it. So as soon as this 'shrinkage in wheat' became evident I decided that all bags should be sealed, after which, to my surprise, one and all they refused to cart any sealed bags."

From an Occidental point of view, the

Moslem has perhaps proved no more tractable to modern methods of agriculture than to many other Christian ideas which have been thrust upon him. But a steady improvement in that direction is obvious, and, after all, are we not in a measure handing back to him talents given us by the Mussulmans centuries ago?

"Behold how the mighty hath fallen," commented my host, as a mule was driven by, hauling after him a heavy stone roller. "That roller is the drum of a Roman column which was dug up here at Ksar-Tyr."

I looked away through the trees to the crumbled heap of Colonia Vallis. In no country of northern Africa has the Roman failed to leave behind him a record of progress and civilization. Neither the rugged mountain ranges of the Atlas nor the arid sands of the Sahara with their heat and fever proved a barrier to the Roman eagle or to that extensive civilization which followed in its wake. Like many places in northern Africa, the district around Medjes-el-Bab is literally cluttered with crumbling attestations to the supremacy of the Cæsars—cisterns, baths, triumphal arches, and mausoleums.

Late that afternoon a little post-chaise bore me away from Ksar-Tyr. Far back in her setting of vineyards, olive-trees, and eucalyptus, her crenelated walls shone like a yellow amethyst in the golden light of the lowering sun; then a hill crest hid her from view.

The wild broom and musk balsam cast lengthening shadows eastward; a honey-bee loaded with sweet nectar droned heavily homeward, and from the roadside softly drifted past me the delicate fragrance of the rosemary—for remembrance.



# A Chance Samaritan

BY MARGARET CAMERON

HAVING learned that his friends had left the hotel, Carrington was hurrying through the crowded hall toward the street, when he found himself face to face with Jean Beveredge. It was the first time they had met since the evening, months before, when she had bidden him choose between her love and his professional integrity, and he had gone from her embittered presence to prosecute an inquiry that had brought, as he had known it must, exposure and discredit to her father, in an old age previously honored.

Carrington had grown lean during those months. His face was worn almost to haggardness, and the line of his lips was stern. Now, as his one brief glance took account of the ravages sorrow and anxiety had made in her face, he bowed, and passed so quickly that he did not notice her slight detaining gesture. He heard her call, however, and turned instantly, only his startled, stormy eyes betokening his emotion.

A red flame scorched her face and died, overcome by an icy pallor, but her voice was perfectly steady and of the impersonal tint one uses in addressing a stranger.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "but do you happen to know where Mr. Sawyer is taking Mrs. Knowles and the rest to dine to-night?"

"No," he replied, striving to respond in the key she had set. "I haven't heard him say."

"Ah! I thought you might know. Thank you." Then, because he still lingered, she added, as if to dismiss him and the subject together: "I was to meet them here. Evidently they have been detained."

To his perturbed consciousness her words seemed entirely calm, but he saw that she was troubled; indeed, he knew that only in sore straits would she accost him, even casually, and refused to take

his congé, finding a fanatic pleasure in prolonging his pain in her service.

"Perhaps I can be of use?" he suggested.

"No,—thank you," coldly. "They will come presently."

"Undoubtedly; still—I assure you I don't wish to seem persistent—or officious, but—suppose they shouldn't come?"

"Oh, they will! They must!" For a moment her careful manner broke under the spur of apprehension. "Don't you think they will? I mean," more quietly, "you have no reason for thinking they won't?"

"None whatever, except—I infer that they're very late, and there's always a possibility of accident or misunderstanding. If there is anything I can—"

"Thank you—no. There is nothing." Bowing slightly, she would have turned away had he not interposed, with a manner for the moment as formal as her own.

"I hope you will try to see this impersonally—neutrally." Once again color overspread her face, rising hotly to her hair, but he continued, in the same tone: "I quite understand that you spoke to me only because, as Jim Sawyer and I are close friends, you thought I might know about his plans this evening. Unfortunately, I do not; but there are certain things that I can offer to any woman—and that you can accept from any man—who is Sawyer's friend. Will you meet me on that ground, and let me know how I can be of service to you both?"

After the briefest pause, she conceded, somewhat unevenly: "Thank you. I am in—in a sort of—dilemma." As she went on, she was fairly successful in reducing the cold hostility of her tone to the steady, impersonal note with which she had begun. "Mr. Sawyer 'phoned me this morning that Mrs. Knowles and Maud were in town and he had persuaded





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

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them to stay over for dinner. He was going to ask some others, and wanted me to meet them all here at half past six."

"You're sure it was here?"

"That's what I understood, though the 'phone was working badly. I told them not to wait past the hour, as if I came I would surely be on time; but I've been here since quarter past six, and I haven't seen any of them."

Carrington looked at his watch. "It's five minutes past seven. H'm! I'm afraid it's a case of a needle in a haystack now! Of course they weren't going to dine here?"

"No. I think they were going to some shabby old place Mr. Sawyer likes, where the walls are as smoky as the cooking is good."

Carrington shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "That may be any one of a dozen places scattered from the Battery to the Bronx," he said. "If that's the case, I'm afraid we must give it up. You—you'll let me take you to the ferry?"

"Oh no! No, I'd rather not!" she exclaimed. Then, as he flushed and drew back, she hastily continued: "You're very kind, but—I'm not going home. Not just yet. I can't. I mean— Don't you think I could possibly find them? It's rather important that I should, for—for other reasons than—than just dinner."

"Well, we can try; but there's about one chance in a thousand. You prefer to wait here?"

"Yes, I—no, it will save time if I go with you. That is," a hurried glance swept his face, "you don't mind?"

"Not at all. Just as you wish, of course."

Nevertheless, he frowned uneasily, and looked sharply about as they went toward the door. He seemed, also, to be making a rapid hunt through his pockets, and a curious blankness which she, her face turned steadfastly away from him, did not perceive, settled upon his countenance. At the door he hesitated before turning toward Broadway.

"I'm sorry I shall have to ask you to go in a street-car," he then said. "It would give me great pleasure to call a cab, but the truth is," laughing awkwardly, "I have exactly forty cents in my possession at this moment, and I

haven't been able, since meeting you, to get my eye on a man I know. I may even be driven to borrowing car fare from you before we get to the end of this expedition."

"But you can't!" she cried. "That's what's the matter! That's the reason I can't go home until I find somebody I know. I've lost my purse and my commutation ticket. I haven't a cent!"

"You might have asked me!" he began, hotly, but instantly checked himself. Her glance had put glacial infinities between them.

"No." The tone was level and hard. "I couldn't. Besides," with a whimsical change of manner and a chill, glinting smile, "what would it have profited me? Forty cents wouldn't carry me far."

Startled by the vistas opening at this suggestion, they stopped in the white circle of an arc-light, staring at each other. Carrington thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and withdrew a quarter and three nickels. Systematic search through many other pockets failed to reveal so much as a copper more. Spreading the coins out on his palm, he glanced ruefully from them to her blank face. Then, inopportunistly, grotesquely, the common sense of humor that had been one of the strongest bonds between them, asserted itself. A leaping spark in her eye kindled a flash in his, and in the next instant they were irresistibly laughing together, almost in the old way. When Realization, with bitter mien, again overtook them, a barrier was down that could not easily be re-erected, and each was shaken by a crowd of turbulent emotions loosed in that moment of unrestrained laughter.

The woman was first to speak, in futile effort to restore to their relation its lost balance. "I'm afraid I'm embarrassing you more than even your friendship for Mr. Sawyer would warrant," she said, not very steadily. "I'll go back to the hotel. They'll surely find me in time."

"Why should they?" Only his words were under control. Husky voice and glowing eyes betrayed stirred depths of feeling. "You told Sawyer you might not come. They won't even look for you. But if you don't mind waiting at the hotel a little while, until I get some money."

"You can't! How can you?"

"I have a friend somewhere in this vicinity who can probably let me have some, but I must find him first, and it may take a little time."

"You mean that you intend to pawn something—your watch, of course." Again her tone was hard. She knew that the watch had been his father's, and that he valued it highly.

"Well—that would be a solution."

"On the contrary."

"But I shall not lose the watch—and I can't let you sit in that hotel reception-room all night, even if the management would, which I doubt. We'll try to find Sawyer and Mrs. Knowles, but, failing that, you must get home somehow; so—don't you see?—there is no other way." He spoke gently, persuasively, but his voice was still irrepressibly vibrant, and the girl's face grew more inflexible with each syllable.

"I cannot let you pawn your watch." The cold finality of her manner chilled him. "There must be some other way. If I had only asked what theatre they were going to!"

"Theatre! Are they going to the theatre?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you?"

"Then we have them! They'll go to see 'The Pink Paroquet.' Sawyer's fancy for that piece amounts to an obsession. That's where we'll find them!"

"Oh!" There was an awkward little silence, which, again, she broke, her voice flat and colorless. "Then—I needn't trouble you further. You've been very kind. Thank you—and good night."

"Please!" he begged. "You can't go to the theatre alone."

"I prefer to."

"And you've had no dinner. Oh, I quite understand," bitterly, as she made a quick, protesting gesture, "that you would not dine with me. But surely you'll not forbid me, as Sawyer's friend, to see, first, that you have something to eat, and, later, that you join his party safely at the theatre?"

"I certainly shall not permit you to pawn—anything—in order that I may dine." Her very lips were stiff. "Any-way, I don't—need any dinner."

"Pardon me, you do need dinner. At least, let me lend you forty cents."

Against the heavy depression now settling upon him, he strove to leaven his words with humor. "You can get something for that; soup and coffee—and perhaps even pie. Who knows?"

"And—you?"

Something in her hesitation set his heart aleap, although he instantly reasoned that it was the result of her unwillingness to accept even so small a sacrifice from him. He had learned his lesson well, and his head was not to be befooled, however his pulses might clamor. Still, he could not hold his voice quite steady.

"Oh, I shall do very well. I shall find food—enough."

"Food for thought?" she swiftly questioned, in nervous effort to second his attempt at humor and give the conversation a lighter, more careless aspect. Then, to cover the impulsive suggestion and the lack of poise that it betrayed, she hurried on into further mazes. "Or perhaps you mean thought for food? At any rate," hastily, "I doubt if you would find it sustaining, and I certainly cannot deprive you of your last penny."

"Then let me share my last penny with you! I mean," looking away, lest he should again encounter the icy displeasure of her glance, and eliminating from his tone all but the solicitude any stranger might evince in similar case, "will you extend the truce for an hour, dine—or more properly sup with me, and permit me to take you to the theatre to meet your friends,—or, failing that, to see you safely home?"

He held his breath through the silence that ensued. When she finally spoke, it seemed to him that her voice was even colder and more remote than it had yet been.

"As Mr. Sawyer's friend?"

"As Sawyer's friend." It was a pledge.

Another pause. Then she looked him full in the eyes, her own strangely alight, her head thrown a little back.

"Very well," she said, half defiantly. "I will."

Carrington's heart was in his throat, suffocating him. She saw him go white, and heard his one quick breath before he made himself say, quietly:

"Thank you. So far as I know, there is just one place in this neighborhood

where we can get decent food for what we have to pay. Have you ever been in one of Kydd's places?"

"No."

"There's one in the next block. They are not fashionable—no one who knows us will be there—but they are good of their kind, and clean,—and they are cheap."

"Then, by all means, let's go there."

To Kydd's, accordingly, they went, casually commenting on the street scenes about them, as might the veriest strangers they pretended to be. Once, a witty comparison of his brought a quick, excited laugh from her, and once, in crossing the street, he touched her arm and winced inwardly as she hastily withdrew from the contact. Nevertheless, when they entered the white-tiled restaurant, a tinge of color had crept into her cheeks and her eyes were brilliant, while Carrington, in his rôle of Sawyer's friend, had resolved to abandon himself to the joy of the moment's companionship, giving no thought to the doubly desolate morrow.

They found places together near the back of the room, at a table where were already seated a fat woman whose untidy toilet was crowned by a flaring hat with aggressive blue plumes, three tired-looking girls in black gowns and neat white collars and cuffs, a stolid youth just finishing his meal, and, opposite Jean, an elderly man from out whose deeply lined face shone eyes serenely calm. Curious glances were directed from all sides toward the newcomers, whose manner no less than their raiment proclaimed them strayed from their accustomed environment.

Carrington spread before them, in lieu of a table-cloth, two tiny napkins taken from a pile on the uncovered marble slab serving as a table, and took up the bill of fare,—framed, like a child's slate, in wood,—asking in his courtliest and most impersonal manner,

"What may I order for you?"

"Caviare," said she, "and whitebait, and—pheasant, I think. You may fill in the gaps." Apparently she had left behind her mood of cold formality, and in its place had come a hard sparkle and a tone of gay, sardonic raillery.

"I would suggest coffee," gravely re-

turned Carrington. "They serve it here, I see, in generous and—er—substantial cups, for five cents."

"Oh, coffee, of course!"

"Two coffees. That's ten cents. Now—are you hungry?"

"I—am. If you want the whole truth, I am ravenous!"

"And yet, you would have gone without dinner!"

"Yes; but—I'm to have dinner, you know," she suggested.

"True." He returned to the study of the card in his hand. "Then—do you prefer oysters or steak?"

"Let me see." She looked over his shoulder. "I don't want raw oysters—not at fifteen cents!—and, cooked, they cost far too much. What a remarkable price-list! Where's the steak? Oh, we can't afford that! It's twenty-five cents!"

"You must have steak." Carrington was acutely conscious of her use of the first person plural, and also of the derisive little smile playing about her lips. "I'm not at all hungry—"

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the kind! You forget the terms of our agreement. We share this penny." For a moment he wondered whether she could be deliberately tempting him, and found himself baffled by the light in her eye. Was it challenge or mockery? "Oh, are those desserts? Are there any within our means?"

"'Pies in season,' " he read. "'Crullers, apple sauce, chocolate eclairs, vanilla cornstarch'—oh yes, lots of things for five cents."

"Delightful! I'll have—what are Napoleons? Or do you think Bath buns sound more interesting?"

"If that is your standard, I suggest vanilla cornstarch as probably affording the maximum of sensation for the price."

"N-no, I'm not interested quite to that extent. I shall try Napoleons. It sounds so—Frenchy, don't you think?"

"I trust you'll not be forcibly reminded that the Man of Destiny was a Corsican. What else will you have?"

"Can we manage all this? Five cents for coffee, five for dessert, and—that leaves only ten for the *pièce de résistance*."

By this time the obvious disparity between their resources and their appear-



ance had excited the undisguised and sympathetic interest of all their table companions, with the exception of the stolid youth, who noisily pushed back his chair and departed. An immaculately white-clad waitress paused behind them, but at a word from Carrington passed on.

"We ought to save a tip for the girl," said he. "I'll go without pie, and we'll give her five cents. Or—I'll tell you! Here's a 'side order of beans with any of the above for five cents.' Now, you order one of 'the above,' I'll take the beans, and we'll give the girl the difference."

"Fie on your mathematics!" she retorted. "All 'the above' are very, very expensive. 'Fried or broiled ham' is the cheapest, and that is twenty cents. Beans would make it twenty-five, and—you see? No, I want— Oh, here's chicken salad! I'm devoted to— Oh!" with exaggerated disappointment, "it's twenty-five cents, too,—and I did want chicken salad!"

"Have it, then," recklessly. "We'll manage somehow."

"No," sternly drawing in her lips. "We simply can't afford it!"

"Try corned-beef hash."

"It's fifteen cents!"

"Yes, I know,—but it's 'browned in the pan.'"

"We-ell, I'll give up Bonaparte and have hash." Glancing up, she encountered the admiring and sympathetic gaze of the elderly man opposite, and hastily resumed, "Now, what are you going to have?"

"The delight of my boyhood,—buck-wheat cakes and maple syrup."

"And pie."

"No; the price of my pie goes to the waiter lady."

Carrington gave the order, and heard it repeated almost instantly to the cook. The elderly man leaned across the table.

"Broke?" he asked, confidentially.

"Yes," said Carrington. "Flat."

"I've been there." The other nodded reminiscently, shrewdly adding, "You two ain't used to it, though."

"No," Carrington admitted; "we—I'm not. Not yet." He shot a glance at Jean, expecting to find traces of annoyance in her face, but she was regarding the man with mocking eyes and an odd, wry little smile.

A small steak, a tiny dish of French fried potatoes, and a plate of hot tea-biscuits were placed before their neighbor.

"I wanted to tell you when you were ordering," he said, looking at Jean. "that you got potatoes and biscuits with steak. I thought mebbe you didn't know."

"No," she replied, "I didn't know. I've never been here before."

"That so? Then I'm sorry I didn't tell you. But I didn't just like to butt in that way. Some folks wouldn't stand for it."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, anyway—to-night."

"Oh!" said the man, comprehensively. He divided his small steak, with a queer, half-deprecating glance at the couple opposite, and put part of it carefully aside on the biscuit-plate. "Oh, well," he then observed, "worse things might happen to you than just being broke. You know that, don't you?" to Carrington.

"Yes," the younger man returned, somewhat grimly, "I know that."

"'Tain't real convenient—being broke," continued the other, sagely smiling. "I guess mebbe you're finding that out too. But you're both young, and you've got each other, so, after all, what do you care?"

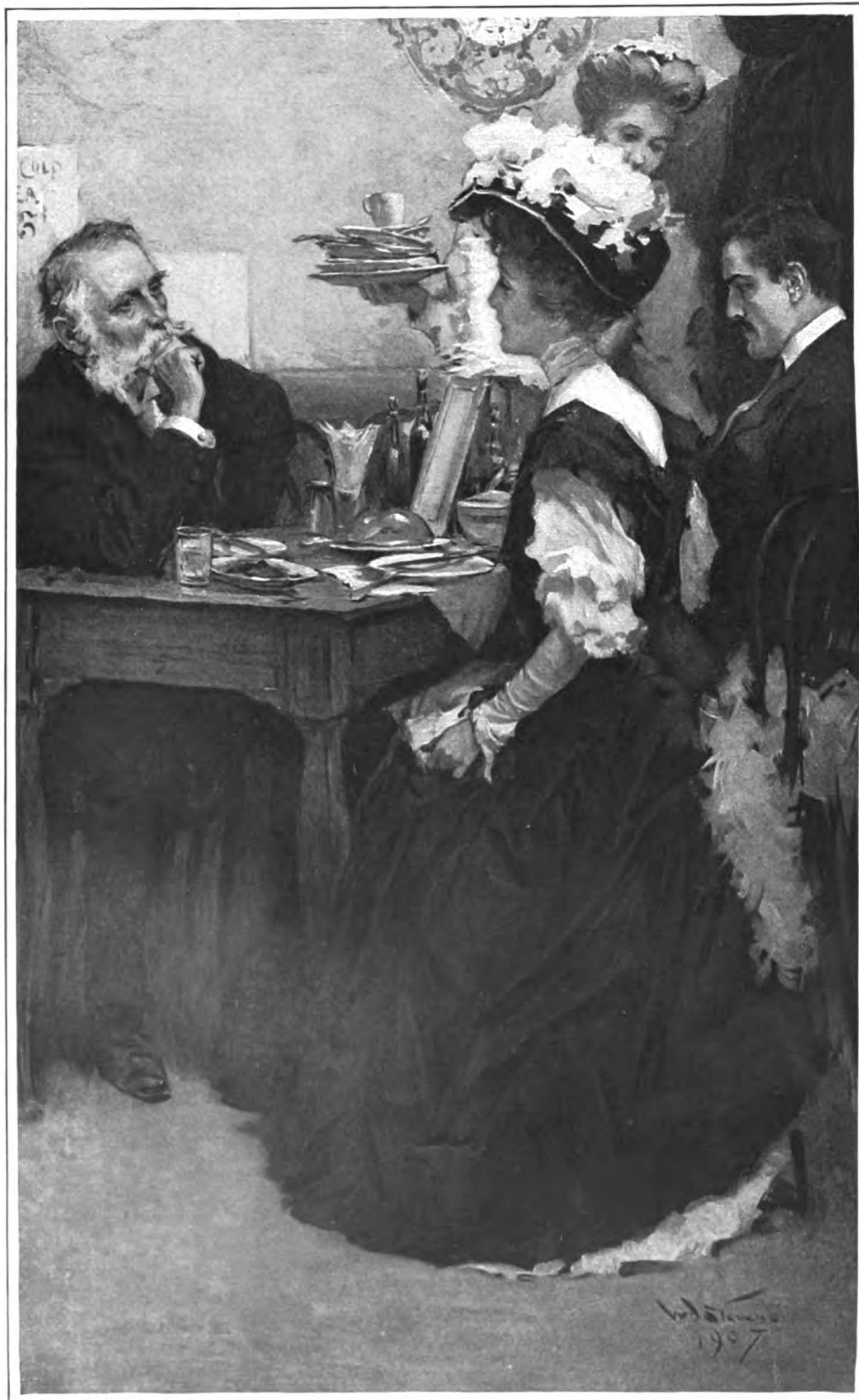
"Obviously," said Jean, with a hard little laugh, "we don't care at all."

"That's right. Anybody can see you don't. You just make a joke of it, and go on having your good times together, anyhow. And that's right, too, for then, whatever happens, nothing can ever take away from you the good times you have had."

"Nor the hard times, either," she dryly supplemented.

"Oh, I don't know. When you've travelled a long way and look back, most of the hard times are like valleys in a picture. They sort o' drop out o' sight, and it's the good times that stand up and show. Now, when you're on your feet again, you won't think much about how it hurt to fall down, but you'll remember that when the two of you only had forty cents for your dinner, he wanted to spend twenty-five or thirty of it on you."

"Oh, undoubtedly! But you do him an injustice. He wanted to give me the whole forty."



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"THIS WOMAN, WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIM, TRIED TO BRIBE HIM"



"Well, there you are! There's a pair of you, too, for I heard him say you wanted to go without any dinner. And you," he turned to the now taciturn Carrington—"you won't remember much about the worry of it, once it's over, but you'll never forget that at the very worst she laughed and made a joke of it all. And she wouldn't take more than her half, either. She played fair. You'll never forget that."

"Our consideration for each other to-night is certainly touching," cynically observed Jean, although a deep flush burned in her face. "But don't you think, if we try hard, we may atone for it later?"

For a moment he regarded her mildly, puzzled as much by the tone as by the words. Then said he, simply:

"I guess that's one o' your jokes, too, ain't it? I ain't just sure I know what you mean, but anybody can see with one eye that you two have got what money won't buy—and, what's more, you both know it. And that's the kind o' thing that gives a man courage to fight and win out,—and you'll do it, too."

"Perhaps," said Carrington. Nothing in his whole encounter with Jean had so emphasized in his mind their changed relations as her ready acceptance of the rôle assigned her by this stranger in the bitter little comedy they were playing. He had expected to feel the barrier of her unabated anger, but her use of the situation created by the guileless man across the table convinced him that she deliberately sought to wound him.

"Oh, sure! You're down on your luck now, and I can see you're blue, but you can't stay discouraged as long as you've got her. I know! I've been *there*, too. And, anyhow, this ain't real trouble you've got. . . . Is it?" he asked, suddenly suspicious of his own insight.

"What do you call real trouble?" parried the girl, perceiving that Carrington would have no part in the discussion.

"Oh, well, now! I suppose there's as many kinds o' trouble as there's kinds o' people to make it, and nobody knows which kind would be hardest for somebody else. I've had a good many kinds myself, one time and another, but I never had any yet that got me down and kept me down. But then," thoughtfully,

"I've never had to stand disgrace—for myself or my boys. That must be hard!" Jean's lips tightened and Carrington looked sternly into space. "And it's always seemed to me that one of the worst things for me to bear would be to do a mean thing—a big mean thing—to somebody I—I cared for, you know, and then lose 'em before I could make up for it. That must be one of the hardest things there is, don't you think so?"

"Is it?" asked Jean, in a little, choked voice.

The waitress brought their order and spread the dishes before them.

"You haven't brought me any bread," said Carrington.

"We don't give bread with cakes and syrup. Bread's extra. Want some?"

"No. Never mind."

Before Jean could proffer part of hers, the man opposite, glancing furtively at the three inattentive girls in black, said, in an embarrassed undertone:

"Say, young man, you—you take some of these biscuits. I ain't going to eat all of 'em, honest! And, anyhow, I've got a job now, and I can buy more if I want 'em. Sure, you take 'em! And I wish you'd eat the other half of this steak, too. You see, I put it off my plate because I thought—I mean, because I wasn't very hungry."

Carrington flushed painfully. "No, thank you," said he. "I shall do very well with cakes and coffee."

"No, you take it. My appetite ain't real good to-night, and I'd hate to see good steak like that wasted."

"Oh, take it!" whispered Jean, looking with suddenly misted eyes from his earnest face to Carrington's clouded one, and the younger man, after an instant's hesitation, perceived that acceptance would be the only adequate return for such an offer.

"That's right! Us old fellows get where we don't care so much about food, but I used to miss it a good deal when I was your age, and—rations was sort o' short, this way."

The fat woman had long since departed and now the black-clad girls followed her, leaving the three alone at the table. The crowd was clearing out, and the waitress put on the next table a large sign to the effect that the back of the

dining-room was closed, and looked significantly at the remaining trio.

"You must have been having a run of bad luck," now observed their neighbor, obviously dallying with his food to prolong the conversation.

"I—have," said Carrington, truthfully.

"Let's see,—what did you say your trade was?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Oh—are you?" For an instant his surprise was tinged with suspicion. "I thought lawyers always— But mebbe you got hit hard, and lost everything at once?"

After a moment's hesitation, Carrington nodded, gloomily.

"Say, that's tough! Lose much?"

Again the lawyer nodded.

"That is tough! How did it happen?"

"It happened," said Jean, in a curiously low and vibrant tone, "because he refused to be—bribed."

Carrington, who had been concocting a lie that should spare the illusions of the kindly and simple man across the table, heard the words, and sat perfectly motionless, like one stunned, trying to determine what possible significance they could have, coming from her lips.

"Oh!" exclaimed the other auditor, with new interest. "Mebbe you're one of the fellows that's been up against a big corporation."

"Something like that," said the girl. "He was employed to investigate certain—abuses."

As Carrington turned swiftly, his pulses pounding and in his eyes one burning question, she paled and shrank a little from him, but she did not remove her steady gaze from the sympathetic, seamed face opposite.

"Muck-raking, eh?"

"Yes. And when he got into this case, he found that it involved the—the exposure of a friend—a very special friend of his. When this man and his—associates—found out what was going to happen, they tried to stop the investigation, and when that failed, they—they tried to—influence—"

"They tried to bribe—him?" Incredulously he glanced at Carrington.

"Not at first. They tried arguments—persuasion—threats—"

"And they finally got him where they could squeeze him!"

"Yes,—that's what it amounted to."

"But—hadn't you any friends to stand by you? Where were his friends?"

"Jean!" breathed Carrington. "Jean!"

She lifted her hand to check him.

"He had one friend who could have helped him. Just one—a woman. He went to her and begged her to understand—but she wouldn't. The man whom he had to attack was—was a relative of hers, and—" She hesitated a moment.

"Oh, well! I guess nobody could expect her to go back on her own people!"

"She might at least have been honest, but she wasn't! For when everything else had failed, it was she—this woman who might have saved him—who tried to bribe him."

"No! You don't say!" The man leaned his elbows on the table, intent on the story.

Carrington's eyes blazed from a white face, and the girl continued, bitterly:

"She offered him what she knew he wanted most in all the world, if he would use his position and his power to—to screen her relative. And when he refused, she discarded him. She sent him away. She said she hoped she might never see him again. And all the time she knew—down in her heart she knew perfectly well that he was right and that her father was—"

"He was more sinned against than sinning," hoarsely interrupted Carrington. "He was old—and not very keen; he was a tool in the hands of a stronger man. I tried to bring that out."

Again she checked him with a gesture, refusing to meet his gaze, and by her own steady regard keeping him reminded of the listener across the table, to whom she apparently spoke. The man was now looking from one to the other, puzzled by evidences of a strong, uncharted undercurrent.

"And when it was all over, she had to face—the truth. She had to realize what she had done—and been—"

"Never mind all that, Jean!" broke hoarsely from Carrington. "Was there—nothing else?"

"I say she had to face the truth—about herself and—him." She was very





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"OH NO! I DON'T WANT TO SEE PEOPLE—YET," SHE SAID



pale now, and her trembling hands tightly gripped the cold marble. "Even then she might have saved him—something, but she was a coward—and proud,—and in all the months since, she has never lifted an eyelash to help him—or to make reparation."

"That was pretty mean," slowly commented the man opposite. "Pretty mean. Now, you couldn't do a thing like that to save your life!"

"No," quickly interpolated Carrington, anticipating confession, "she couldn't."

Jean lifted her glance, which had fallen, and her eyes were very sombre. "I did once," she said. "I'm not—You are mistaken about me. I quarrelled with him, once,—because he was stronger than I—and for months I wouldn't speak to him—nor see him—nor answer his letters—although all the time I knew—" She faltered, her ebbing self-control further drained by the intensity of Carrington's gaze. "And then, one day, I had to speak to him about something,—and I was glad. But even then I wouldn't admit that there was anything better or bigger than my pride—and I was angry because I was glad; and I was hard—and bitter—when I wasn't flippant and silly, because—because I was so afraid he would see—I deliberately hurt him—humiliated him—when I ought to have been begging—"

"No, no! Jean! Don't!"

"But, you see, you ain't like the other woman, after all," said the old man, gently, "and there's no use feeling bad about it now, because in the end you made up for it. Didn't she?" He smiled at Carrington.

"She's making up for it—for everything—every instant!" The lawyer's voice shook.

"Of course she is! That's what I say. It's worth losing a good deal—and bearing a good deal—just to be sure that now, whatever happens, she'll stick to you to the end."

"Yes," said Carrington; "and you will,—won't you, Jean?"

She let him see deep into her eyes for an instant, as she answered, tremulously, "To the very end."

The man across the table nodded. "I know," said he. "My wife was like that, too. Well," with a change of tone, "I guess they're going to shut this place up in a few minutes, and we'd better be going. But see here, young man, I want you should take this." He slipped a half-dollar across the table to Carrington. "'Tain't much, but I can spare it, and I'd hate to think that mebbe you two didn't have any breakfast."

The younger man needed no prompting this time, nor was it possible to mistake the sincerity of his gratitude as he accepted the coin.

"Thank you. Will you give me your name and address, please? I shall pay this back in a few days."

"My name's John King, and I'm working for the Baker and Ledgett Company; but there's no hurry, you know. I can spare it."

"I understand, but I shall look you up soon. I don't want to lose sight of you; and I hope the time may come when I can do as much for you as you've done for me to-night—but it never will!"

The other's eyes widened in astonishment. "Me? Oh, you mean the steak and biscuits!" He laughed genially. "I guess you never were broke before! You pay that back to some other fellow who's in the same fix some day. That 'll be all right."

When they had parted from John King, Carrington asked:

"And now, dear, shall we go up to the theatre and borrow money from Jim Sawyer to get home on?"

"Oh no! I don't want to see people—yet," she said, a little catch in her voice. "Let's—let's go and pawn your watch!"



# Further Glimpses of Diplomatic Life

BY MADAME DE BUNSEN, *née* WADDINGTON

THE spring of 1868 was marked in Italy by the marriage of the King's eldest son, the Prince of Piedmont,\* to his cousin, Madame Marguerite de Savoie,† daughter of his uncle, the late Duke of Genoa, and the Duchess, his wife, a Saxon princess.

The marriage was hailed with delight by the whole country, and great preparations were made, as well at Turin, the old capital of the House of Savoy, where the ceremony was to take place, as in Florence, the new capital of Italy, which was most anxious to receive the bridal pair with all possible magnificence and rejoicing.

Very little was known at that time of the young Princess who was destined to be the first Queen of Italy. She had been brought up at Turin, with her brother, the little Duke of Genoa, in the Palazzo Ducale, a wing of the royal palace, and according to the traditions of the old-world etiquette, which still ruled the court of Savoy, had had little intercourse with the outer world.

Owing to my intimacy with her governess, Mlle. A., I had the honor during the years we were at Turin of being occasionally admitted to her presence, and my little girl, even as a baby, had been taken to see Madame Marguerite, who was very fond of children.

The Crown-Prince Frederick William of Prussia, with a brilliant suite, was expected to be present at the wedding ceremonies, and the arrival of the hero of Sadowa, who by his victories in the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 had been so instrumental in bringing about the union of Venice to Italy, was eagerly looked forward to.

\* Afterwards King Umberto.

† The Regina Margherita, now the adored Queen-Mother of Italy.

" FLORENCE, March 24, 1868.

"The delight the fiançailles of Prince Umberto and Madame Marguerite have occasioned in all Italy is wonderful! C.\* expressed it very justly and prettily in a letter to Abeken, his old friend at the Foreign Office in Berlin, saying that the news had spread like a 'Frühlingshauch' (a breath of spring) through the land. The Princess has led such a quiet and secluded life till now at Turin that there was no portrait of her to be found at Berlin, and the one C. sent to Abeken has been in great request at court and everywhere, as people wanted to see what the future Queen of Italy was like.

"Of course all the marriage ceremonies are being discussed, and the great question is whether we here in Florence shall have to wear trains or not. The wives of the 'chefs de mission' who go to Turin for the wedding, which takes place there, *must* have trains, both for the ceremony itself and for the presentation afterwards to the newly made Princess of Piedmont; but will they be required for the reception fêtes here? This is a question which is exercising many minds at present.

"Garibaldi has expressed his approbation of the marriage, and his wish to send Madame Marguerite a bouquet of wild flowers from Caprera. As he is not at present on the best terms with the royal family, this is a very satisfactory sign. Poor Gianduja also, who stands for the typical Piedmontese, is supposed to approve highly. There is quite a pretty drawing of him in his three-cornered hat, holding the portraits of the two 'sposi,' and saying in the Piedmontese dialect that he is so pleased

\* In all this correspondence C. refers to my husband, Carl von Bunsen, at that time Prussian Conseiller de Légation at Florence.

at their marriage that he has forgotten all his grievances (change of capital to Florence, etc.)."

"FLORENCE, March 29, 1868.

"The Princess is well and happy; the marriage is to take place in less than a month now. She will probably make her entry into Florence on the last day of April and stay here the whole month of May. It is said that the Crown Prince of Prussia is coming to the wedding festivities, in which case we shall have much more to do than we anticipated."

"FLORENCE, April 15, 1868.

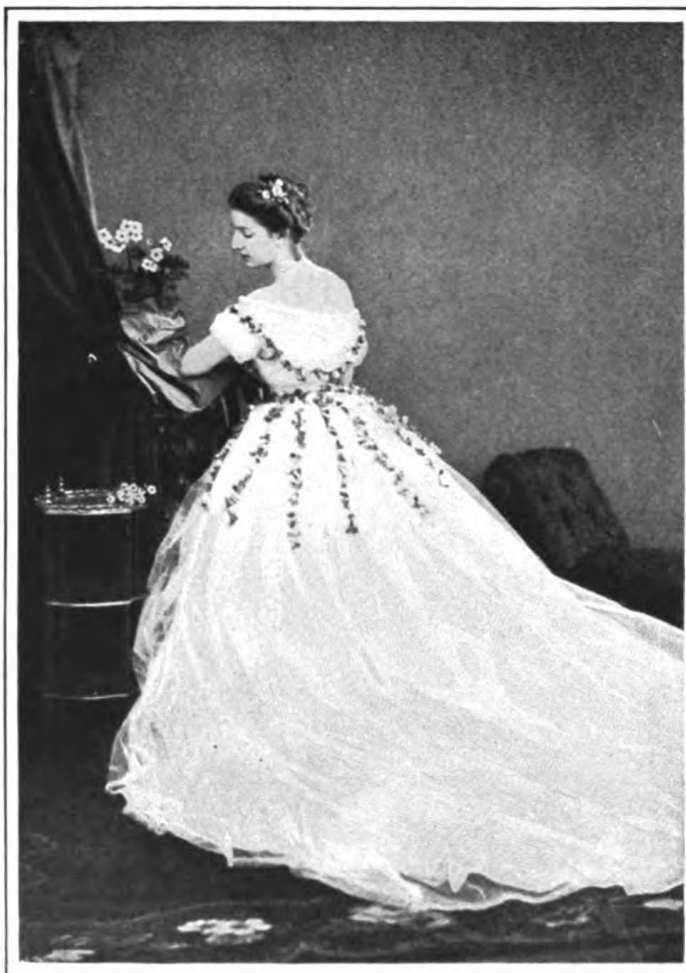
"Blanche came this morning to try on my dresses, which look quite hopeful so far. The one for the tournament is in 'faïlle gris perle,' with a paletot to match, trimmed with point d'Argentan. Bonnet of white tulle, with a 'chou' of gray satin. Then I have a Watteau dress, light-blue satin tunic over white tulle, trimmed with little black satin *cocottes* and bows. In the hair a 'chou' of blue satin, with a black aigrette and a branch of pink flowers. Don't exclaim! The idea is that of a dress Worth made this winter for a most elegant American, and you have no notion how knowing the little *cocottes* look! The other ball dress is all white, with bunches of white lilac."

"April 23.

"Madame Marguerite is married. The salute was fired here, and that is all we know about it so far.

"I have been very busy seeing after my dresses, which are not finished yet,

and getting all sorts of odds and ends. In short, as Madame d'O. S. said the other day, 'Il faudrait se commander un petit trousseau si on veut tout avoir neuf!' Without going so far as that, there are plenty of things which are absolutely necessary. Then seeing about a carriage, which is also a necessity. Four



MADAME MARGUERITE DE SAVOIE

From a portrait made just before her marriage, in 1868, to the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King Umberto

hundred francs for the eight days! 'J'en gémis' every time I think of it, and yet Mrs. Hardman is boasting loudly of having secured one for seventy francs a day, and people are now asking a hundred!

"Our consul here, Schmitz, is also rather groaning, as he has been making many preparations with a view to the



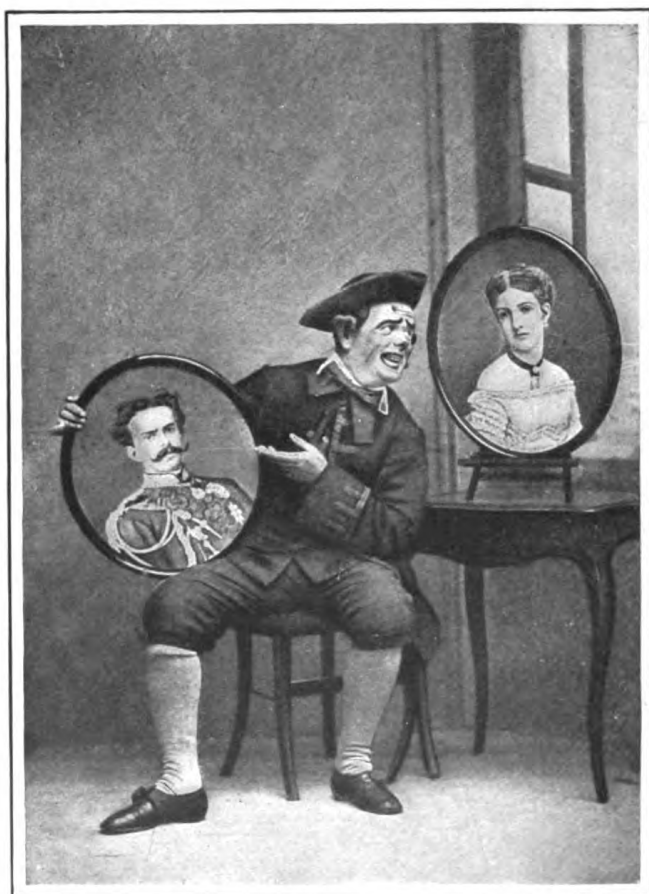
arrival of our Crown Prince. Count d'Usedom\* will travel with him from Turin, of course, but C. and Schmitz will meet him here at the station. So the latter has bought a new carriage, new harnesses, new liveries for all his servants, and a new uniform for himself!

"I have just been interrupted by a

" FLORENCE, April 29, 1868.

"Yesterday our Crown Prince arrived, and I want to write to you while the impression is still fresh in my mind. B.\* has been begging hard for some time past to see 'son Prince à elle,' so I suggested to C. that he might perhaps, through Schmitz, the consul, get the child

into the railway station to see the arrival. As it turned out, it was quite the proper thing to do; Madame d'Usedom† and Hildegard were going, too. B. was rather impressed by the crowd outside the station, through which the carriages could hardly make their way, and then with all the uniforms inside. Arnim from Rome was already there, with his handsome, disagreeable face and a cloak over his splendid uniform. Poor Schmitz seemed to feel very queer in his new one, made for the occasion, and looked as if he did not half like it. There was a great crowd of officials with Ginori, the sindaco of Florence, the prefetto, General Cadorna, who commands the town, and numbers of officers and aides-de-camp. A small group of Prussians was there also, amongst whom a Herr von Unruhe, one of the heroes of the late war, who had both his legs all but shot off at Sadowa. He was saved from amputation by



GIANDUJA EXPRESSING HIS SATISFACTION AT THE ROYAL MARRIAGE

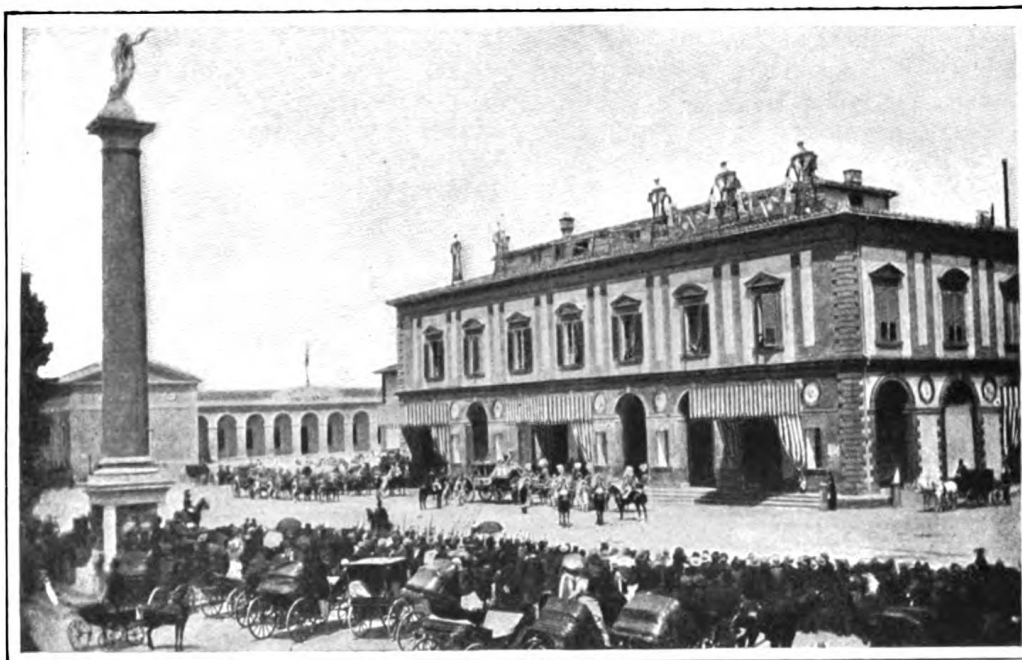
visit from Mlle. A., with all the accounts from Turin of the royal wedding. Madame Marguerite was beautiful in a pink dress for the 'contrat.' At the marriage ceremony she wore all the crown diamonds. She is reported to have said, when it was all over, 'On ne peut pas bien sauter dans cette toilette-là, sans cela je sauterais de joie!' From this she appears to be well and in high spirits!"

\* Our chief, Prussian minister to the court of Italy.

a kind of miracle and is here for his health; he looks very wan and small, poor fellow, but every inch a soldier. Madame d'Usedom arrived with Hildegard, who is now taller than her mother. Soon the whistle of the special train was heard, and it puffed slowly into the station. The Italian officers in attendance descended first from the saloon-carriage; then came the Prince, and we saw his full height

\* My little girl, Beatrice von Bunsen.

† Countess d'Usedom, née Malcolm, the wife of our chief.



ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CORSINE

and splendid figure as he got down. He shook hands with the Countess, who executed an energetic curtsy, her dress coming down with a kind of flop. She then introduced Hildegard and me. The Prince put out his hand, which I did not expect, being accustomed to the etiquette here, but the nice, kindly pressure made my heart warm to him at once. The authorities were introduced, and then he spoke to C. and to Unruhe, who was quite in the background, but whom he singled out at once. Schmitz, who was standing by me, was enchanted with the few gracious words, 'Wir sind ja alte Freunden; meine Frau hat sehr oft von Ihnen gesprochen.' (We are old friends; my wife has often spoken of you.) (Schmitz, as Prussian consul, did the honors of Florence to the Crown Prince and Princess some years ago). Then the Prince moved on to the court carriages with the red liveries that stood awaiting him outside, and before we could scramble into ours he was long gone, so that we could not judge of the reception the crowd gave him. At Turin and everywhere till now he has been enthusiastically received—'L'eroe di Sadowa! Il liberatore d'Italia!' (The

hero of Sadowa. The liberator of Italy), etc.; they say he can hardly speak of it himself without emotion. Schmitz drove us home, as our dearly bought grandeur only begins to-morrow.

"We are just returned from Lady Paget's party in honor of the Crown Prince, which was *very* select. H. R. H. dined at the English legation, and we had been asked to go early. We came about nine and found Hildegard hovering about the entrance, not liking to go in alone. The servant showed us into the empty drawing-room, for the company was still at dinner. Presently the doors were thrown open and we had a full view of them all still sitting at table. It was rather awkward; Lady Paget was occupied with the Prince and did not come forward—I forgot to curtsy, till Madame d'Usedom asked, energetically, 'Why don't you *bob*?' and then it was too late, as the Prince had turned to speak to somebody. Altogether I am afraid I made a mess of my entrée, but I don't think it mattered. C. had to go and speak to the Prince about some people who wish to be presented, and he talked so nicely with him, playing all the time with C.'s little string of orders.

Madame d'Usedom presented Hildegard a second time, but did not trouble about me any more. It was of no consequence, however, for later in the evening, when Lady Paget brought the Prince into the tea-room, he came up to me and said, in English, 'I must seize this opportunity of introducing myself to you,' and began talking very pleasantly. It did not last long, as Lady Paget called him to take his tea, but the manner was most gracious and charming. It was very pretty to watch Lady Paget with the Prince! she is *née* Comtesse Hohen-thal, and was maid of honor to his wife. She was, in fact, married to Sir Augustus Paget from their house. She is very lovely, with a tall, graceful figure, and was dressed in white gaze de Chambéry, with a little short lace apron tucked up at the sides 'en

paniers.' I wore my blue and black Watteau, which, however odd the description may sound, looks exquisite, in my opinion, with the black edging separating the blue satin from the soft tulle skirts. Madame d'Usedom was in white, broché with gold, and heavy gold fringes—enough to disgust one with gold for a long time. Lady Paget hovered about the Prince the whole time, presenting people to him, pulling arm-chairs for him to sit on, and giving him his tea, with such a pretty mixture of affection and respect. She introduced our friends Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham most particularly to H. R. H., and he talked to them so nicely. It is really worth serving such a Prince, and I agree with Schmitz that the Italians

must envy us having him. I had a visit from Mlle. A. to-day, half frantic with delight. The King had sent for her, wishing to tell her himself how enchanted he was with Madame Marguerite. On arriving at the Palace she came across the Crown Prince, and Usedom presented

her. The Prince spoke in glowing terms of Madame Marguerite. 'Sie wird eine glänzende Rolle spielen. Sie ist die schönste liebenswürdigste Prinzessin in Europa.' (She will play a brilliant part. She is the most beautiful, the most amiable Princess in Europe.) You may imagine what were our friend's emotions in hearing such praise of her beloved pupil! Then she went in to the King, who enlarged on the same theme. 'J'en ai pas mal vu des princesses et des reines, mais quelque chose comme Marguerite jamais! Elle a



COUNT D'USEDOM  
Prussian Minister at Florence

un aplomb, elle traverse tout un salon, elle parle à droite et à gauche, en Anglais, en Français, en Italien, en Allemand, comme vous l'avez bien élevée!' All accounts agree on that point; the Princess does not seem to know what shyness is, and is, moreover, brimful of happiness. When people at Turin pitied her for all the fatigue she had to undergo, she replied, 'Comment peut-on se fatiguer quand on s'amuse tant?' After the marriage, on leaving the cathedral, her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, presented her to the King as *his* daughter now. She threw herself at his feet, and when he raised her, embracing her rapturously, she said, 'Ah! sire, puisque vous êtes si bon pour moi, permettez que je ne vous appelle plus

sire, mais mon père!' All these charming things come to her quite naturally. Madame Menabrea\* told me she took such pains to show herself to the people of Turin, who were continually shouting in Piedmontese for 'la spouza! la spouza!' People say all the enthusiasm at Turin was for her and for our Prince. He, however, whenever he was with the royal family, persistently ignored the most marked applause, and never seemed to imagine it was addressed to himself. I tell you all these things just as I remember them; one hears of little else. The Princess is at Castello this evening, the last station before Florence, where there is a royal villa. To-morrow she makes her grand entrance into Florence, 'couronne en tête.' All her Florentine ladies meet her at the Cascine. What a change it must all be to her after her rather monotonous life at Turin to find herself the centre of everything, the first lady in the land!"

"April 30.

"C. is out, dining with our dear, delightful Crown Prince, and so I cannot go to see the illuminations. From the windows I can just see the Pitti Palace glowing in lines of fire, and the tower of the Signoria traced in light against the sky, and unless C. comes back soon, that is all I am likely to behold of them. But indeed I have seen quite enough already to-day, and so has B., whose little head will soon be quite turned if she goes on at this rate.

"Madame Marguerite, or rather the Princess of Piedmont, made her entry into Florence this morning, a vision of youth and grace and beauty. We all went to the American consulate, which is on the ground floor, so that we saw into the gala carriage perfectly. The cortège was preceded by the new 'cent gardes,' who look very well; then came the really magnificent glass coach that has just been made at Milan. The front seat was piled with enormous bouquets and heaps of flowers. At the back sat Prince Umberto, his dark head, much-embroidered uniform, and the broad ribbons of his orders making a strong contrast to his fair-haired bride, who was all in white. Of the famous crown I saw nothing, not

\* Wife of the Prime Minister.

having time to take note of it, but people said her hair was full of diamond marguerites. Her shoulders were bare, and she looked a little flushed, but pleased and interested, as she went along, bowing continually. The crowd clapped her according to Florentine custom, for here they never shout. After the 'sposi' came a very grand state carriage, all painted and gilt and quite empty. Then a quieter one, with Prince Amedeo, Duke of Aosta, the Prince de Carignan, and the little Duke of Genoa, brother of the bride. Then followed the six Florentine ladies in full toggery, with their bare necks and jewels, smothered in bouquets, and looking rather hot and bored. There were two ladies in each carriage, with aides-de-camp and maîtres des cérémonies to fill up. The whole cortège was magnificent. All the horses had their manes plaited with silver, like in Rome, and the harnesses, carriages, and liveries were perfectly splendid.

"When we had seen it all pass, C. hurried off, as he had to present the consistoire of the Swiss-German church to our Prince. He returned in a minute, however, to say he had just met Madame d'Usedom, who told him the Prince was to go to Villa Capponi about five; that we were to be there and to bring B. At first I did not quite know how to dress the child, but we got her into a white frock, a hat with a white feather, and the little necklace Madame Marguerite gave her, which she wore herself as a child. By the time we were ready C. came back well satisfied. Usedom had not been forthcoming, so he had to present all the consistoire himself. The Prince had been most gracious, and after they were dismissed had remained talking with C. of all sorts of things, till the Prince Amedeo had arrived to pay a visit. Our carriage came in very conveniently, and we drove off to Capponi, where everything was beautifully arranged and a perfect wealth of roses dispersed in every direction. When the royal carriages came in sight there was a moment of great bustle, Usedom and C. rushing downstairs, the Countess screaming to the servants, and Arnim laughing. He is not used to her ways, I suppose, for he asked me, 'Ist sie immer so?' (Is she always like that?) Madame d'Use-

dom took up her position at the door of the great entrance-hall up-stairs, Hildegarde, B., and I in the background. The Prince came in, tall and stately, and bowed. We all *bobbed*, according to the Countess's elegant expression. After speaking to her, he came on to us and asked who the little girl was. I explained, and also said how delighted she was to see her *own* Prince. Thereupon he shook hands with her most kindly, and then with me and Hildegarde, and went on to the terrace. After greetings with the small army of aides-de-camp, Italian and Prussian, who follow him everywhere, we went on to the terrace too, from whence the view was perfectly enchanting in this exquisite weather. B., quite calm and self-possessed, trotted about amongst all the gentlemen, providing herself with cakes and ices in a measure which rather alarmed me. She flirted in Italian with de Renzis, and excited the admiration of all by her composure. Once the Countess called her *Beatrice* very loud, upon which the Prince turned to me and asked if that was her name. He said it was the name of his youngest sister-in-law, who was also his god-daughter as well as his wife's. We went on talking, and I showed him Vallombrosa in the distance, where we had passed such delightful days after the great emotions, most *satisfactory* emotions (one could say no less speaking to the hero of Sadowa; besides, it was quite true), of the war! He asked if the monks were still there, and how we were lodged, and if there was no 'little population.' In short, the conversation was quite '*gemüthlich*.' He stayed till past six on the terrace, taking ices and cakes, in which his example was closely followed by all his gentlemen, who, having to rush about all day, seem always ready and eager for any kind of refreshment.

Count Otto came and told most killing stories of all that had gone on at Turin during the marriage fêtes. Then the Prince walked through all the rooms again, shook hands with B. and me, hoping he should see us again, and took leave of the Countess. We all went back to the terrace to see him drive off with the two Italian officers, Robilant and de

Renzis, and one of his own in his carriage. He looked up, saw us, and took off his hat again. A real pearl of a Crown Prince!"

"May 2.

"To-day we went to the Cascine for the races, and saw all the royalties pass before us in the most delightful manner. First the King, who was driving with his daughter, the Queen of Portugal, who is here for the wedding festivities. She was lying back in the carriage, looking very pretty and delicate, and leaving all the bowing business to her father. Her son, the pretty little 'Infant' of Portugal, was on the front seat. Then came the 'sposi,' Madame Marguerite, in a blue dress, looking so young and slight by the side of a portly dame d'honneur, who took up more than her fair share of the seat. Prince Umberto sat opposite his wife with an aide-de-camp. Then our own Crown Prince, driving with the Duke d'Aosta. He recognized us '*en passant*,' and gave me a delightful bow, turning quite round with such a bright, kind look of recognition, as if pleased to come across faces he knew in all that strange crowd. B. was not quite satisfied that 'son Prince' had seen her, and indeed it all went so quick that I hardly think *she* had time to make him out. I think you will have perceived that I had pretty nearly lost my heart to him already, but that bow finished me! Besides, did he not tell C. that he wished he had time to go to Vallombrosa? '*Ihre Frau Gemahlin hat eine so reizende Beschreibung davon gemacht*.' (Your wife made such a charming description of it.) Of course '*ce sont des phrases*,' but they are pleasant phrases, and it is pleasant to have a nice, tall, polite, gracious Crown Prince! He is going to the Swiss-German church to-morrow (Sunday), and C. had to give a hint that the sermon should not be too long, or, as an aide-de-camp told him, '*Der Prinz wird nervös!*' (The Prince gets nervous!) After church he visits the German Deaconess's establishment, and I suppose B. must be there, as it is her school. In the evening we are asked to the Palazzo Corsini on the Lung' Arno to see the fireworks—the King and all the royalties to be there."



# A Spring's Mischances

BY JENNIE BROOKS

ROSE-GARDENS all in a row. Star-jasmines, glossy-foliaged, clambering, clustering, over-weighting wire fence-strings with fragrant luxuriance; china-berry trees of thickest shade, young live-oaks, and maples; such very probable places for bird-nests,—and yet, and yet, our “mockers” would have none of them, but, from the vantage-point of an electric-light pole, choice-ly selected the prickly security of a “Spanish dagger.”

Neighboring was “Audubon Place,” quiet, untrampled by hurrying crowds, swarming with little children, but, for all that, the postman assured us, “lots of mockin’-birds nest there every year; yes, ’um!”

“Audubon Park,” with its meadows echoing to the pensive melody of the golden-throated lark; with stately black-birds threading their way through the grass, carrying “a chip on their shoulders,” as who would say *they* were not the landed proprietors; gray pigeons scratching unmolested in the gravel.

Now, might not any sensible bird find a secure home in that domain of shine and shade?

All the leaves were aquiver with exciting chatter of housekeeping plans; bird song and conversation resounded through the air. Many notes were new to my ears, our Northern birds of April holding small place here. The woods of Louisiana may be full of them, the islands of the Gulf *do* teem with millions of sea-birds known also on our Atlantic coast, but in the beautiful parks and cemeteries of New Orleans there was dearth. Carolina wrens were much in evidence, the ubiquitous blue jay, the red-winged blackbird, but I found no such rollicking crowd of migrant warblers picking daintily among tree buds as you may encounter in spring days “up No’t’h”; no such scolding crowd of catbirds; no fluty note of thrushes clad in beech-leaf

brown, nor the endless gaudy variation of woodpecker wings that make flying spots of color in the forests of Ohio.

Wander at will beneath the moss-draped trees of the “Duelling Oaks” of “City Park,” or thread the white-shelled silent avenues of “Metairie,” even venture into the country beyond, out on “Metairie Ridge,” and the persistent bird-arias are, mostly, from the extensive repertoire of the mocking-bird. Twice out upon “Metairie Ridge” have I heard the exquisite notes of his wooing song. It has been appropriately called the “dropping song,” and in April’s nesting-time is not rare. Not content with song, the various emotions of a bird find expression in wing-ways. As a child holds up imploring hands, so young birds flutter their wings, begging favors. The wings are used in expressing anger, as weapons of defence, buffeting intruders with powerful blows. In joyous ecstasy over his melody droop a bird’s wings with utter abandon, or they tremulously flutter as he stands singing out his heart. Again and again have I witnessed this act as if it is all done in highest appreciation of their own musical ability. Full voice, bewitching “wing-ways,” gala dress, become all spring-time birds who go a-courting. Thus the mocker, minus purple and fine linen, all flutter and ado, sprinkles the air with silvery notes, and actually seems to fall from branch to branch through the thick magnolia leaves in conducting his ardent wooing. Of gay colors boasts he none! His gladness must show itself in motion; so, singing ever, his throat rippling over with liquid notes, soft, sweet, insistent, he drops among the leafy shadows—low, and lower, while the lady of his heart, won already by song, watches in sober contemplation.

“Exposition Boulevard” smacks of the city, but, really, it is only a sinuous, winding concrete walk flowing at the edge of

velvet lawns, along the wide green acres of "Audubon Park," and on this boulevard my New Orleans "mockers" made their home.

Their movements were at first misleading. Hardly had we decided that a stick carried here, or a straw carried there, and lodged, made a foundation, when our theories were brushed aside by swift flight of wings as a different crotch was chosen and a string or two carried to the new place.

In and out among the jasmine tangle; then the wistaria wooed the capricious pair; then back into the young maples of "Audubon," considering, and down among the bluets in the grass idly fussing with the weeds. Aloft then to the swinging bulb of an arc-light, from where they took swift survey below, and descended into an appalling thicket of thorns—the "Spanish dagger." Of all places to make a nest! But it looked good in their eyes; and here in the closest part, among a hedge of five straightly growing tall stalks, bristling with bayonets, water-proof from the peculiar construction of the gutter-shaped leaves, cat-proof by the needlelike armament, just four feet from the ground a nest was made—a bulky mixture of twigs, rootlets, rags, cord, paper, much in kind as a cardinal builds, or a catbird. Though the nest was quickly finished, both birds assisting in the making, no sign of occupancy followed for several days. I have found, however, that, without a reason apparent to me, birds will make a nest and then desert it—choosing to build in a new location. On the other hand, a certain lazy robin I know of has this spring "washed over" (as the farmers say, and which means a new fresco of mud) the interior of her three-years-old nest, and virtuously reared her family before the admiring glances of an entire university faculty. Also, this spring, returning after a two years' absence, I find the cardinal has made her home in the sweet-scented honeysuckle "next door" to the garden she knew and loved so well. Bereft of vines is the old white house—no place where she may trust her secret! So today she rears her second brood of the summer in the selfsame nest occupied by the first brood!

But in a day this completed nest of

the mocking-bird mother held a faintly speckled egg in its glossy lining; another, and another, until the complement of five lay snugly together. This laying process seemed not arduous. Scarcely long enough to deposit the egg did milady remain upon the nest. It was from choice that she constantly absented herself. Then at the call of her mate she was most prone to fly out into the maple to receive his blandishments and food-supplies! But they were hardly "absent," after all. Let any one approach too closely to the fort and a warning call came singing through the air, a rush for home, and a quick, soft supplication that we would do her and hers no harm, for she was the gentlest thing imaginable.

We prophesied "those eggs will never hatch!" but the temperature (90 in the shade) worked a miracle, and on the tenth day the first youngster broke the shell, two on the eleventh day, and on the twelfth five tiny young ones, gray-pink in color of skin, with bunches of soft gray down sticking to them here and there, lay, a palpitating bunch, among the twigs. It was curious how little "brooding" they received. The old ones fed them almost constantly, but the naked little fellows were not long at a time hidden in the warmth of the mother-breast. Scarcely a note was heard in the nest's vicinity—I do not recall one—until at the end of the chapter, but both birds evinced their delight by the odd fluttering of wings. A small gray shadow would flit among the leaves, would hang above the nest, and for many minutes at a time simply stand there raising and lowering his (or her) half-spread wings. It seemed an act of pure joy.

Then came the rains. Above New Orleans the flood-gates of the sky simply fall apart. Daily, under an umbrella that wept, like a sieve, in protestation, I waded through the flooded meadow to learn whether or no the mocking-bird was a good mother. I found her always on guard, nearly always sheltering the babies with her wings—eying me brightly, confidently. On Saturday all was well, the nest was quite dry; the plumbing was masterly.

Another day of deluge flooded the streets even-full. At twilight on the Sabbath I ventured forth across the

dripping green. In a tree adjacent to the nest stood the two drenched mocking-birds, disconsolate. At my coming they pricked up an eager interest, flying close beside me, and alighting on the tip-top bayonet. My umbrella I tossed afar, and, drawing nearer, peered in among the leaves. A curiously quiet little bunch of birds lay there. I looked closer, loath to believe in disaster, but all five were quite dead! I stood amazed—the nest was dry as might be! To my friend whose property had been leased by the birds, and who came running out on the gallery, I announced: "Why, they are all dead! Every one of them, and the nest is full of ants!" With wrath and despair, out into the flood plunged my lady of the silken gown, and there we stood in the fast-gathering gloom, helpless, the parent birds flying about in vain hope that we might do something; and, I frankly state, the rain-drops were not the only drops that travelled down our cheeks!

"Well," cried my friend, when she could command her voice, "those ants sha'n't have them!" and, regardless of trailing skirts, she swept into the house, reappearing almost instantly with a can of insect-powder.

"Wait," I begged. "Let us see what the old birds will do!" Half an hour we watched. The birds came and went and came again, slipping in and out of the "Spanish dagger," leaning over to look into the nest, and, without a single flutter of wing, uttering a curious, complaining, questioning, soft note. Small fight could they make against millions of insects, and it was quite evident the young birds had been slowly dying for twenty-four hours from the enemy's encroachments.

Doubled up on porch chairs, the mists blowing grayly about us, we, together with the birds, endured much of the heart-ache attendant upon a funeral. When darkness descended we filled the swarming nest to the rim with the destroying insect-powder.

Only one among many is this nest, where to-day the young are being destroyed by these cannibalistic ants. They are small but pervasive—so far unconquerable; and are said to have been brought to New Orleans in a lot of mahogany wood from Honduras. The impossibility of keeping them out of the houses makes

them detested. This might be borne and dealt with, but in every locality about New Orleans the birds' nests are being preyed upon—especially, I am told, the mocking-bird nests, for they build so low.

Such a walk through Ohio woods pink with wild sweet-william. Such talk of summer in crystal-clear brook-falls. Such promise of song in flashing wings "thorough brush, thorough brier." Smoke-blue the far hills. Starred is the tall grass in the burying-ground with pink anemones. A very cozy, comfortable, sunny place to lie and listen to the gray-green curly lichens softly etching one's name on marble. Whispered to by the winds, sung to by the bee, fanned by the butterfly's wing—a lilt and a song, and silence—peace. But "improvement" has become the watchword in this quiet old place. This vine-wreathed, crumbling old stump must be removed, that tiny spruce-tree must come down. It's a very baby of a tree, close, thick, dark, shaking out a fringe of palest green on the tips of its needles.

Such a sorry place to have seeded! Directly above a double grave.

"To-morrow," consents the gardener, "it shall be done."

Twitter, and sing, and twitter—a flutter of wings, and on the old stump in the corner alights a wee brown bird, questioning me as I lounge on the hillside, then—away! But not far. She alights on a low-lying, aged tomb, switching about uneasily, wondering why I don't go.

Twitter, and sing, and twitter! Back comes my tiny brown neighbor, now balancing herself on a curve of stone—

"Here lyeth ye body"—

and such a thing of quivering life she is. I begin to suspect she is not actuated by admiration of me, or by desire to scrape acquaintance.

"Twitter! Dare I come?" says she. On the next almost grass-hidden stone, keenly watching; to the next, the next, closely arow; then half doubting, up she goes among the branches.

Leaning over, I pry into the little tree's secret. Is there reason why it may be spared? Surely. Snug in a crotch

swings a hair-lined basket. On highest branch waits the owner to learn if I come in peace or in war.

Just a pocket of a nest and one small, blue, dark-spotted egg closely crowded to one side by a large, muddy-looking, mottled egg. Who has been intruding? Shall I thrust it out? My opportunity has passed; into the nest slips my lady, so serene, so confident I mean no harm, watching me, her russet head on nest-rim, with soft imploring eyes. Thus begins our acquaintance. On a later day a long dusty walk by the "State Road" to the cemetery. Off flies the brown bird at my approach. Close to the tree I sit—wait—watch—listen. Around and about me fly the birds. I press down the branches around the little brown bowl—three turquoise jewels, and yet the intruding egg is there—the mottled, clumsy egg of the lazy cowbird. The little mother will not return while I am so near; I rise and thread my way among grassy hillocks. Following me come my small friends, from tree to tree. Have I taken those eggs of theirs? They suspect, but leave me to make sure, and I find the female brooding when I return. This time she shows no fear, only the quickened palpitation of her little body proclaims excitement—as I creep near, and near, slowly—oh, so slowly, with long waits between the inches; near enough now to whisper to her, my face almost against the foliage. Enough for to-day; to-morrow I come again!

To-morrow, and to-morrow, until she learns to patiently abide my presence. With careful finger, by degrees I touch the tree. Beseeching eyes hold me from the nest's rim. To-morrow I touch *her*!

But to-morrow she is off when I reach my trysting-place. The treasures of the nest have been lessened by two blue eggs. Two children who have been raking hay fly before my wrath, but there is no locating the stolen goods. Comes anxiously the bird, on to the headstones, then to the tree, hastily out again, in and out, in great perturbation. The tree is the same, but can that be her home? Evidently the theft has just been committed. Where are her eggs? One egg left of her own, one cowbird's egg. It is her first visit after the disaster. Whoever may be the guilty ones? How dis-

tressed she is! How puzzled! In and out, in and out, twittering, troubled, hurried; then at last she settles down upon her nest, the male bird close at hand partaking of her excitement.

Hay and rake and lawn-mower, moved by righteous anger, I toss rods away. If she can only be protected until her labor of love is rewarded by the joy of rearing one bird and playing foster-mother to another. Another day and the last blue egg is taken out. But her courage and devotion are great. Upon the ungainly egg of the cowbird she patiently sits, allowing me now to touch her with cautious finger. Nearly ten days since the first egg was laid, and lower in the little tree is a nearly finished nest. Had she made this one first, and, imposed upon by the cowbird, abandoned it to build a second? One day longer, and beneath the little tree lies a broken shell and the smallest morsel of what would have been a bird! Another mishap in bird-land; and watching the great distress of the bewildered hair-birds, my wonderment is that among all dangers the song-birds are spared us at all.

The little nest I left, hoping she might be tempted to use it again, but not so; to-day it is empty, and the later nest is more securely hidden in a trumpet-vine. Would milady have reared the cowbird's offspring in lieu of her own? and would she have known the difference? What rare opportunity for bird study in the outcome! But squirrel, or jay, or "public-school collectors"—and their name is legion—are they not devastating the Kingdom of the Song-Birds?

On my desk lies a wood-thrush, almost warm yet with the life that throbbed through it a few hours since. Three strong young birds to her credit in a nest that is not too well hidden in the pear-tree. That undomesticated creature, the family cat, is the villain in the case. Two old birds are, however, at the present moment assiduously feeding and guarding a young one that has ventured from the nest. Has the male bird already picked up a mate? or is it a case of charity among the birds? Knowing a neighbor's needs, do they "turn to" and help? Verily, are there more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has dreamed of?

# The Willow-Ware

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ADELINE WEAVER sat under the green trellis of the south door of the old Weaver mansion, and sewed her seam of fine linen. She did not like to sew, but her aunts, the Misses Jane and Eliza Weaver, with whom she lived, would have turned faint with horror had she suggested the possibility of ready-made garments. All the ladies of the Weaver family had always made their own underwear, and the custom had become as a species of royal etiquette, not to be lightly ignored. Adeline sewed with a sort of surface patience. The green trellis over her head was all interlaced with delicate green grape-vines. The grapes had just begun to form. Tiny clusters of green globules like jewels dotted the tracery over her head. Adeline's aunts were sewing in the south room. Adeline could hear the soft murmur of their voices, but could seldom distinguish a word. The women of the Weaver family had naturally low and gentle voices, with no harsh notes. There was a tradition that no women of the family ever screamed. If protest they had against pain or fear or injustice they kept it locked in their own breasts. This young Adeline was a true Weaver. She sat there in her cool, lilac muslin gown, cut V-shaped at the long, slender throat, and fastened with an amethyst brooch, with her soft gold hair parted over her serene forehead, and she was the very image of peaceful young womanhood at a peaceful task, when inwardly her whole spirit surged in a fierce revolt. Across the wide street, overarched with elms, she could see a row of neat little white cottages, each standing in its green yard. Adeline looked at them, and took another delicate stitch. She felt horribly irritated by the row of little white cottages in their green yards. She was eighteen years old, and she had never spent a night away from home, and her room faced those cottages, and she had

never waked in the morning to another prospect. She had been educated by her aunts and a governess who was a distant relative of the family. The governess was a maiden lady, and she had taught the girl in a stereotyped fashion, as she and the Misses Weaver had been taught.

Now that her education was finished, the one thing which really asserted itself within her, and which was beyond all education, was her own youth, and her longing for her joy of life. The strait-laced fashion in which she had been trained made this almost abnormal. Adeline was full of dreams, but so far they had been dreams into which she could admit no man of her acquaintance without sacrilege. Still, she dreamed with an innocent and almost holy ardor. This young thing, fastened, as it were, by thongs of duty to age and conservatism, pulled hard at her leash. If she had ever known liberty, if she had ever had a change of scene, and lovers, they would not have seemed so precious to her. Adeline's dreams were not wholly of lovers, she dreamed also of mates of her own sex. She had never had any. Her aunts were full of a gentle but none the less obstinate pride of birth and education and modest affluence, and they considered that there were no fit mates for their niece in the village.

Presently Adeline saw two young girls coming down the street. They had their arms around each other's waist, and, although they were as old as she, were advancing with a hop and skip like children. Their shrill, sweet voices sounded like bird-songs. Adeline watched them enviously. One was the daughter of the village cobbler, the other of a man who got a frugal living from tending gardens and doing odd jobs. Both glanced at her, then looked away and hushed their merry chatter and laughter. They stood in awe of her. Adeline felt hurt



because of it. She did not feel in the least above them. Her very heart leaped after the other young things of her kind. She sighed, and took another stitch. The air had been very still. A breeze blew out of the west, crossing two windows of the sitting-room. On the wings of this west wind came her aunt Eliza Weaver's voice. "Of course, to-morrow afternoon as usual," she said. Adeline sighed wearily. She knew so well what that meant: another recurrence of one of the monotonies of her life. The minister, Dr. Timothy Akers, was coming to tea. Regularly once a week, on Thursday, he came to tea. He was an old man, older than either of her aunts, but still hale. He liked the good things of life within clerical limits. Invitations to tea were his especial delights; especially he enjoyed taking tea at the Weaver mansion. He himself came of good old stock. He felt himself in the presence of his equals, and, moreover, he enjoyed a mild sense of gallantry in his relations with the Weaver ladies. He had never married. He had never had a love-affair, but feminine attention was dear to him. He always came carefully brushed, with the faintest suggestion of masculine coquetry in his greeting, and the Weaver sisters never failed to meet him in kind, arrayed in their old laces and rich silks, and with their evanescent female coquetry of manner. Dr. Akers had come thus to tea ever since Adeline could remember. There was a time when village gossip had associated his name with that of Miss Eliza Weaver, the younger of the two sisters. Although she had long been an old maid and he an old bachelor, even when Adeline was a child, still there were people who did not think a match between the clergyman and Miss Eliza altogether a ridiculous assumption. In those days Miss Eliza used possibly to dwell a little more upon her faded yet still sweet reflection in her looking-glass, and arrange with a trifle more care the clusters of soft curls on either side of her delicate face. She used to play the piano for him in her stilted lady-style, touching the yellow ivory keys daintily with the tips of her taper fingers. Now Adeline was called upon to do that. Miss Eliza had suffered one winter from rheumatism in her hands,

and she was well aware that they were veinous and wrinkled. She let soft lace fall over them, and did not play the piano any more. Adeline always played one particular piece for Dr. Akers which she disliked extremely. It was called "Dewfall." There was a weakly, sentimental air with weary variations. Adeline suspected that Dr. Akers and her aunt Eliza might have some romantic associations with the piano. Once, whirling around suddenly upon the piano-stool, when she had finished, she had caught the coquettish simper upon her aunt Eliza's face, and the clergyman's gentle, languishing glance at her. Adeline's first sensation had been one of wondering amusement, then she had felt the pathos of it. "Poor Aunt 'Liza," she said to herself that night, when she was alone in her room brushing out her shining lengths of hair. Then she thought how easily her aunt Eliza's fate might be her own, and she pitied herself, with a sort of fierce anger at herself for the pity. "Maybe I shall not have even a Dr. Akers, not even the ghost of a love-affair, to dwell upon when I am Aunt Eliza's age," she reflected.

This afternoon, when she heard her aunts talking about the clergyman's coming to tea, a sensation of almost unbearable boredom which fairly amounted to pain came over her. She asked herself wearily how she could endure that endless repetition of events which would ensue the next evening. She knew just how the tea-table would look decked with its fine damask, its old cut glass, and thin silver, and the set of blue and white willow-ware which her great-grandfather Weaver had brought from overseas. She knew just what they would have for tea. The menu never varied. There would be hot biscuits made with cream, cold ham cut in thick, pink slices, an omelet made with sweet herbs, a mould of quivering red jelly, pound-cake, fruit cake, and tea, and dainty little pats of fresh butter. Once Adeline in sheer desperation had endeavored to make a change in the unvarying list of eatables. She had suggested cold tongue instead of ham, and salad. But her aunts had regarded her with a gentle surprise and delicate china set with obstinacy. "We have always had cold ham, and Dr.

Akers prefers it," her aunt Eliza had replied. Again Adeline had detected the faint simper of sentimentalism upon her aunt's face. Again she felt at once amused and compassionate. "I suppose they had cold ham when they had a half-way love scene after Aunt Eliza played 'Dewfall,'" Adeline thought. This afternoon, as she reviewed the unvarying programme for the next evening, that lackadaisical piece called "Dewfall" had its own place in her painful sense of monotony. She thought with sudden desperation that she might hide the music; then she reflected that nobody would believe that she could not play it by rote, as indeed she could. She took another stitch, and glanced over her fine seam at the opposite cottages. Again a soft puff of west wind roughed her yellow hair, and she caught plainly the sense of the conversation in the sitting-room. "I must not forget to remind Hannah to mix up the biscuits to rise to-night," her aunt Jane was saying. Adeline's lips curled scornfully. "As if Hannah could forget!" she fairly whispered.

She wished sometimes that the old servant-woman would forget something. It seemed to the girl often as if *she* were nothing but an incarnate memory of years of routine. Hannah was old, older than Miss Jane Weaver. She was large, and padded heavily about like a cushion-footed animal. Her immense face looked vacant of everything except old memories. Hannah, as it seemed to Adeline, would have fallen prostrate, a shuddering heap of flesh, before an innovation. Once Adeline had prevailed upon her to try a new recipe for cake. The cake had been a failure, and Hannah had been nearly ill. "My dear," her aunt Jane had said to Adeline, "Hannah is used to doing things one way. She does them very well. Your aunt Eliza and I think it best that you should not disturb her. Hannah is not as young as she has been." Adeline had acquiesced sweetly, but she had eaten the cake failure, soggy as it was, with a sort of fierce animal relish. At least it was something different. Adeline was often conscious of a vandal wish that Hannah's unfailing recipes would fail. She almost felt at times, so weary she was, that it would

be good to eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar. It was odd that the girl's health should not have deserted her, such was her weariness of spirit, but she came of a delicately healthy stock. She was fine in the grain, but built to endure even monotony. Then, too, she was much in the open, and that served to preserve her health. Adeline often felt that had it not been for the variableness of the weather, which was the only variableness in her life, she should have gone mad. Lately even nature had grown monotonous. There had been day after day of sweet serene weather. Light winds had risen now and then and shifted, then died away into a soft calm. It was neither cool nor hot. The summer advanced surely, but so slowly that one got little sense of change from that. Adeline looked up at the gold-green grape-vine over her head. "It looked just as it does now a week ago," she thought. Then again the anticipation of the next evening—the bland clergyman, the tea, and herself playing "Dewfall"—came over her, and fairly stung her into revolt. A bright red flamed out on her soft cheeks. She put up one slim hand, and gave the smooth folds of her hair an impatient push back, revealing a bold, almost boyish fulness of temples. She heard the faint clink of silver from the kitchen, where old Hannah was preparing tea, the invariable tea of that night of the week, cream toast, dried beef, and sponge-cake. How she hated that, too! She made a straight line of her sweet lips which curved like a rose.

She let her work fall into her lap, and threw herself back in her chair. She looked rebelliously at the work. She hemstitched all her fine linen handkerchiefs by hand. Her aunts would have shuddered at the thought of a machine-bordered handkerchief for a Weaver. She had been listlessly toiling at the square of fine linen for days. She shrugged her sloping shoulders contemptuously. "What is the use?" she thought. "I would just as soon have machine-worked handkerchiefs for the rest of my days. I would much rather than sit and sew as I do." She thought again, a passion of longing, of the skipping young girls who had recently passed. How much better to run along the street

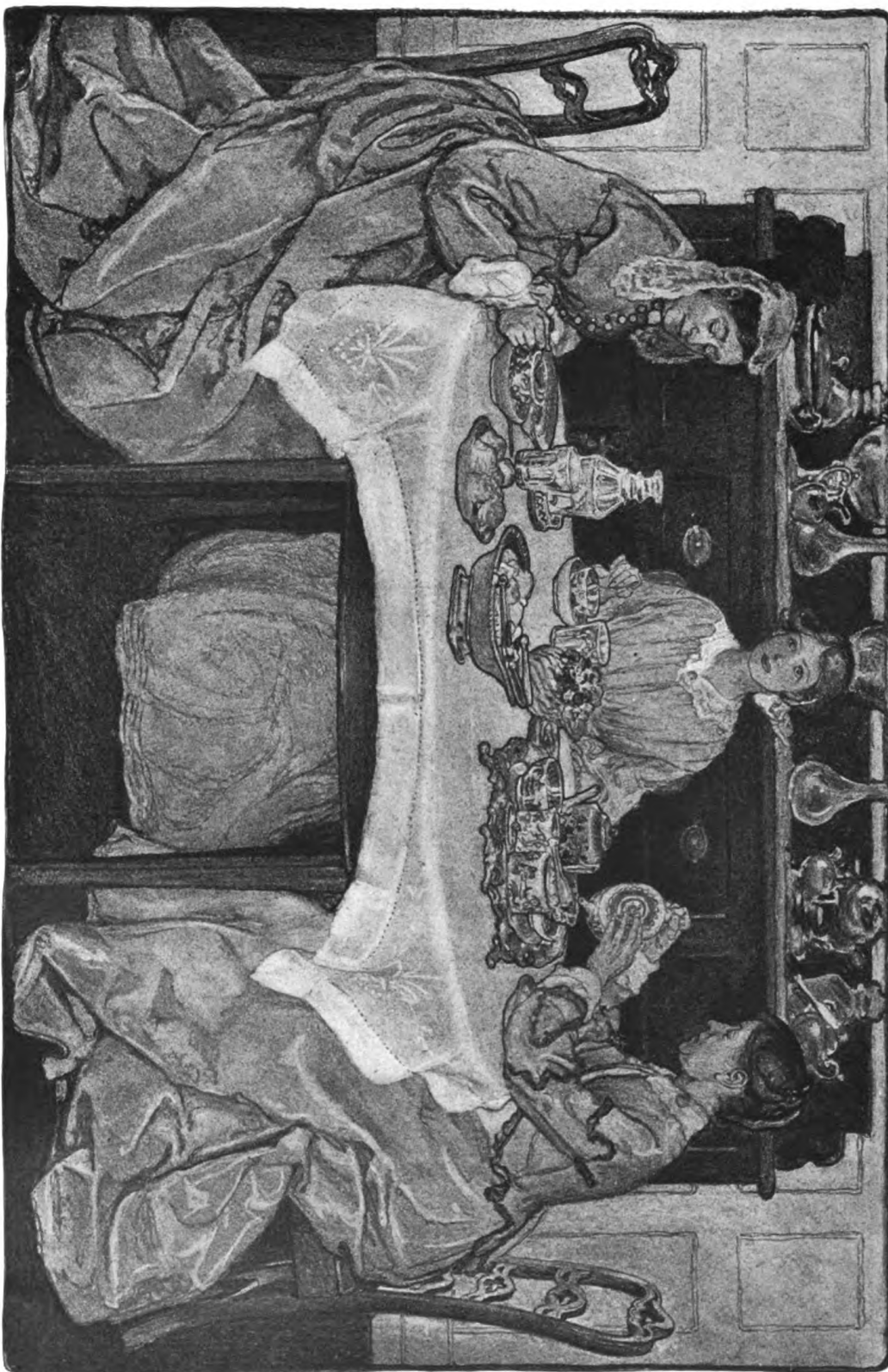
with them, and laugh and prate with youth of the joys of youth, even the follies of youth, than to have all her garments hand-made! The tragedy of a tight leash upon growth forced itself upon her consciousness. The holiest force in the world, that of the growth of youth, was being restrained. Angry tears came into her eyes. "It is cruel," she said to herself—"cruel." Again she heard the clink of silver. She smelled the bread toasting, she smelled the choice green tea which her aunts loved. She looked at the little gold watch which had been her mother's, which was suspended around her neck by a slender gold chain. It was almost tea-time. A sudden resolve seized upon her. The spirit of rebellion grew. She made up her mind to do an unheard-of thing: something which she had never done. Punctuality was held as one of the cardinal virtues by her aunts. "None of the Weavers have ever been unpunctual," Miss Jane was wont to say. Miss Eliza often remarked that she herself had always considered it unworthy of a gentlewoman to be unpunctual. Adeline resolved to fly in the face of this edict of the Weavers. She said to herself that she would be *late for tea*.

She folded her work, and quilted in the needle. She placed it neatly in her little work-basket. Revolt had not yet fully asserted itself within her. She had been taught that no gentlewoman was disorderly. Order often wearied her, she had so much of it, but it had become involuntary. She rose, and stole noiselessly under the green canopy of the porch into the side door; she tiptoed noiselessly down the path; she skirted the house out of range of the sitting-room windows. Then she gathered up her muslin skirts and ran like a cat. She even kicked her heels a little, flirting out the back breadths of her skirts. If her aunts had only seen those unseemly gambols of the slim, pointed Weaver feet!

She ran in the direction which the two young girls had taken: towards the village post-office, which was in the big country store. Just as she reached it the girls came out. One was nibbling a barley sugar-stick; the other, one of red and white peppermint—both with the frank enjoyment of children. The cob-

bler's daughter carried a little paper bag and a letter.

Adeline entered the store, made a feint of looking in the post-office, and was out, at the heels of the other girls. Presently she caught up with them. They looked at her and nodded shyly. The cobbler's daughter, who was the less self-conscious of the two, said, "Good afternoon," in a thin, sweet little voice. Adeline responded. Then she walked along with the girls. She was the shyest of all. When superiority is shy, it is with intensity. Now and then she glanced at her companions. Her cheeks were burning. She said something about the weather in a faltering voice, and nobody could have understood the response which the other girls made. Finally the cobbler's daughter recovered herself. She extended the sticky little paper bag, which she carried, towards Adeline. "Have some candy?" she said, affably. The impulse of generosity gave her self-poise. She was an honest, friendly little soul. Adeline took a stick of candy and thanked her, and a species of familiarity was established. The girls had met on a common ground of young girlhood: the love of sweets. They looked indescribably young as they went on sucking the sweeties. Adeline lost completely her air of womanly serenity, which she always wore over her youthful turbulence. She looked the youngest, the freest, of the three. She laughed; now and then she gave a little sidewise spring, out of pure animal spirits. Occasionally the other girls glanced at each other with wonder. They could not understand how it happened that Miss Adeline Weaver had so descended from her height. However, at last, such was her spontaneous sweetness, her gay innocence, that they met her fully. They danced along, all linking arms. Presently they saw a young man walking towards them, and immediately feminine instinct asserted itself. They separated. They walked demurely. When they passed the young man there was just the merest glimpse of dewy eyes between the modest droop of lids. He was a stranger to all of them. He was dressed after a different fashion from the youths of the village. He was very handsome, tall, and fair-haired, with an



*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

ADELINE WAS OUTWARDLY AS SERENE AS HER AUNTS.





aristocratic cast of features, yet withal a mischievous glance of appraisal at the girls. He was entirely out of hearing before the cobbler's daughter spoke.

"He must be Dr. Akers's nephew," said she.

"Yes," assented the other girl. "I heard he was coming. Dr. Akers's house-keeper told mother that he was coming for a visit. He lives in Boston, and his name is Farwell. He is Dr. Akers's sister's son."

"Isn't he handsome?"

"He is beautiful," said the gardener's daughter.

Adeline said nothing, but wonder and rapture were in her face. He was no stranger to *her*. He was the man of her dreams. Color suffused her face. She realized a sense of shame that she should have met him thus. They should have met in some green solitude which had always been the background of her dreams. Living constantly with her elders had given the girl an old-fashioned habit of thought. She had almost Elizabethan settings for all her romantic imaginings. It fairly shocked her that she should have met him on the village street with two young girls, and all three sucking sticks of candy like children. She drew hers from her mouth, and threw it on the ground. "Ain't it good?" asked the cobbler's daughter. Adeline started confusedly. Her courtesy was instinctive, and she had outraged it.

"Oh, very good indeed!" she cried, "very good!"

"Then why did you throw it away?"

"I never eat much candy. I beg your pardon," said Adeline.

The other girls were perfectly good-natured and merry. They laughed, but Adeline continued to feel abashed. The old sense of aloofness reasserted itself.

She went along soberly with them a little farther, then the cobbler's daughter reached her own home, and said good night, and turned her steps into the path between two rows of clove-pinks, which led through the green front yard to the door. The gardener's daughter lived a little farther on. Adeline looked at her watch innocently and conscious of the awe which the action inspired in her companion. "I must go, too," said Adeline; "good night."

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The gardener's daughter stood looking after her. The cobbler's daughter danced back between the rows of clove-pinks for a last word.

"She didn't act a mite stuck up, and then she did," she said.

"That's so," assented the other girl.

Adeline meantime hastened home. She was already late for tea, but the fact, instead of exhilarating her, as she had expected, alarmed her. When she reached home both aunts were on the porch, swathed, one in a fleecy white shawl, the other in an ancient India web. They regarded Adeline with anxiety as she came hurrying towards them.

"My dear," said her aunt Jane.

"My dear," said her aunt Eliza.

That was all that either said, but there was a world of meaning in the two words.

"I am sorry," stammered Adeline. "It was so pleasant, and I had had no exercise to-day, and I—went to the post-office—"

She paused. Both her aunts appeared to be waiting. Untruth or even the silence of deceit was not in the girl.

"I met Flora Shaw and Lizzie Ellis," said Adeline, "and I walked a little way down the street with them."

Then Adeline waited. She knew there was no storm for which to wait, only a calm, but it was a calm which she had dreaded ever since she could remember.

At last her aunt Jane spoke. "Flora Shaw and Lizzie Ellis."

Then her aunt Eliza spoke. "Flora Shaw and Lizzie Ellis."

"Yes, Aunts," responded Adeline.

There was another pause before another calm. Then Miss Jane spoke again. "Come in, dear," said she; "tea has been waiting for over half an hour."

Adeline followed her two aunts, majestic in their unruffled patience of exterior, trailing their rich black skirts, holding their heads erect above their soft laces, into the house.

She took her place at the table. She was outwardly as serene as her aunts. Inwardly the waves of youthful excitement and unrest again surged. She felt a hysterical delight that she was late, that she had successfully invaded the monotony of things, and yet she was conscious of remorse and grief that she had disturbed her aunts. She loved her

aunts. Affection existed in the girl's soul as an essential perfume. Without it her own self was inconceivable. And yet she had that delight in rebellion against that which she loved. She did not want any supper, yet she cleared her plate daintily of all which was placed thereon. It was one of the laws of the house that nothing should be left on a plate. Adeline had been taught that it was not ladylike. All the time Adeline was eating, taking small mouthfuls, scarcely moving her mouth, as she had been taught, she was thinking of the young man whom she had met: Dr. Akers's nephew. She wondered if he might not be coming to tea with his uncle the next afternoon. She felt herself turn hot and cold at the supposition. She kept waiting for one of her aunts to say something with regard to it. When she woke the next morning that was her first thought. Every time she looked at her aunt Eliza or her aunt Jane or even Hannah, there was an inquiring expression on her face. However, not a word was said with regard to Dr. Akers's nephew during the day, although the preparations for the company tea went on as they had always gone on, with the same wearying monotony. It was always Adeline's task on these occasions to polish the old silver, of which the Weavers had a large stock. Of late years she had also set the tea-table. She took especial pains with it that day. She could not help having a faint hope that Dr. Akers's nephew might come, although not a word had been said. In the middle of the afternoon she had the table decked with the fine old damask and silver, and a great china vase of roses adorned the centre, when she overheard a conversation between her aunts in the sitting-room.

"I met Mrs. Samuel Whitridge this morning on the street," said Miss Eliza Weaver, "and she told me that Dr. Akers's nephew from Boston, Elias Farwell, had been spending two days with him."

"Then we ought to send Hannah at once and invite him to come to tea with Dr. Akers," responded Jane, and Adeline's heart leaped.

It sank again at Eliza Weaver's reply. "Mrs. Whitridge said he was going away on the noon train," said she.

"It would be strange if Dr. Akers had not told us if his nephew were to be here," said Jane, "and given us a chance to invite him. He must be Dr. Akers's sister Lily's son."

"Yes, she married a Farwell," assented Eliza.

Adeline heard no more. She stood still with a drumming in her ears. Then it was all over: the little chance of a break in the terrible, tragic monotony of things. He was not coming. It was all to be the way it had always been. The girl's soft cheeks flushed, a strange glitter came into her sweet blue eyes, an inconsequent rage against existing conditions of things seized her. She had not yet put the precious old willow-ware on the table. She glanced around her. Her aunts, already dressed, were in the sitting-room. Old Hannah had gone to the store on an errand. Adeline softly closed the dining-room door. Then she did an awful thing. She carried the willow-ware—the whole set, loading her slender arms with as many pieces at a time as she could carry—out into the garden to the summer-house. In the floor of the summer-house were two loose boards. She hid the willow-ware under the floor, replacing the boards, then she flew back to the house.

When she entered the dining-room, her aunt Eliza was calling to her from the sitting-room.

"Is the table set, dear?" asked Aunt Eliza.

Adeline opened the door a little way, and stood, her pallid, shocked young face peering through. "All except the dishes," replied Adeline, faintly. "I think I must go up to my room and lie down a little while, Aunt Eliza."

"Why, what is the matter, aren't you well?" inquired her aunt's soft, anxious voice.

"My head aches a little."

Then Miss Jane Weaver spoke. "Go up to your room at once, then," said she, "and bathe your head with cologne, and lie down until it is time to dress for tea."

"Yes, Aunt Jane," replied Adeline. She heard dimly her aunt Eliza saying something about the dear child having been too long out in the sun that morning, as she fled up the spiral stairs. When she reached her own room, and had closed

the door, she stood still in the midst of it. She had never known before the awful delight of wickedness. Now she realized that she knew it. Hiding away that willow-ware, breaking in upon the sacred conservatism of the daily Weaver life, was to her consciousness a deed of the nature of sacrilege, let alone the deceit and the secrecy involved. She was frightened as she had never been frightened, she was wretched as she had never been wretched, and yet she was conscious of a mad exhilaration which was entrancing. She took off her gown, put on a loose white wrapper, and lay down on a couch under her window. Her room was over the dining-room. She thought she might overhear something of the consternation which would arise when Hannah returned and the loss of the willow-ware was discovered. She thought, with a terrified pang, what she could do if they should come and question her, but she had not much fear of that. What she had done would be so inconceivable to her aunts that questioning would simply not occur to them.

Presently, as she lay there, she heard Hannah's heavy shuffle on the gravel walk. Then she waited a long time. Then she heard a shrill chorus: her aunts' voices for once raised above their gentle pitch, and Hannah's, loudly vociferous, almost hysterical. They had discovered the loss of the willow-ware. Adeline felt as if she might faint. A chill crept over her in the warm afternoon. Would they come at once to her and inquire when she had last seen the willow-ware—if she knew aught concerning its disappearance? Guilty of deceit although she was, a downright falsehood was inconceivable to Adeline. She knew that if they asked, she must answer truly. She lay tense with fear, but gradually the tumult died away and nobody came. Then she heard the far-away clink of china. "Hannah is setting the table with the china with lavender sprigs," she thought. The china with lavender-sprig pattern was regarded as the second best in the Weaver house. Adeline felt relieved. She reflected how the willow-ware had been kept by itself in one of the china-closets, the closet without a glass door. In the Weaver dining-room were three china-closets. The family

was rich in china. Two of the closets had wood doors, one had glass in leaded panes. In that were kept odd pieces and the cut glass, for which there was no room on the old Chippendale sideboard. Adeline reasoned that no one would have noticed that the willow-ware had disappeared unless she had purposely gone to the closet for it. It was a small closet, and had contained nothing else. When she had robbed it she had left the shelves entirely bare.

It had been two o'clock when Adeline lay down. She could not sleep, but she remained on the couch in that odd state of terror and guilty exhilaration until she heard the tall clock in the hall below strike four. Dr. Akers always arrived punctually at half past four. She realized that she must rise and dress. She arranged her hair carefully before her little muslin-draped mirror. She washed her flushed face. She looked guilty to herself. She wondered if anybody would notice. She lingered over her toilet. She got an old sprigged muslin gown. "It does not make any difference what I wear," she said, religiously, to herself. She thought how different it would have been had Dr. Akers's nephew been coming. At half past four she was dressed. She had put on a little coral necklace to brighten the old muslin. She was about to go down, when she heard voices. She peeped around her dimity curtains, and—Dr. Akers was approaching the house, and his nephew was with him.

Adeline started violently. The first sensation which she had was one of shame and remorse. She felt like a naughty child who had fought, to her own undoing, against wind. Here she had done what she realized to be almost something which savored of unreason, because of disappointment and unhappiness, and here there was no disappointment, no unhappiness save what she had brought upon herself.

Adeline hesitated a second; then she hurriedly divested herself of the old muslin gown, and got a pretty new one from her closet. The gown was cross-barred muslin with a pattern of green leaves. Adeline tied a green ribbon around her waist. Then she paused irresolute before her dressing-table. She owned a valuable ornament which she

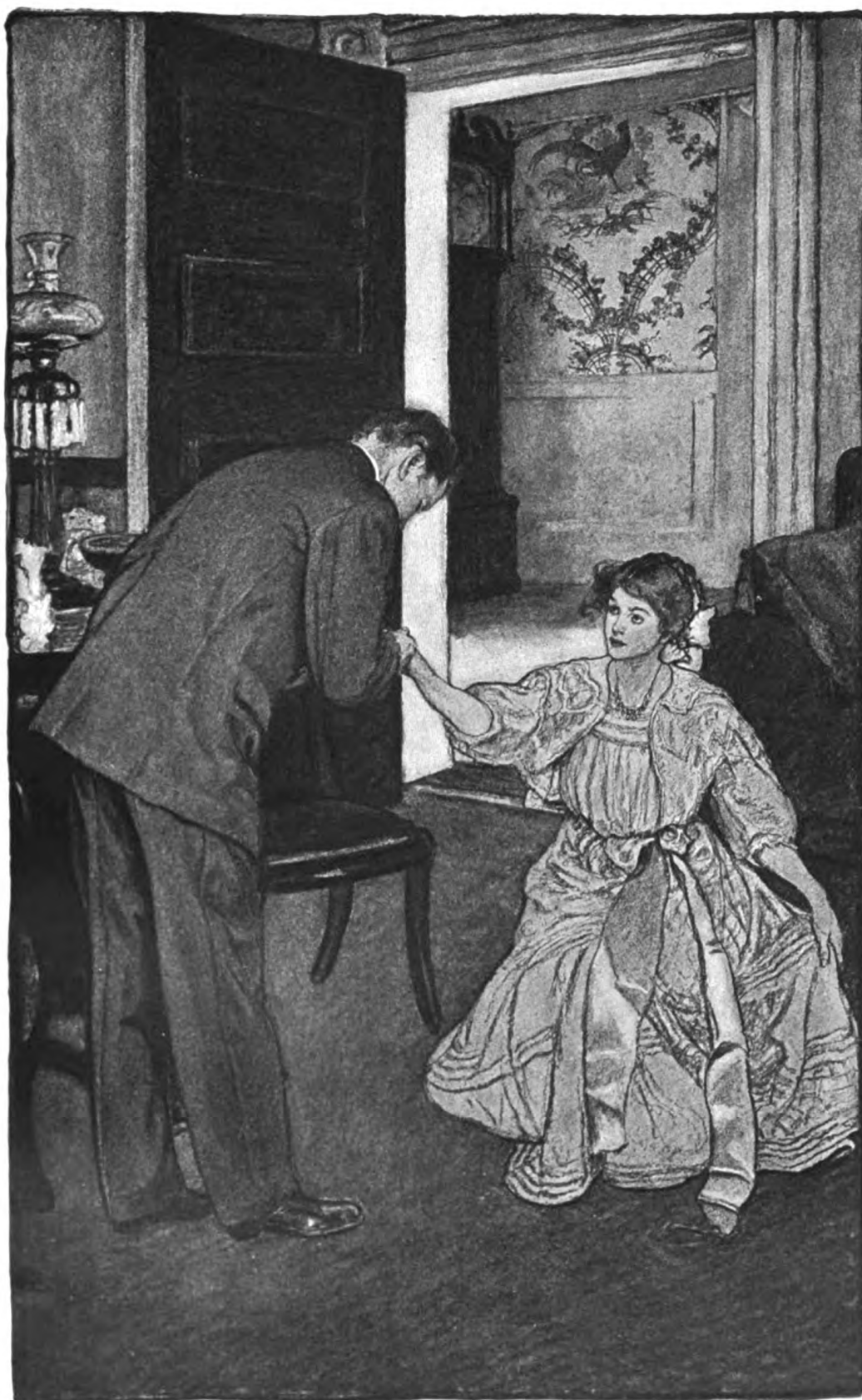
longed to wear, but she was not quite sure what her aunts would think. She had never worn it much. Her aunts had always told her that it was not suitable for ordinary occasions, and poor Adeline had experienced very few occasions which did not come under that head. Finally she could not resist the temptation. She took out of a drawer a case, opened it, and forthwith a green light flashed in her eyes from an emerald necklace which had come down to her from her great-grandmother, Adeline Weaver. She fastened the ornament around her neck, and, in spite of her secret guilt, smiled radiantly and innocently at her reflected image in the glass. The emeralds around her white throat gave the finishing-touch to the picture. She was complete, wonderful to see. She turned her head this way and that; she smoothed the glossy golden ripples of hair which concealed her ears, except the rosy tips. She perked anew the bow of her green belt ribbon. Then she went down-stairs. When she entered the stately best parlor in which her aunts were seated with their guests, she had forgotten the willow-ware and the dreadful thing she had done. She thought only of the radiant picture adorned with emeralds which she had seen in her glass. She thought only of meeting—not meeting: had they not met already hundreds of times, in the sacred intimacy of her maiden dreams? Meeting was not the word to use with regard to her coming sight of Dr. Akers's nephew. Incarnation better expressed her exalted passion with regard to it all. The gentlemen arose directly, when Adeline crossed the parlor threshold. Dr. Akers saluted her with ceremonious politeness, and begged leave to present his nephew, Mr. Elias Farwell. Adeline courtesied. She felt the young man's hand enclosing hers. Her heart beat hard, there was a singing in her ears, but she was a gentlewoman born and bred. She greeted Mr. Farwell with the gentle composure which she had been taught. Then she seated herself beside a window. The window was open, and a green vine outside partly veiled it. The sun shone through the vine leaves over the girl with her gold hair. Her soft face glowed with triumphant tints of rose and pearl in spite of the green

light. The emeralds at her throat gleamed. She crossed her slim hands in her lap, and an emerald on one of them also gleamed. Elias Farwell gazed at her with a startled air. He thought that he had never before seen such a beautiful girl, and he had seen many girls. He had passed dreams into realities, although he was worthy of the stock from which he came.

Dr. Timothy Akers had reason for the pride with which he had presented his nephew to the Weaver ladies. It was not long before tea was announced. Young Farwell sat beside Adeline. They talked a little about the village, about Boston, how he was enjoying his visit, the weather. The surface of the conversation was prosaic enough, but there were depths below the surface. When Elias remarked upon the beauty of the weather he looked at the girl's beautiful face, he looked at the slim white hand with its gleaming emerald, and his tone took on almost a singing cadence, the cadence of a love-song. Adeline's cheeks deepened in color; she scarcely raised her eyes. She heard the sweet tone of the depths: how when Elias said the weather was beautiful, he in reality was saying, "*How beautiful art thou, oh my beloved, and how my heart leaps with joy at the discovery of thee.*"

Yet Elias Farwell was not all sentiment and romance. He had a ready wit, and often Adeline had sore work to keep her young laughter within bounds, and not shock her aunts and Dr. Akers. She had never been so happy in her life, and yet beneath the happiness was ever present the dreadful memory of the willow-ware. Now that the maddening spell of monotony which had influenced her was broken, the act seemed one of the most incredible follies as well as of wickedness.

She had little fear that her aunts would mention it while at the tea-table; she knew that they might account it a breach of good manners to mention a loss under such circumstances. However, when they were in the parlor again, she listened to Elias, with her ears ready for the willow-ware. Presently it came. First Miss Eliza mentioned the mysterious disappearance of the household treasures, then Miss Jane. Dr. Akers



*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

HER HEART BEAT HARDER; THERE WAS A SINGING IN HER EARS





listened. Then he responded at once with what seemed a solution of the problem. A man had been at his own home a few days before, and had tried by the most strenuous means to induce him to sell a valuable old clock and a table. He was a collector of antiques. Dr. Akers, with a charitable bias towards doubt, voiced his suspicion of this man. He had been aggressive, fairly impertinent; perhaps he—

Miss Eliza immediately concurred with his half-expressed view. She had little doubt that some one had told the man of their willow-ware, that the man had also been told that there was no hope of his being able to purchase. "We often have the side door unlocked," said Miss Eliza; "then if sister and I were in our rooms, and Adeline out—Hannah does not hear readily—it would be quite possible."

Miss Jane also became convinced. "In future we must keep that door locked," she said. She did not even then express much grief for the loss of the china. She felt grief, but she held it to be ill-bred to manifest it. Miss Eliza, too, was restrained. Adeline said nothing. Elias was watching her. He looked puzzled and concerned. The girl's face was as pale as chalk, her eyes were dilated as with fear. She expected every moment a point-blank question as to when she had last seen the china. She felt that she could not bear it before him. Elias leaned over and almost whispered in her ear.

"Haven't you a garden behind the house?" he asked.

Adeline nodded. She could not speak.

Just then Dr. Akers asked her to play. She could not feel her feet as she walked towards the ancient piano. Dr. Akers asked for "Dewfall," and Elias found the music and turned the pages. Adeline always wondered how she ever got through it. When she had finished, Elias spoke rather peremptorily.

"It is charming," he said—"charming; but Miss Weaver cannot play again now. She has promised to show me the garden before dark."

Miss Eliza looked politely dismayed. In spite of her sentimental yearnings over the piece of music called "Dewfall," she had passed the age when she cared to be exposed to the reality of the title.

She thought of her rheumatism, she felt a premonitory twinge, but she rose at once. Of course Adeline could not be allowed to walk in the garden with a young man, so late, without a chaperon. "Please get my white shawl, my dear," she said, patiently, to Adeline.

But Dr. Akers regarded her with more of romantic reminiscence than usual. He begged that she would remain. He had some matters pertaining to the church to discuss with her. Dr. Akers had a covert sympathy with his nephew. Then it was Miss Jane's turn. She rose and fluttered perceptibly like a bird for a second. Then she sat down again. It was manifest that she could not be in two places at once. She also did not like to be from under the shelter of a roof after dewfall, and she considered that her sister as well as Adeline required a chaperon.

It thus happened that young Elias Farwell and young Adeline Weaver went forth alone into the garden together. Adeline gathered up her filmy muslin skirts, and flitted beside the young man along the box-bordered paths. The dark was coming rapidly, and a heavy silver steam was at once rising and falling. Clouds from the moist, warm earth met shafts of cloud reaching down from the sky. Through these shafts presently the moon shone dimly, turning them from silver to a mystery of gold. All around them was the subtle odor of the box, and also of roses and heliotrope. The pair walked on in this silver and gold mist, inhaling the bouquet of youth and summer. Adeline had taken Elias's arm. Their talk at first was commonplace enough. Elias inquired if she were not afraid of the dampness, and Adeline replied that she was not, and there had been a world of tender solicitude and responsive trust in the trite remarks. Then Adeline said something about the odor of the box being so evident, and that some people considered it unhealthy, but she loved it, and Elias replied, fervently, that he loved it, too. He felt, in truth, as if he loved everything which had the slightest relation to this lovely creature on his arm. They walked through the garden paths several times; the mist deepened. Adeline's face was as dewy as a flower. Elias laid his hand

on her muslin sleeve. "Why, your sleeve is wet, fairly wet," said he.

"Perhaps we had better return to the house," Adeline said. She spoke like a reluctant child. A little laugh sounded at her side, a little laugh of tender triumph and amusement.

"Nonsense! you do not want to go in and sit with my uncle and your aunts," he said.

Adeline shrank away from him a little. "But it is really very wet," she said, "such a heavy dew." In reality she dreaded what her aunts might think if she came in with her new muslin limp and draggled.

Elias had an inspiration. "You do not want to go into the house," he said. "Why not sit for a while in that summer-house we just passed? There will be a roof over our heads and floor under our feet. Why?" He paused in amazement at the violent start which the girl beside him gave. Suddenly she remembered the willow-ware.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing," replied Adeline, faintly.

"Come, then," said Elias. Soon the two sat side by side in the summer-house, gazing out into the pale luminousness which surrounded them, and out of which the scent of the box called like a voice with some mystic message. "What is the name of the piece you played?" asked Elias.

"'Dewfall.'"

Elias laughed out. "Who taught you to play?" he asked.

"Aunt Eliza."

Elias laughed again. "That is the reason why you touch the keys as if you had little shell thimbles on your fingers," he said.

Adeline laughed, too. She was not at all offended. "That is the way Aunt Eliza taught me," she said—"the way she used to play it. I don't like the piece very well."

"Nor I. But when you play your fingers ought to kiss the keys, not peck at them. Your aunt's fingers are very tapering."

"Very."

Then Elias spoke like a boy, and indeed he was little more. "I am twenty-three," said he. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"I think my uncle Timothy used to be rather in love with one of your aunts," said Elias.

"I think so," Adeline admitted, tremulously.

"Your aunt Eliza?"

"Yes."

"If they had been married we should have been as good as cousins," said Elias. "Your aunt Eliza must have been a pretty girl."

"I think she must have been."

"I wonder if they ever think of it now. It must seem very far away," Elias said.

"Yes."

The two looked at each other; their faces were white blurs. They were almost a part of the shadows around them, but they felt their youth in every vein. They were something apart from the elderly people in the house, they triumphed over the faint languishing of the night.

They sat so close that their shoulders touched. Each tried to conceal the fact from self-consciousness and from the other. Each felt for self the most sacred modesty; for the other, the most sacred respect; and yet their young shoulders touched, and such thrills of sweetness passed through their souls and their bodies that it seemed as if light and perfume and music must come of it.

"I was going away this afternoon," Elias said, in a whisper. Adeline shuddered a little at the thought; they sat closer to each other. "I saw you last night on the street with those two girls," Elias went on, "and—I—decided I would not go. Uncle Timothy said he would bring me here to tea to-night, and so I—"

His voice trailed into nothingness. Suddenly the young man's arm was around the girl's waist, his cheek against her soft cool one, his panting whisper in her ear: "I—I have only known you a few hours, a few minutes," he said. "but—but I never saw any one like you. Can you tell so soon? Can you tell if you can ever care? You have only known me a few minutes—can you—"

"I have known you forever," Adeline whispered back.

Then they kissed each other. Adeline's

head sank on the young man's shoulder. She was in a sort of ecstasy.

"Then you—can tell," stammered Elias. "You can tell now that some day you can care enough for me to marry me. I—"

Elias stopped in dismay. Adeline had torn herself from his arms. She was on her feet. She had remembered the dreadful thing she had done. She remembered the blue china under the very floor on which they stood. How could she tell him? And yet she could not marry him unless she did tell.

"It is very damp and very late," Adeline said, in a quivering but peremptory voice. "I must return to the house."

With that she was already in the path, flitting ahead, and naught for Elias to do but to follow her, pressing her softly with anxious questions, to which she paid no heed. Adeline fairly ran, and soon they were in the parlor with their elders, and Adeline was pale, and her aunts were feeling her damp muslin with dismay. Soon Dr. Akers and his nephew took their leave, and Adeline was made to drink a glass of port to ward off a cold before she went to bed.

The next day Elias Farwell appeared again, and the next, and the next. He was a most ardent wooer, but he seemed to make no progress. Adeline gave him no more solitary interviews. She looked at him at times as if she loved him, but also as if she were afraid. Young Elias Farwell did not underrate his attractions. He was no faint heart. He remained in the village as his uncle's guest, and he laid siege to Adeline day after day. But it was a full month before he discovered the obstacle to his wooing. One Thursday evening he was taking tea at the Weaver mansion with his uncle, and the subject of the willow-ware was broached again. He happened to be looking at Adeline, and something in her face betrayed her. He did not know what the secret was, but he knew that she had a secret concerning the missing china which made her heart sore.

That evening for the first time Adeline weakened, and the two went out in the garden again. Now the roses were gone, but the scent of the box endured under a clear sky, through which the great lustre of the moon floated. They

sat down in the summer-house again, and Elias laid his hand resolutely on the girl's.

"Now you must tell me," said he. "I know a good deal already. You have shunned me because of the willow-ware. Why? What has a set of blue and white china's disappearance to do with you and me?"

"It is under this floor," Adeline said, in a strained voice.

Elias stared at her. "Under this floor?"

"Yes; there were two loose boards."

"You put it there?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—I had seen you, and I thought you had gone, and—because—"

"Because what?"

"Because every day was like every other, and I was tired of it." Adeline began to weep.

Elias broke into a peal of laughter, and caught her in his arms. "Lord! I should have smashed the willow-ware, every dish of it, long before now if I had to live the way you do with your dear old aunts, with every day the same, except when uncle came to tea, and you had to play 'Dewfall'!" said he.

"You understand?" faltered Adeline.

"I think you can never do anything which I shall not be able to understand," said Elias Farwell.

The next Thursday evening the uncle and nephew came again to the Weaver mansion to tea. Adeline wore a pearl ring on her engagement finger. Her aunts and Dr. Akers approved of the match, and Elias's mother had written her a beautiful letter. And the table was set with the willow-ware. The Misses Weaver looked years younger. They seemed to have gotten renewed vitality. They talked quite loudly, quite rapidly.

"Only think," said Miss Eliza, "Hannah opened the door, and there was the willow-ware."

"Yes," said Miss Jane, "every piece."

"Probably the man grew conscience-stricken and brought it back; the side door was left unlocked the night before," said Miss Eliza.

"It is beautiful how much honesty and goodness there is in this world, after

all," said Miss Jane. Her eyes sparkled with radiant excitement. Nobody knew what the disappearance and the mysterious recovery of the willow-ware meant to the Misses Weaver.

They had probably not realized it in the least, but the monotony of their lives had told upon them as well as upon their niece. They had become wearily stagnated. Now all was changed. In spite of their natural grief, when Adeline had married Elias Farwell and gone away to live, they seemed to acquire an after-bloom in their old age. It was all due to the willow-ware. "It would be fairly cruel to tell them," said Elias to Adeline, when her conscience smote her, and he was right. Not a day but had its

savor of mystery and excitement—because—who could tell if the willow-ware would be on its accustomed shelves when the china-closet door was opened or not? It was a shock of happiness which acted like some subtle stimulant for their spirits when they found the china intact. The ever-present wonder if they might not find it was another. Even Dr. Akers wrote new sermons under this strange influence. He went home in those days from the Weaver mansion feeling an odd mental strengthening after a discussion about the willow-ware. Right or wrong, they had all gotten a jolt towards happiness out of their ruts of life, which had been wearing their very souls bare of youth and hope.

## Doth Fragrance Vanish with the Rose?

IN SAÄDI'S ROSE-GARDEN

BY JAMES T. WHITE

### I

O HAPLESS Vase! Yet how doth it befall  
Thy cast-out fragments so much scent enclose?  
*"This sweetness is not of myself at all,  
But once, O Saädi, once I held a Rose."*

Blest lot! With me a sweetness also stays;  
It scents the chamber of my dreams, and strews  
With happy, perfumed memories my days;  
Keeps life abloom. I, too, once held a Rose.

### II

Sweet Presence, that so charms my soul,  
Must thou forever be unviewed?  
Must thou my longing ne'er console?—  
My seeking arms always elude?

Art thou a disembodied Joy?—  
Love's lost Delight now sought in vain?—  
A Memory, Time cannot cloy,  
Of passion's ecstasy—and pain?

*"No, Saädi; but I can atone  
For Life's arrears; my breath bestows  
A gift, to all but thee unknown;—  
I am the Fragrance of a Rose."*



# On the Spanish Railway

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

IT was noon. In the railway yard a group of yardmen were making up a train. They were pushing cars about, one by one, swinging them around on turn-tables, and ignoring the efforts of a solitary shifting-engine which every now and then would steam busily back and forth with piercing whistles and dazzling puffs of steam. A blue-bloused switchman ran up and down the tracks, throwing levers, blowing sharp blasts upon his horn. Since the train of the early morning there had been no sound within the station. The ticket-windows had been drawn down, the throng of porters had vanished, the platforms had been left deserted. In the waiting-room a group of dusty peasants had lain asleep, stretched out on the benches, their heads pillowed on their striped blankets. Long lines of cars had waited motionless on the tracks within the shadow of the shed, or stretched beyond into the yard and the glare of a midday Spanish sun.

Two o'clock. It was the hour of departure of the afternoon train, and life again awakened beneath the low arch of the train-shed. From my corner in the carriage I could see the platforms filled again with people: passengers hurrying up and down, peering through the open doors of the cars, looking anxiously for seats; station porters in patched and bagging corduroys, struggling with valises; yelling venders; pompous railway officials; civil guards, stiff and straight beneath their triangular leather hats. I watched the train-guard with amusement as he hurried back and forth, unlocking and locking doors, crowding third-class passengers roughly into their seats, ignoring those travelling second, bowing and obsequious to holders of first-class tickets, and gallantly escorting a bevy of señoritas, painted and bepowdered, to the *berlina* which had been reserved for them. My compartment filled up rapidly. The racks groaned with luggage.

Packages were thrust beneath the seats. The air was soon full of the smoke of cigarettes. In the dim light within the car, the passengers appeared large and vague and indistinct. All at once there came the sound of a switchman's horn. It was followed by a whistle, and leaning out the window, I could see the engine coming slowly down upon the line of crowded cars. It was little and grotesque, sitting low upon the track, with toy wheels, tall lean smoke-stack, and trimmings of shining brass. I thought of the locomotive of America, a mighty mass of iron, huge, black, irresistible, panting beneath the vast dome of the terminal. Here in Spain the engineer looked absurdly big and out of place as he stood beside his levers. As the switchman lifted the coupling-chain the station gong clanged loudly. The last trunk was tossed on board. Late passengers came rushing up and scrambled into the already crowded carriages. Again the gong—the slamming of many doors, the click of many locks; a piping whistle from the guard; a shriek from the locomotive; the creak of axles and the hiss of steam; and the train pulled slowly out into the open.

Andalusia, bleak, rugged, barren. Hill rising against hill, their summits dark and jagged against the sky. White towns perched upon the cliffs. Ragged clouds mounting from the west, and through the rifts, glimpses into depths of blue.

We were creeping up a winding road-bed between two cactus hedges, the little engine puffing, the cars jolting over the rough joints of the rails. The windows were alive with heads. The passengers were leaning out, blowing whiffs of smoke from their cigarettes, and jesting with the guard as he worked his way along the running-board collecting tickets. He was a sallow, narrow-chested man with a ragged coat that blew loosely about him as he climbed in and out of the carriages.

A brass number-plate gleamed upon his cap. He moved slowly down the line of cars, opening and shutting doors, hanging to the railings as the train would swing

sitting opposite to me—an elderly Spanish gentleman travelling with his son. He wore an immense pair of round gold-rimmed glasses which were constantly

dropping off. His little waxed mustache stood out sharply from his lip like needle-points. He seemed agitated about something, and kept fidgeting about, tapping the floor nervously with his stick, and looking every minute or two at his watch. All of a sudden he jumped up and pulled violently at the lever of the danger-signal. The train stopped with a terrific jerk. Doors and windows were flung open, passengers poured out on the track, and the railway officials ran about excitedly inquiring for the person who had stopped the train. The Spanish gentleman was now quite calm. He stood in the door with his watch in his hand, adjusting his glasses. "Nothing has happened to alarm anybody," he said smilingly, as the guard came rushing up. "It is now four o'clock, and my son has just become ten years old. As I had taken only half



A GROUP OF YARDMEN MAKING UP A TRAIN

around a curve, stepping nimbly from one car to another, and finally disappeared into his box at the end of the train.

As I settled back into my corner I suddenly became aware of the passenger

a ticket for him, I stopped the train to pay the other half, so that I may not get into trouble when arriving at Seville."

At the next station, amidst a jeering crowd, the scrupulous Spanish gentleman

was escorted between two civil guards to the office of the Jefe de Estacion to receive the reward of his conscientiousness.

The doors of the third-class cars are narrow. I remember at one of the mountain towns how a fat priest kept the train waiting with his efforts to get out. He was huge and round, with a red face full of wrinkles, and shining shaven head. A Maltese cross shone white upon his brown expanse of cassock. He got wedged tightly in the door and could move neither in nor out. His face grew apoplectic. Perspiration streamed down his forehead. His hat rolled beneath the train. He dropped his bag upon the platform, and as it fell, it burst open. Glass crashed; cigars

were scattered all about. As the bell sounded he began to shout. The guard came running. The station idlers crowded up. They tugged at him, pulling at his hands, his robe, his fat striped legs. Over his shoulder within the car you could see men pushing from behind. Suddenly he came through with a rush, his cassock torn and flying, his little eyes wide with fright.

I looked back as the train moved off. He was lying back panting on a bench, his feet spread wide, the crowd standing sympathetically about, while a woman was pouring something down his throat.

There is no haste about a Spanish train. It rests comfortably at the country station until the spirit moves it to depart; or perhaps it lies for hours drawn up on a siding awaiting patiently the passing of other trains long overdue.

The engineer deserts his engine and

paces up and down the platform rolling cigarettes. The guard flirts with the dark-eyed daughter of the station-master. The soldiers in the third-class carriage get off boisterously, tripping over their swords, and toast each other at the

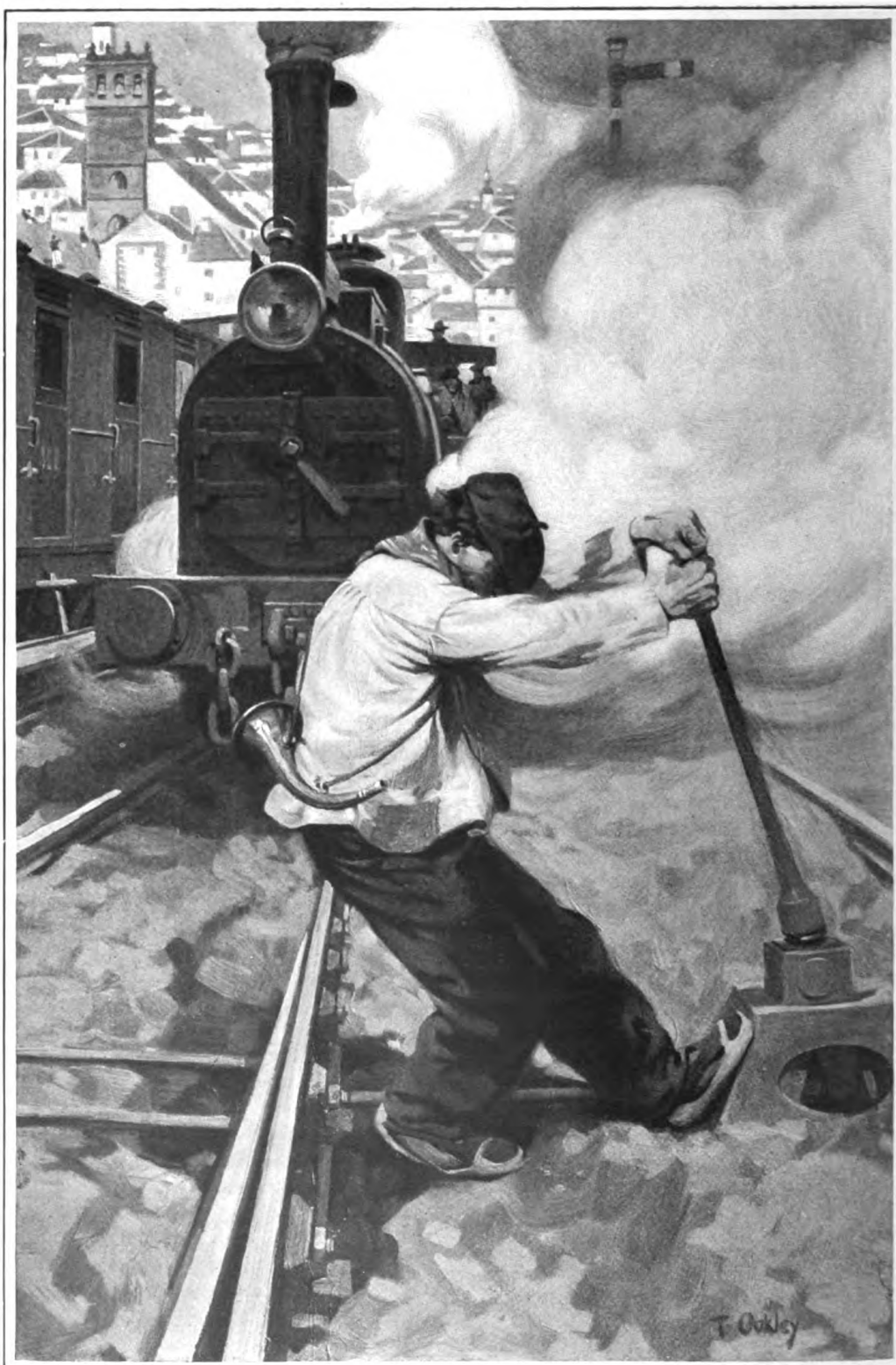
counter with little bumpers of white wine. Buxom water-women, with bare arms, their dripping jars upon their hips, yell lustily along the line of open doors. Beggars reap a harvest at the first-class windows. Their persistent monotone rises above the general clamor. "*Perro, perro, señorito!*"

In the rainy season, when for weeks the mountains have lain hidden behind a veil of mist, when streams are swollen and torrents gush across the tracks, the Spanish train creeps warily along

a doubtful road-bed. The engineer peers anxiously ahead, his hand firm upon the throttle; in his box the guard is on the alert. Perhaps there will be a washout, the track buried beneath a swirl of yellow water; or maybe the bank has vanished and the rails hang limply above a rush of foam and mud. If so, the train is stalled. The passengers gaze out hopelessly. There is nothing to be done. They must go back. But if a town be near, the guard may be persuaded to flounder out towards it, and by and by a train of donkeys, spattered and bedraggled, will come plodding up across the flooded fields. The drivers, drenched and dripping, sit sideways on the burros, shouting, whacking them with sticks, digging their heels into their ribs. They splash up to the cars, and the passengers, after loud-tongued bargaining, scramble on behind. The procession of laden donkeys struggles off



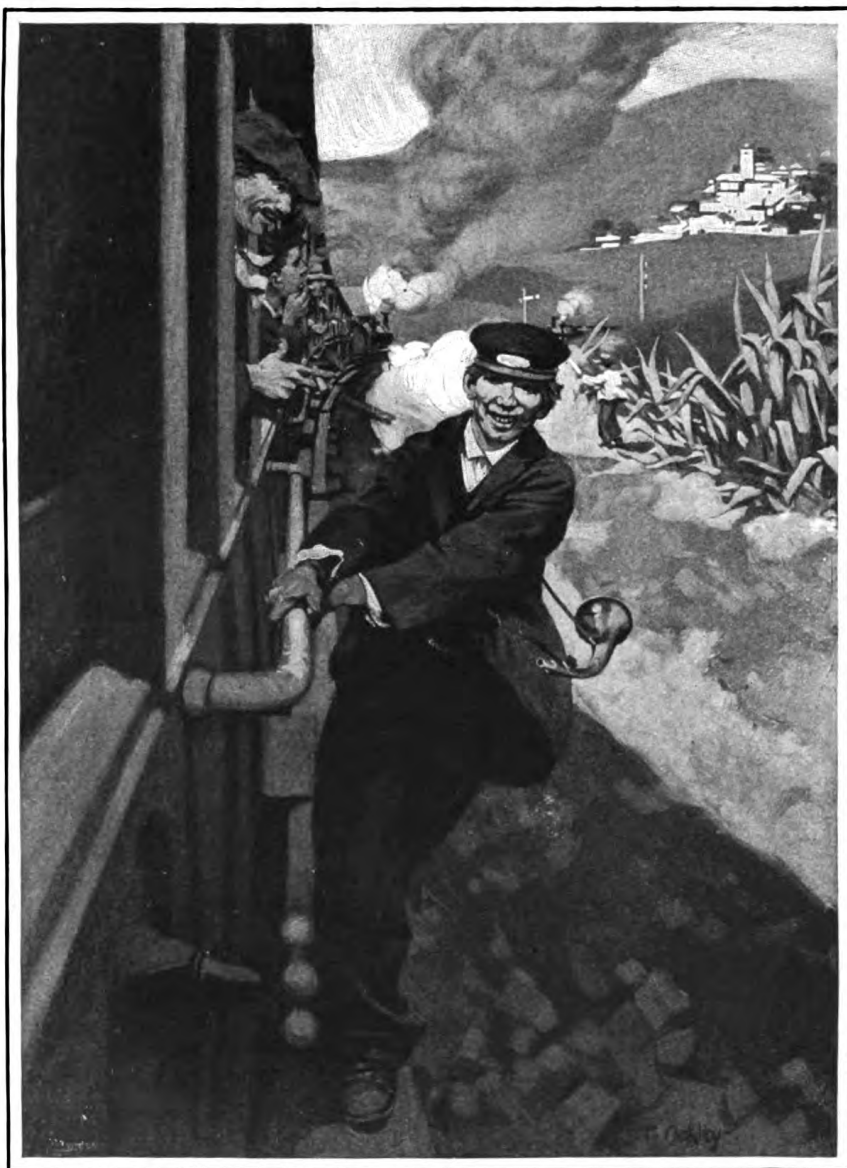
BUXOM WATER-WOMEN WITH THEIR JARS



*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

**A BLUE-BLOUSED SWITCHMAN WAS THROWING LEVERS**



THE GUARD WORKED HIS WAY ALONG THE RUNNING-BOARD

into the rain. The line of umbrellas bobs and melts into the mist. Beyond the hill the next town lies, and the hope of another train.

The sun had set and the air was blowing cold as we pulled up at the little station of Amargos. Like most Spanish stations, it was far distant from its town, which could be seen, with its white houses and medieval belfry, rising on the hillside a mile or so away. The road from the station to the town stretched straight

and white across the valley. Low in the west, beneath a drifting bank of clouds, the crescent moon was shimmering.

The platform was full of people. It looked as though the whole town had turned out to meet the train. The men were dusty from their tramp. Some had their blankets wrapped about them against the chill of the evening air. The women had ridden on the donkeys which were standing huddled together behind the station, with drooping ears and dangling tassels. Over the heads of the



people, on the white wall of the station, flared a poster of the coming bull-fight in Madrid.

As the train stopped, the crowd made for one of the rear cars. A door opened and a young man stepped down—a slim young fellow, with features strongly cut. He seemed to limp. His arm was in a sling. He was greeted with a burst of shouts and cheers—a tumult of excited Spanish.

"*Vasquez! Vasquez! Viva! Viva! Bien venido! Chiquito!*"

Men threw themselves upon him regardless of his bandaged arm; kissing him, clapping him on the back ecstatically, wringing his uninjured hand. Women hung about his neck, some weeping, some laughing hysterically. Children loitered on the outskirts of the throng, gaping and open-eyed. The train emptied itself on to the platform. The guard, the engineer, and some of the more eager passengers climbed up to the roofs of the cars in order to see better. The cheering swelled louder. Of a sudden the slim young man was swung high upon the shoulders of the crowd and carried slowly down the road toward the town. His head could be seen rising above a waving mass of outstretched hands, of sombreros, and of flying scarfs. Behind the shouting throng a cloud of dust arose and drifted off into the gathering twilight.

I wondered who this man might be, welcomed so noisily by a hamlet lying quiet and isolated among the Andalusian hills. I turned inquiringly to the traveller at my left—a dark-skinned Spaniard who had been deep in the pages of the latest number of the *Fiesta Nacional*. He looked at me with mild astonishment.

"That, señor," he said, "was Chiquito de Gonzales, the espada who was hurt in the corrida last Sunday. Amargos is his birthplace. He is one of our best fighters, but he was a bit slow last week, so he has come home to get over the effects of the bull."

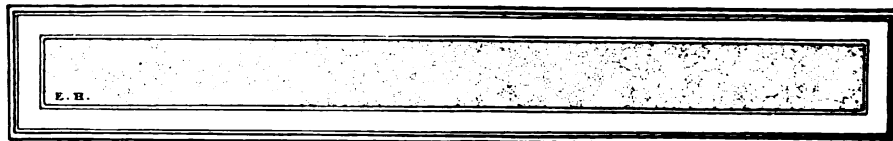
The bell jangled; the passengers resumed their seats. The line of doors slammed to, and with a shriek from the toy engine the train resumed its journey.

Ten o'clock. The train for once was running swiftly, plunging through an impenetrable blackness. No signals winked ahead; there were no lights, save now and then, at a cross-road as we rushed by, a woman could be seen standing with a lantern tucked beneath her arm, or perhaps would come a twinkle from an approaching town.

Within the car the lamp in the roof flickered dimly. It threw a wavering light about the compartment. Shadows leaped over the floor and ceiling. In one corner sat two officers of the royal guard who had come in at the last station. They talked in gutturals, shrugging their narrow shoulders and spreading out their palms, and as they gesticulated the glowing ends of their cigarettes described fantastic circles. The feeble yellow rays of the lamp fell upon their high cheek-bones, gleamed upon their buttons, and ran along the polished steel of their scabbards.

I dozed within my corner, watching them drowsily through half-closed eyes. Every little while would come a whistle and the jar of brakes and the train would stop abruptly. Through the window I would see a station lamp throwing black radiating shadows, the guard going busily to and fro with his bell, a crowd of midnight idlers on the platform, and would hear the jabbering of Spanish. Then the cars would begin to move and the windows would be black once more.

I must have fallen asleep. A cold wind blew upon me, and I opened my eyes. The car was empty. At the open door a crowd of porters were looking at me curiously. I heard the lapping of water and smelled the salt air of the sea. It was Algeciras. Gibraltar glimmered across the bay. My journey was over.



# The Test

BY UNA L. SILBERRAD

A MAN had come to see the Bishop of Halchester; he gave no name, and no statement of his business; nevertheless, he succeeded in obtaining an interview. His lordship, in spite of his busy life, usually found time to see those who sought his opinion or help.

He was a tall man, this visitor. To the Bishop, who had dealt a good deal with humanity, the thing most obvious about him was that he was laboring under some emotion, held strongly in check. The Bishop wondered what it might be; wondered, too, if he had ever seen the man before, or if the half-awakened sense of vague recognition was a trick of fancy. The stranger, for his part, did nothing to enlighten him, though he eyed his lordship like one who takes a measure and has to decide what weapon to use.

"I fear I intrude on the little leisure of a busy man," he said, "but I want your opinion."

The Bishop replied that it was his if it was of any use.

"It is on the matter of forgiveness," the other said. "How far ought a man to forgive?"

A somewhat unnecessary question, one would say, for a man to bring to a bishop, seeing how most folk answer it for themselves, even if they are not willing to accept the uncompromising reply given nineteen hundred years ago. But if the Bishop thought this, he did not say it.

"We are told 'until seventy times seven,'" he replied.

"Is that possible?" the stranger asked, sceptically. "I think not."

The Bishop may have been ready to defend his words, but the other prevented.

"We don't forgive, you know," he said, "not seventy times or even once in things that count. There are things we never forgive at all."

"You did not ask me what was done," the Bishop reminded him, "but what should be done; and if it should be, then,

believe me, it could be. It is difficult, but it cannot be impossible."

The stranger nodded, as if he allowed the justice of the correction. "What is to forgive?" he asked. "Is it to exact no penalty for the wrong done, to take no vengeance, to ignore the offence—and the offender?"

"More than that," the Bishop answered. "It is to be to the offender as if the offence had not been; it is to love—differently, perhaps, but as much; to trust less, perhaps—one's first trust is sometimes misplaced—but to pity more; to understand and so forgive."

Again the stranger nodded; then he raised keen eyes. "Do you forgive?" he asked.

"I have not had many offences to forgive."

"Not many? But some? At least one?"

His voice had taken a vibrant note, and swiftly the Bishop had the half-awakened memory fast—Fortesque! It was—no, it was not, it could not be! Yet fifteen years make a difference to a man's look; fifteen years, and beard or no beard. But it was impossible, totally impossible, that Fortesque should be here. It is possible that a man should take another's wife, destroy his home, and shatter his life, but it is not possible that after fifteen years he should come to consult him on matters of ethics.

"I do not think that I heard your name?" the Bishop leaned forward to say.

"No," the stranger answered. "I did not give it. It is a personal matter on which I wish to consult you, and I would rather remain unknown."

"Have I seen you before?"

"Very likely; you must see many people; I have seen you." He rose as he spoke and moved across the room. "I will tell you the story," he said, hastily. "I don't say I am the man concerned; I don't say I am not. You shall hear and

advise what he ought to do. Some years ago a young girl was married to a man a good deal older than herself. He was grave, wise, virtuous, all he should be; she was beautiful as a May morning, as full of life, as ignorant of it as a young fawn, and as ready to taste and see. The union worked out as such affairs generally do. She did her duty, and found it dry diet; she saw the world, such glimpses of it as reach the parsonage of a manufacturing town, and discovered she had tied herself up too late. Then came along the other man. They behaved well for a time; at least they tried—at all events she did. She was not to blame—I mean— Oh, hang it! it was just nature, and the inevitable, and—

He broke off abruptly, and stood, his back turned, staring out of the window, where there was nothing to be seen in the November dusk. The Bishop of Halchester did not move; only the fine ascetic face, lined by sorrow and fighting, had grown hard, the pity gone from the sad, keen eyes. Instinct had been right, and reason, which had urged that it was impossible, wrong. Fortesque was here, here by his hearth once more; Fortesque retelling here the old tragedy—which he had acted before. For a moment the Bishop almost rose, the man that was in him before the churchman crying to him to seize the offender by the throat, to thrust him from the room, from the house, and refuse to endure that this last insult should be added to the irreparable injury. But by a supreme effort he mastered himself, and out of the dusk by the window a voice spoke, harshly, almost hoarsely.

"She is dying," it said, "and she wants the forgiveness of the man she wronged."

Dying? For a moment the Bishop's eyelids flickered, then he moistened his lips and spoke with judicial coldness. "Possibly she has it," he said.

"Possibly she has not," the other retorted.

"Has he done nothing on her behalf?" the Bishop asked. "Has he exacted any payment for the trespass, has he persecuted her or her lover, has he prevented—whatever his private judgment on such things—the nominal legalization of their union, has he made no sacrifice?"

"To forgive is more than that," came the answer. "It is to be as if the offence

had not been, to love not less but differently, to pity, to understand, to halve the burden and wipe out the stain."

The Bishop drew back into shadow; it was his own judgment, and it was delivered against himself. For a moment he sat silent, condemned; then he asked, "Does she repent?"

"Repent?" Fortesque, who had come back to the fire, roused himself to repeat the word as if he did not see its bearing on the subject. "Repent of love, of sunshine, of—of life! Repent!" The words choked in his throat. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "fifteen years of it, only fifteen! I would go through hell to have it again. And so would she! And"—he covered his face with his hands—"she is dying!"

John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester, leaned forward at last; but it was John Peterham who looked at the bowed head, the Bishop of Halchester was gone. It was John Peterham who saw the suddenly called vision of love, of sunshine, of blood that coursed fast, of joy new every morning; life at its fullest, sweetest, richest, life with the woman he had loved with the sole love that had come to him. He saw that, and he saw in his mind the backward stretch of the gray lonely years that was all which had been left to him. Work had been his—success—the kindling of many hearts, the bearing of many burdens, but his own heart had been left unto him desolate and his own hearth cold. These two had had all, and the man in him rose up, refusing this last demand.

"Sir Richard," he said, "you have gone too far; you have no right to come here, no right to enter my house."

Fortesque looked up. "No," he said, simply,— "no, I know that; it was a beastly thing to do, but it could not be helped; she wants you. I said I would fetch you."

"That is impossible."

"What! You will not come?"

John Peterham shook his head.

"But she is dying!"

"So," he said, with coldness, "I have heard."

"And you will not come? Man, don't you understand? She has got it on her mind; she wants to see you!"

But the argument which was so unanswerable to the one man seemed to carry

no weight with the other; he only shook his head, and rose as if the interview were at an end. Fortesque did not move.

"For her," he said—"for her you will come? Oh, I don't suppose it will be any easier for you to come to me than for me to come to you; but for her! A man would do it twenty times over for that, creep kneeling down your cathedral before all the world—anything!"

The Bishop's face did not relax; perhaps even it hardened a shade. "Sir Richard," he said, "it is useless to say any more; you have my answer," and he put his hand on the door.

Then Fortesque saw that it was of no avail. "You won't come?" he said. "You will not practise the creed you preach? You—you damned hypocrite!"

"I am not a hypocrite," Peterham answered. "If I came and appeared to forgive, I should be a hypocrite; for though she might believe, it would be a lie. I do not forgive, neither you nor her; I shall never forgive so long as I live. You have taken all—all, do you hear me?—and left me nothing, nothing!" He opened the door. "Go!"

Sir Richard Fortesque went back to town alone. Just as he reached the railway station a thought occurred to him. He took a card from his pocket, enclosed it in an envelope, then addressing it to the Bishop he went back the way he had come, and left it with the man who had before opened the door; after that he went back to town.

But the Bishop of Halchester was alone in the gloom, and over and over in his mind a few words repeated themselves—"fifteen years of sunshine, of love, of life—fifteen years," and he had nothing! Across and across the room he strode, but ever the same words were there—"and he had had nothing!" The common joys, the right of men, had been taken from him; love and comradeship, wife and children, all had been denied him. And these two, these two had all. And now, when it was over, when they had wrung the uttermost from life, and the end was come, now they came to him to forgive—to forgive!

Across and across the room again. There by the window Fortesque had stood when he said that she was dying. Dying? Kitty, little Kitty; it was hard

to believe; he could only recall her full of life and youth and the joy of living. A wild creature of sunshine and winsome ways, with charm beyond the power of words. His Kitty, his little, little Kitty. Something choked at the back of his throat; almost for a moment he felt the touch of her fluttering hand—saw her eyes that laughed, then grew wistful when he refused her some request. Child's eyes, neither blue nor gray, where the soul slept, had always slept—until Fortesque came and love woke the slumbering woman within to suffer and to rejoice, to live—for him!

The Bishop opened the door and went out. In the hallway the man servant gave him the envelope Fortesque had left. Mechanically he opened it. Inside there was only the card with the name and address, left in the forlorn hope that he might relent. Left by one who did not mind how he stooped or how besought even the man he had wronged for the sake of his beloved. The Bishop tore the card across and dropped it into the fire; but the address, once read, remained at the back of his mind. Then he went out, for it was time for even-song.

A beautiful service have the Reformers bequeathed to us for the close of day, and beautifully was it rendered in the old cathedral. But the Bishop was stiff and cold; never once did prayer or psalm pierce through to his soul. When the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung, and the choir chanted how the servant was ready to depart in peace, his face did grow a shade more set. When the smallest choir-boy of all looked, according to his custom, to the kind, lined face for the encouragement he always imagined there, he looked away again, chilled; there was no encouragement in the face to-night; the boy turned away repelled.

Others turned from the Bishop, too, that night. There were children running about the close when he crossed it; they shrank from the grave man who passed them by the gas-lamp—a thing they were never wont to do. He observed it, but went his way.

The Bishop spent a busy evening; he was one who took little rest, and until after eleven he and the others with him were hard at work. Once one began a tale of trouble and suffering, but stopped

himself, putting it hastily off for another time; for there was neither sympathy nor interest in the Bishop's eyes, which were used to be quick to see trouble and to bring help. Once one began humbly to speak of failure and difficulty, but he did not go on; there was neither hope nor cheer to-night in the man many had come to regard as a tower of strength.

By eleven o'clock the Bishop was alone in the library, with no readiness for sleep or desire for bed. He went to his desk and took up a sermon that lay there; to-morrow he was to speak to a great meeting in London; what he would say was here, all ready. He glanced through the manuscript, then put it down; it no longer rang true to him. He felt it was not what he ought to say. But what could he say? How alter this, how say anything different? How speak at all to these people? For a little while he sat gazing before him, facing the question. They were ordinary people, who sinned and suffered, worked, played, struggled; they needed a faith to live by, a hope to live for, a charity wide as the world to live with one another, to forgive one another. He was to speak to them, to show them a light—and he was in the dark!

Five minutes later a door shut quietly and steps sounded in the street: John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester, had gone out. Down one street and down another, aimlessly, restlessly, it did not matter where, driven forth like those of old who were possessed of a devil. And Kitty was dying—Kitty, the girl wife he had taken, hoping that the great love he bore her was big enough for two, knowing in his innermost soul it could not be; Kitty, who wanted him to forgive, not her alone, but with her, included in her, the man who had made her life blossom, given her all the joys of earth, but who could not without the first lover smooth the way of death—death that was calling Kitty!

Joseph Horner, the one-legged cobbler, was a patient individual; when a thing could not be done, it could not, and there was an end for him. Mrs. Horner, who was twice the size of her husband, lay in the gutter hopelessly and completely intoxicated. Joe, having tried in vain to get her to her feet, sat down on the curb to wait the time of nature.

"If you won't, you won't," he said; "but you're a dirty ole toad to choose the gutter, you are."

"What is the matter?"

In the darkness, the street was but ill lighted, Joe could not see that it was the Bishop of Halchester who spoke.

"'Tain't nothin'," he said.

"Is any one hurt?" the Bishop asked.

"No," Joe answered; "it's only my ole Dutch. She's been on the drink again. When she comes round a bit I'll take her home."

"Home?" the Bishop said. "It would be better if she were locked up for the night."

But Horner thought otherwise. "She's my ole 'oman," he said, as if that explained everything.

"Do you want her home like this?" the Bishop asked.

"In course I do," Joe answered. "I'll get her there as soon as I can. It's just round the corner; I'd a-had her before this, only she popped my clothes along o' the other things while I was abed."

The Bishop was a big man; he stooped and lifted the woman. "Show me the way," he said. "I will bring her for you."

Horner hobbled off, his wooden leg stumping on the uneven pavement. "Thank you, mister; thank you kindly," he said.

"Why do you want her home?" the Bishop asked. "She is no good to you; she takes your money, pawns your things, disgraces herself and you. Why do you want her?"

"Why?" Joe said, in astonishment. "She's my ole 'oman!" Then feeling somehow that a fuller explanation was needed, he added: "She don't get like this all the time, sir; not more'n half a dozen times a year, or maybe a dozen. She's a good 'un in betweenwhiles. Turn her out? I ain't no saint myself, not with the drink. I'm a teetotaler, but I ain't no better'n another, and I'll be in Queer Street if the Lord don't blink at some o' my doin's by and by." He stopped at the door of a humble house. "Besides," he added, as he opened it, "she's my pal, my sweetheart what was, my ole 'oman."

He pushed the door open and entered. "This way in," he said. "Wait till I get a light."



The Bishop followed, and in the small glow of a low fire found his way across the room, and while Horner found a light he put the woman on the bed. Joe struck a match, but almost let it fall when he saw the man who had brought home his wife.

"The Bishop!" he said. "Lord love us!"

The Bishop had gone to the door; in the unsteady light one could not see plainly the new lines that had come in his face.

"I didn't know you, my lord," Joe said, with embarrassment. "That I didn't. Fancy you bringin' the ole gal home! 'Tain't fit!"

"You are right," the Bishop murmured, and his voice was strangely humble. "I am not fit, but thank God that He let me do it." He turned on the threshold. "Good night," he said, "and God bless you." Then he went out.

Down the street and down another, quickly, quickly as before. And still in his mind words rang—Kitty was dying; Kitty whom he used to love, whom he loved still; Kitty, who wanted him to forgive her and the man who had made her life perfect, as in the beginning it was meant to be. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," these words rang in his ears too. Jesus, the carpenter's son, had said them, Peter and James and John, the fishermen, had taught them, and Joe, the one-legged cobbler, lived them in his daily life; and John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester,

had refused to go to the woman he loved—the woman who was dying!

Twelve, the cathedral clock struck solemn and slow—twelve! And there was no train to London till seven in the morning, and Kitty was dying. John Peterham went home and prayed as he had never prayed before, wrestled all night in prayer, prayed that she might live till he came, that he might be forgiven.

On the next day, when the Bishop of Halchester preached in town he did not speak with his usual eloquence; his voice shook sometimes and his face was drawn and lined; yet he spoke as he had never spoken before, as from soul to soul, from the depths to those in the deep. He came straight from the bedside of the woman he loved. He had been in time, he had held her hand once more in his, he had said, "My dear, my dear, I forgive, I understand; may God forgive us all."

When the first December snow fell, two men followed a woman's body to the grave. Between them was the greatest gulf there can be between man and man, yet was it bridged over by love for the woman who was gone, by a great wrong done and forgiven. And when the dust was given to dust and the earth to earth whence it came, they turned away and with a silent hand-clasp parted, each to go his own separate way—the one to the desolation that had come upon him, the other to the work that was his to do. They were Sir Richard Fortesque and John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester.



# The Sargasso Sea

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

AS the caravels of Columbus were ploughing their way westward, on September 16, 1492, a new phase of the endless and unknown sea came into view. The strange phenomenon distracted the attention of the sailors from their fears and gave them a fresh topic. "They began," wrote the Admiral in his journal, "to see many tufts of grass which were very green and appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land."

On eleven of the twenty-six days before sail was shortened at the island of Guanahani, Columbus recorded seaweed in his journal; now little, then much, sometimes so thick and wide-spread that "the sea appeared to be covered with it." The masses of vegetation, turning the surface into greenery through which the waters seemed to ooze, became a new source of terror to the sailors, whose murmurs grew louder; for were they not likely at any moment to be dashed to pieces upon hidden rocks? Columbus did not share these apprehensions nor even mention them in his journal, but his son, Fernando Colon, in the history of his father's life, gave a rather dramatic picture of the new anxiety that fed the flame of discontent.

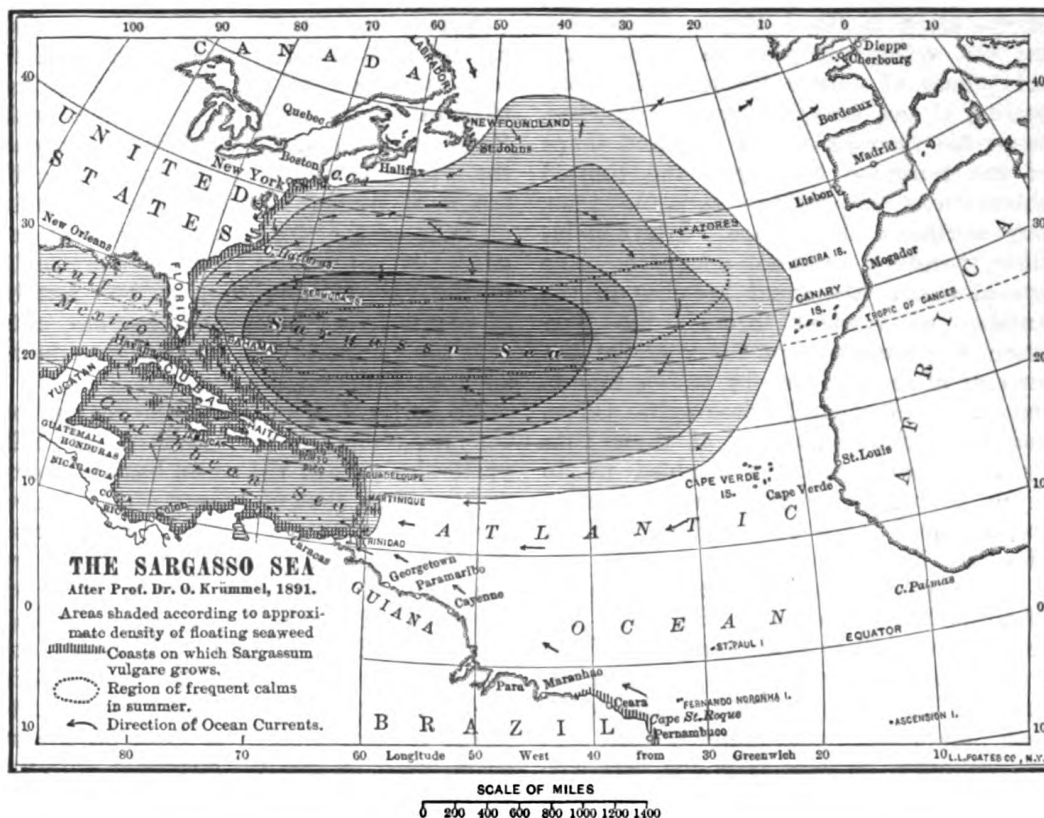
On the home journey from Haiti to the Azores the caravels made their way through seaweed on nine of the thirty-two days. Columbus had discovered the Sargasso Sea. He wondered whence these windrows and islets and fields of vegetation came; but he little dreamed that the phenomenon he had revealed would puzzle the world for many generations after the persistent illusion that he had discovered the East Indies was finally dispelled; and even to-day scientific men are not fully agreed upon some phases of the Sargasso Sea.

Three hundred years before the Christian era, Theophrastus wrote of seaweed, with leaves wider than a hand, that drift-

ed through the Pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean; but the plant he described was not the gulfweed, and we have no evidence that the weed of the Sargasso Sea ever reaches the coasts of Europe or Africa. Phœnician sailors told of sea-grass in the Atlantic with pointed tops as sharp as needles, and stalks as close together as wheat in the sheaf, so that vessels could not stir if caught in it; but this yarn was merely a bit of Punic cunning, designed to frighten other trading people from competing in the Atlantic coastal trade. There are many allusions in early manuscripts to seaweed; but the European who first saw the Sargasso Sea and the weed peculiar to it, was he who dared to trust his fate to the waters that dip beneath the western horizon of the Canary Islands.

In that unmeasured waste Columbus saw the ocean strewn with weed or algæ exactly as we see it now, the limits of the floating masses oscillating as they do to-day, according to the strength and direction of the prevailing winds. The same species of vegetation occupies the same area he traversed, perhaps the only one of the larger aspects of nature that has not undergone some change in the centuries since Columbus joined the Old World with the New.

Every word that Columbus wrote about the Sargasso can be verified to-day. It was left to later writers, as Oviedo and Petros Martyr, to intimate that the weed retarded the progress of his caravels. Columbus said nothing of the sort, and we have no reason to believe that the progress of any vessel is thus embarrassed. The explorer observed that, in spite of winds strong enough to toss the waters, the surface covered with weed remained "smooth and sleek." The novice to-day is surprised when he sees the wave-stilling influence of these masses of vegetable drift; and Dr. Krümmel, one of the lead-



MAP OF THE SARGASSO SEA

ing oceanographers of our time, speaks of the great level patches of light greenish weed contrasting with the dark blue of the curling waves around them. The sailors on the caravels showed that a tyro's first encounter with a field of seawrack is not one of unmixed pleasure; and even now, in these waters furrowed by many ships, where no shoals, no hidden rocks, no dangers of any kind have ever been discovered, few persons can escape an uneasy sensation as their vessel dashes swiftly into a space thick covered with herbage resembling most strikingly those shallow parts of lakes that are over-spread with a carpet of verdure. It takes experience to view without a qualm your vessel suddenly emerging from the boundless waters upon a surface, even though a small one, that suggests a meadow.

Columbus did not use the name Sargasso Sea. Oviedo, whose *Historia* contained the first general account of the discoveries in America, was the first to apply the Portuguese word *Sargazo* (seaweed) to that part of the ocean in which gulfweed (*S. bacciferum*) is pre-  
valent.

alent. The use of the noun sargasso or sargassum is now practically confined to this species of a large genus of seaweeds characterized by little air-bladders, each on its own stalk.

Maury was mistaken when he marked on his chart four other Sargasso Seas, one in the Indian Ocean, two in the Pacific, and another in the Atlantic. A glance at any chart of ocean currents will show why there is only one Sargasso Sea. No other currents are so strong and swift as those which constantly replenish the supply of seaweed in the waters far east of Florida and Cuba. No other currents wash such a swarm of islands and of mainland, green to the sea edge with weed, as those which rub along the Antillean and the Caribbean shores. Only one of the great "oceanic whirls" encloses, therefore, a sufficient quantity of seaweed to entitle it to the name Sargasso Sea.

For centuries the world had the vaguest ideas as to the size of this sea. Varenus described it as extending between the middle latitude of the Sahara and that

of the Cape of Good Hope. Humboldt, the first writer to popularize this remarkable phase of nature through his fascinating, if not always accurate, sketches, based his theories of the size and shape of the Sargasso Sea upon the limited observations of sailing-vessels on their way northeast to Europe. His conclusions, therefore, were not adequate. The age of steam, the great increase in the number of voyages through the Sargasso, the records kept for years of the amount of seaweed met by vessels reporting at the German Hydrographic Office, and the careful analyses of these data by Dr. Krümmel have enabled us to reach a more correct conception as to the size and shape of the floating mass of vegetation.

All maps of the Sargasso Sea worthy of notice have been based, within the past forty years, either upon the map of the French sea-captain Leps in 1865 or upon that of Krümmel in 1891. The small map presented here is founded upon that of Krümmel, because it is the best cartographic expression of our existing knowledge of the extent and shape of the area which is especially characterized by seaweed.

The name Sargasso Sea is applied only to that part of the Atlantic in which the weed is found in greatest abundance. Our map follows Dr. Krümmel's delineation of the general mass of floating vegetation, and distinguishes the smaller area which is the Sargasso Sea. The sea is roughly elliptical in shape, its great axis almost coinciding with the Tropic of Cancer, while the two foci are near long.  $45^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$  W. The only land masses in the sea are the Bermuda Islands, near which large collections of weed are often seen. The weed drift is thickest between  $25^{\circ}$  and  $32^{\circ}$  N. lat. and west of  $40^{\circ}$  W. long.

The Sargasso Sea is about one-third as large as the continental United States; but outside this central ellipse, as the map shows, are others, larger in size, where the thinly scattered weed moves in the Gulf Stream or is driven by the prevailing winds. Dr. Krümmel obtained these data by plotting on the map the relative frequency with which the seaweed has been met in the four seasons of the year between  $20^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$  N.

Naturalists have long been attracted by the fact that the weed is confined to four varieties, all of which, according to Kuntze, are practically identical with *Sargassum vulgare*. Linnæus expressed the view that this weed was probably the most numerous of all the vegetable growths of the world, and Humboldt regarded it as the most remarkable example of the vast accumulation of one family of plants living together. No flora, outside the Sargasso Sea, he thought, shows such striking uniformity.

No better description of the reason for the accumulation of seaweed in this particular part of the ocean has ever been written than that of Maury. He likened the whirl of waters around the Sargasso Sea to water in a small pool, where we shall see, if a circular motion is given to the fluid, that all the light floating substances in the pool will crowd together near the centre, where there is the least motion. This part of the Atlantic is such a basin or pool, on a vast scale, with its great Equatorial Current moving west and its Gulf Stream flowing east. Thus a circular motion of waters is engendered, and as the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl, all flotsam and jetsam are naturally attracted to it. Our pilot charts have recently indicated a similar whirl, on a very small scale, in the Gulf of Mexico west of Tampa, where the Yucatan current, flowing northwest, approaches an affluent of the Florida stream moving southeast, giving a circular motion to the waters between them; and within this whirl a derelict was recently imprisoned for weeks.

The world long held a very erroneous idea of the aspect of the Sargasso Sea. Humboldt unfortunately adopted the misleading and exaggerated description given by Oviedo of vast fields of weed resembling "great green or yellowish meadows." The vivid word-painting of the great German naturalist impressed this alluring picture upon the imaginations of men, and it endured because later writers, as Perrier, Meyen, and Leps, told, until quite recently, of "the immense floating prairies" in the sea.

Captain Haltermann, of the German Hydrographic Office, whose description of the Sargasso is regarded as one of the most accurate, says that the weed,

instead of covering the sea, usually drifts in long rows, stretching away in the direction of the prevailing winds. Sometimes several lines of weed are near enough together to be considered as one row. The parallel rows may be 200 feet apart, though sometimes they are much nearer one another. The plants may touch, or a foot or two of water may separate them. In the middle and western part of the sea, areas of the surface may be so packed with weed that the tips of the plants rise considerably above the water; but these areas are seldom large, and usually not over one hundred feet in diameter. The surface weed is fresh and brownish-yellow in color, but older weed, found about six feet below the surface, is a lighter yellow. The plant is about a foot in length.

Professor E. L. Bouvier, who visited the sea with the Prince of Monaco in 1905, says the stems ramify in slim branches with notched leaves, and scattered among them are globular air-bladders, of the size of a large pea, which are easily detached, and float off in great numbers wherever much weed is seen. A full-grown weed is about the size of a cabbage.

Driven gently to and fro by mild and warm sea-breezes, these algæ are the habitation of a countless number of small marine animals. The animals of the Sargasso sea are peculiar to it, admirably adapted to the conditions in which they live, and, for the most part, distinct from normal pelagic fauna. They are especially distinguished by extraordinary mimicry of the vegetation in which they live, and many can scarcely be seen when motionless in the weed. Rich in individuals, they are poor in species, of which Bouvier mentions only fifteen, including tiny fish, crabs, shrimps, mollusks, and gastropods. The most remarkable is the antennarius, which, by means of viscous filaments, cements little balls of weed, to which it confides its eggs. The only insect lives on the surface, over which it skims so rapidly that it is difficult to catch it.

But we have not told of the origin of these vast masses of vegetation. It is a striking fact that at this late day there is still difference of opinion on this important question. Some writers of the

seventeenth century thought that the weed might grow on the sea-floor, though Rumphius, in 1699, described the plant as torn from the seacoasts by the waves. Many students of the Sargasso agree that the kinds of weed found in the sea grow on the American coasts, and are carried by the currents into the oceanic whirl; but French men of science, probably without exception, assert that this source of algæ is not sufficient to stock with weed so vast an area. They maintain, in brief, that the weed becomes a floating pelagic growth, which, through scions from the parent plant, is always newly multiplying, so that importations from the American coast are really unnecessary.

Bouvier is the latest investigator in this field, though his stay in the Sargasso was very brief. He maintains that the plant vegetates on the sea surface, growing branches, foliage, and air-bladders, and even though it does not yield seed, a detached branch becomes a complete plant. Many of them were evidently in the early stage of their separate existence, but were perfect individuals of their kind.

On the other hand, men of science, who have also visited the sea, dissent entirely from this view. Kuntze, who has seen the weed *in situ* on the Antillean coasts, says that it is torn from the shores by storms, wafted into the Sargasso by currents, and quickly decays and sinks. He has no faith in the fructification of the drifting plant or in the growth of its fragments.

Dr. Krümmel tells of the enormous length of coast-lines on which the weed grows. As our map shows, it is found as far south as Cape St. Roque, Brazil, fringes every island of the Antilles and every shore of the Caribbean, and extends as far north as Cape Cod. He says the weed, after reaching the Sargasso, becomes heavier as it grows older, and gradually sinks, making room for fresh supplies. His approximate calculations tend to show that it takes about five and a half months for the weed to drift to the eastern part of the Sargasso Sea; and he believes that all recent researches, up to the time he wrote, tended to disprove the hypothesis of a marine origin and to support those who assert that the algæ come from the land.



# The Cure of Hezekiah

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was Hezekiah's mother—the widow of Red Tom Usher, of Wrath Harbor of the Labrador, and the mother, also, of Tommy—it was she who discovered the whereabouts of a cure. "Hook's Kurepain," she declared, convinced beyond doubt, "will sure do it!" There was no denying the virtues of the Healing Balm. They were set forth in print, in type both large and small, on a creased and greasy remnant of the *Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger*, which had, as the mother of Hezekiah was immediately persuaded, providentially strayed into that far port. The works of the Invaluable Discovery were not to be disputed. The Boon to Suffering Humanity was a positive cure for bruises, sprains, chilblains, cracked hands, stiffness of the joints, contraction of the muscles, numbness of the limbs, neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, pains in the chest, warts, frost-bites, sore throat, quinsy, croup, diphtheria, toothache, and various other ills. Moreover, it was an excellent hair-restorer. And if it had cured millions, why should it not cure Hezekiah?

Hezekiah's mother greatly desired a bottle.

"I've found something, Tommy," said she, a little twinkle in her eye, when, that night, the elder son came in from the snowy wilderness, where he had made the round of his fox-traps.

"Have you, now?" he answered, curiously. "An' what might un be?"

She sought to mystify him a moment longer, that his delight might be the more. "'Tis something, b'y," said she, "t' make you glad."

"Come, tell me!" he cried, his eyes shining.

"I've heered you say," she went on, smiling softly, "that you'd be fair willin' t' give *anything* t' be able t' find it. I've heered you say—"

"'Tis a silver fox!"

"I've heered you say," she continued, shaking her head,—"'Oh,' I've heered you say, 'if I could only find it, I'd be happy!'"

"Tell me!" he coaxed. "Please, tell me!"

She laid a hand on his shoulder. The remnant of the *Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger* she held behind her.

"'Tis a cure for Hezekiah," said she.

"No!" he cried, incredulous; but there was yet the ring of hope in his voice. "Have you, now?"

"Hook's Kurepain," said she, "never failed yet."

"'Tis wonderful!" said Tommy.

She spread the newspaper on the table and placed her finger at that point of the list where the cure of rheumatism was promised.

"Read that," said she, "an' you'll find 'tis all true."

Tommy's eyes ran up to the top of the page. His mother waited, a smile on her lips. She was anticipating a profound impression.

"'Beauty has wonderful charms,' " the boy read. "'Few men can withstand the witchcraft of a lovely face. All hearts are won—'"

"No! no!" the mother interrupted, hastily. "That's the marvellous Oriental Beautifier. I been readin' that too. But 'tis not that. 'Tis lower down. Beginnin', 'At last the universal remedy of Biblical times.' Is you got it yet?"

"Ay, sure!"

And thereupon Tommy Usher, of Wrath Harbor, discovered that a legion of relieved and rejuvenated rheumatics had without remuneration or constraint sung the virtues of the Kurepain and the praises of Hook. He was a lad remotely born, unknowing; not for a moment did he doubt the existence of the Well-known Traveller, the Family Doctor, the Minister of the Gospel, the Champion of the



*Drawn by George Harding*

"READ THAT," SHE SAID

World. He was ready to admit that the cure had been found.

"I'm willin' t' believe," said he, solemnly, the while gazing very earnestly into his mother's eyes, "that 'twould do Hezekiah a world o' good."

"Read on!"

"It costs money to make the Kurepain," Tommy read. "It is not a sugar-and-water remedy. It is a *cure*, manufactured at *great expense*. Good medicines come high. But the peerless Kurepain is *cheap* when compared with the worthless substitutes now on the market and sold for just as good. Our price is five dollars a bottle; three bottles guaranteed to cure."

Tommy stopped dead. He looked up. His mother steadily returned his glance. Tommy had provided for the house ever since his father died. It had been hard work, and there had been times when the provision was lean enough. Five dollars a bottle! Five dollars for that which was neither food nor clothing!

"Tis fearful!" he sighed.

"But read on."

"In order to introduce the Kurepain into this locality we have set aside One Thousand Bottles of this *incomparable* medicine. That number, *and no more*, we will dispose of at four dollars a bottle. Do not make a mistake. When the supply is exhausted, the price will *rise* to eight dollars a bottle, owing to a scarcity of one of the ingredients. We honestly advise you, if you are in pain or suffering, to take advantage of this *rare* opportunity. A word to the wise is sufficient. Order to-day."

"Tis a great bargain, Tommy," the mother whispered.

"Ay," Tommy answered, dubiously.

His mother patted his hand. "When Hezekiah's cured," she went on, "he could help you with the traps, an'—"

"Tis not for that I wants un cured," Tommy flashed. "I'm willin' an' able for me labor. 'Tis not for that. I'm just thinkin' all the time about seein' him run about like he used to. That's what I wants."

"Doesn't you think, Tommy, that we could manage it—if we tried wonderful hard?"

"Tis accordin' t' what fur I traps, mum, afore the ice goes an' the steamer

comes. I'm hopin' we'll have enough left over t' buy the cure."

She patted his hand again. "There's credit t' be had at the store," she said.

"But I'm not wantin' t' get in debt."

"You're a good son, Tommy," the mother said at last. "I knows you'll do for the best. Leave us wait until the spring-time comes."

"Ay," he agreed; "an' we'll say nar a word t' Hezekiah."

Hezekiah was eight years old—younger than Tommy by four years. He had been an active, merry lad, inclined to scamper and shout, given to pranks of a kindly sort. But he had of a sudden been taken with what the folk of Wrath Harbor called "rheumatics" of the knee. There were days, however, when he walked in comfort; but there were times when, thus walking, he fell to the ground in agony, and had to be carried home, and there were weeks when he could not walk at all. He was now more affectionate than he had been, but he was not so merry nor so rosy.

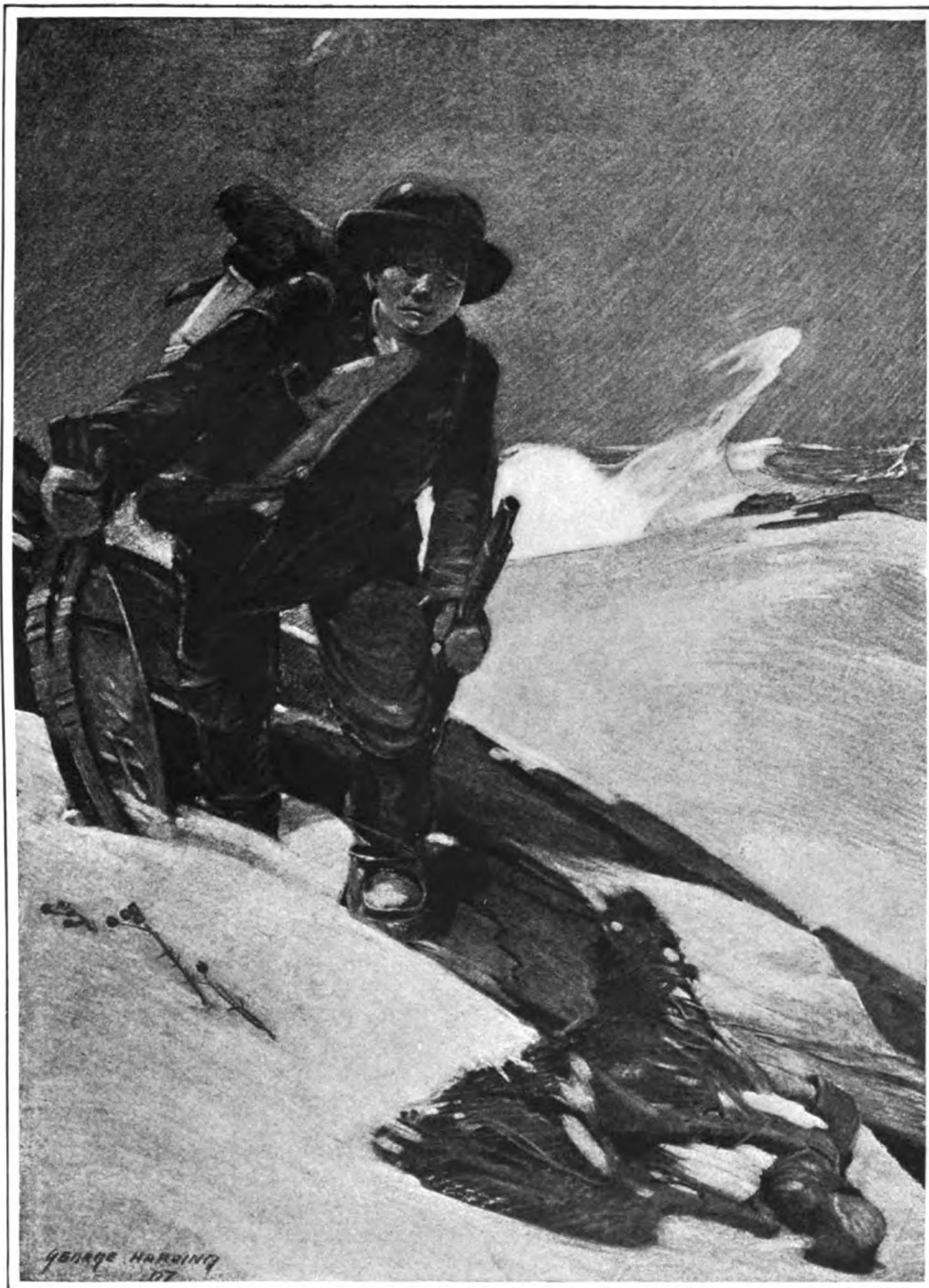
"'Twould be like old times," Tommy said once, when Hezekiah was put to bed, "if the lad was only well."

"I'm afeered, b'y," the mother sighed, "that he'll never be well again."

"For fear you're right, mum," said Tommy, "we must give un a good time. . . . Hush, mother! Don't you cry, or I'll be cryin' too."

But since they had laid hold on the hope in Hook's Kurepain life was brighter. They were looking forward to the cure. The old merry, scampering Hezekiah, with his shouts and laughter and gambols and pranks, was to return to them. When, as the winter dragged along and Tommy brought home the fox-skins from the wilderness, Hezekiah fondled them, and passed upon their quality as to color and size of fur, Tommy and the mother exchanged smiles. Hezekiah did not know that upon the quality and number of the skins, which he delighted to stroke and pat, depended his cure. Let the winter pass! Let the ice move out from the coast! Let the steamer come for the letters! Let her go and return again! Then Hezekiah would know.

"We'll be able t' have *one* bottle, whatever," said the mother.



*Drawn by George Harding*

HE BROUGHT HOME THE FOX-SKINS FROM THE WILDERNESS

"'Twill be more than that, mum," Tommy answered, confidently. "We wants un cured."

With the spring came the great disappointment. The snow melted from the hills; wild flowers blossomed where the white carpet had lain; the ice was ready to break and move out to sea with the next wind from the west: there were no more foxes to be caught. Tommy bundled the skins, strapped them on his back, and took them to the storekeeper at Shelter Harbor, five miles up the coast; and when their value had been determined he came home disconsolate.

The mother had been watching from the window. "Well?" she said, when the boy came in.

"'Tis not enough," he groaned. "I'm sorry, mum; but 'tis not enough."

She said nothing, but waited for him to continue; for she feared to give him greater distress.

"'Twas a fair price he gave me," Tommy continued. "I'm not complainin' o' that. But there's not enough t' do more than keep us clear o' debt, with pinchin', till we sells the fish in the fall. I'm sick, mum—I'm fair sick an' miserable along o' disappointment."

"'Tis sad t' think," she said, "that Hezekiah's not t' be cured—after all."

"For the want o' twelve dollars!" he sighed.

They were interrupted by the clatter of Hezekiah's crutches, coming in haste from the inner room; then entered Hezekiah.

"I heered what you said," he cried, his eyes blazing, his whole worn little body fairly quivering with excitement. "I heered you say 'cure.' Is I t' be cured?"

They did not answer.

"Tommy! Mamma! Did you say I was t' be cured?"

"Hush, dear!" said the mother.

"I can't hush. I wants t' know. Tommy, tell me. Is I t' be cured?"

"Tommy, b'y," said the mother, quietly, "tell un."

"You is!" Tommy shouted, catching Hezekiah in his arms and rocking him like a baby. "You is t' be cured. Debt or no debt, lad, by the Lord, I'll see you cured!"

It was easily managed. The old storekeeper at Shelter Harbor did not hesi-

tate. Credit? Of course he would give Tommy that. "Tommy," said he, "I've knowed you for a long time, an' I knows you t' be a good lad. I'll fit you out for the summer an' the winter, if you wants me to, an' you can take your own time about payin' the bill." And so Tommy withdrew twelve dollars from the credit of his account.

They began to keep watch on the ice—to wish for a westerly gale, that the white waste might be broken and dispersed.

"Tommy," said Hezekiah, one night, when the lads lay snug in bed and the younger was sleepless, "how long will it be afore that there Kurepain comes?"

"I 'low the steamer 'll soon be here."

"Ay?"

"An' then she'll take the letter with the money?"

"Ay?"

"An' she'll be gone about a month an' a fortnight, an' then she'll be back with—"

"The cure!" said Hezekiah, giving Tommy an affectionate dig in the ribs. "She'll be back with the cure!"

"Go t' sleep, lad."

"I can't," Hezekiah whimpered. "I can't for joy o' thinkin' o' that cure."

By and by the ice moved out, and in good time the steamer came. It was at the end of a blustering day, with the night falling thick. Passengers and crew alike—from the grimy stokers to the shivering American tourists—were relieved to learn, when the anchor went down with a splash and a rumble, that the "old man" was to "hang her down" until the weather turned "civil."

Accompanied by the old schoolmaster, who was to lend him aid in registering the letter to the Kurepain Company, Tommy went aboard in the punt. It was then dark.

"You knows a Yankee when you sees un," said he, when they reached the upper deck. "Point un out, an' I'll ask un."

"Ay, I'm travelled," said the schoolmaster, importantly. "And 'twould be wise to ask about the company before you post the letter."

Thus it came about that Tommy timidly approached two gentlemen who



were chatting merrily in the lee of the wheel-house.

"Do you know the Kurepain, sir?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" the one replied.

"Hook's, sir."

"Hook's? In the name of wonder, child, Hook's what?"

"Kurepain, sir."

"Hook's Kurepain," said the stranger.

"Doctor"—addressing his companion—"do you recommend—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you do not?" said the other.

The doctor eyed Tommy. "Why do you ask?" he inquired.

"'Tis for me brother, sir," Tommy replied. "He've a queer sort o' rheumaticks. We're thinkin' the Kurepain will cure un. It have cured a minister o' the gospel, sir, an' a champion o' the world; an' we was allowin' that it wouldn't have much trouble t' cure Hezekiah. They's as much as twelve dollars, sir, in this here letter, which I'm sendin' away. I'm wantin' t' know, sir, if they'll send the cure if I sends the money."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "Where do you live?" he asked at last.

Tommy pointed to a far-off light. "Hezekiah will be at the window," he said, "lookin' out at the steamer's lights."

"Do you care for a run ashore?" asked the doctor, turning to his fellow tourist.

"If it would not overtax you."

"No, no—I'm strong enough now. The voyage has put me on my feet again. Come—let us go."

Tommy took them ashore in the punt, guided them along the winding, rocky path, led them into the room where Hezekiah sat at the window. The doctor felt of Hezekiah's knee and asked him many questions. Then he held a whispered conversation with his companion and the schoolmaster; and of their conversation Tommy caught such words and phrases as "slight operation" and "chloroform" and "that table" and "poor light, but light enough," and

"rough-and-ready sort of work" and "no danger." Then Tommy was despatched to the steamer with the doctor's friend; and when they came back the man carried a bag in his hand. The doctor asked Hezekiah a question, and Hezekiah nodded his head. Whereupon the doctor called him a brave lad, and sent Tommy out to the kitchen to keep his mother company for a time, first requiring him to bring a pail of water and another lamp. When they called him in again—he knew what they were about, and it seemed a long, long time before the call came—Hezekiah was lying on the couch, sick and pale, with his knee tightly bandaged, but with his eyes glowing.

"Mamma! Tommy!" the boy whispered, exultingly. "They says I'm cured."

"Yes," said the doctor; "he'll be all right now. His trouble was not rheumatism. It was caused by a fragment of the bone, broken off at the knee-joint. At least, that's as plain as I can make it to you. I have removed that fragment. He'll be all right after a bit. I've told the schoolmaster how to take care of him, and I'll leave some medicine, and—well—he'll soon be all right."

When the doctor was about to step from the punt to the steamer's ladder, half an hour later, Tommy held up a letter to him.

"'Tis for you, sir," he said.

"What's this?" the doctor demanded.

"'Tis for you to keep, sir," Tommy answered, with dignity. "'Tis the money for the work you done."

"Money!" cried the doctor. "Why, really," he stammered, "I—you see, this is my vacation—and I—"

"I 'low, sir," said Tommy, quietly, "that you'll 'blige me."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, being wise, "that I will!"

And Tommy Usher was very much obliged.



## A Portrait by George Romney

ENGLISH painting has always shown as its marked characteristics close observation, truth, and sobriety rather than ideality; to these qualities, learned from the Dutch, add the elegance, style, and love of splendor which Van Dyck brought from his seven years' sojourn in Italy, and the rounded result is the unsurpassed English portrait art of the eighteenth century. Of the three great luminaries in the art firmament of England at that time, Romney possessed less serious character than either Reynolds or Gainsborough, but a higher degree of poetic imagination. Sensitive, retiring, and contemplative, he avoided all rivalry with other painters; unable to overcome his dislike of publicity, he refused to exhibit his pictures or to accept membership in any society of artists, yet withal his patronage greatly outranked that of all others. The world of fashion flocked to him, for he had the gift of presenting his sitters at their best, happily combining the sensuous charm of feminine beauty with meditative reserve and womanly character. His facility is shown by the fact that his sitters numbered five or six each day, and he usually completed a half-length portrait in three or four sittings of two hours each. Despite this haste, in all his work may be found qualities of dignity, grace, and beauty, expressed with ease. Although Romney enjoyed the greatest favor while living, after his death, in 1802, his work was sadly neglected, and only in 1882 did the revival begin which has brought the present competition for his portraits.

Dorothy Scott became the fourth wife of Philip de Crespigny in 1783, and in 1786 sat for this portrait, which was sold in 1901 at Christie's for £5880, coming into the possession of Mr. J. H. McFadden, of Philadelphia, its present owner. Romney himself received less than £100 for it; in fact, the highest price he ever received for a portrait was £120.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



MRS. DE CRESPIGNY, BY GEORGE ROMNEY

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

# Socialism and Communism in Greece

BY THOMAS D. SEYMOUR, LL.D.

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THE ancient Greeks were surprisingly modern, and the classical scholar is often reminded of the words of the Preacher, that "there is no new thing under the sun." That socialistic and communistic theories and experiments in the ancient world appear first in varied forms in Greece should excite no surprise. Greece was the source and home of most ideas. And, just as many of the latest views of the nebular theory and evolution are now discovered to have been held and propounded by Greek philosophers five or six hundred years before our era, and then to have been forgotten, so many of our newest social and political notions were discussed and tried more than two thousand years ago in Athens or in Sparta. Such ideas had no place in the early empires of Asia, where the king bore the same relation to his subjects as the head of a family to his slaves, nor in the kingdom of Egypt. To whom was Pharaoh responsible when he ordered his subjects to build his pyramids or to make bricks without straw? Or under what obligations did Xerxes stand to the people of Persia? The Oriental ruler was the state. The situation was such as it is at present in Asia Minor, where the Sultan may or may not be pleased to command the construction of roads or bridges. Under such a government the people may grieve and groan, as did the children of Israel in Egypt, but without influences and help from other lands they are not likely to develop communistic theories, and certainly cannot make communistic experiments. Left to themselves the subjects of an Eastern despot would simply exchange one master for another.

Rome often receives the credit of being the main and original source of our principles of law and government. Men are fond of saying that just as we owe our

science and art to Greece, so we owe our governments to Rome. But although the precise relation of Roman to Greek constitutions and laws has not yet been made out, still in this field, as scholars know very well, much more is due to the Greeks than was formerly thought. The Greeks were not only fond of hearing and telling "some new thing"; they made all manner of political as well as physical and mechanical experiments, and had as large a variety of political as of philosophical theories. Who ever knew of so many original and independent philosophical systems elsewhere as were evolved in Greece? And where else were so many scientific principles observed and established?

Mr. Freeman, the historian, has made familiar the Greek experiments in federal government. The Achæan League, of the third century B.C., is the first of his great Federal Commonwealths, of which our country is the fourth, and he declares that "probably no two constitutions, produced at such a distance of time and place from one another, ever presented so close a resemblance as that which exists between the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the Achæan League." Mr. Freeman says, also, that "Greece was the true home of independent city commonwealths, the land where the system reached its fullest and its most brilliant development, and the land where its good and its evil results may be most fairly balanced against each other." Clearly, Greece furnished good soil for the germination of the seed of political and social theories. The governments of Greece were not all formed on one or two models, like the ordinary city and state governments of North America. The philosopher Aristotle, "the master of those who know," made a collection of



the constitutions of more than one hundred and fifty different states, some of which, like Athens, had had eleven or more different kinds of government; and we have reason to believe that in the little country of Greece there existed as many and as large a variety of political constitutions as exist to-day on the continent of Europe. Never elsewhere was a like opportunity offered for the presentation and maintenance of so many political theories. As regards these principles, the old saying is not altogether wrong, that the ordinary citizen of Athens was more intelligent than the ordinary member of the British House of Commons. As in the present century, no form of government was sacred simply because it had been inherited from remote ancestors. Change was readily accepted, in the indefinite hope that it might prove a change for the better. The small states of Greece were so isolated by their positions, often being walled off from their neighbors by mountains, or separated by arms of the sea, that their political experiments had an unusual degree of independence. In this independence they were supported also by the proud spirit of rivalry which existed among them. In the details of its constitution and laws, Athens, for example, seems to have borrowed little from Thebes or from Sparta.

Aristotle's great collection of ancient political constitutions has been lost, except for the "Constitution of Athens," which was restored to the modern world from an old Egyptian tomb in 1891, and for brief fragments which are preserved as quotations. Of the constitutional history of most of the states of Greece, little is known in the way of a connected story. But the ancient historians give us many bits of evidence on such points, and thousands of inscriptions, mostly discovered in recent archaeological researches, afford contemporary evidence with regard to many details.

Of Sparta, Plutarch presents in his *Life of Lycurgus* such a familiar account of the reforms ascribed to that law-giver as to make the story quite a commonplace. Every schoolboy knows that the Spartan men had common "messes" in time of peace as well as on campaigns of war; that no Spartan was allowed to

possess treasure of gold or silver, their ordinary money being of iron; that the magistrates directed the exposure on the mountains of any infant which was so deformed or sickly that it was not likely to prove a strong citizen; and that in every way the advantage of the community of the state was held in honor before that of the family or the individual. For the common weal the true Spartan was ready at any time to undertake any service or to submit to any privation. The Spartans did not discuss nor publish their theories, however, nor trouble themselves about the basis of their principles, nor did they make many experiments,—they being fond neither of much talk nor of innovations. They stood together not so much because of their principles of government as because of their clan spirit. The reader must observe, however, that the Spartan principles held only for the ruling class—the "peers." When their ancestors took possession of the country, they reduced the former owners of the land, and in particular the "Helots," to the position of serfs. Reserving a considerable part of the territory for the common use of their flocks and herds, they allotted the rest in equal shares to the families of the "peers," and the serfs and subjects were ordered to care for the herds and to till this land, and thus to furnish subsistence for the true Spartan families. Thus each Spartan citizen could give himself unreservedly to the service of the state, and in general this meant either serving in the army, or preparing for war by exercise which would both train him for battle and keep him in the best physical condition. Not being allowed to possess silver or gold, and being closely limited in his freedom of leaving the country, while at times all strangers were expelled from his land, the Spartan was not stimulated to engage in commerce or manufactures. In principle, the Spartans had neither poverty nor riches. They suffered no want, yet they knew no luxury; the ordinary food of the best of them—the "black broth," which had a great name in the ancient world—was more like to oatmeal porridge than to any other viand which often appears on our tables. The subjects of the Spartans, living in their country, shared



neither their privileges nor their principles, and doubtless often were the owners of more material wealth than the Spartans themselves possessed, while they also were liable to suffer from the woes of poverty.

To most of us, Athens represents Greece, and this not unfairly. The tribes and states of Greece differed widely in spirit and in culture, as well as in government; but, after all, as compared with their neighbors, the Greeks may be classed together, and at Athens was found the very essence of the Greek spirit. An epigram ascribed to the greatest of ancient historians calls Athens the "Hellas of Hellas." There was found the widest scope for the untrammelled development of the individual, yet with a demand for subordination to the collective will, since all were bound together by a strong common interest. These two impulses, each with unusual force, met at Athens, and the result was not a homogeneous social compact, but one of great variety. Perhaps no other city was ever so "democratic" as Athens, and nowhere else has the accident of wealth or poverty so slightly affected the relations of men to each other. No honorific titles were customary there, either. The small boy of the street might address the chief general simply as "Pericles" or "Themistocles." Cliques existed then as now, but the social circles were not so exclusive. This was due partly to the seclusion of women, but chiefly to the fact that the life of the citizen was in the open air. The young men were constantly meeting on terms of equality in their gymnastic exercises and in their military service, and the older men were brought together frequently at the town meetings, the sessions of the Senate of Five Hundred, the many public festivals, and in the courts. Since the ordinary jury consisted of five hundred citizens, and not simply all suits of the Athenians but also those of their subject-allies were to be tried at Athens, the service as jurymen then was much more important than it is in modern life. The wealthy, as such, had little influence on politics. "Trades-unions" did not exist at Athens until after her glory had passed.

Of Athens, fortunately, we know more

than of any other Hellenic city, thanks not only to its writers, but also to its very numerous records on stone.

Early in the sixth century before our era, not very long after the beginning of the strictly historical period in Greece, affairs in Athens were in a bad way, and the wise Solon deserves the credit of bringing harmony out of discord. The poor were virtually enslaved to the rich, we are told—having borrowed money and pledged their own persons, or members of their families, as security. As a member of an old family, but of very moderate wealth, Solon had the confidence of both parties, and was chosen absolute arbitrator and lawgiver. The poor had demanded a new division of the land. This was not granted by Solon, but he allowed the repudiation of certain debts—a "shaking off of the load," or *Seisachtheia*, as it was called—and freed the land from mortgage, while he allowed the payment of other debts in what amounted to a debased currency. Solon also enacted sumptuary laws, which were intended to lessen the social distinctions between the rich and the poor. No woman, for example, was to have an elaborate *trousseau*, nor to take a large trunk with her when she went on a visit, and no funeral or sepulchral monument was to be very costly. A contemporary of Solon in Corinth attempted to restrain any of his people from spending more than his income, but the Athenian lawgiver did not undertake such a regulation.

The burdens of the government at Athens in general were borne by the well-to-do. The poor citizen paid neither direct nor indirect taxes. No article that he used had paid tribute to the state. The house in which he lived and the land which he tilled, if his own, were not taxed. The importation of food and raw materials was encouraged, and the poor man paid nothing which corresponds to the modern imposts on tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco.

The Athenian state in certain respects was primitive and simple, leaving much to the initiative of the individual, while in other matters more responsibility was assumed by the government. Most of the questions and cries of modern socialism did not exist for the ancient Athenians. Naturally,—for they had no telephones

or telegraphs, postal or express service, railroads, trolley-cars, or even cabs or omnibuses. They had no "public carriers," and had no regulated civil service. Their streets were not lighted by night; as in London a few centuries ago, a torch was needed if a man left home on a dark night. The state had no banks, but set its stamp on the silver which served as the ordinary money.

The supply of water for the city of Athens was under the care of government officials, but this water was not brought to every man's door, and no charge was made for its use. During the most glorious period of the city's history we know little of what was done for the water-supply, and this supply must have been unsatisfactorily small, though naturally much less is wasted, and thus much less suffices, when it must be brought in jars from the fountain than when it can be drawn directly from a faucet. The first extensive plan for the supply of water for the city of Athens seems to be due to Solon's younger contemporary, the "tyrant" Pisistratus, who brought water from the upper valley of the Ilissus to the market-place, where it flowed in a stream. No great improvement on this was made until the days of the Roman rule. Athens never had such a bounteous supply of good water as imperial Rome enjoyed, and, until the Romans conquered Greece, had no great public baths.

Nothing is said of underground sewers in Athens in Hellenic times. For the most part, certainly, the drains were above ground, as they were until recently in some great European cities. Some limitations were set on the throwing of filth and rubbish into the streets, but the comedies of Aristophanes afford sufficient evidence that the streets often were not cleanly.

The peace of the city of Athens was committed to public sentiment and private citizens, to a degree which would astonish us in any modern city of about 200,000 inhabitants. In all the hundred extant Attic orations which deal with cases before the Athenian courts, no reference appears to an arrest as made by a police official. The Athenian constable seems never to conduct to prison a disorderly citizen, nor to stop a hand-to-

hand conflict between two parties. If any arrest was to be made, the individual citizen, with or without the help of his friends or chance comers, was obliged to arrest the man who interfered with his rights, whether by assault, by burglary or robbery, or by mere annoyance. At best the citizen might go to a public office and ask a magistrate to accompany him to the scene of a misdemeanor. No police patrolled the streets. And if an assault, a theft, or a murder was committed, no public official was charged with the duty of discovering the criminal and bringing him to trial and punishment. Any citizen might bring such a prosecution, but in general this duty was left to the injured person, and if he could not or would not prosecute, the offence went unpunished. The state had no prosecuting attorney. If the popular assembly, the town meeting, desired the punishment of an offender, it would appoint a special commission for the purpose of conducting this prosecution. Most offences which we regard as crimes against the state were to the Athenians simply wrongs to an individual. The courts themselves were in many respects only branches or committees of the popular assembly.

Just as the quelling of any turmoil was left to the private citizens, so also the quenching of any fire or conflagration was accomplished by those who were most interested, without enlisting the aid of any specially trained men or particular equipment.

The chief duties of those who might be thought to correspond to our police commissioners seem to have been to regulate the charges of flute-girls, who served as musicians at private entertainments, to determine the disposition of refuse, to see that walls did not encroach on the limits of the streets, that windows looking on the street did not open outward, and that no balconies were built over the public way.

No public benevolent institutions were known at Athens for the good of the afflicted, no hospitals or retreats for the sick or insane, and no schools for the blind or dumb. Doubtless, as in very much later times and in Western countries, much suffering was not alleviated, which might have been avoided, but the

sympathetic personal help of neighbors and friends did much which now is expected of the state or of institutions. No benevolent corporations seem to have existed in early Greece, although "mutual benefit" societies were common. The city had a physician, or physicians, but of his work little is known. We may assume that he cared for the sick poor, but whether he visited their homes or limited himself to dispensary practice is not clear.

If the Athenians had no public parks, this lack was not so painfully felt by them, since in addition to unimproved common land, often about shrines or temples, there were groves or fields, which really were open for the enjoyment of the people, under no stricter limitations than were reasonable. The summit of the Acropolis itself, with its temples and statues, had little grass and few trees, but was of beauty and grandeur surpassing our praise. The gymnasiums also, outside of the city walls, afforded open places for the refreshment of men. In such gathering-places, Socrates often held converse with his friends, and from the Platonic dialogues we learn that rhetorical and philosophical lectures often were given there. Indeed, two of the great schools of philosophy—both that of Plato and that of Aristotle—were named for the two gymnasiums in or near which their sessions were held, the Academy and the Lyceum—words very familiar in modern life. Porticos, or *stoas*, also were built for the public use of the citizens, the climate calling for a shelter against sun and rain which should not interfere with the free passage of the breezes.

Education was under the control of the state, though no public schools were provided by the city of Athens. Aristotle declared that the statesman's art should determine what studies should be pursued, and how far. Public sentiment required a father to care for his son's education, and apparently one who neglected this duty was considered to be an unnatural parent, and had no claim for support in old age by this son. The children of a citizen who died in battle were adopted by the state, and were educated as well as supported until they came of age.

The government at Athens, as we have

seen, left to the initiative of the individual much care which is accepted by modern states, but it took great pains to provide for the supply of food. The soil of Attica was poor and thin, and could not provide food for so large a state as Athens became in the fifth century before our era. The diplomacy of the state was ever alert to form relations which would foster the bringing of grain to Attica, whether from the region of the Black Sea, from Egypt, or from Sicily. No product of the soil but olives and olive-oil might be exported from Attica, and no Athenian ship was allowed to carry wheat or barley to any other port than that of Athens, under heavy penalties. If an Athenian capitalist lent money on a cargo of wheat to be carried from the Black Sea to Cyprus, he could not recover his loan by a suit in an Athenian court, for such use of his money was illegal. Pains were taken to satisfy foreign shipmasters at Athens, both by fixing heavy penalties for any wrong done to them, and also by providing special courts to settle promptly all disputes in which they were interested. And when the grain had reached Athens, the law limited strictly the profit which might be made by the trader—appointing death as the penalty for any combination to raise the price of grain,—and government inspectors watched closely to see that the grain was of standard quality, that the measures were of the proper size, and that the price of bread was not too high as compared with that of grain.

If the Athenians had no free public libraries, yet they had a freer oral interchange of thought than is often practicable now. They had no public museums or art-galleries, but in and on their temples they had such works of sculpture as the world had not seen before, and such as have not been wrought since their time; their public porticos were adorned with great paintings, and at their festivals were given as prizes vases which are the pride of modern museums. If they had no free public concerts on summer evenings, nor displays of fireworks on the Fourth of July for the amusement of the people, they had through the year a rapid succession of festivals, with athletic contests, magnificent pageants, torch-races, and lyric

and dramatic performances of the highest order, and from these festivals no citizen was excluded. The city provided the entrance-money for the theatre in order that all might take part in what was to them a religious function. Athens was a "very religious" city, according to the Apostle Paul. No other state in Greece had so many festivals, and certainly none other celebrated its holidays and holy days with such magnificence of pomp. Scholars have estimated that in each year about two thousand men and boys took part in the choral dances at Athens, in almost a hundred choruses.

The primitive character of the Athenian government is seen clearly in the manner of its provision for the festivals which have been mentioned, which were directly under the control of the state. The city-state of Athens had no registry of the land and other property held by its people. No "assessors" in the modern sense existed, and under ordinary circumstances no man was called to state once a year the exact amount of his property or income, and to pay taxes accordingly. In early times the government had been maintained by the co-operation of the citizens, each being expected to render service as a soldier in time of war, and as a magistrate when called to this office. If a man had no horse, clearly he could not serve in the cavalry. If he had no shield and spear of his own, he could not serve with the heavy-armed troops—the *hoplites*. In such a case he must provide a bow, or at least a sling, and do what he could in his country's cause. At times we hear of well-to-do citizens providing equipments for their poorer neighbors, that a brave man and good fighter might have a place in the more important arm of service. But the state provided no horses for its cavalry, and when it gave a full equipment of arms to a soldier's orphan son on his coming of age, it did this as a foster-father, and not as a government. In lieu of regular annual taxes, the rich Athenian citizen was called to render irregular, extraordinary services, called *liturgies*. For example, though the dramatic performances were under the control of one of the chief officers of state, he determined no details and expended no money for them. At the great

festival of Dionysus, or Bacchus, each spring, in addition to comedies, there were presented plays by three tragic poets—in general each poet giving three tragedies and a kind of farce, called a *satyr-drama*. The works of each poet were assigned to some rich citizen, who was bound not merely to secure the proper chorus, to have it trained, to pay the actors, and to provide the necessary costumes and scenery, but also to attend to all other details of the presentation of the plays. The expenses of such a chorus would not be less than the equivalent of three or four thousand dollars in our time, and we have seen that many choruses had to be provided each year. Not all, however, were so expensive as those for tragedy. On the other hand, the citizen who was called to pay the expenses of taking a chorus to the festival of Apollo at Delos, or conducting a "sacred embassy" to the Isthmian Games at Corinth, might have to pay a larger sum than the tragic *choregus*. The spirit of rivalry was so keen that these services were rarely performed in a perfunctory manner. A man of any ambition would be eager in these matters to do more than his rivals, and to present the best trained and equipped chorus. In case one was called upon to perform such a service when he had already done his full share, he might ask some other citizen to take the service, and demand an exchange of property if this other citizen claimed that he was not so well able to bear the burden as was the man who was first selected.

A similar law to that just mentioned provided for the maintenance of the city's *triremes*, or ships of war. Each ship was assigned each year to the care of some citizen, who had charge of it. Not that he was expected to be its navigating officer, but he was required to be with the ship and to keep it in order for service. This *trierarch* also was filled with the spirit of rivalry, and took pride in securing the best crew and in maintaining the highest discipline, so that the admiral might select his boat to be the "flag-ship" of the fleet. In degenerate days the citizen who was called to be trierarch not infrequently hired another to do his work, but this letting of the service was never respectable. The trier-

arch also might call another man to perform the service, and demand an exchange of property in case of refusal.

The cost of building the ships of war, in the palmy days of Athens, was borne not by her citizens, but by her allies and tributary states, who compounded by payments of money for service in the navy in defence of Greece, and later, when they wished for independence, found that the ships for which they had paid could constrain their allegiance to Athens.

The necessary expenses of the Athenian state in early years were not great, the expenses of war being borne for the most part by the soldiers themselves, their ships being built with tribute-money, their religious festivals being in charge of different citizens in turn, and the state as such bearing no charge for schools, libraries, parks, fire department, or police. In those days no man received pay for service as magistrate, nor for any other work done for the state. Gradually, however, the principle of compensation was introduced, and we are told that their fees for service as jurymen and for attendance on town meetings were an important part of some men's income. These fees were small enough, however, as they seem to us. At most the citizen might receive a *drachme*, amounting to about fifteen cents in our silver, but in purchasing power about equal to our dollar, for attendance at the popular assembly, for which some had to come several miles from their homes. For service as jurymen for a day the Athenian would receive at most what would be equivalent to half a dollar now. The higher officers of state similarly received what would correspond to a dollar a day in our time—not enough to tempt to a luxurious life.

The difference between the compensation of the chief magistrates and that of the jurymen seems to modern readers to be very slight, but it has many analogies in ancient Greek life. In the army of Greek mercenaries which the younger Cyrus led against his brother Artaxerxes, King of Persia, the captain received for pay and rations just twice as much as the common soldier, and the general just twice as much as the captain. And the architect of a temple on

the Athenian Acropolis received only twice the pay of the ordinary stone-cutter. Evidently no great money prizes were offered for superior intelligence, and all men were expected to live in much the same style. In the great century of the history of Athens—the century of Marathon and Salamis, of Themistocles and Pericles, of Æschylus and Sophocles, of Ictinus and Phidias—while the city was erecting the most beautiful temples for the gods, no private man seems to have had a dwelling much more magnificent than his neighbors. We do not hear of the architect of the Parthenon as invited to design a house for Callias or for any one else.

Athens possessed silver-mines at Laurium, on the southern promontory of Attica, and these were of real importance on two occasions. They supplied the bullion for the coinage of the city at the time when Athens was rapidly gaining commercial supremacy in Greece, in the sixth century before our era; and early in the next century the income of these mines, instead of being distributed to the citizens, as was proposed, was wisely diverted by the influence of Themistocles, and used for the building of the ships of war without which Greece could not have vanquished the Persians at Salamis. The government prudently retained possession of these mines, and rented them to citizens, who kept many slaves at work in them, with a large profit. The writer of a treatise on the Revenues of Athens, which has come down to us under the name of Xenophon, proposed an elaborate scheme for the purchase of slaves by the city in order to work these mines, calculating that the income would suffice to support the citizens, so that no one but slaves need work. But this plan was not adopted, and in the next century the mines became less valuable.

In times of special need, the Athenians could use the money received as tribute for the common defence, and stored on the Acropolis, or even might borrow the gold mantle from the image of the goddess Athena and treat it as bullion. For the purchase of supplies and the hiring of mercenaries in time of war, the citizens naturally were expected to contribute, and these contributions became so regulated that they



might fairly be called taxes. If war was imminent and troops were to be raised and equipped, with help of those who could not otherwise do their full part in the war, extraordinary gifts were called for, just such as were familiar to town meetings in America at the outbreak of the civil war.

A rich man at Athens, the reader may see, had abundant opportunities to bear the burdens of the state. Public sentiment at Athens and Athenian ambition being what they were, many a rich man paid heavier taxes than would be required by any modern system. The orator Isocrates declared that he had expended far more on the city than on his family. A similar claim was often made before a court of justice, the speaker asking sympathy on the ground that he had become a poor man from the possessor of wealth because of his expenditures for the city's ships of war and her public festivals. One man had paid nine talents for the city, and had but two talents remaining. These patriotic expenditures were the chief outlet for ambition on the part of rich young men who had no special powers as leaders of the people.

Reference has been made already to the Athenian state's accepting the care of the orphans of the men who fell in battle. Cripples or other helpless persons, with property less than what would amount to about \$300 now (but which might bring eighteen per cent. interest), might receive from the state a small pittance—a third or a half the wages of an ordinary man—a sum sufficient to support life only in a warm climate. In the times of the Peloponnesian War, when the country folk were driven within the city walls, public works were undertaken, largely for the purpose of providing employment for the people, and at one time the state supported 20,000 people.

The most famous of all literary presentations of a scheme for a communistic state is Plato's *Republic*. In this ideal state all citizens are to be friends, and, as friends, are to have all

things in common—not only property, but wives,—and women are to have the same rights and duties as men. The life of the Platonic state is much more strictly regulated than is generally supposed, however, and it is far from being such a “free-love” community as was known in America half a century ago. Of all the Platonic rulers, an extraordinary degree of self-control is required, and how far his peculiar laws are to be applied to farmers, mechanics, and tradespeople, Plato himself does not say.

At least a dozen years before Plato completed his *Republic*, or about 390 B.C., the comic poet Aristophanes presented what seems a travesty of some of its salient ideas, in his *Women in the Popular Assembly*, or *Ecclesiazusæ*. Aristophanes was not a reformer, but a conservative, and the chief interest of his play in this connection does not lie in the details of the scheme, but in the proof that nearly four centuries before our era such communistic schemes were so much talked about that the audience would consider the satire timely. This play assumes that several plans had been presented to the public, and were in the air, to the end that each citizen should render service to the community according to his ability, and should receive from the community according to his need.

To undertake to state the influence which the communistic elements in Athenian life had upon the extraordinary development of Athenian art and literature in the fifth century before our era would be very dangerous. But any reader may see that the artist and the dramatist were not stimulated by any material rewards or prizes. Æschylus had no income whatever, so far as we know, from his plays, and, as we have seen, the architect's pay was only twice that of the stone-cutter. The sources of the glory of Athens in the age of Pericles have not been discovered. That was an age of great ideas and great achievements, and the common life at Athens was full of suggestions and stimulus.

# The Ghost

BY HARRISON RHODES

GILBERT THORNE'S literary career may perhaps end as no better, no worse, and no more unusual than a thousand others. There have been some fair books already, I think. I believe that there will be some better ones, and that no one will doubt my honesty when I say that I wish he may finish in a blaze of glory. But I can tell a curious yarn about the days when he was beginning.

*In the Yard* appeared in '89. It was one of the first books of American college stories, and this fact may have given it unwarranted success. Even then outside the Harvard world it made little stir. But for the moment, to us in Cambridge, it seemed that it was setting the Charles on fire. And the fact that Gilbert Thorne was admittedly an assumed name filled Cambridge, during the brief flurry the book created, with a thousand possible authors, graduate and undergraduate. So much for Gilbert Thorne and *In the Yard*; now something about myself—Johnny Ayres.

There can scarcely have been a more idle young man at Harvard at that time. I was a Sophomore, I had an allowance larger than was necessary, and I amused myself. I was lively, but I do not think I was vicious. I was lazy, but I was not exactly ignorant. Indeed, I rather prided myself that I had taste in the arts. Reproductions of Italian paintings were on my walls, and in my bookcases many volumes which I really meant to read some day. At home I had been a quiet, almost shy boy, who had all sorts of vague dreams for the future. But now I was bitten by the mania of the American college youth to be like the pattern of all other college youths. When I was seventeen I had tried to write stories (what terrors they were I remember!); even into my Sophomore year—I can now confess it,—I think, secretly and with some shame, I still remembered earlier

ideas of literature as a career. But to write would be to work, and this was exceptionally bad form. I had seen men who wrote in the college publications. They were almost all spoken of by my friends as "long-haired grinds." Now, I would willingly trail my locks on the ground, I think, if I might have written two or three novels which I could name, and, say, half a dozen sonnets. But then "long-haired grind" seemed the worst that could be said of any one. It should not be said of me, I determined, if dressing from the best tailors, sitting always in the front row at the play, and supping almost nightly at the Adams House could prevent it. I accomplished my purpose, certainly; for with the exception of securing tolerable marks in two English courses, I failed almost completely at the mid-year examinations in my Sophomore year. This was a misfortune, I admitted, but I took it with the light air which I supposed distinguished men of the world, until one morning, as I lounged in an expensive and heavily wadded dressing-gown, my father, whom I had supposed safe in New York, suddenly walked into my rooms.

At first I bowed before the storm; but then the elasticity of youth caused me to rise again, with an argument founded with perverse ingenuity on the theories of the elective system.

"It isn't because I'm not willing to work, dad," I said. "You say I'm wasting my money—"

"My money," corrected father.

"Well, *yours*. But look at the things I've wasted it on." I pointed with pride to all the books I had really meant to read. "Look at my marks in those two English courses." (How I blessed them and old Morrison who conducted them!) "When I have something that interests me I can do well enough in it."

"I am to take it, am I," he asked, coldly, "that your interest in English and



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"IT ISN'T WHAT YOU'D EXPECT OF ME, IS IT?"

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in composition is sufficiently intense, in your opinion, to justify your devoting yourself entirely to these subjects? Do you intend taking up literature as a career?"

He did not seem to expect me to answer, for he went on to announce that if he allowed me to stay on in Cambridge my allowance was to be cut down, and that my staying at all was dependent on his willingness to ask it of the Dean as a favor to him, not to his worthless son.

"You're desperately unfair, dad," I cried. "My real interests seem to count for nothing."

"After all, you only got O in those two English courses."

"Do you think the good of college is just in the studies?" I asked. "Don't you think what one does outside ought to be considered?"

"Yes, John, provided one does anything."

"You've heard of *In the Yard*," I went on. "Well, some people say an undergraduate wrote that. Suppose I had, dad?"

In that case, he admitted, he would be proud of me. As it was, he thought perhaps, on the whole, I'd better give college up, come home at once, and then go up to Schenectady for the spring and learn something about how the factory was run.

I was at bay at last. Now suddenly my college days grew more precious. I thought with an honest pang of the books I had meant to read, even of the things I had meant to write. The factory at Schenectady loomed up ugly and impossible. I forgot the best tailors, the front orchestra seats, and the Adams House suppers. Harvard herself, with her old buildings and her waving elms and her sweet atmosphere of learning, seemed to catch and hold me. In a kind of white rage I said to myself that I would not leave. Passion really swept me off my feet, and I was, in what followed, not more than half myself. A preposterous inspiration had seized upon me.

"If I were Gilbert Thorne and had written *In the Yard*, you'd let me stay!" I cried.

"Yes, of course," my father answered.

"Well," I said, coldly, almost indifferently, "I am."

I packed father off that afternoon, pledging him to secrecy in the interests of a personal modesty I had never hitherto displayed. A successful lie always intoxicates. But later, facing the situation alone, a kind of chill succeeded this earlier warmth of excitement. I imagined a thousand ways in which the catastrophe might come, the inevitable turn of events which should bring exposure and shame. I cursed myself for having impulsively waded into this fatal quagmire. I did not sleep that night, and when I found in my letter-box in the morning a note from Mr. Morrison (of the English courses) requesting me to drop in at his rooms in Holworthy some evening for a talk over my work, I felt nervous and shivery. If this, in some roundabout way, were the beginning of the end, the sooner it began the better, I thought. That same night I went to Holworthy.

At the risk of delaying my story I must say a little about Alfred Morrison. To suit the taste of the students generally, it was unquestionable that he ran too much to whiskers, of a reddish color. These were said by college legend to be the result of a stay in Germany, and there was certainly something German, too, in his near-sighted pale-blue eyes and his tousled shock of brown hair. He moved awkwardly. He spoke always with a trace of shyness. He was, to the cool, cruel judgment of undergraduates, rather ludicrous and bad form, and he, after fifteen years in the faculty, was not yet a full professor; rather of a failure, in short. Yet he was not disliked. He was felt to be just and kindly, and even sympathetic to the broader interests of Harvard life. That naturally meant athletics, and often at football practice his tall, slouching figure would be seen on the bleachers. But of course he could not compare with the new-fashioned, smart, and strenuous young men who were down on the side-lines and who were passed over him into professorships. He was, after all, essentially a scholar, a "long-haired grind." The only thing that had ever puzzled me about him had been the fact, disclosed in the lectures in those two English courses, that he had a shy but unmistakable sense of humor.

I knocked at his door about half past eight with the brave knock that betrays timidity. But there was nothing frightening about my host's welcome. He ushered me into a room dimly lit and thickly lined with books, motioned me to a comfortable chair, and awkwardly pushed a little box of cigarettes across the table towards me.

"I don't smoke them myself," he said, "and undergraduates come to see me less often than I could wish—but I hope they're all right."

"Oh, they are a very good kind, very good," I replied, hastily, as I lit one.

There was a pause. It made me nervous.

"What a pleasant room—!" I began.

"I want to talk about your work," interrupted Mr. Morrison. "I've followed it carefully in the courses you've had with me, and I was both interested and surprised to learn from the Dean, who had it from your father, that you are the author of *In the Yard*."

"Yes," I gasped, looking up at him as he stood facing me, his back to the fire.

He put out a congratulatory hand and shook mine.

"Good," he said, cheerfully. "So am I."

"You!" I cried, in agitation, shame, and terror. "Oh, Lord!"

"Yes," he went on, mildly enough; "it isn't what you'd expect of me, is it? For twenty years now I've been spending all my leisure time on a work—but no; that wouldn't interest you." To my amazement he seemed for an instant apologetic. "It doesn't interest any one," he went on, half to himself. Then suddenly, more briskly, "So for a change I wrote *In the Yard*."

For the moment I forgot myself and my troubles in the excitement of this revelation.

"I thought it must be a younger man's work," I said. "How do you come to know how the fellows talk and act and so forth?"

"Oh, I'm very fond of young people," he answered, "though I haven't the way of seeing you much. But I watch you and listen to your talk when I can, and learn something from what you write for me. That's how I do it. And you? How do you?"

"Oh, I—" I began, and stopped. For an instant I struggled to believe that I might take all that I had done as a joke, but somehow it wouldn't seem funny. I blurted out some kind of an apology, some attempt at an explanation. Morrison seemed to receive it gently, but he smiled, and his smile was puzzling.

"Have another cigarette," he suggested. "You know I'm not angry. But in spite of that I think you're in a fairly tight box. Still—let's see. No one knows I wrote *In the Yard* except me, and I don't care especially to let the public know. Now nobody except you, your father, the Dean, and me knows you wrote it. I think I can keep your father and the Dean quiet. You, I expect, will tend to yourself. So all that remains," he continued, "is to find a way of stopping my mouth."

I looked at him with a sudden suspicion of some threat behind his smile.

"Well?" I asked, nervously. "How am I to do that?"

"I think between us we ought to be able to invent some way. Both imaginative, both writers of fiction, eh?"

I winced, but I said nothing.

"Now, although your marks in English have never been very high," he continued, "your work has had merit, and indeed promise. If it hadn't, I shouldn't be bothering with you at all. I should say that you honestly do like art and letters, if you would let yourself. I believe, I really believe, that you could learn to write—write well."

For an instant there came back again that early dream of my seventeenth year.

"Do you think so?" I asked, eagerly.

"I don't prophesy, but, with a great deal of work, yes."

"But how—" I stammered, for the sense of my predicament suddenly swept over me.

"How? My plan, you mean? Well, I'll explain. You see, I'm a very busy man. Vacations don't come often. Yet something ought to be done about this Gilbert Thorne. Now I propose that you write some stories for him—for me, that is."

I laughed, with relief.

"You think you can't?" he went on. "Of course not at once. But there isn't any hurry. Gilbert Thorne presumably



has a little unused material on hand. If by autumn you can do anything worth while, that will be soon enough. I've always had a theory that if I could find pupils who would work, I could teach them style, make them write better than I shall ever be able to myself. And I think," he said, very deliberately, "that you will work."

I got hot in the face.

"You mean," I said, "that I'm to slave for you as hard and as long as ever you like, and then you're to take everything I do for your Gilbert Thorne."

"Yes, about that."

"Well, I just won't do it."

"All right," he said, mildly; "you know the alternative. I have only to explain to the Dean and to your father."

I blinked.

"It's damned cruel and unjust," I said.

He looked as if I hurt him, but he stood firm.

"Cruel, unjust!" he repeated, smiling at me still in that queer, shy, kind way. "We can tell after a while what it is."

I knew he had me fast, and I knew too that I hated him.

The period of my slavery extended many months. My summer holidays were ruined, for the post brought me daily orders from my master. My return to college in the autumn was made joyless, and as Christmas approached it found me still dragging my chain. To prove how much I worked I need only say that had my allowance been reduced as my father had threatened, it would have proved ample for my needs, so rare were opportunities for amusement. To show how I worked I would send the reader to refresh his memory with the accounts of how poor de Maupassant toiled under Flaubert, and with the story of how Stevenson bent tirelessly to his self-imposed tasks of discipline. I wrote and destroyed. I wrote, rewrote, and then rewrote again. I did imitations of all the masters of English style; I executed fantasias on all the subjects which they had tried and many others. All my childhood I did over into fiction, all my boyhood. My college life fed the insatiable maw of my literary productiveness. And my dreams and imaginings

as to the future and life outside the little Harvard world went into that same gulf.

Morrison was always the same shy, kind, inflexible creature, and always I hated him. A thousand times I planned rebellion, yet always funk'd it. For everything had seemed to rivet my fetters tighter. He had printed those stories he had told me of in the magazines, and I at home had had to acknowledge them as my own. Furthermore, though my father had guarded my secret, he had interpreted his responsibility loosely. I knew that he must have whispered around that the boy was hard at some literary work, and after he was out of college might have some pretty interesting revelations to make, etc., etc. Somehow I seemed, with my load of fetters, fated to plunge deeper into the morass.

I think I could in a way have respected my slave-driver more if he had been a real brigand, a freebooter, a buccaneer; if I had believed that when at last he should have trained me so that my wares would be salable he intended to royster with the money I earned in some banquet-hall built above my dungeon. The end to which I thought I saw myself devoted infuriated me.

What this end was I had guessed in the periods of comparative friendliness which came between Morrison and me during those long months. I suppose it is beyond human power to hate continuously; even war has its truces. And so sometimes when of an evening I went towards Holworthy feeling bitter, I remained in the pleasant, book-lined room in moderately friendly talk. I learned that, in spite of Gilbert Thorne and *In the Yard*, Morrison was essentially just a "long-haired grind" and nothing more. His real ambition was a moth-eaten, scholastic one. His life-work, to which he had already devoted twenty years, was nothing less preposterous than a *History of the English Language*. In a short, "snappy" volume, suitable for schools, this might have done. But he had already accumulated material that would make it like an encyclopedia or a Carnegie library, and was still gnawing at the musty volumes in Gore Hall. He tracked the unhappy language back to the Garden of Eden almost, and ran it



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"YOU ARE FREE," HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE

to earth wherever it now hid, whether in the Tennessee mountains, in Trinidad, or in Whitechapel. I felt, I confess, that the project had a certain nobility in its conception. But it was not I alone who thought it monumentally foolish. All the publishers who had been consulted said its sales would never pay for its printing, that its publication must be at the author's expense. And this expense ran well up into the thousands. Nothing, however, shook Morrison in his determination. His life-work was to complete his book and to have it published. To this he would sacrifice himself, Gilbert Thorne, and me. To be slaving for Alfred Morrison the pedant, the moth-eaten scholar, was, I felt, degrading. By comparison, to be serving for Gilbert Thorne I could just have borne.

Always at my seat in the galleys I nourished resentment against my driver. Yet I suppose even in the galleys to young men must have come moments when in spite of themselves it was a pleasure to bend their strong backs to the oar. It was only a cause of further irritation to me, but after a few months I saw that I had begun to like my work. Those earlier dreams of a literary career now seemed to have been a sinister prophecy of my present fate. I did enjoy writing. I hated to help Morrison, yet I could not keep myself from praying that I might soon write as well as Gilbert Thorne. That in a way would be some kind of a revenge. Then I saw that it would be a greater revenge to write better than he could. I swore to myself that before Christmas came I would shame him that way.

It may all sound inconsistent, but I cannot make it anything else. I could almost have loved Morrison for the way he helped me to my revenge. He was infinitely kind, helpful, patient, and understanding. Blame he administered gently, praise with almost affectionate delight. He seemed to have the pleasant kind of liking for me that an older man might have for a protégé. Though I hated him, through long months of association I came to know him well, and sometimes I wondered whether, had it not been for his great injustice to me, I might not have liked him in return.

But this I told myself was softness. If he praised my work, it was merely as if in the slave-mart my owner pinched my muscles, and was contented in their firmness and in the prospect of a good price. I was nothing to him except a creature upon whom he might feed some curious morbid love of power that he had, some victim to be offered on the altar of his scholar's vanity, to be sacrificed to that monstrous *History of the English Language*.

I shall never forget the day—it was in late November, I remember, a bright afternoon—when he told me that a story I had just done, *Florizel at Harvard Square*, was so good, he meant sending it to the editors. My heart gave a great bound in my breast, but I forced myself to keep quiet.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, indifferently, and I turned my back upon him to light a cigarette.

Nothing was said for a minute. I bit my lip as I looked out on the waving elms of the yard.

"Aren't you glad?" he asked, almost wistfully.

"I thought it was about time." I answered, harshly, facing him again.

He peered at me through his glasses, as he stood by the table.

"It's curious. You feel so confident of your power." He turned away, and I saw him put one hand on a portfolio which I knew contained material for the *History*. I thought he gave a little sigh. "I should never feel confident doing any creative, imaginative work. Yes, I think you are going to be able quite to equal Gilbert Thorne's work. I ought to get two hundred dollars for this story. And you must do more at once."

These last phrases made me see red. I rushed out of the room without looking at him and without saying good-by. I walked angrily on, making a long, lonely circuit of the country beyond Cambridge, near Fresh Pond, and coming back too late for dinner, tired, mud-covered, but still hot with resentment. The end must be now at once, I determined. I must make a fight of some sort, get back my freedom somehow. I had a sandwich and a cup of coffee at Foster's and went straight across to Holworthy again, fairly trembling with boyish rage. I knocked sharply at his door.

"Come in," he called, and I entered.

He sat by the lamp with a manuscript on his lap that I recognized as *Florizel at Harvard Square*. He looked up and, recognizing me, in salutation tapped its pages.

"It's really good, you know, Johnny."

"You might call me Ayres," I snapped back, and, getting no response, seated myself on a stiff small chair opposite him.

"I've come to talk to you, Mr. Morrison," I began. "We've got to come to some understanding. This thing has got to end."

"It is ending, isn't it?" he asked.

"You mean now you can make me pay. You can sell my stories that people will want for money enough to pay for publishing your silly old History that no one wants. And my stories are going to be better than yours; yes, sir, they are going to be. And then I suppose you'll announce that you're Gilbert Thorne and go around to be praised. Is that any better or any more honorable, I wonder, than my saying I was Gilbert Thorne when I was in a scrape? I think now I've been a fool. I think I'd better have risked telling my father and seeing what would happen. I don't see, as a matter of fact, that I sha'n't have to tell him some day, anyway. I'm just where I was in the beginning, except that I've slaved for you for almost a year. But I'm not going to any longer. I've saved some money from my allowance—you never gave me any time to spend it. There's fifteen hundred dollars, and I've a thousand besides that my grandfather left me. You can have the lot, and you can pay for your History. But I won't write stories for you. I hate you. And I want to be free."

"You are free, Johnny," he said, in a low voice. He had sunk deep into his chair as though my lashing stung.

"I'll bring you the money to-morrow," I went on, in a loud tone.

He turned his head to look at me.

"I don't want the money."

I glared at him.

"Then you want the reputation," I cried out. "But I'm not going to write any more stories for you, and you've dried up; you've said so yourself."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm dried up. My reputation"—and though he spoke in a tired, low voice, suddenly something of

dignity in him thrilled me,—“my reputation, if I ever have one, will be founded on my History; it will be that of a scholar. I hoped it might be a little that of a teacher too. It will, I think,” and he lifted his head. “I don't know that you can prevent that altogether, even if you want to, for I've taught you to write, I've taught you to love to write; you can't deny it.”

“I don't deny it; I can and I mean to write,” I answered, exultingly. “But why did you do it?”

He looked at me and smiled faintly. “So that you might hate me, I suppose,” he said. “I don't know,” he went on, “but what, after all, your instincts have led you to the truth. That little book was only the one blossom of a nearly barren plant. I suppose I was trying to graft on a young shoot which would rather have roots of its own and start afresh. Perhaps you are right, after all, not to want to take poor old Gilbert Thorne and go on with him. Well, Johnny, try for yourself. I thought the other might make the start easier, and that it was a harmless enough deception, and might be a secret between us two.”

The reader may have seen this coming for a long time. I can only say that I was a young fool and I hadn't. Now I stood before him, and I was trembling, and I'm afraid tears were in my eyes.

“This was what you'd planned?” I asked, in a low, frightened voice.

“No, of course not in the beginning,” he replied, cheerfully. “The beginning was only my odd sense of humor. But later on, when I found out that you'd got the stuff in you—”

“You think I can do something—” I broke in, excitedly.

“I don't know what my opinion's worth, but, yes, I think you can.”

I looked at him an instant, and then it all suddenly seemed more than I could bear. After all, I was a mere boy.

“I've been a most unspeakable, ungrateful bounder—” I began, and then—I think, on the whole, I'm not ashamed of it—in a second I was down in a chair, with my head on the table and my face covered with my hands. Here, where I had so often thought the galley-slave at his bench might cry with vexation, I found my eyes blinded with hot tears—tears, oh, so different from what I had

ever imagined. Nothing was said at first. I knew that an arm was shyly stretched across the table, and that his hand for an instant was on my shoulder. When he spoke at last there was no trace of emotion in his voice.

"You know that by my plan you never need tell your father nor the Dean. In a way it seems a pity not to play the joke on them."

I looked up, dashed a hand across my eyes, and smiled.

"Would you honestly rather have me do it that way?" I asked. "I would do

my best to make something of him if you'd help me."

"I'll help you, Mr. Thorne," he answered, with the same puzzling old smile.

"Can you ever forgive—?" I began.

"Oh, rubbish!"

We shook hands on it, and I think we talked for hours. By midnight Gilbert Thorne had become a great man. But almost twenty years have passed since then, and he is still very far short of it. The fault is his own and Johnny Ayres's, who hides behind his name. It is certainly not Alfred Morrison's.

## The Song of Steel

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

YEA, art thou lord, O Man, since Tubal Cain  
Brought me to being, white and torn with pain—  
Wrung me, in fierce, hot agony of birth  
Writhing from out the womb of Mother Earth?

Art thou then king, and did I make thee lord,  
Clothe thee in mail and gird thee with the sword,  
Give thee the plough, the axe, the whirring wheel—  
To every subtle craft its tools of steel?

Look! We have slain the forests, thou and I—  
Soiled the bright streams and murked the very sky;  
Crushed the glad hills, and shocked the quiet stars  
With roaring factories and clanging cars!

Thou builder of machines, who dost not see!  
That which thou mad'st to drive, is driving thee—  
Ravaging, tireless, pitiless its strain  
For thy last ounce of work from hand and brain.

Are thy sons princes? Hard-wrung serfs! They give  
Toil's utmost dregs for the bare chance to live;  
They dig and delve and strive with sweat-cursed brow  
In forge and shop. *Master?* Nay! thrall art thou!

Fool! Serving, I have slaved thee. Master Fool!  
To forge the sword, nor know the sword should rule  
To make the engine, blind that it must lead  
Fast and yet faster on the race of greed.

I, Steel, am King—thy king in more than name!  
Lo, I am Moloch, crowned and throned in flame,  
Holding thee slave by lust of thy desire—  
Calling thy first-born to me through the fire!



## Editor's Easy Chair

HERE at the end of the summer, the summer seems not to have been a very eventful season. There have been fewer earthquakes than last year, and though the railroads have done their worst to bring up the tale of disaster, we believe they have fallen below in their last year's count. There has been no murder of the first social magnitude, and no divorce worthy of the name of national disgrace. In the West there has been a criminal trial of prime civic importance, but in the East, nothing really convulsing in defalcation or suicide. Possibly a close study of the events would not reveal anything more dramatic than the experience of Doctor Samuel L. Clemens in England, where a whole people directly or representatively did him homage as the overlord of the American joke, and king, peers, and commons vied with one another in trying to make him think they had always understood it. But this, after all, was only a personal event, such as did not enlarge itself beyond the bounds of biographical, or, at the farthest, autobiographical record; and we must still search our recollection for something of universal appeal.

Apparently, at first glance, we have something of the kind in the prophecy of Count Tolstoy that the American republic is fast going the way of the Roman republic. It is true that this prophecy reached us in the terms of an interview; and your interview is ever a turbid source, in which it is hard to distinguish the clear soul of the prophet and his message from the dark mind of the reporter, roiled with dreams of space-rates. But there are some reasons to think this message did not come too crookedly; there were some straight sarcasms accompanying the prediction, which leave no doubt of their Tolstoyan origin. The prophet says that we once had a mission to mankind, for the good of their lives here and hereafter; and he

implies that then we stood for world-wide freedom and justice, and for human brotherhood, but that now the best our statesmen can promise the lover of these is that if he will come and join his fortunes with ours he shall make money like the rest of us, "and have a double chin."

Something uncomfortably like this is true, but it does not inexorably follow that we are going the Roman way. There is no doubt but somehow we have lost the poetry of our national youth. We have run to double-chin inordinately, and the world has been more and more with us. We may have trusted too much that our sins would not find us out. But not long since, against that Western sky which is so western that it is also the Eastern sky, a threat of wrath to come painted itself in the vision of a cometlike rush from the islands of Japan. The Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, the Saracens, the Tartars, the Turks, all the dread conquerors of the past, who beat in successive waves of invasion against the shores of an Empire still calling itself a Republic, as this Empire calls itself, were figured for us in the fierce little Brownies of Nippon, who would not endure to be injured or even snubbed by us, and who seemed to menace us with war if we did not behave justly and respectfully towards them.

The parallel does not hold at every point. We are not so decrepit by some two thousand years as the oligarchic and imperial Roman republic when it fell, and the Nipponese may only be like those earlier incursionists, those Gauls who forced their way to the very Capitol, and were then appalled by the Senators in their cerulean chairs under the guard of their inspired geese, and who presently retired beyond the Alps, there to be absorbed later in the state they had threatened with destruction. We have every reason to stay ourselves with the points

of difference as well as likeness; we have the Senators and we have the geese; but really, as yet, our crimes are not so many or so black as those of Rome, and very likely, in these days of Hague Conferences, Providence may not choose to punish our sins in the old way, but may favor our redemption by means of arbitration, now that the Nipponese comet seems arrested in its rush. Let us hope that this is so, for in the old way there was a great deal of injustice incidentally done, and myriads of innocent persons suffered, before the real offenders were reached and punished, or sometimes not punished or even reached. Not all of us are as those hoodlum San-Franciscans are, who wrecked the Nipponese restaurants in their city, or even as those San - Franciscan school committeemen who put the Nipponese children out of their schools. It would therefore be a hardship if we had to fall like Rome for any such reason, and the greater hardship because in the face of those incidents we did not keep the fine repose of the hoodlums and school committeemen, but hastened to offer the Nippon government apology, and so far as in us lay, reparation.

It can be said that there was reason for our haste in our sense of Nipponese power, as it was manifested in the late war between Nippon and Russia, and that it behooved us to be civil with a nation apt to suit the word to the action after the action. But it may be that we have been too humbly, too Romanly sensible of our Occidental inadequacy to that Oriental force. It is true that our behavior was no more anxiously pacificatory than that of our good friend Great Britain, whose government subsequently hurried even more precipitately to right the greater wrongs done the Nipponese in one of her far western Canadian provinces. But Great Britain was more strictly bound to them in the treaty of alliance which in a moment of nodding she made with Nippon, forgetful of those Miltonian and Shakespearian bonds of a common language which ought to have held her in remembrance of our right to exception among the nations she pledged herself to defend Nippon against. Besides, she was not hampered by any convention of reserved rights in her prov-

inces, such as hinder us in our States when we wish to deal nationally with other nations. She could deal peremptorily with that poor dumb beast of Labor, which when its advantages seem to be threatened, knows no way but to rend and tear its imaginable enemy. Her imperial government through its representative at the Canadian capital could hold the high romantic language of the past in speaking of the subjects of his majesty the Emperor of Nippon, who should be peculiarly dear to the working classes of Vancouver because that Emperor was the friend and ally of their King.

But upon the whole our own attitude toward a power able and apparently eager to make itself felt concerning our duties was right, and it was none the less exemplary because it seemed to imply a loss of composure. Compared with the serene behavior of our government toward that of Italy, when a New Orleans mob took eleven Italian subjects, 'acquitted by our own courts, and publicly murdered them, our carriage towards Nippon was of a forward courtesy which the event might have proved unnecessary. Because the Nipponese beat the Russians by land and sea in battles that left the victors almost as helpless as the vanquished, it might not have followed that they would be able to inflict the chastisement on this republic which it ever so much needed. There is a very reasonable doubt whether a war with us might not have brought the Nipponese a grave surprise and a serious disappointment, if a walk-over was what they had in view. This Yankee nation was not called universal for nothing, but doubtless, among other things, for its habit in war of standing unanimously up for itself, and filling its camps with so many heroes that most of them, in order to die for their country, have to perish by canned beef before they can get themselves shot in the field. They do not go to death by conscription as those poor Russians did, but they freely offer themselves, with their families after them; for the pensions which are supposed to impoverish our government do not support the heroes' widows and orphans in affluent forgetfulness of their sacrifices. The country has the men, it has the

ships, it has the money, too, as the high jingo pæan used to voice the elemental facts of that friendly but forgetful nation mentioned. Its sons have extremely hard heads, filled with common sense as well as with a sort of humorous loyalty to themselves and one another, such as would probably serve them in case of need as effectually as the feudal enthusiasm of those Brownies, whom they outnumber two to one.

But, alas! what is the Easy Chair saying or meaning? Is it of that evil counsel which brings on war by the mere act of talking war? Or do we feel safe against the chance of war, now, with our navy ordered to the Pacific, and our neighbor beyond it practically instructed that we have not been righteous from fear? He is a neighbor to whom we owe reparation for having possibly led him into error concerning our better mind on several points, as well as for the misdeeds of the San-Franciscans. We may have wronged him in his restaurants and our schools, but we have wronged our own ideal more in sympathizing with him in his late war of conquest, against the unwieldy antagonist who also wished to share, or, perhaps, engross, the banquet at which the people of Korea are now being so unwillingly eaten. Why should we so largely have wished the Nipponese to win in that struggle? We had always been saying that we were bound to the Russians for potentially befriending us at a moment of our Civil War when the French and English seemed to be threatening us. Yet in an instant we repudiated that obligation, fanciful or real, and wished the Nipponese to win, apparently because they seemed to be winning. We said to ourselves, apparently because the English were saying it to us, that Nippon needed Korea for her expansion; and we forgot that Korea needed herself for her expansion, in the event of a tightening girdle. The whole thing has turned out very grotesque, and not the less so, because England, from which we took our feeling, is now in treaty with Nippon to help her if she should go to war with us for still more expansion in the Philippines, which indeed we might be well rid of, though they might not be so well rid of us, if the Nipponese were to replace us as masters. All wars

are bad, but a war for the protection and independence of the Philippines against the reactionary Empire of the Orient, might be one of those sacred duties, of which there seem so few left to us.

Reactionary we have called her, because in her ideal of insensate loyalty to a monarch Nippon is the least advanced of the great powers, and her struggle for self-aggrandizement places her morally far below the level of Russia, who is still trying to make herself, however gropingly and fumblingly, in the likeness of the free nations, and possibly at some far-distant day, to slough off her monarchy altogether. We are akin to her people through the Mir and the Town Meeting, but we have politically nothing in common with the Nipponese, except the instinct of graft, which they have so highly developed that they can trust each other only in the insensate personal loyalty which stands with them for patriotism. So far as we can make out, they embody that principle of blind allegiance to a sovereign which is more alien to the ideals of Washington and Lincoln than anything else in the world. It is indeed the principle which animates many of our novels and stage-plays, but which has not yet evinced itself as a governing impulse in our civic life. We cannot say quite the same of our social life. That is still so low and elemental an organism that it must needs strain upward through the involving dark, and lay hold of whatever seems above it. Instinctively it reaches for something above it, and if it finds nothing it droops and creeps away to seek some other condition in which it can really find something overhead. That may be the secret of our admiration for the Nipponese in their late war, and our sympathy with them in their construction of a state, ultimately founded, like our society, on snobbishness; for snobbishness is what, in the last analysis, loyalty is. They have an order of nobility, whose titles in the translation are those of the English nobility, and they have a sovereign to whom they render a devotion replacing the feudal allegiance of fifty years ago. All else in their political structure is voluntary, even artificial. They repre-

sent nothing but expansion, which is the modern name for conquest. The ideals we were once supposed to cherish, as the rights of man, as government of the people, by the people, for the people, what do the Nipponese care for them? They will guard the dignity of the empire in the person of its obscurest subject, but so far as can be made out their empire is embodied reaction, with no recognizable idea higher than loyalty.

There was more than enough of this in the world without their advance to the rank of the first nations. In Europe, to leave out these States for the present, there is so much of loyalty, which personally and objectively must always express itself in snobbishness, that probably there are even American travellers in that benighted hemisphere who would feel honored by conversing with the King of the Belgians, for instance. Sanitary drainage has been applied to some of the fountains of honor, but some of them again are the noisome puddles of the past which history knows of. At the best, a king or an emperor is a preposterous anachronism, and is the most retrograde man in his dominions, if he believes in himself. Therefore, it is a pity that any power should forge to the front which embodies the principle of loyalty. The ideal of country is bad enough, and there should really be no ideal but that of humanity. The best thing that could happen to Nippon and to the world would be for some future Hague Conference to adjudge her ambition mischievous, take away her deadly toys, her war-ships and her fortresses, and retrench her within her own borders, where she should be assured from the aggression which she could no longer practise. A very good thing for us, and for the other world-powers, would be very much the same kind of thing. What Europe needs is to be subdivided into as many Switzerlands as it would make over into, where each of the happy states would be safe in the free sufficiency of its sons for its defence, and could not possibly expand beyond its

borders. Each, as it liked, might call its head King or President, or Chairman of the Executive Committee, if it did not want any shadow of sovereignty left. Then, when some distinguished American went abroad, say, to study administrative honesty for home use, and found himself universally recognized in his more personal quality of poet, or painter, or humorist, or scientist, it would not bring him the sense of the honor which crushes, but would leave him something of the gayety of spirit which comes from having fully paid one's way. The difficulty with the occasional recognition of worth by society, now, is that it is identical with the habitual recognition of unworth. We do not know how the matter is to be contrived otherwise, but doubtless that future Hague Conference, from which we are hoping so much, will find a way. In the mean time, the Somebody whom society, in its larger or lesser form, delights to honor on a particular occasion, finds himself honored along with a multitude of Nobodies, who have merely acquired their wealth, or descended from their ancestors, in order to receive distinction.

But perhaps, when Europe is reconstituted on the Swiss basis, and the United States and Nippon have both learned that to be a world-power they have only to be an unworldly power, our own likeness to the imperial Roman Republic, and the Nipponese likeness to its invaders and conquerors, will not dazzle the eye of prophecy. It is but a little while ago that, to the eye of sympathetic fancy, the Nipponese seemed a tribe of ingenious and pleasing fairies, very apt in porcelain, lacquerwork, juvenile literature, and dwarf-arboriculture; and it is still to be hoped that they are not really a race of superhuman afreets, whose ancestral bottle our own Commodore Perry uncorked on the shore of their islands fifty years ago. Very possibly they are more like ourselves than we realize, though whether this is to their praise or blame our own future may best testify.

## Editor's Study

WE were showing how evolution and progress played into each other's hands, which is natural, seeing that progress, at its root and at every point of its course which marks a fresh beginning, is itself evolutionary.

Thus we may consider democracy as an institutional development, in different degrees of efficiency at different periods of human experience. That is its progress. But when we regard it in its origin and in its transformations at critical epochs, we find that we must refer it to impulses of the human spirit which transcend experimentation and belong to our creative life. That is its evolution. Seen thus in its beginnings, its new births, we co-ordinate it with those other creative manifestations through which the human spirit has been emancipated. So language in its genesis is of evolution and continues to be genetic in the writer's or speaker's expression when that expression is a fresh embodiment of imaginative thought or feeling, appealing to imaginative sensibility; but simply as an instrument of communication for ordinary uses it is an indispensable factor in progress. Habit is originally the investment of creative desire, but, as a habiliment arbitrarily assumed, it becomes a fashion or a convention. Crystallization supervenes when life is reduced to its lowest terms, and this is broken up by a creative transformation, which is evolutionary, awaiting only the permissive conditions. Choice is originally instinctive selection, the immediate and spontaneous dilection of the creative and creatively shaping imagination; but when it becomes consciously arbitrary, as in all experimentation, the creative determination is no longer apparent, being at least held in abeyance.

All the critical epochs of progress, in so far as they are renaissances of the human spirit, are evolutionary. The greatest of these renaissances in history was Christianity, which had the divine felicity of embodiment in a sin-

gular human personality, resuming all the powers of a creative life—powers distinctive to a kingdom of never-ceasing renascence, subject to no confinement, and transcending all sacred enclosures and rituals. This personality becomes thus the Evangel of genius, which pays conventional tribute and is yet free, and resumes at once the powers of childhood and the most subtile wisdom.

Genius is common to humanity, but those of her children who most cherish her, choosing the good part, may well heed many a gospel reminder—especially those which call attention to the superior wisdom, in some respects, of the children of the world to that of the children of light, and which enjoin friendship with those who build more lasting earthly habitations—lessons to which Tolstoy paid so much regard in his art and so little in his philosophy. The meek would hardly inherit the earth save as they combine the wisdom of serpents with the harmlessness of doves. To teach the necessity of a firm foundation for a durable edifice and of a fertile soil to a fruitful harvest savors even of pragmatism. The plasticity of genius, like that of faith, is the ground of all miracle, but structural strength is essential to firm consistency of character and work.

Ingenuity as a trait of genius means something more than it means even in the most exquisite daedalian artifice; it involves the kind of imaginative coordination which in the thought of Newton identified the falling of an apple with cosmic gravitation—the kind which has prompted those inventions that have transformed modern economies. It is implied in the rhythm of sculpture, as in that of music and poetry, and in the composition of a great painting.

Progress owes more to genius than genius does to progress. Creative imagination gave spectrum analysis to science, and a like ingenuity prompted the application of its principle to the Bessemer



process in the manufacture of steel. In the mind of Clerk-Maxwell this ingenuity anticipated and stimulated those experiments which prepared the way for the complex functions of electricity in modern industries, just as in the mind of Laplace it had originated the masterly analysis which laid the foundations of the mathematical sciences of heat, electricity, and magnetism; in the minds of Roentgen, Thompson, Ramsay, and Rutherford it has disclosed a new world of radiant phenomena; and what it has prompted in other departments of chemistry for commercial uses Professor Duncan has abundantly demonstrated. The "New Knowledge" finds its leading clues, even in philosophy, in these disclosures of evolutionary processes by evolutionary insight.

In fiction the author deals altogether with evolutionary processes and features in his portrayal of human nature, as manifestly he must in such portrayal of nature as may come within the scope of his art. The new truths disclosed to him and which he embodies in living individual characters and weaves into the social texture he creates involve on his part, though through a different method, a more flexible and varied ingenuity, in insight and invention, than that which distinguishes the masters in science and philosophy or artists in other fields. Indeed, he combines all these masteries, though not in just the same forms of analysis or synthesis. His imagination appeals directly to the intellectual sensibility as that of the great master in science or philosophy does; but it also appeals directly to the emotional sensibility in a way that the scientific and philosophic imagination does not. The sculptor and painter and architect appeal to æsthetic sensibility through the eye, as the musician does through the ear. The novelist is not subject to these limitations—the whole heart and mind of the reader are directly responsive to his.

The sculptor for the durability of his work seizes upon and masters an alien material at once resistant and plastic to his hand, and the beholder of the finished statue or statuary group at once detects a fault of form or of rhythmic harmony. The obligations of the art are as obvious as they are rigid. This is the case also

in music and poetry. In fiction there is relaxation and free play as to both theme and method, and, in the judgment of it, a more recondite appreciation is demanded, unaided by the eye or ear. The writer more easily deceives himself and others as to the values of his work on the structural side. It is as essential to him as it is to the sculptor that there should be action and reaction in his relation to his material, though that material is not the hard marble. Tension is as necessary to his imaginative creation as it is to that of the poet, though it is not released in metrical forms.

Genius, in this field, may and often does fail of mastery because of the very freedom of its realm and the facility of its medium—that is, of words,—and if it also has a loose hold upon its material, its energy is dissipated, and there can be no consistency of structure. It is as if growth were arrested in infancy. In such cases genius has no vertebrate strength, no seizure upon the world, no nutriment but "the milk of paradise." In the imaginative literature it produces we see only the fluent traits of childhood—infantile grace, quaintness, and *naïveté*. It is spontaneous, genuine, and, within its limitations, charming and wonderful, having the positive quality which more than any other is the essential characteristic of genius, but no firm embodiment, no lasting habitation. We find its counterpart in the lives of Christians who seclude themselves from the world and become Quietists or Non-resistants.

Genius in this arrested development is most often overcome by the world through the perversions of education or of individual and social experience. On the contrary, it should overcome the world, by appetite and seizure. Else, even if it escapes suppression and passes into its second stage—that of assimilation—instead of assimilating its proper material for its own nutrition and expansion it becomes simply imitative, and lacking root and tension of its own, is again arrested within the limitations of an adopted fashion.

The writer whose genius is persistent passes through these two stages we have indicated, but with a different attitude toward the world it is given him to master. In him the creative imagination is

from the first, even in its plastic beginnings, a craving appetite, taking its kingdom with violence. In its nurture such is the absorption and tension that silence marks its course, such expression as there is in this period being incidental. It is well if the period of nutrition is prolonged, as indeed it is sure to be, according to the scope and destiny of the individual genius. The world seems to exist for the reaction upon it of such an imagination as Shakespeare's—the robber of other men's stores and of all the treasures of nature and humanity.

For here too there is assimilation—not through adoptive imitation—and with it a response to leading notes, but the master finds in due time his own centre, his individual note. He is not of the world, though it is his heritage. Not one of the objects of human pursuit or of human progress is an object of his attainment, though of humanity itself every passion, every hope and fear, every feature of its complex drama, is an intimate concern of his art and enters into its structure. Heroism, romance, faith, as elements of our common human nature, are at his command for enchantment and illumination, while the sadness and trouble of the world, the faultfulness of men and women, and the inevitable dooms of fate furnish only too readily the glooms and shadows of his drama. Provided he creates characters of living men and women and discloses the real truth and meaning of their lives, nothing which concerns these lives—religious feeling, affection, institutional conditions, social impulses, good and evil passions, or the stress and pain of the everlasting human conflict—is forbidden him. His imagination seizes upon this living material which is subject to his selection, in the line of his individual appetite—as strong as that of the miser for his gold—and in this line all his faculties and sensibilities are eagerly engaged. This is his special culture.

Thus Dickens devoured his England. Thus Hewlett has preyed upon his Italy. Other writers accumulate facts and give us information, or collect data which they use in pleading special causes. The novelist has no such purposes, no concern apart from his creative representation of life, and in so far as he attempts

anything beyond this, however fine or sympathetic his intention, his creative power is held in abeyance. The characterization in Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* is for this reason far inferior to that in her *Cranford*.

No novelist of our time has to such an extent assimilated the culture of the modern world as Mrs. Humphry Ward, and none has made a wiser use of it for the purposes of her art. She is the greatest institutional novelist in the whole range of English fiction. But, however complex the social background of any of her more important recent novels, she has done full justice to it without loss of creative power in characterization or dramatic representation. Perhaps no better example could be found of the effective use by an adept novelist of present social and political conditions in England than is furnished in the early chapters of her new novel, "The Testing of Diana Mallory." The new order of things comes well to the front in Tallyn Hall, where Diana, who has just returned from India to an England she has not seen since infancy, participates in her first social function. Her pride is in the empire and the army; but the contest in which she stands at bay, so finely and truly portrayed in every feature of it, is not allowed to possess the reader for its own issues, but only to concentrate his interest upon the girl, upon her frank, resistant spirit, in a situation which we prophetically discern as pathetic, though the elements which make it so are yet unknown to us, veiled in the mystery which has surrounded her from birth. All the circumstances of this brilliantly pictured social party in Tallyn Hall, every detail—even the ugly frescoes representing the progress of the Iron Trade—every character introduced, derive their significance to the reader from their relation to the story of Diana Mallory.

But for this absorbing dramatic prepossession, how interesting all the features which compose the background would be in themselves! As it is, the impression abides with us, a conciliating satisfaction on its own account. How many world-pictures in Mrs. Ward's previous fiction do we treasure in our memories, after the individual human dramas associated with them have had

their day with us! How many, too, from Meredith's and Hardy's! Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, *The Weavers*, is full of them, so thoroughly had its author mastered his Egypt, and so readily does his imagination evoke not only the vivid Oriental picture, but the wonderful impressions of that life in which the West meets the East. All this we shall treasure when even so great a personality as he has created for us in David shall be forgotten, though in reading the novel we are never permitted to forget him, however fascinating the background.

In some creations of the imagination the human drama is so absorbing that striking individual character and the interest of the situation seem sufficient. This is especially so with that kind of fiction which, as in the case of Dickens, most nearly resembles modern stage representations. Humor is dissipated by the distractions of an elaborate background. Comedy is confined within the limits of the contemporaneous and familiar scene. The flavor of the story of provincial life and character will not bear the admixture of anything foreign to itself. Romance, on the other hand, has always thrived on strange elements, being by nature as nomadic as the gipsy or troubadour. Intellectual curiosity is in this respect most nearly allied to romance, and, as it seeks new disclosures in science, so, in all the higher forms of entertainment, it craves new knowledge of the world and of humanity. The interest of the modern novel depends ever more and more upon the writer's power to meet and satisfy this higher curiosity, to create and multiply new forms of intellectual excitement, and just in the degree of the story's intension and of the writer's mastery of subjective psychical phenomena, is there the need of extension of the world affiliations with the human drama.

Thus the modern sensibility, which is more and more a feeling of the mind, veiling elemental passion, grows tolerant of the elaborate background, even at the sacrifice of striking character and of sensational emotion, provided it is not a contrived background, but a creation of the imagination. We have at least one instance—in Hichens's *The Garden of Allah*—where the writer's imagination is

exhausted in what might be called the characterization of the background—a complex portraiture of the desert, with a subsidiary story that serves only as its reflex, the man and the woman chosen for this purpose representing the human sensibility which determines the impressions conveyed and is itself the subjective background. That such a novel should prove commercially successful shows to what an extent the imaginative sensibility of readers has been developed—also the avidity of its craving for those new disclosures which genius makes through its mastery of world-material as well as of mind-material.

Neither of *The Garden of Allah* nor of Mr. Hichens's more recent novel, *Barbary Sheep*, its natural successor, has the reader cause for complaint because of any lack of dramatic satisfaction, though it is the Desert that is dramatized and characterized—the Desert in its contacts with the human soul. In the appeal which the author makes to the higher, or psychical, curiosity, he stands at the opposite extreme, in the evolution of the imagination, to the old-fashioned playwright and story-teller. His work is thus a remarkable illustration of the vast departure of our fiction from its earliest appeal to a crude sensibility, which found complete, but narrow, satisfaction in stirring narrative and thrilling dramatic situations.

The scheme of the novel has widened with the desire for new knowledge of the real world without us and within us—not information, or logical deductions therefrom, but interpretation, illumination. It is a kind of curiosity which cannot be trifled with by any of the old tricks. The demand upon the writer of fiction has grown more exacting, if we consider only his theme, his working material, without any reference to his art of expression, which is sure to follow nature in just the measure that his theme is a real disclosure of nature. He must have hunger and thirst for reality, the invention that finds it, the ingenuity which is the insight of genius in the great discovery. He must creatively re-present to us life and the world. Then we shall follow him with delight, and experience those excitements of the mind which outrival all other.

## Editor's Drawer

# The Test of the Tintoretto

BY MARIE MANNING

SCENE.—*Herr Wiebel's Pension (formerly the Palazzo Vendramini), situated on the Grand Canal, Venice. The lady from the top floor calls on the lady on the second floor to secure rooms that the latter is said to be giving up. Time, the present.*

*The Lady on the Second Floor:* "Frau Wiebel said we were giving up these rooms, did she? I feel dreadful about going away without having seen Tintoretto's picture of the Magi. That's what brought me to Vennus in the first place, but I suppose it can't be helped now. When I told Frau Wiebel that we'd have to go if we didn't have a bureau for our shirt-waists, I thought it might stimulate her into having things a little more like they are at home. I was telling her about our comfortable meat breakfasts and bath-rooms and trolley-cars—but how the tracks could be laid in Vennus, with all these canals right under your feet, is a mystery to me.

"You think these rooms are beautiful, do you? Yes, they are a kind of shabby grand; but, heavens! the inconvenience! There's not a place in any of 'em where you can keep a shirt-waist. It's that very thing that's driving us from Vennus without having seen the Tintoretto picture of the Magi. That's the trouble with these old palaces. They sound so well in the home letters and they do give your literary society and club papers a travelled air, but they are simply dreadful for any one used to the conveniences of a flat.



"DO COME IN; IT'S SUCH A TREAT"

"Do come in; it's such a treat to get hold of some one who can understand what you are saying—sometimes I'm afraid I'll forget how to talk, altogether, jumping from one foreign language to another. It was bad enough in England—isn't it awful, the way they murder a language that you know? Half the time we needed an interpreter. But here on the Continent we might as well be deaf-mutes. We had such a time in France. Irene and Virgie—those are my daughters—have been taking French for years and years at one of the best finishing-schools in New York, graduated in it, too, and do you know, in Paris no one understood a word they said. I had them write home and complain to the principal, and she wrote back to say they had been taught the pure old court French, and that any language was apt to degenerate when spoken by natives.

"Of course, now, with Italian it's different. No one can be expected to speak such a foreign language as Italian unless they are going to be a governess or something like that. And there's no necessity for such a thing on the part of my daughters. I don't care about my girls being too accomplished—somehow, it doesn't seem lucky. You can never pick up a paper without seeing an advertisement something like this: 'Lady with highest references will teach French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, and Greek (native accent guaranteed). Painting in oils and water-colors, also on china. Instruction

in singing and music, piano, guitar, and violin. Terms in any of the above, twenty-five cents an hour. Will go to house. No objection to travelling.' There, now, could any poor woman know more or be more accommodating with it? and yet they must be hard up or they wouldn't offer to teach for a quarter an hour.

"We came here for a very important reason and because English was spoken, and I thought it would be nice to live in an old palace, but I never dreamed that the furniture would be so inconvenient. Look at that piece over there—what is it, a desk or a bureau? It's so heavy that Irene, Virgie, and I all have to pull together to get the drawer out, and then it's not long enough for a shirt-waist. As I said before, that's the principal reason for our leaving Vennus. You see, we didn't expect to go into society here, not knowing the language or having any friends here, or letters, so we left everything but our shirt-waist suits in Paris.

we have the address of a first-rate laundress, too.

"Why don't we change our lodgings? There must be bureaus in Vennus? Well, perhaps there are, but I wouldn't swear to it. You complain about a piece of furniture, and they tell you it belonged to a Doge, or a Foscari, or something like that. Besides, we can't move. We don't know Italian, and the Wiebels wouldn't like our moving anywhere else in the same town. And do you think I'd trust myself and daughters, to look up rooms, in a strange gondola? No, indeed; if we are to be murdered I don't want it done by men dressed up in sashes—it seems so much worse to me than just plain ordinary murder.

"I feel real badly about leaving Vennus so soon. I've been looking forward to coming here for fifteen years, ever since I heard Doddard lecture on Vennus. He said there was a picture here of the Adoration of the Magi, by Tintoretto—wait, I've got it all written down on a piece of paper in my hand-

bag—yes, here it is. He said no one could really tell whether he was a true believer or not till he had 'gazed on Tintoretto's picture of the Magi—at the Scuola di San Rocco—a large canvas—one of that series of Scriptural scenes depicted in a most touchingly realistic manner.' The light of faith was in the face of one of the Magi—I've forgotten which one—but I'm sure I'd recognize it if I saw the picture.

"Well, do you know that sometimes I've had doubts whether I'm a real believer or not. Our club at home is very advanced. We've been making a study of religions, and it's wonderful how much good there is in Buddhism, or even in Confucianism—that's the Chinese religion, you know—and when we were studying Buddhism we entertained so many Swamis—such cultivated, entertaining men they are—that spiritually sometimes I feel a little mixed. So you can readily understand how I was more

than anxious to see the Tintoretto. Indeed, I've been waiting for fifteen years to see that picture, but I always said that I'd wait till Irene and Virgie were old enough to enjoy the advantages of travel before I'd look it up.

"I spoke to Frau Wiebel about it the very day after we arrived, and she said she was so sorry her gondola had gone there the day before and that it might be ten days before



"WHAT IS IT, A DESK OR A BUREAU?"

And to get them into that desk or bureau, or whatever it is, we have to fold them right across the front.

"Oh yes, you would leave Vennus, too, on that account if you felt as we do. We're going right on to Munich, where we have the address of an American lady who keeps a pension, and where we hope to find a bureau where you can put a shirt-waist without crushing the life out of it,—and



they got round to it again, as they had to take the sights in order, to accommodate patrons who had engaged their sightseeing in advance. Her husband insists on having things that way. He used to be in the German army, and he applies military regulations to his pensionnaires—you may have noticed it. The other morning I had a headache, and I sent word by my daughter that I wouldn't be down to breakfast. He sent word for me to please come, that it was not the custom of the house for the pensionnaires to go without breakfast. I'm sure I hope the American lady we are going to stay with in Munich will not be married to a German ex-army officer; so many of my landladies have been, and I'm just worn out with military discipline. They say that the only



May Wilson Parker '07.

"DO YOU THINK I'D TRUST MYSELF IN A STRANGE GONDOLA?"

thing a German army officer can do when he quits the army is to open a pension and make rules for the boarders.

"Have I spoken to Herr Wiebel about my



May Wilson Parker '07.

"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN TELL MUCH FROM A PHOTOGRAPH"

reasons for wishing to see the Tintoretto Adoration of the Magi? Yes, indeed, and he said 'Foolishness!' If I had waited for fifteen years to find out whether I was a believer, I could certainly wait till next Friday afternoon, the day for him to personally conduct his guests to the Scuola di San Rocco and the sights in that neighborhood. He said it would be impossible for him to disorganize his plans even to settle any sceptical doubts I might have. Of course it was a great disappointment to me, but I'm bearing up as well as I can, and I've sent the girls to Alinari's to buy a photograph of it. I don't suppose you can tell much from a photograph, but it will enable me to talk about it in my club when I get back. Must you go? I've enjoyed having a little talk with you so much. Won't you come to Florian's and have tea with me? Tea and little cakes seem about the same in all languages."

### He Knew

AN Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair-shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"



LEO. "Don't you find that proboscis an awful nuisance?"

ELLY. "Oh yes; it's specially bothersome in the presence of bad cigars."

#### Cooler There

JOHNNY (coming up out of the cellar one very warm day): "Say, manuna, I wish the cellar was up-stairs,—don't you?"

#### Remarks to My Great Dane

BY rules of fitness and of tense,  
By all old canine precedents,  
O Adult Dog, the time is up  
When I may fondly call you Pup.  
The years have sped since first you stood  
In straddle-legged puppyhood,—  
A watch-pup, proud of your renown,  
Who barked so hard you tumbled down.  
In Age's gain and Youth's retreat  
You've found more team-work for your feet,  
You drool a soupçon less,—and hark!  
There's fuller meaning to your bark.  
But answer fairly, whilom pup,  
Are these full proof of growing up?

I heard an elephantine tread  
That jarred the rafters overhead.  
Who leaped in mad abandon there  
And tossed my slippers in the air?  
Who, sitting gravely on the rug,  
Espied a microscopic bug,  
And stalked it, gaining bit by bit,—  
Then leapt in air and fell on it?  
Who gallops madly down the breeze,  
Pursuing specks that no one sees,  
Then finds some ancient boot instead  
And worries it till it is dead?  
I have no adult friends who choose  
To gnaw the shoe-strings from my shoes,—  
Or eat up twine and paper scraps  
And bark while they are taking naps.  
O Dog, you offer every proof  
That stately age yet holds aloof.  
Grow up? There's meaning in the phrase  
Of dignity as well as days.  
Oh, why such size, beloved pup?  
You've grown enough, but not grown up.

BURGES JOHNSON.

#### The Gravy-boat

MY mother has a gravy-boat.  
Now, boats are made to sail;  
But when I let it float to-day  
In Mary's scrubbing-pail,  
I got a spanking. That's not fair  
When boats are made to sail!

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

#### Diplomatic

LITTLE BENNIE, aged five, who had to be spanked occasionally for his misdeeds, had discovered that his mother was willing to shorten the chastisement as soon as he promised to be good. On his first visit to his grandfather's farm he was highly delighted with a brood of chicks that had just been hatched. After admiring for several minutes the strange-looking little creatures, he was suddenly seized with the desire to possess one. He ran and caught up a chick in his hands and began affectionately to stroke the squirming fluffy little ball. Immediately the enraged hen, flying upon his back, pecked him and fiercely flapped her wings against him. The youngster, panic-stricken by the furious attack, and thinking that he had got into a dreadful scrape because of his naughtiness, dropped the chick, and ran headlong toward the house, screaming and shrieking, "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

#### A Scenario

ONE of Mississippi's distinguished citizens, who is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Alcorn A. and M. College, an institution for the education of Ethiopian youth of the commonwealth, tells the following story of a visit to the class of English, made in his official capacity:

The professor announced, "Our lesson for to-day is on *The Merchant of Venice*, one of Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies."

"Who is your best pupil?" asked the visitor.

"Mr. James Johnson," replied the teacher.

"Stand up, Jim. Tell me about your lesson."

"Yas, sah. Our lesson am about *The Merchant of Venice*, which were written by Mr. Shakespeare. It am about a lawsuit—'twixt a white man and a Jew—along of a piece of meat. De Jew, he won de lawsuit,—but—de white man—he beat him outen de meat."

#### The City Child

A SMALL Kentucky gentleman of four or five summers made his first visit to the real country. He was much interested in watching the cows, and asked the farmer where he bought the chewing-gum for them, as it must take such a lot.

## One is Enough

TWO young matrons of Germantown, Philadelphia, who became proud mothers not long since, were earnestly discussing the question of milk for infants, when the younger of the mothers asked:

"Do you believe in one cow's milk?"

"Well," responded the other matron, with the excessively patronizing air of one who knows it all, "that depends a good deal on the child. If it's a good, strong, healthy baby and wants it, I'd give it two cows' milk; but it does certainly seem that any ordinary infant wouldn't need more than one cow could furnish."

## Not the Same

"RELATIONSHIPS are very confusing to the juvenile mind," says a Brooklyn school-teacher. "But there are not many children with so vague a notion in the premises as had a small girl who once came to me as a pupil."

"This little girl first appeared with a small brother, and she gave in their names as 'Thomas and Margaret Johnson.'"

"'Brother and sister, I suppose?' I said."

"'Oh no, ma'am,' hastily replied the little girl, 'we're twins!'"

## Reasonable

THERE is a lawyer of Cleveland whose quick wit is said never to desert him either in the court-room or elsewhere.

Not long ago a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, exclaimed, irritably:

"Why, sir, your office is as hot as an oven!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" asked the lawyer, smilingly. "It's there that I make my bread."

## Like Father

"I DON'T want my hair brushed over my forehead any longer," declared Harold. "I want a *crack* in it like father's."

## The Wrong Party

THERE is a young lady organist in a Boston church who was anxious, not long ago, to make a good impression on a visiting clergyman booked to preach that Sunday. The organ is pumped by a somewhat obstinate old sexton entertaining original ideas in the matter of the length of an organ voluntary, which ideas frequently express themselves in his "shutting off the wind" when he thinks there has been enough.

On the Sunday in question the young lady organist thought to forestall any such accident by an appeal in writing to the sexton, which she prepared and handed to him in the early part of the service. The hard-headed old fellow received the note and supposed it was for the minister. Despite the organist's frantic beckonings, he went straight to the pulpit and delivered the note. The astonished clergyman read this message:

"Kindly blow away this morning till I give you the signal to stop."

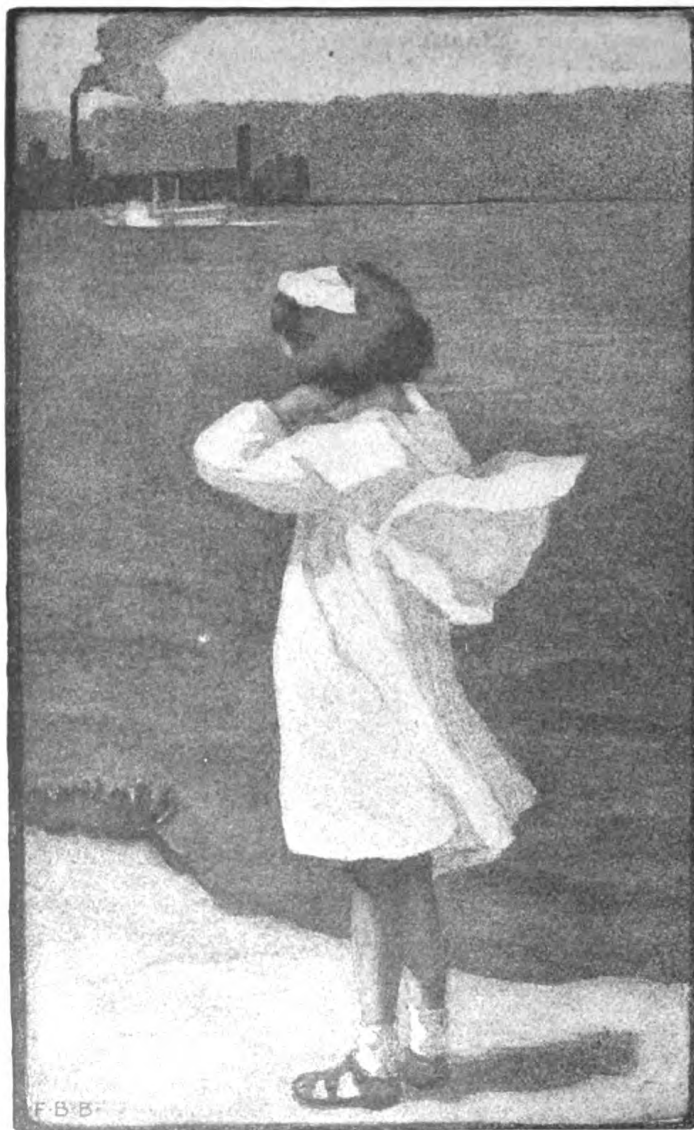


## Heroic Resolve

THE BRIDE. "I'm going to give George that lobster salad, if I die in the attempt."

## Needed

A LITTLE Southern girl was sent to a boarding-school in New York. When taken for a walk she seemed to be much interested in watching the automobiles. After a while, she pointed to the extra tires on the passing machines, and timidly inquired, "Why do they carry life-preservers?"



Her Boat

THE river boats go up and down;  
I come each day to see,  
And every day the boat I love  
Goes sailing by for me.

And every night I watch and wait,  
And though I cannot see,  
Its flash-light comes to let me know  
It's looking out for me.

FLORENCE BRADSHAW BROWN.

## He Could Not

AMONG the most valued of Uncle Sam's scientists at Washington is a certain German naturalist, who is much given to deliberation of speech, and has never been known to increase its speed, even under the most exigent circumstance.

In a restaurant at the capital one day the waiter had brought the naturalist a plate of raw oysters, and he soon saw to his perplexity that the scientist had apparently no intention of tasting them. "I cannot eat these oysters," said the Teuton, slowly, without raising his eyes to the anxious waiter.

Whereupon the waiter seized the plate and bore it away. He was a new hand, and it was with much trepidation that he laid the second supply of oysters before this discriminating patron.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the naturalist, after one glance at the plate which had been set before him.

"I think you'll find them all right, sir," politely suggested the waiter. "I don't think there's anything wrong with them, sir."

"I cannot eat these oysters," announced the scientist for the third time, with all the calmness of a chorus in a tragedy, "because as yet you have furnished me no fork."

## A Strong Support

THREE - YEAR - OLD George was being carried home on an icy winter evening. Suddenly his uncle, who was carrying him, slipped, and, by a superhuman effort, managed to save himself from going down with his burden. George regarded his porter with a patronizing air.

"I guess, Uncle Spencer," he remarked, complacently, "that you would have gone down then if you hadn't had me to hold on to!"





CHARON. "*Just as well keep up with the times and satisfy my Patrons.*"

## Borrowed Robes

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THERE'S Binks, he is wearing the "mantle of Scott,"—

His publishers so advertise.

I really can't say if it's truthful or not,  
I haven't had time to get wise.

I fancy, however, it isn't quite so,

Tho' Binksy is walking on stilts,

For Scott never sported a mantle, altho'

He frequently went out in kilts.

And Tompkins—a poet of passion—they  
say

Is wearing the "shoes of John Keats."

I rather believe it is true from the  
play

Of Tompkins's rhythmical feats.

I've noticed they move with a horrible  
limp

As though he'd a cork-leggèd muse.

His gait has a very unmetrical crimp

From wearing another man's shoes.

There's others who're wearing the left-over  
duds

Of Byron and Shelley and Lamb.

I dare say there's some one who's wearing  
the studs

Of old Mr. Omar Khayyam.

The collar of Dickens is one fellow's lot;

Another's the rubbers of Poe;

And G. Harding Wiggles is said to have got

The pot-hat of Daniel Defoe.

For me I care not for illustrious gowns.

I want no one's mantle in mine.

A second-hand garment will fill me with  
frowns—

Such offers I'll ever decline;

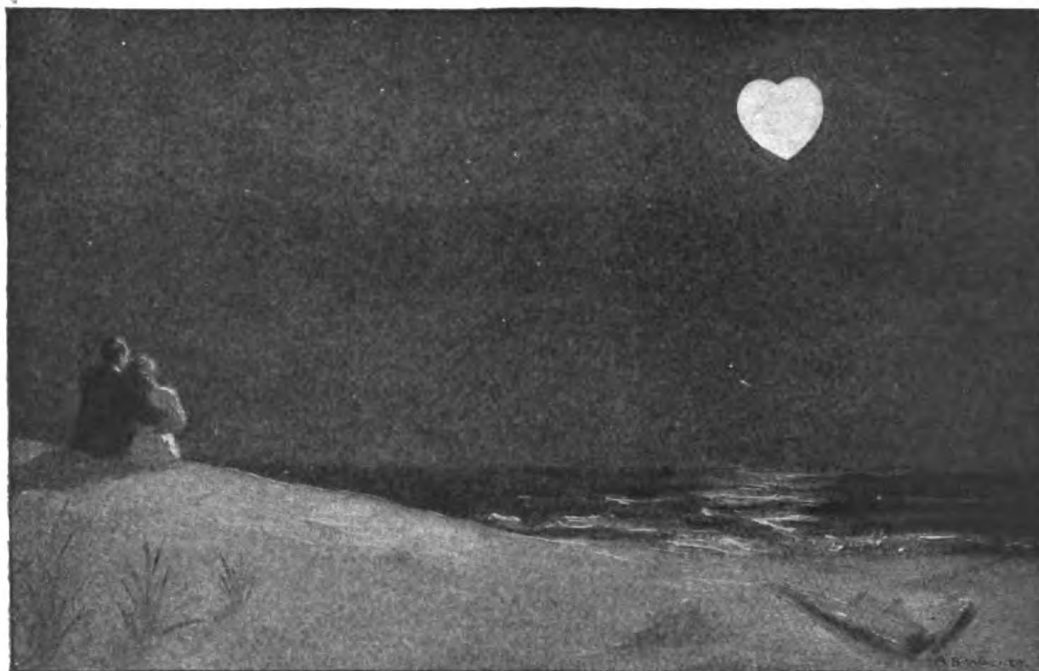
And if it so happens I take to the pen,

Like certain mechanics I've known,

I hope at the last, when I come to "say  
when,"

They'll find that *my* clothes were *my* own.





# Mooning

## Don' Yo' Work Too Hard

BY HARRIET FORD

M A chile, don' worry, it ain't worth while,  
 An' don' yo' weep,  
 Jes' yo' eat an' sleep,—  
 Dat's de way to keep a-goin'.  
 We don' min' sowin'  
 Ef anodder man 'll reap;  
 But yo' can't tie dis nigger to an ole time-card.  
 Fo' we'd rather do nothin' than work too hard—  
 We'd rather do nothin' than work too hard.

Yo' can't be a bee or an early bird,  
 So, chile, don' try  
 To buzz or fly,  
 Jes' eat de worms an' de honey.  
 Ef yo' ain't got no money  
 Den yo' don' have to buy,  
 An' you can't tie dis nigger to an ole time-card.  
 Fo' we'd rather do nothin' than work too hard—  
 We'd rather do nothin' than work too hard.

We'd like to be where it's soft an' warm,  
 Jes' a-lazin' along,  
 Singin' a song,  
 An' it ain't all talkin',  
 An' we'd have some walkin'.  
 An' we don' feel strong.  
 An' you can't tie dis nigger to an ole time-card,  
 Fo' we'd rather do nothin' than work too hard—  
 We'd rather do nothin' than work too hard.







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